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ERROL FLYNN DIED IN MY ARMS

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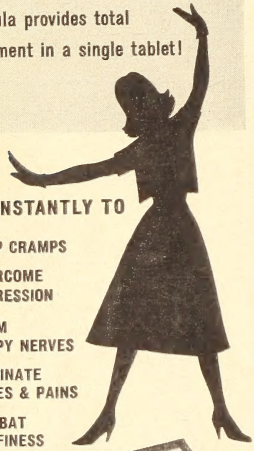
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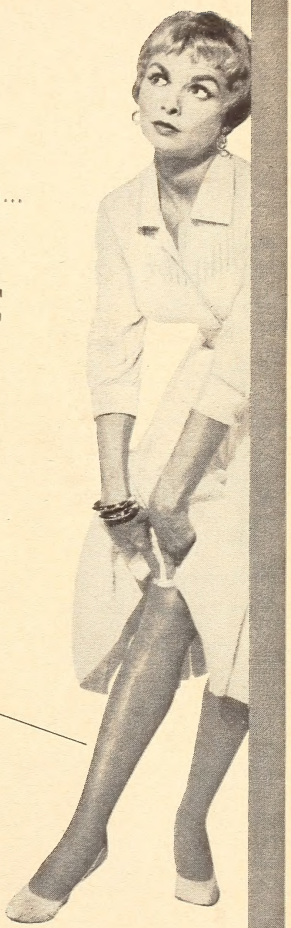
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Who was that Lady?



When that lady walks in...
all restraint flies out!

Enjoy love among the
adults as it's never been
loved before...with even
the FBI unable to find
a law to stop it!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

TONY CURTIS · DEAN MARTIN · JANET LEIGH in

Who was that Lady?

co-starring JAMES WHITMORE · JOHN McINTIRE · BARBARA NICHOLS

Written and Produced by NORMAN KRASNA · Based upon his play, "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With" as produced for the New York stage by IELAND HAYWARD · Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY

AN ANSARK-GEORGE SIDNEY PRODUCTION

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in January, your birthstone is the garnet and your flower is the carnation. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

January 1—**Dana Andrews**
Charles Bickford
January 3—**Ray Milland**
January 4—**Barbara Rush**
Jane Wyman
January 5—**Jean-Pierre Aumont**
January 6—**Loretta Young**
January 7—**Terry Moore**
January 8—**Jose Ferrer**
Elvis Presley
January 9—**Fernando Lamas**
January 10—**Judy Garland**
Paul Henreid
Sal Mineo
January 13—**Judy Busch**
Jeff Morrow
Robert Stack
January 14—**William Bendix**
January 15—**Margaret O'Brien**
January 16—**Ethel Merman**
January 17—**Sheree North**
January 18—**Cary Grant**
Danny Kaye
January 19—**Guy Madison**
January 20—**Patricia Neal**
Alex Nicol
January 21—**John Agar**
J. Carrol Naish
January 22—**Ann Sothern**
January 23—**Dan Duryea**
January 24—**Ernest Borgnine**
January 25—**Dean Jones**
January 26—**Mary Murphy**
Paul Newman
January 27—**Katy Jurado**
Donna Reed
January 29—**John Forsythe**
Victor Mature
January 30—**Dorothy Malone**
Dolores Michaels
John Ireland
Hugh Marlowe
January 31—**Jean Simmons**



May Wynn
January 8



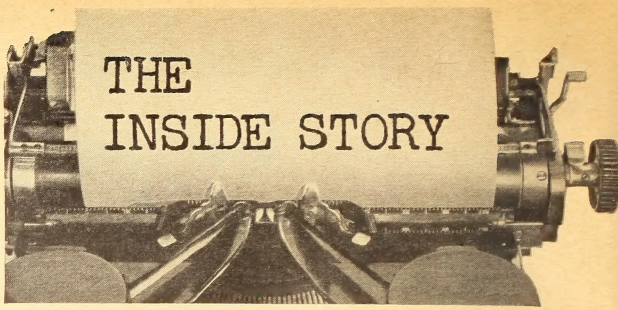
Randolph Scott
January 23



David Wayne
January 30



Joanne Dru
January 31



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 57.

Q. What made **Jennifer Jones** consider studying with Lee Strasberg when she's been in pictures over fifteen years and already has an Oscar?
—R.H., HEWLETT, L.I.
A. *The reviews of her last movie.*

Q. Is it true that **John Wayne** has gone on the wagon because his doctor warned him his health would be seriously impaired if he continued drinking?
—P.W., PITTSBURGH, PA.
A. *Wayne was advised to cut down—not out. He has a martini before dinner now, a couple of drinks afterwards.*

Q. I have heard our darling **Elvis** will give up rock 'n' roll singing when he returns to his career and concentrate only on straight ballads. What about this?
—T.W., BUTTE, MONT.
A. *Elvis won't give up rock 'n' roll as his bread 'n' butter. He'll try out a few extra ballads however to insure his future when the fad fizzles.*

Q. Now that **Eva Gabor** has married for the "Xth" time, exactly how many husbands have the Gabor gals chalked up amongst themselves?
—C.H., ORLANDO, FLA.
A. *Including mama—thirteen.*

Q. Whatever happened to the reconciliation so dramatically staged between **Cara Williams** and **John Barrymore Jr.** for the sake of their son?
—P.A., LITCHFIELD, CONN.
A. *John went off to France. Cara went off to the out-of-town tryout of her new play, the reconciliation went out the window.*

Q. Although Leo Durocher and **Laraine Day** have denied that there is trouble in their marriage, in your opinion is there a rift?
—W.R., WASHINGTON, D.C.
A. *Where there's smoke there's fire and we think this marriage has burned itself out.*

Q. Now that **Bing Crosby** has reconciled with his sons, and all is well between him and **Gary** again, do you think this will change Gary's less-than-friendly attitude toward his step-mother **Kathy**?
—L.D., PORTLAND, ORE.
A. *No.*

Q. What happened to cause the **John Bromfield**'s (of TV's *U.S. Marshal*) split?
—F.D., TRENTON, N.J.
A. *The marriage allegedly struck out when John suspected foul play between his wife and a famed baseball figure. Their friends, however, feel that Larri (his wife) made an error by leaving home base.*

Q. I read conflicting reports about *Ice Palace* newcomer **Diane McBain**'s big heart-interest. One paper says **Richard Burton**, the other **Troy Donahue**. Which fellow is it?
—R.Y., MADISON, WIS.
A. *Since Burton is married, it is obviously Troy.*

Q. I saw the **Jeff Chandlers** together at a sports event here in Los Angeles. Does this mean a possibility of a reconciliation?
—S.F., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
A. *No—merely the fact that Jeff had an extra ticket and his ex-wife wanted to see the game.*

Q. Exactly what *were* **Liz Taylor**'s demands for appearing in *Butterfield 8*—and why, after all the hassles, did MGM finally agree to them?
—R.D., STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.
A. *Clean up the plot, re-write the script, shoot in New York. The grosses of* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF *caused the studio to give Liz what she wanted. She's a big draw, and MGM knows it.*

Q. How much money is **Bobby Darin** getting for his first movie? How much did **Fabian** get? How does **Ricky Nelson** rate?
—Q.W., DALLAS, TEXAS
A. *Bobby's getting $45,000, Fabian got $35,000. Ricky* wants *$100,000.*

Q. Is it true that **Dick Clark** is annoyed at his teen-age following after the riot that was caused when he made a personal appearance in Kansas City recently, and that he secretly referred to the rioters as a bunch of juvenile delinquents?
—K.C., RENO, NEV.
A. *Dick referred to the rioters as "adult delinquents." Most of them were over forty years old*

CARY GRANT ✦ TONY CURTIS

submerged with 5 Girls...no wonder
the S.S. SEA TIGER was called
"The PINK VIRGIN!"



"OPERATION PETTICOAT"

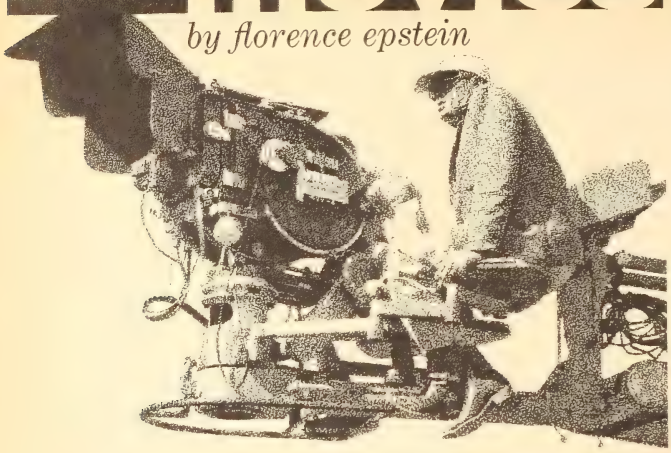
in Eastman COLOR

Co-starring JOAN O'BRIEN · DINA MERRILL · GENE EVANS with DICK SARGENT and ARTHUR O'CONNELL

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS · Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN · Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR · A GRANART PRODUCTION · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

new movies

by florence epstein



THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

career girls versus love

Hope Lange
Stephen Boyd
Suzy Parker
Joan Crawford
Martha Hyer

■ If anything good ever happens to a career girl in New York, it's sheer accident. If a career girl should ever meet a man in New York who is not amoral, immoral, married or drunk, it's an absolute miracle. *No* working woman in New York believes in her work; she only turns to it in despair. That, at least, is the forlorn message of this movie. Go ahead, take editor Joan Crawford—no man ever did (for a wife, that is). She's too clever, too cold, too efficient; she's the example that none of the pretty girls at the Fabian Publishing Company want to live up to. What do these pretty girls do? One of them (Diane Baker) dreams of playboy Robert Evans as the father of her child. But that's no minister he's driving her to (in his foreign sportscar); that's an abortionist. Suzy Parker throws herself at theatrical director Louis Jourdan; he ducks—and she goes out the window. Martha Hyer has nervous hysterics over art editor Donald Harron (he won't divorce his wife). Hope Lange loses her fiance to an oil-well heiress—so she starts wearing hats to the office, and gets a promotion. The hats discourage editor Brian Aherne from pinching her fanny, but they worry editor Stephen Boyd. Boyd's afraid that if the wind stops blowing through Hope's hair she'll turn cold like Crawford. Tired but true, Stephen is available for love. If these girls get the worst of everything it's no wonder. Considering their emotional capacities the wonder is they can hold on to a job.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

— 30 —

life in the city room

Jack Webb
William Conrad
David Nelson
Whitney Blake
Louise Lorimer

■ You may think that things are happening outside—that is, out in the world where people are. Well, that may be where *some* things happen, but the most important things happen inside. Inside a newspaper office where Jack Webb is. Where he is the editor. Tell you what happens there. Nothing. Never have so many reporters and copyboys and city editors and lady editors done so much talking about so little. (Mention the weather in there and you'll get a discourse on the nature of reality—with a two column head.) I'll tell

Kiss by kiss the time ran out



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Presents

FRANK SINATRA

He was one of the forgotten few,
fighting a forgotten war

in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR



Co-starring PETER LAWFORD



STEVE McQUEEN



RICHARD JOHNSON

you some of the things that are happening *outside*, which this newspaper notes in passing: a three-year-old girl wanders into a sewer without her glasses; an ace pilot (relative of a lady editor) makes a test flight: it's raining. But inside! Inside, Jack Webb strolls from desk to desk, curbing his mounting turmoil. He has mounting turmoil because his wife (Whitney Blake) wants to adopt a child—and he doesn't want to. Inside, city editor William Conrad drinks forty cups of coffee, writhes in agony at the sight of David Nelson (he's a copyboy), reels off witticisms as though he were auditioning for the part of a city editor and Elia Kazan were hiding under his desk. Inside, heiress Nancy Valentine indulges in nasalized tirades trying to prove she can *so* be a girl reporter even though she went to Smith (the college, not the cough-drop company). Inside, all is drama of the sort that never gets into a newspaper—and never should.—WARNERS.

BELOVED INFIDEL

a novelist and a lady

Deborah Kerr
Gregory Peck
Eddie Albert
Karin Booth
John Sutton

▪ Last year, Hollywood columnist Sheilah Graham wrote a book about her life. In it was the story of her romance with F. Scott Fitzgerald, one of the outstanding novelists of our time. The book was a natural for a movie—and here it is. With Deborah Kerr as Sheilah and Gregory Peck as F. Scott Fitzgerald. It opens on an ocean liner with Deborah sailing for New York from London, her home. Lord John Sutton doesn't want her to go. He wants her to stay and marry him—even if his mother cuts him off without a cent. Deborah's too practical, too ambitious to accept this sort of proposal. Shortly after her arrival in the States she becomes a reporter, is sent to Hollywood where she attracts attention by sniping at movie stars, notably at the glamour girl of the hour—Karin Booth. Eddie Albert (as the late Robert Benchley) befriends Deborah and, at one of his parties, she meets Gregory Peck. Peck's once-beloved wife has been in a sanitarium for years, his reputation as a novelist is at a low ebb, he drinks too much. He and Deborah fall in love. Their romance is gay, tender, touching. During this period he begins, but never finishes, what critics later consider his most mature novel. But for him happiness comes too late to save him; for Deborah it comes in time to make a real woman of her.—20TH-FOX.

LI'L ABNER

Dogpatch, U.S.A.

Peter Palmer
Leslie Parrish
Stubby Kaye
Howard St. John
Julie Newmar

▪ Just imagine all those beautiful girls from Dogpatch in Technicolor. Imagine Sadie Hawkins' day when the girls chase the fellows and Appassionata (Stella Stevens) puts the 'whammy' on Li'l Abner (Peter Palmer) thus clearing the field of Daisy Mae (Leslie Parrish). Daisy is loved by Earthquake McGoon (Bern Hoffman)—the world's 'champeen dirty wrassler' who is dirty enough to want to steal her away from Abner. But the folks have even bigger problems brought on by the government's decision to use Dogpatch as an atomic testing ground. Dogpatch, according to the government, is the "most useless town in America." Useless! When it can produce a tonic that turns apes into matinee idols? When, under the statue of Jubilation T. Cornpone, is found a tablet signed Abraham Lincoln? Abner takes the town's fight to Washington and before he's through, Dogpatch becomes a national shrine. Lots of songs and lively dancing.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE

adventure at sea

Gary Cooper
Charlton Heston
Michael Redgrave
Emlyn Williams
Virginia McKenna

▪ There's a gale blowing in the English Channel when two ships don't pass each other in the night: they collide. Aboard the *Sea Witch*, a salvage boat, are Charlton Heston and Ben Wright. Aboard the *Mary Deare* is no one—or so it seems when Heston boards her. Only one lifeboat is left, a fire is raging and the ship is heading toward a rocky graveyard. Suddenly Heston is seized from behind by Gary Cooper, the captain himself, a man who looks and acts as if he's been having violent nightmares. The question is: how did the *Mary Deare* deteriorate into practically a ghost ship? The answer is: sabotage, mutiny—even murder. Cooper begins the story which ends in a London Court of Inquiry where he must defend himself against wild accusations. It's an adventure story in the salty old sense—full of blood, thunder and a heavy air of mystery.—MGM.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

north of the Rio Grande

Robert Mitchum
Julie London
Gary Merrill
Pedro Armendariz
Albert Dekker

▪ Robert Mitchum fled to Mexico as a boy—after killing a man who murdered his father. In Mexico he works for Pedro Armendariz who, with his brother, is rich and ambitious for power. This makes Mitchum a hired killer

(*Continued on page 8*)

. and never so few were the moments left for love!

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

she gave the kind of love that no man forgets!

In a CANTERBURY PRODUCTION

"NEVER SO FEW"




PAUL HENREID

BRIAN DONLEVY

DEAN JONES

Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN • Based On the Novel by TOM T. CHAMALES

Directed by JOHN STURGES • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion: the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for antiperspirant (active ingredient aluminum chloride)

new movies

(*Continued from page 7*)

—unloved in any country. One day he crosses the Rio Grande with an oxcart full of smuggled pesos. Pedro sent him to buy guns. Unfortunately, Mitchum breaks his leg when his horse falls. There he lies, north of the border, wanted for an old murder. Albert Dekker, Captain of the Texas Rangers, is willing to forget Mitchum's past if he joins the Rangers. Julie London thinks only of their future. The present is what's bothering her: she's married to dedicated Army Major Gary Merrill. Because of Julie, Mitchum has to shoot a man. Back to Mexico he runs. Unfortunately, Pedro never got the guns he sent pesos for and he blames Mitchum (actually, the Apaches stole them). Pedro's willing to forget the guns if Mitchum agrees to assassinate his—Pedro's—brother. Nothing doing, says Mitchum. Back to the Rio Grande he gallops, trailed by a would-be executioner. En route Mitchum comes upon a patrol led by a dying Merrill and his chief officer LeRoy "Satchel" Paige; they're fighting Apaches. There is no end to the action around Mitchum who, underneath everything, is looking for a little peace of mind.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

A SUMMER PLACE (Warners): This is the place where old passions are rekindled, and new ones burst into flames. Among those with old memories are Richard Egan and Dorothy McGuire, who knew each other long ago on this summer island: he now has a frigid wife (Constance Ford) and she, a drunken husband (Arthur Kennedy). The victims of all these triangles, who build a new life and love together, are Troy Donahue and Sandra Dee. Sandra's unfortunate and unmarried pregnant state brings troubles crashing down on "the summer place."

THE LAST ANGRY MAN (Columbia): Saintly Dr. Paul Muni gets involved with TV executive David Wayne, who is a not-very-good husband to Betsy Palmer and presently stumped over an idea for a new show. Muni's nephew Jeby Baker has written an account of Uncle's treatment of a badly beaten girl, left at his door by hoods. The way the story builds into an inspiring TV show and the way all are changed by Muni's noble character make a compelling drama.

CAREER (Paramount): Anthony Franciosa is an acknowledged actor after fourteen years of hellish struggle. It all begins in New York: Tony acts in a company run the Lower East Side) organized by Dean Martin. He runs into uninterested producers like Robert Middleton, marries middle-class Joan Blackman (it doesn't last). Then Martin forgets old friends as a big-shot in Hollywood and Franciosa marries Middleton's daughter Shirley MacLaine (a lush in love with Martin). Carolyn Jones, Franciosa's agent, is the last member of this complicated clan. It's good therapy for would-be actors.

ON THE BEACH (United Artists): The end of the world is near after an Atomic War. Gregory Peck, Anthony Perkins and Fred Astaire are part of the crew of an American Atomic submarine headed for Australia, the only safe place left. Perkins' wife, Donna Anderson, is pregnant; Ava Gardner is in love with Peck (who remembers only his dead wife and child). Astaire finds nothing left to him but suicide auto-racing. The banner in Melbourne's square says "There's still time, brother." Find out how much!

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED (Columbia): The Grand Duchy of Fenwick is full of people who look like Peter Sellers (he plays the roles of Duchess, Prime Minister and Field Marshal). When a California firm comes out with a cheap wine that imitates the product that keeps Fenwick going, the Duchy declares war on the U. S., and wins! Sellers takes Professor David Kossoff (inventor of the terrible Q-Bomb), his daughter, Jean Seberg, and four policemen as prisoners of war. A funny clever satire.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The big Thalian wingding

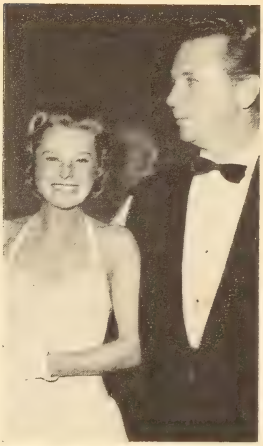
Louella's first meeting with Liz

Debbie explains her TV antics



Bob Neal was Debbie's escort for the lavish Thalian benefit. $55,000 was raised that night for the Thalian children's clinic.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Dick Powell emceed the show. His June presented an award.



Debbie stops to talk to Jimmy McHugh and Louella.



Louis Nye and Shirley MacLaine did a rather risque take-off on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."



Tony and Janet (left) think a Milton Berle (second right) joke is even funnier when Ruth Berle (right) tells it.

The Thalian Wingding

This is an annual wingding, with **Debbie Reynolds**, and the others active in this charity for the mentally retarded children's clinic, always working very hard to think of original skits and to put it over with a flourish.

This year the theme for the show was *those lost twenty minutes* out of the Academy Award Show. As emcee **Dick Powell** stated, "This show is being presented *without* the cooperation of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences" (which took an awful drubbing about being twenty minutes short on the last televised awards program).

Jimmy McHugh and I sat at the table with Dick Powell and **June Allyson**, **Dinah Shore**, and **George Montgomery**, **Frances** and **Edgar Bergen** and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy. Dinah is certainly becoming one of the world's best dressed women—her new gown was of rose silk—and really fabulous.

The party was held in the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel and immediately following dinner the show went on. Believe me, the 'awards' were *plenty* crazy—here are some of them:

June Allyson and **Rory Calhoun** presenting the award to "The Outstanding New Personality of the Year" in Hollywood. The winnah—*The Fly*!

Debbie Reynolds and **Hugh O'Brian** made the award to "The Outstanding Contribution by an Outside Industry" (the nominees were Abbey Rents, Home Savings and Loan, and Instant Sweat—Sweat winning).

Groucho Marx awarded the "Best Prop" to the bed in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

This was followed by a skit based on *Cat* with **Shirley MacLaine**, **Ernie Kovacs** and **Louis Nye** playing the parts created by **Liz Taylor**, **Paul Newman** and **Burl Ives.** (A bit risque if you ask me.)

But everyone seemed to have a good time and applauded long and loud when Debbie announced $55,000 had been raised.



Eddie Cantor has a friendly kiss for Liz backstage at the Desert Inn.

Everything's Going for Eddie

Elizabeth Taylor, looking slim and her glamorous self again after losing all that unbecoming weight, sat with us during **Eddie Fisher**'s show at the Desert Inn. As usual, when Eddie is performing, Liz didn't take her eyes off him. And, he still directs all his love songs straight to "Mrs. Fisher," as Eddie always introduces her.

Liz was wearing a black lace cocktail gown and even after the lights were lowered for Eddie's act, a lot of people kept watching Elizabeth—particularly the women.

It was the first time I had spent an evening with Elizabeth since the start of all the Liz-Eddie-Debbie fuss. It's typical of Liz that she made no reference to this interim. Poised and sure of herself as always, she sort of 'picked up,' as it were, where we left off.

At this time, she was terribly upset that MGM was going to suspend her for refusing to do *Butterfield 8* which would kill her chances of doing *Cleopatra* and picking up a cool million dollars offered her by 20th.

(Later, Elizabeth won every point she had demanded in this battle. The script of *Butterfield 8* was rewritten to suit her, with much of the salaciousness taken out. And she was given permission to do *Cleopatra* as well! If you think Elizabeth Taylor isn't a plenty smart business woman you've under-estimated this belle.)

But at this time, she didn't know she was going to get her way. "If I can only accept *Cleopatra* I'll take the money I receive and establish a trust fund for my children which will insure their security for life," she told me.

"I suppose MGM thought if I got the million for *Cleopatra* I would retire without doing the movie I owe them on my old contract," she went on. "I offered to put up the million as collateral to prove my good faith and that I would keep my word to MGM. I never go back on my word," she said firmly.

After Eddie's show, we went with Liz to his dressing room where we had champagne and toasted old times—and new. Eddie was in a wonderful humor and I meant it when I told him he was singing better than I had ever heard him. I've always liked him, and we were so close he used to call me "Mom."

"I'm singing better because I am so happy," he said, putting his arm around "Mrs. Fisher." He drew Liz close and kissed her on the cheek, "I've got everything going for me, Mom," he whispered.

I nominate for **STARDOM**

Diane Baker:

I don't know when I've been more impressed with a newcomer than I am with Diane in *The Best of Everything*. What a socko performance she gives as the pretty little secretary whose love is betrayed by a rich young cad. With her heart-shaped face, wide hazel eyes, a completely natural beauty, she is unlike any other star personality.

At first meeting, she strikes you as a demure, rather strait-laced little person with a formal manner. One of the 20th press agents told me he was in daily contact with Diane for eight weeks making *Best* and it wasn't until the last day of the picture that she called him by his first name!

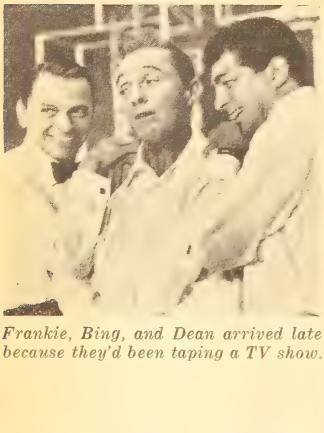
Also, she stated quite firmly in her polite way that she didn't think she would like to pose for cheesecake *art*. Nor would she attend movie premieres or parties with young actors she didn't know, just to be seen at the right places.

A native of Los Angeles, her parents live here, but Diane doesn't live with them. She has a small apartment at the Chateau Marmont where she lives alone—and likes it. "I'm so single-minded about my career and I study drama so many long hours a day, it's best that I have my own place so I don't upset the routine of my family," she says.

Diane was born in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital during a terrific flood. Her mother is Dorothy Harrington Baker who used to play in **Marx Brothers** movies; her father is Clyde Baker, former USC star athlete. Diane attended local grade schools until her family moved to Laguna and it was in the little beach resort town that she became interested in school plays. Later, at Van Nuys High school, Diane was the star of the drama class. The rest of her way to a studio contract is almost routine—modeling, beauty contests, TV commercials in New York and then the proverbial talent cout for 20th.



LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Frankie, Bing, and Dean arrived late because they'd been taping a TV show.

PARTY *of the month*

I always get a kick out of the way movie stars lionize sports figures when they meet them in person—the stars are really the biggest fans in the world.

At the party Kitty Le Roy gave honoring Mervyn's birthday, at the beautiful home of the Le Roys in Bel Air, Walter O'Malley, president of the World Champion Dodgers, was there as was his charming wife. And Mr. O'Malley had more movie stars hanging avidly on every word he uttered than the original Pied Piper had children on his trail.

The biggest Dodger fan, of course, is Mervyn, and he was as delighted as a kid when the O'Malleys gifted him with a regulation Dodger baseball suit with his lucky number, sixty-two, written on it.

Frank Sinatra, **Bing Crosby** and **Dean Martin** arrived late, after dinner, as they had been taping Frank's TV show on which Bing and Dean made guest appearances. But like all the rest of us they headed straight for Mr. O'Malley to get the 'inside' on how the Cinderella team of all time won the World Series.

I overheard Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** telling Mrs. O'Malley that she is such a Dodger fan she is going to become an American citizen!

Next to baseball, the Stork was the important topic and a pretty group of mothers-to-be compared nursery notes. Among them was **Dana Wynter** (Mrs. Greg Bautzer) who looked so beautiful in a maternity gown; also Mrs. **Dick Shawn** (her husband has a top role in Mervyn's new movie *Wake Me When It's Over*) who is expecting their second, even though their first child is not yet a year old, and Los Angeles' Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman.

Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart** sat at our table and Gloria and I told **Mary** (Mrs. **Jack**) **Benny** we'd like to take that beautiful dress of hers right off her back. It was a flowered satin with two shades of red roses—a knockout.

George's Royal Rolls

A handsome young man who asked me to go riding offered and produced a conveyance much to my taste. **George Hamilton**, the new white hope at MGM, invited me to dine with him and called for me in a Rolls-Royce.

Such style! When I asked George, who has made only one or two films, how he came by such a swanky car he said:

"The Rolls originally belonged to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth," this tall, dark and handsome twenty-six-year-old charmer said. (He hails from a wealthy and social family of Florida and had money before he entered pictures.)

He continued, "The Royal family couldn't use the car during the war so it was shipped to America. It's the first car I've bought for myself—and I love it."

Unlike many of the new young bachelors on their way up the movie ladder, George didn't mind discussing his dates. When he was in Mississippi on location making *Home From The Hill* he had met Lynda Lee Meade. He escorted her to a couple of parties.

"When she later won the 'Miss America' contest, I called her to congratulate her," George told me. "She's really a very nice girl and I hope to meet her again when I go East again—or South." He doesn't know exactly when that will be as he is soon starting *Cimarron* and it has a long shooting schedule. But George likes Lynda Lee and doesn't mind admitting it.



George Hamilton, MGM's new white hope, drives a swanky 1938 Rolls-Royce that used to belong to England's King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.







Debbie on the Paar Show:

Debbie Reynolds telephoned to ask me and Jimmy McHugh to be her guests at the Thalian party and while I had her ear I asked, "What got into you to go on such a rampage on **Jack Paar**'s TV show—tearing off his shirt and all that nonsense?"

Debbie's antics had stirred up a lot of comment, not all of it complimentary.

She said, "Jack told me not to be serious—to live it up and act like I was having fun." Debbie sounded really chastened as she added, "I'm sorry if some people got the wrong impression."

Changing the subject, I said, "At least six people have called me this morning saying that Harry Karl has just paid $400,000 for an estate next to Dinah Shore's and that he bought the house for a honeymoon home for you. True or false?"

This time, Debbie really laughed. "You know it isn't true. I like Harry. He's a nice man and a thoughtful one. But there's absolutely no thought of marriage between us and never has been."

"How are those wonderful babies?" I asked, meaning adorable little Carrie Frances and Todd.

"I sent them up to be with **Eddie** in Las Vegas over the week end," Debbie said, "and I never knew how much I could miss them! But it is only right that Eddie should have some time with Carrie Frances and Todd. Believe me, though, I was the happiest mother in town when they got home this evening."







France Nuyen hasn't apologized for her inexcusable behavior when photographers tried to snap her and Marlon Brando.



. . . to say I think the conduct of **France Nuyen** (who may be the next Mrs. **Marlon Brando**) at the Miami airport when she and Marlon flew back from a little vacation in Haiti, was inexcusable. Miss Nuyen saw fit to strike out at reporters and photographers who report her conversation equally torrid.

Surprisingly, Marlon stood by more or less calmly—maybe he was so taken with the behavior of his companion he decided to let her handle affairs for the two of them.

France kept yelling something about her privacy—which is a laugh. When a young lady who is the star of a hit New York show, *The World of Suzie Wong*, decides to take a trip with a young man who is probably one of the most famous actors in the world, she may expect many things—but *privacy* isn't one of them!

True, Marlon and France assumed fake names, even to changing initials on their luggage—but where in the world did they think they could go, except on a rocket to the moon, and not be recognized?

One of the prices of rather unorthodox behavior is some completely orthodox publicity. You can't have your fame—and be *nobodies* too.

As France intends to resume her film career (she debuted in *South Pacific*) at 20th Century-Fox after the run of her play, it might behoove her to improve her relations with the press. Her boyfriend is a *big* star—but she isn't, yet.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



The great crowd of three hundred fans who waited outside the chapel at Errol Flynn's funeral behaved with decorum and respectful tribute.

The Funeral

Wiser men than I have puzzled over the workings of the mass mind. In other words, who knows what the public is going to do?

When six hundred people showed up for the funeral of **Errol Flynn**—only three hundred of them friends (inside the Chapel at Forest Lawn) and the others, fans and curious mourners—they behaved with such decorum and respectful tribute to the late great swashbuckling star, I couldn't help but recall another recent funeral.

At the funeral of **Tyrone Power**, who lived, breathed and died like a gentleman—a boisterous crowd behaved like hoodlums. They screamed and yelled, and tore flowers off the wreaths to stick in their hair and brought box lunches to munch beside his grave. Hysteria marked the whole shocking proceedings.

Yet, the general deportment at the last rites for Errol—that gay scalawag—was as dignified as though a statesman was being laid to rest.

I'm not going into all the angles of Errol's death. The less said about the **Aadland** girl, the better.

I prefer to remember Errol as the gay charming, devilishly handsome man he was at the height of his stardom. He was a delightful friend, witty, well read, a fine conversationalist. He was also his own worst enemy.

The last time he came to town, he called me, as he always did, and we talked over the telephone. The papers were full of his arrival here with his "protege."

I remember I said to him, "Errol, I don't approve of you. But I like you—and I always will."

And I always will.

The Crosby Rift Is Healed

Had quite a nice talk with **Bing Crosby** who, the very next night, patched up his long standing feud with son **Gary** by dropping by the Moulin Rouge to catch the act of the **Crosby Boys**. I'm so glad this rift has been healed. It was so distressing and disillusioning to all the Crosby fans and friends.

Bing was happy, too, about his first little daughter, Mary Frances. He was every inch the proud father, bustin' his buttons with pride, when he told me, "She's the daintiest little doll you ever saw—such a little beauty and with the loveliest hands."

I have a feeling that not only will her famous dad spoil Missy Crosby, but so will those big brothers of hers. **Lindsay**, the youngest, stood up as godfather when Mary Frances was baptized and he presented her with a tiny cross of diamonds.



Bing thought his sons' act at the Moulin Rouge Club was "great." Left to right are Philip, Lindsay, Gary (with his arm around his dad), Bing and Dennis.

Predictions for 1960

If you'll go along with me I think I'll have a little fun at this season of the year and look into my private crystal ball to predict what I think is coming up in Hollywood news during 1960. I think—

Kim Novak will become the bride of director Richard Quine. . . .

Marlon Brando will marry **France Nuyen** (see SOAPBOX)....

Hope Lange will be the bright new star of 20th pictures. In *The Best of Everything* Hope gives promise of being a new **Grace Kelly**....

The **David Nivens'** reconciliation will stick....

Elvis Presley will return to his career—and even greater popularity than he enjoyed before serving his stint in the Army in Germany (and believe me that's plenty *popular*). Producers are already battling to get first call on Elvis after his Hal Wallis movie, partially completed....

Shirley MacLaine will get quite temperamental until she comes to her senses, and the level-headed girl she really is, and realizes being "a feminine **Frank Sinatra**" doesn't pay.



Elvis (right) and producer Hal Wallis relax between scenes of "G.I. Blues." The background is filmed in Germany; the rest will be filmed in the States.



Louella predicts that the recent reconciliation of handsome David Niven and his lovely wife Hjordis is going to stick.

No Motor Scooter for Louella

This has been my month for invitations from good-looking young men to go riding with them in an assortment of vehicles.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes and I hit it off great when we met at Dino's at dinner one night. A few afternoons later he came a'calling at my home and didn't once comb his hair!

"Kookie," who has sent the teenagers into their loudest squeals since the advent of **Elvis Presley**, flattered me by saying he had been dying to meet me. Now girls, don't get *too* jealous but he invited me to take a ride on his motor scooter.

"You must be kidding," I gasped.

"Oh, no—it's safe," he laughed. "It has a side car which is very comfortable. The studio (Warners) won't let me drive it except around the lot—so there's no danger."

I told "Kookie" I would take this into consideration, but you can bet your last dollar I'm taking no rides in that contraption—"Kookie" or no "Kookie."

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Hurray for "The Best of Everything" and wonderful Hope Lange.



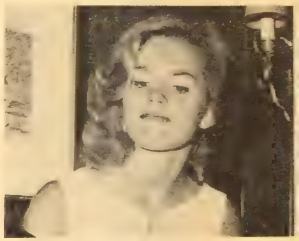
Tab is as talented as ever, but he's been better on TV than in movies.



A fan predicts Audrey Hepburn will get an Oscar for "The Nun's Story."



Kay Kendall has left a wonderful legacy—magnificent courage.



The Tuesday Weld controversy rages; some like her originality.

LETTER BOX

The **Tuesday Weld** controversy rages and rages! ENID DEVORE, ATLANTA, represents one school: *Hurrah for Tuesday who dares to be herself in convention-ridden Hollywood! She has courage and guts to defy those who would mold every young girl on the screen into another* ***Sandra Dee****. So Tuesday goes barefoot? So her hair looks like a mop? So she sounds like a beatnik? She's different—she's original, she's herself!*

Now comes MRS. BOB BEERS, LOS ANGELES: *Never have I seen anything on TV as disgusting as Tuesday Weld on* ***Paul Coates'*** *TV show. Looking like nothing ever seen before (wasn't she wearing a nightgown?), her answers to intelligent questions were as fuzzy as her eyes. Can't someone stop this What's-Her-Name before other silly young girls start acting like her?*

BLINKY CHAMPAGNE, COVINGTON, LA., (is that a real name, Blinky?), writes: *Shame on you, Louella. You have let* ***Tab Hunter*** *down as much as his fickle fans. Two or three years ago your* MODERN SCREEN *news was filled with Tab and his doings. Now—silence where he is concerned. Isn't he as talented as ever?* Yes, although Tab's TV appearances have been better than his recent movies. Tab was lost in *That Kind of Woman.*

Hollywood need look no more for next year's Oscar winner among the women stars, opines CLARISSA BURNSIDE, EAST DETROIT, MICH. ***Audrey Hepburn*** *will get it hands down for her superb performance in* THE NUN'S STORY. Audrey thanks you, I'm sure, Clarissa.

KAY ELIZABETH DIETZ, MT. PROSPECT, ILL., writes a beautiful letter about **Kay Kendall**. *How terrible the loss of her gaiety, her beauty and her talent. But what a wonderful legacy she left us with—her magnificent courage.*

HANS J. RING, NEW HAVEN, CONN., writes a most intelligent letter in excellent English. *I have been in this country for only two months, having come over from Germany to make my permanent home here. My first impression on movies and movie magazines is there is too much emphasis on teenagers and their preferences. Write please about* ***June Allyson*** *(where is she hiding?),* ***Jessie Royce Landis*** *and* ***Thelma Ritter.*** June has her own TV show. Hans. Jessie Royce Landis is very good in *North By Northwest* and Thelma is all over the screen and TV.

Will PEARL JOHNSTON, ARLEE, MONTANA, who wrote the lovely poem in memory of **Ritchie Valens** (I printed a part of it in this department) please send copies of the entire poem to MARY ANNE MANFF, 3807 VERMONT RD., ATLANTA 19, GA., (she is president of the Ritchie Valens Memorial Club and also to LOIS TELLER, 630 PASADENA AVE., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.?

Did ***William Holden*** *leave this country to live in Switzerland to deliberately avoid paying income taxes in the U.S.A.?* indignantly inquires LILLIAN V. MCMASTERS, NEW YORK, N.Y. He says not, Mrs. McV.—Bill says he can keep his eye on his business interests (Japan and Africa) better if he locates in Europe. At least, that's what the man says.

MAUREEN CASSIDAY, FT. WORTH, TEXAS, says she is just sixteen years old, *but pretty smart,* in her own words: *I can tell producers they won't start making big money again until they again start making love stories like* LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING *or* THE BEST OF EVERYTHING *which I have just seen. Men's stories, Westerns, war yarns, etc., do not draw in the women. Hurray for* THE BEST OF EVERYTHING *and wonderful* ***Diane Baker*** *and* ***Hope Lange.***

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener

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Genevieve says "GIVE THE FABULOUS FRAGRANCE WE FRENCH WOMEN LOVE"

Evening in Paris



5 Evening in Paris treasures in a gleaming satin boudoir box $ 00





Music Box, a love song with a symphony of 6 Evening in Paris favorites 10.00



GIFTS, $1 TO $25

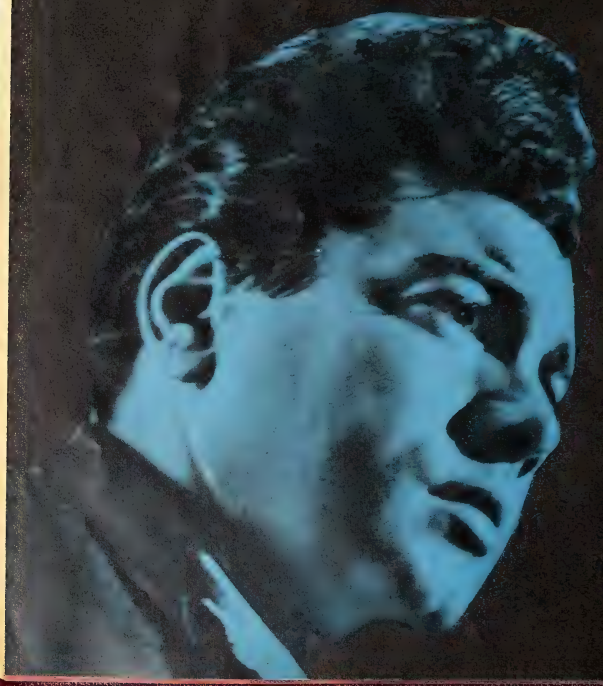




GENEVIEVE, TV AND CADENCE RECORDING STAR

this season we celebrate
the birth of our lord.
we celebrate the
birth of a new year,
a new decade.
and we celebrate all this
in joy and hope.
but this season,
we're also forced to mourn.
two men have died
who meant much to us.
one man could sing
like an angel.
the other...well, he was
sometimes thought of
as a devil...
except by his friends.
much of hollywood's glory
and excitement died with

MARIO AND ERROL



an ave maria for mario

PHILADELPHIA—1921: The midwife wrapped the baby in a soft white blanket and placed it in its weary mother's arms. Then she turned to the dark, good-looking man who sat in the wheelchair alongside the bed—the new baby's father, wounded badly, permanently, in the Great War that had ended only a couple of years before—and she asked, "Now it is the time for the three of you to be alone—



you and your wife and your new one, eh?"

The man nodded.

"And for me," the midwife continued, "it is time to go and make myself a nice big cup of coffee."

She left the bedroom of the apartment and went to the kitchen. It wasn't long after, as she sat at the table, sipping from her cup, that she heard a knock on the door.

"Yes?" she called out.

A neighbor woman poked her head in.

"I heard the screaming, from upstairs . . . Is it born yet?" she asked, excitedly.

"Yes," the midwife said, "it is born."

"A boy, like they wanted?" (*Continued on page 70*)



Beverly Aadland:

"ERROL FLYNN DIED IN MY ARMS"



BY GEORGE CARPOZI, JR.

■ Errol Flynn died the way he lived, surrounded by the things he liked best—good liquor and a beautiful young girl.

He died in the arms of that girl, a shapely, sexy blonde who professed her love openly and unabashedly, more so than any other woman who shared the moments and years with the erratic playboy-actor during his stormy life.

Moments before death took Errol Flynn at the age of fifty in Vancouver, B. C., last October 15, he looked up into the eyes of his seventeen-year-old sweetheart, Beverly Aadland. He saw tears streaking down her cheeks. A wan smile broke on his lips as he studied the anxiety and grief on her face.

Errol's lips trembled. He seemed to be trying to speak. He looked as if he wanted to reassure Beverly—

"I have no complaints about my life. I've enjoyed every minute of it."

But Beverly, her hair wildly tangled and with (*Continued on page 58*)





COOL IT DEBBIE!

DEAR DEBBIE:

We watched you on the Jack Paar Show.

We stayed up past midnight *just* to see you.

There is a running gag on the show about *what Jack Paar is really like.*

And we felt the candidness of this late-hour program would give us an idea of *what Debbie Reynolds is really like these days.*

You see, Debbie, reports have been coming into our office about the way you have changed. Reports on *(Continued on page 66)*


Annette Funicello and
Paul Anka discover...
THE THRILL



of First Love

■ Running across the meadow hand in hand with Paul Anka, Annette Funicello is living one of the most delicious moments of her romance with Paul. But anguish as well as beauty has marked their tender affair. And when night falls, Annette's mind will be clouded with those special doubts and torments known to every girl who has fallen in love for the first time. And then, in the midst of her doubting, she will remember, poignantly, that day she first knew the sweetness of love.

(*Continued on page 73*)

TORY

■ On a day when he was fourteen, he put his childhood behind him. He walked out of the bare, white-tiled hospital that smelled of carbolic acid and fear into a fall afternoon, grey sky, and a brightness in the leaves, and children screaming on roller skates, but the life of the street washed around him blurrily. The only reality he knew was back in that high white bed where his father lay. *He's going to die,* the boy thought, *he's going to die,* and he pressed a round gold watch to his cheek in a queer, half-hunching gesture.

He had been eleven years old, when the sickness hit his father. Eleven years old, and a junior high school kid. He and the other guys were crazy about sports, they hung around the drugstore drinking cokes and teasing girls, and they dreamed of racing hot rods, diving for treasure in the south seas, playing big-league baseball, flying jet planes. Merle Johnson, Jr., had one other dream, though. The big one. To be an actor.

At home on Long Island he was exposed to plenty of theater. His mother, Edith Johnson, had been an actress; his father was head of the motion picture division of General Motors. Maybe they knew too much about the pain the phoniness, the struggle. Anyhow, they didn't want it fo their boy. He'd mentioned the stage, the movies, and they'd sigh. "No, dear," they'd say. Sometimes, in be at night, plotting his secret future, he'd wonder why, and he'd fall asleep thinking of his name in lights, and Elizabeth Taylor kissing him as she handed him his Oscar or Helen Hayes making a little speech in which she declared that she hadn't enjoyed a young man's performance so much since th last time she'd caught her very own son.

His father's sickness changed everything. There wasn't any cure. He remembered that terrifying day when his mother told him "Darling," she said, "you have a right to know. But the doctor agrees that we shouldn't say anything to Daddy. It wouldn't do any good, and there's no need—"

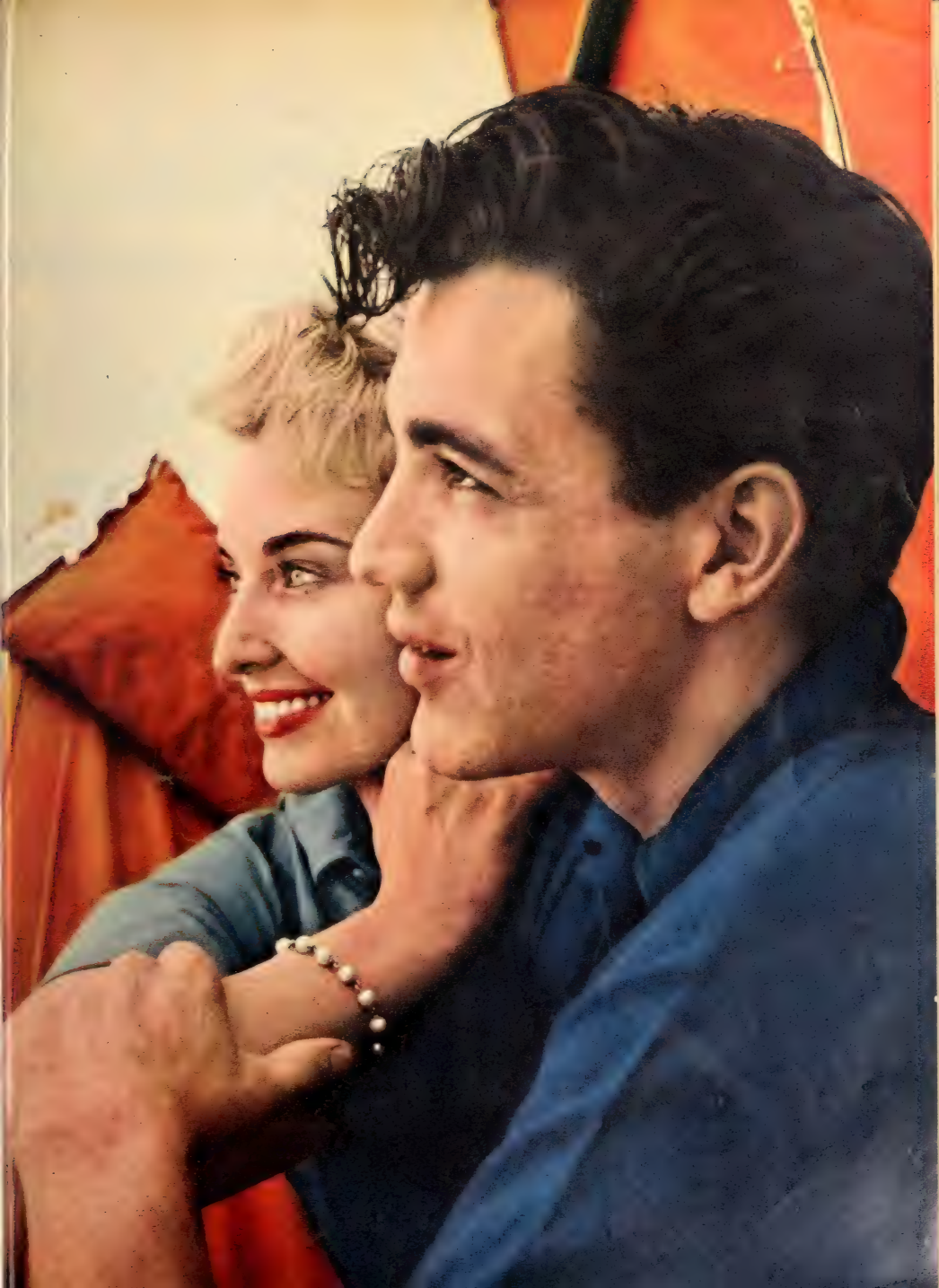
At eleven, then, the boy shared a secret which would have weighed heavily on a much (*Continued on page 64*



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers

We were afraid we couldn't have a baby. We had been hoping for a little son or daughter of our own to bless our home ever since we were married in January of 1957. But as the

(*Continued on page 56*)




Eddie's

Love Cured Me!

■ To those of us who know Liz Taylor—who've seen her recently, been with her these past few weeks—one fact is extraordinary:

Never in her life has she been happier, healthier, more content, more calm, than since her marriage to Eddie Fisher.

This includes the short, supposedly-fabulous period of time she was married to Mike Todd.

Certainly this includes the years she spent as the wife of Michael Wilding.

And Nicky Hilton.

The years of her childhood, when she was the most beautiful and the most spoiled young girl in all of Hollywood. . . .

Most of you have been reading about Liz for years. You've read about some of the downs in her life. But mostly you've read about the ups, the good times, the gay times, the marvelous times that have been bestowed on this loveliest of all movie princesses.

Let us say, right here and now, that those accounts of the good, gay, marvelous times were very much exaggerated.

For here is a girl who, until now, has not been very happy.

Who has, indeed, suffered.

Who has suffered physical pain.

Heartbreak.

And an emotional instability so terrible that, more than once, she has been on the verge of a serious nervous breakdown. . . .

Those of us who know Liz Taylor see the bright look in her eyes today, and we remember the times when those eyes were filled with tears.

The tears, for instance, brought on by the awful pain her back condition would cause her.

"An imagined condition, purely psychosomatic," some people have shrugged.

"A very real condition," others have said, "a slipped disc that has required operation after operation."

Real or (*Continued on page 69*)

Bette Davis's little girl
lives very far away...
in a world no normal person
has ever entered.
She comes home only once a year...

Home For Christmas

■ The beautiful blue-eyed girl, nine years old, will sit at the table in the big Hollywood house this Christmas afternoon to come.

She will talk a little, as well as she can talk.

She will eat a little.

But she will, mostly, just sit there at her place at the large table, looking at the others.

And the others will smile at her.

And they will say nice things to her.

And they will pretend that nothing is wrong, that she does not have to leave them, soon, that the place from which she came—to which she must return—is far away. They will pretend for the few hours they are together.

These short and very precious hours.

These blessed hours of Christmas Day. . . .

It all began at another Christmastime, a night in December of 1951, as Bette Davis opened the door of her daughter Barbara's bedroom, to see if the child was still asleep.

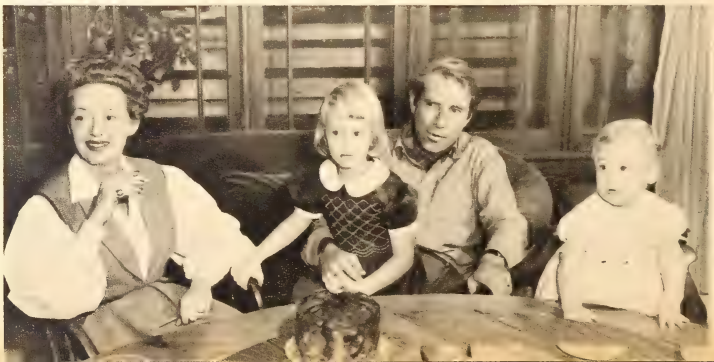
She wasn't, and Bette turned on a lamp and smiled.

"Beedee," she said, "your daddy and I have a surprise for you."

The five-year-old sat up in bed. "Is Santa Claus here already?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Christmas 1951. Bette and Gary did not realize baby Margot (right) was ill.



THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

A SPECIAL 16 PAGE END OF THE DECADE REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

In the fabulous fifties
we learned that
fairy tales could come true...

April 19, 1956, Grace Kelly and her parents kneel beside Prince Rainier at royal wedding.



This afternoon, while our two small children were napping, my wife and I went down to the basement to see if we could ferret out the three (or was it four?) boxes of Christmas tree ornaments we had stored away last January. If your basement is anything like ours, then you can probably imagine what happened to us—at least the beginning of it. We hadn't been there five minutes when the only light in the place blew its brains out, plunging us into total darkness. While I fumbled about in vain for a flashlight, my wife (the practical member of our family) made her way cautiously towards the steps, intent on getting a new bulb upstairs. Fate, however, had a detour planned, and instead of guiding her foot onto the first step, it guided it onto a collapsed old baby-stroller. From where I stood at the far end of the cellar all I heard was a dull thump and then a long relentless moaning. Somehow, despite the pitch blackness, I was suddenly able to make things out quite clearly. Maybe my eyes had adjusted to the dark, or maybe there is, after all, some extra candle-power within us which, in times of extreme necessity, casts its own ray of light. Whatever the explanation, I reached my wife in a flash to find her lying motionless, flat on her face. I bent down.

"Can you get up?" I whispered.

"Of course I can!" she said, leaping to her feet and dusting herself off.

"You mean you aren't hurt? From the way you were moaning I thought...."

"I wasn't moaning," she said, looking at me sheepishly. "I was cursing. You know I never curse out loud. Now let's get a —— —— light down here so we can see what we're doing. If it hadn't been for that pile of old magazines I might really have conked myself."

That pile of old magazines that had broken her fall against the hard concrete floor, those wonderful soft old paper magazines (which I had been too lazy to burn) were, we discovered when we came back with a light bulb five minutes later, movie magazines—a bunch of old *Hollywood Yearbooks, Hollywood Romances, Screen Albums,* and a complete collection of *Modern Screens* going back to 1950. All of which proves what I've been saying ever since I became an editor: If you want to stay healthy, happy and safe in this dark cruel world buy lots and lots of *Modern Screens*! They saved my wife, and they might save you.

But seriously, when we'd pulled ourselves together, Astrid insisted we put the baby-stroller in a safe place (the garbage), and straighten out the magazines, which were scattered around like cards in a game of 52-Pick-Up. I got a cardboard carton and we started piling them in when suddenly she turned to me out of the blue and said, "Guess when Eddie walked out on Debbie?"

"In the morning?" I said.

"C'mon, really, when?" she insisted.

It was an age when teenagers with guitars could become kings...



'Fabulous' Fabian



Tommy Sands



Ricky Nelson

Let me explain at this point that my wife, who is otherwise normal, does have one special form of madness—a tendency at certain times to believe she's a quizmaster and I'm a contestant. After years of marriage I've found that if I play along seriously for five or ten minutes the madness passes and she resumes her role as a housewife again. So, I furrowed my brow, wiped some imaginary sweat off it with a handkerchief, and tried to come up with the answer. This quiz was definitely not fixed and I was in deep trouble. I tried to visualize the hundreds of photos I'd seen of Liz and Eddie in New York when they spent their first notorious week end at Grossingers. Was it last year, or the year before? Were they wearing overcoats? Was it March or September? Lives and loves change so quickly in Hollywood it's almost impossible to keep track, and yesterday usually seems like a million years ago. For the life of me I couldn't remember.

"Your time is up," she said, handing me a dusty copy of MODERN SCREEN which had a picture of Debbie and Eddie on the cover and, in large black type, the historic words WHY EDDIE WALKED OUT ON DEBBIE. The date on the magazine was July, 1955.

"Seems like walking out on Debbie was an old established custom with Mr. Fisher," said my wife. "Even before they were married. Look."

She opened to the article and there it was—all the postponed wedding plans, the hassles with business managers, the problems, the uncountable problems that Debbie and Eddie, not yet married, were already facing—or perhaps I should say running away from. "The seeds of future tragedy," I intoned in my most philosophical voice, "were planted from the very beginning."

"Well, I don't know about seeds," said Astrid, "but I do know we've got to find those Christmas decorations. Now hurry up and start looking. I hear the kids." And off she ran to the children's room, leaving me sitting there alone marveling at the supernatural ability mothers have to hear the cries of their children no matter how far away they are or how many doors and walls are shut between them. The ability to listen with their hearts. I found myself wondering whether trained baby nurses (we'd never had one) could also listen with their hearts, and I decided that probably they couldn't, and then I found myself thinking of all those mothers in Hollywood who, like Debbie, had to hire nurses to bring up their children, competent efficient nurses who could do everything for the children except, perhaps, listen with their hearts.

Suddenly the top of my head began to itch. Now when the top of my head begins to itch, it always means (except in mosquito season) that I've got what the Italians call "a bad thought." I tried to figure it out. I'd been thinking about Debbie, or, more specifically, about her children Carrie Frances and

Todd Emanuel. I had probably been feeling a little sorry for them, feeling that my own kids, David and Erika, who are just about the same age as Debbie's, were more fortunate because at that moment they were being diapered and dressed by their own mom. I guess, to be perfectly honest, I was congratulating myself that, though Debbie was rich and famous and talented, somehow *our house was better than their house.* And the more I kept thinking of this the harder my head kept itching away, obviously trying to tell me something.

"Okay, Head," I said finally, "what's bothering you—I mean me?"

To which my Head calmly replied, "That thought we just had about being better off than someone else is just what causes so much tragedy for so many people in Hollywood. If I may quote from the Bible, *Pride goeth before a fall. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.* Now you see those old magazines, well, they're not exactly Bibles but they make the same point. They're filled with pictures of the most beautiful, rich, exalted, proud people in the world, and what happens to these people? Pull over an orange-crate, make yourself comfortable, and take a look. . . ."

For more than an hour I sat there in the chilly cellar turning through hundreds of dusty pages of Life in Hollywood in the decade that is almost over now—the decade of the Fifties. I heard again Ingrid Bergman's anguished cry, "I'm not a saint, I'm human!" as she carried the baby of Roberto Rossellini safe in her womb against the outrage of a shocked world. I looked again at the joyous faces of "perfect couples" like Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton uniting in "ideal marriages" doomed to wither and die overnight. I read again all the sad sordid details in the lives of Rita, Lana, and Ava, the triple goddesses of the post-war years, the most envied women in the world, setting their feet on paths leading to heartbreak, murder, and lonely exile. I shuddered again as Judy Garland in her twenty-seventh year, the girl I had fallen in love with when she was Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz,* put a knife to her throat and slashed herself in an agony of unknown despair. And again and again I paused at pictures of a girl who really had everything, not only fame, fortune, beauty and a distinguished husband but the rarer advantage of having been born into a home of taste, culture and refinement, a girl named Gene Tierney who in 1950 was acknowledged by *Modern Screen* as the best-dressed star in Hollywood and who this past October was discovered (at the age of 37) working as a sales clerk in a clothing shop in Topeka, Kansas. I looked and nodded, beginning to understand, when suddenly my head began to itch again.

"Here we go, with that same old bad thought," said my Head, "congratulating ourselves that, though we've had our little problems, we've never



In 1955, Hollywood worried about Susan Hayward's sleeping-pill suicide try.

But it was an age
when our luckiest and
most glamorous people
got into the worst troubles.

In 1958, the world worried about a murder by Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl.



really hit bottom. It's almost Christmas and we're forgetting one of the profund truths He left us—that suffering is ennobling, that *He who would save his life must first lose it.* Do you see that picture of Frank Sinatra on page 45?"

I turned to page 45. The year was 1951. The picture was a pitiful one, of a shell of a man walking along a desolate beach in autumn, his trousers rolled up, his head hanging down wearily as a flower at the end of autumn hangs its head on a thin dry stem.

"How does he look?" asked my Head.

"Awful," I had to admit.

"Weight: 112. Identifying marks: razor scars on wrist. Marital status: lousy. Mental attitude: extremely lousy. Career: a total washout. Future?"

"Absolutely, positively brilliant," I answered. "But if you're trying to tell me that Frank Sinatra suddenly became a great actor and a great singer *because* he had fallen so low, well. . . ."

"What's the matter with you?" said a strangely familiar, high-pitched voice, and I looked up to see my wife standing on the cellar stairs, staring at me incredulously and scratching her head.

"Do you know why your head itches?" I said.

"Now I know you're crazy. Do you realize I've been standing here for ten minutes and all you've been doing is mumbling to yourself? As a matter of fact, what *have* you been doing?"

"It so happens," I smiled, "that I've been making a study of life in Hollywood in the 1950's, so that the next time you start in with one of your ridiculous quizzes you won't be dealing with any lunkhead—at least in that category. Go on," I said, "ask me a question. Anything."

I knew I had her then. Her frown disappeared, that well-known madness lit up her eyes gaily, she came down the steps and, using an old broom for a microphone, said, "Your first question is state the important events in Hollywood by years, beginning with the year 1950. You have exactly six minutes."

Well, with an unorganized bean like mine that couldn't even remember when Debbie married Eddie, I knew she'd stumped me again. Then suddenly I realized that in the inside pocket of my jacket was a carbon copy of an excellent, informed article Louella Parsons had just written for *Modern Screen's Hollywood Yearbook,* in which Louella had, among the many interesting things she had to say, listed the important events of the Fifties year by year. A wild thought came upon me. "It just so happens," I lied, that I knew you were going to ask that question and so, for the sake of time, I've written down my answers." At which point I took out the article, moved back aways so she could not see that it was a typed carbon, and coolly began to shoot the answers to her.

We were constantly being shocked, constantly being asked to forgive, and constantly forgiving.



1950. The world ostracized Ingrid Bergman when she fell in love with Roberto Rossellini.

But when she came to claim her Oscar in 1956, a forgiving public welcomed her back.



1950: The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love story set the world on fire—particularly after the birth of their love child, Robertino.

No. 2 Passion was Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra, so explosive in their romance that Nancy Sinatra was forced to file for divorce.

Whispers were strong that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan were tired of marriage and—each other.

Shirley Temple admits she is in love with San Francisco business man Charles Black and will marry him following her disillusioning divorce from John Agar.

Elizabeth Taylor says "I Do" to hotel scion, Nicky Hilton Jr., in what the newspapers hail as "a story book" wedding in Beverly Hills.

Clark Gable elopes with Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Cary Grant and Betsy Drake marry.

The Oscars were won by Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday* and Jose Ferrer for *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

1951: Dawns sadly with the death of Dixie Lee Crosby from lingering malignancy.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton end five months of marriage.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping divorce.

Frank Sinatra marries Ava Gardner.

Carlton Carpenter is the "teenagers' delight."

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak welcome daughter, Katrina.

Errol Flynn marries Patrice Wymore.

Marlon Brando, little known actor from Broadway, arrives to start his film career.

Oscars are won by Vivien Leigh in *Streetcar Named Desire* and by Humphrey Bogart in *African Queen.*

1952: Pia Lindstrom breaks heart of mother Ingrid Bergman with headline statement: "I do not want to go to my mother. I do not love her. I love my father."

Battles between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra hit all gossip columns.

Shirley Temple nearly dies in birth of son at Bethesda Naval Hospital, Maryland, where Lt. Charles Black is stationed.

Asphalt Jungle in general release has made a new star of a blonde, pouty girl who plays just a bit—Marilyn Monroe.

Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine continue un-sisterly feud.

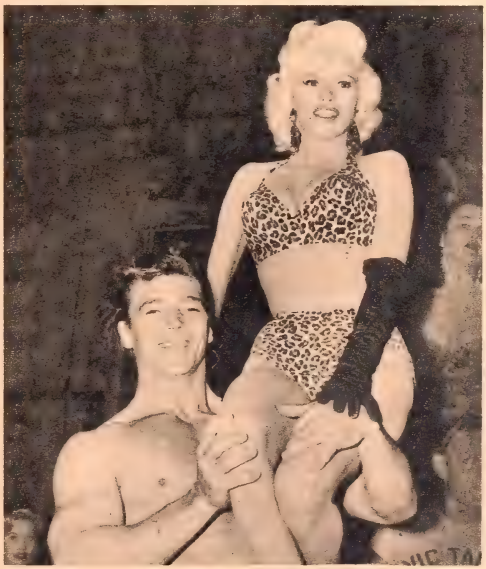
Oscars are won by Shirley Booth in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and by Gary Cooper in *High Noon.*

1955. The teenagers may have laughed, but Liberace was dear to the hearts of a million middle-aged ladies.

Fortunately, every year brought a new fad...a new character... a new laugh.

1955's hottest fad, Davy Crockett.





Some snickered, but Jayne Mansfield and her muscle-man, Mickey Hargitay, were made for each other.

1953: Rita Hayworth marries Dick Haymes in Las Vegas. Says, "This marriage will stick."

Rumors out of Africa are that Clark Gable (divorced from Lady Ashley) and pretty newcomer Grace Kelly are "in love" on location on *Mogambo.*

Olivia de Havilland marries Paris magazine journalist Pierre Galante.

Beautiful Suzan Ball saddens hearts of fans by having a leg amputated because of cancer.

Elizabeth Taylor and new husband Michael Wilding on Stork's list.

The Gregory Pecks end their marriage. Rumors that Greg will marry Veronique Passani.

Bing Crosby's dates with Mona Freeman stir up much talk. But everyone convinced Bing will never marry again.

Big news of the Oscars this year is that "best support" is won by Frank Sinatra, launching him on brilliant acting career.

1954: Debbie Reynolds gives up dating Robert Wagner and starts dating Eddie Fisher. (Heaven help us all!)

Marilyn Monroe and Joe di Maggio in bombshell divorce after short marriage. Marilyn starts kicking up heels on contracts.

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone marry despite belief that Pier was very much in love with new rage, James Dean, of *East of Eden* fame.

Beloved Lionel Barrymore passes.

Robert Taylor marries Ursula Theiss after a divorce and 13 years of marriage to Barbara Stanwyck.

Peter Lawford, new "teenagers' delight," marries Patricia Kennedy, daughter of former Ambassador to England, Joseph Kennedy, and sister of Senator John Kennedy.

John Wayne and Pilar Pallette wed in Honolulu.

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian divorce. Ditto Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, both couples with much bitterness.

Grace Kelly soars to stardom in *The Country Girl* for which she wins an Oscar. Marlon Brando wins for the males in *On the Waterfront.*

Hottest box office attractions in Hollywood: Marlon Brando, Grace Kelly, and James Dean.

1955: Liberace, the rage of the TV screen, makes his screen debut in the financially disastrous *Sincerely Yours,* proving that the public won't pay to see what it can get free on TV.

Mario Lanza starts a series of explosive headlines having nervous-breakdown tantrums at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. His entire career is imperiled.



1952: Brando is first beat.



1955: Jimmy Dean, the loneliest beat, dies in a race car crash.

1959: Sixteen-year-old Tuesday's Queen of beats.



No one seemed to know whether to take the beat generation seriously or not. In time everyone did.

Joan Crawford elopes with soft drink tycoon Al Steele to Las Vegas.

Clark Gable marries Kay Williams Spreckles.

John Hodiak dies suddenly of heart attack in home. His divorced wife Anne Baxter and their child, griefstricken.

Warner Bros. and Columbia Studios start own TV productions. Warners producing such top Westerns as *Maverick* with sensationally popular James Garner and Columbia sets up successful Screen Gems productions.

Rock Hudson marries Phyllis Gates in Santa Barbara.

Mike Todd, brash young producer, signs up such top stars as Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich for his *Around The World In 80 Days* which he's filming in his new Todd-AO process.

James Dean tragically killed in race-car accident setting off a mass hysteria of juvenile mourning. And the influence of this moody, introspective young idol is to live on after him. He was perhaps the first of 'the angry young men' and the 'beatnik' type.

Oscars won by Ernest Borgnine in *Marty* and Anna Magnani in *Rose Tattoo.*

1956: The year Elvis Presley arrives in Hollywood to make his first picture *Love Me Tender* for 20th Century-Fox.

Business world startled when major companies begin to sell backlogs of old films to arch rival TV. Most spectacular deal—Warner Bros. sale of 750 motion pictures to TV for $21,000,000. Later, Paramount and MGM follow this lead—which I feel was one of the big mistakes of film history. *Old* movies on TV became the greatest rival of *new* movies in theaters!

Biggest romantic news of years: Grace Kelly announces engagement to Prince Rainier of Monaco.

Pregnant Debbie Reynolds (now Mrs. Eddie Fisher) sings *Tammy* and sets off the biggest record sale in years.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis explode as a comedy team and part in bitterness.

Marilyn Monroe marries Arthur Miller in White Plains, New York.

Debbie and Eddie welcome a daughter, Carrie Frances.

Elizabeth Taylor tells world she's passionately in love with Mike Todd and will marry him when free of Mike Wilding!

But the biggest story of the fifties was the eternal triangle to beat all eternal triangles.



THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

Continued

1957: Howard Hughes, all-time bachelor prize, marries Jean Peters so secretly (I have the world scoop on this) that no one yet has been able to find out where or when it even occurred.

Humphrey Bogart dies early in year—and his likes won't be seen again soon.

A Princess born to former Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier. The arrival of Princess Caroline the most publicized birth of any baby next to Prince Charles, son of Queen Elizabeth.

Liz Taylor and Mike Todd marry in Acapulco, Mexico, with Eddie Fisher serving as best man and "Liz's best friend, Debbie Reynolds," also present.

Lana Turner and Lex Barker divorce.

Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall rumored "engaged."

Roberto Rossellini, Ingrid Bergman's husband, in scandal with East Indian charmer, Sonali das Gupta.

Marlon Brando marries Anna Kashfi.

The Gene Kellys part after 17 years of marriage.

Marie MacDonald kidnapped! (?)

Surprise of Surprises: Bing Crosby marries Kathy Grant in Las Vegas!

Film tycoon L. B. Mayer dies.

1958: Knife stabbing of underworld figure Johnny Stompanato by Lana Turner's 14-year-old daughter, Cheryl, shocks world.

Mike Todd's plane crashes in fiery blaze over New Mexico widowing Elizabeth Taylor.

Son born to Kathy Grant and Bing Crosby. Also to Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman wed in Las Vegas.

Rita Hayworth marries Jim Hill in Las Vegas.

French Brigitte Bardot's films rock American box offices.

Debbie and Eddie welcome a son.

Tycoon (Columbia) Harry Cohn dies.

Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates separate.

Tyrone Power marries Debbie Minardos, dies 6 months later in Spain.

Marlon Brando-Anna Kashfi separate.

Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley end marriage of many years sensationally with Bartley charging his wife's affections "pirated" by scripter Peter Viertel.

Ingrid Bergman scorns Rossellini—tells world she will marry Lars Schmidt.

(*Continued on page 72*)

INTRODUCING THE KINGSTON TRIO SEXTETTE

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Dave Guard Gretchen Guard Bob Shane Louise Shane Nick Reynolds Joan Reynolds

Friday, the thirteenth of last March, tailed off with a storm over the town of Goshen, Indiana. Late season blasts from Lake Michigan whipped a murky sky and batted a chartered Beechcraft plane around like a badminton bird. Inside, while the pilot fought the controls, three fairly beat rah-rah types, named Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane, rattled around, among a jumble of guitars, banjos and bongo drums like beans in an over-sized *maraca*.

The Kingston Trio was fresh from a swing-ding at Notre Dame University, headed for their next one-nighter, and the situation was normal—which is to say—desperate.

In this clutch, two of the striped-shirted troubadours relaxed: Stubby, needle-nosed Nick ("the Runt of the Litter") closed his baby-blue eyes, curled up and snored peacefully. Brain-busy, stringbean Dave ("Our Acknowledged Leader") fended off flying missiles with one hand and thoughtfully polished a new routine with the other. Only the usually jolly boy, curly mopped Bob ("Our Sex-Symbol") sweated it out.

Every minute or so he leaned over the pilot, breathing hard down his neck. "How we doin'?"

"In this weather?" Bob got a glance almost as dirty as the clouds. "Just great—gas low, generator out, visibility zero—and South Bend says we can't come back in!"

"I got to get down," said Bob. "Doesn't everyone? You took the words right out of my mouth!"

They got down—blind. They ticked power lines, skimmed roofs and clipped trees, finally skidded to a stop in a farmer's pasture, scattering a flock of frozen (*Continued on page 52*)

turkeys like ten-pins. "Now, Buster," sighed the flyboy, "Tell me—what's your big sweat?"

Bobby Shane grinned. "Well, tomorrow"—he glanced at his watch—"yeah, tomorrow, I'm getting married in Washington, D.C." The pilot grunted congratulations, the fact that Washington was almost a thousand miles away and he sincerely hoped Bob made it.

If he'd known the hi-balling Kingston Trio better that skeptical crack was hardly worth the breath it took to utter. Bobby Shane made it to the altar on time, of course, and with him Dave Guard and Nick Reynolds, who wouldn't have missed the fun for anything. To get there from the turkey patch they hiked to town, commandeered a car, drove all day, played their date that night, then hopped for the Capital, arriving at 3:00 a.m. That afternoon all were sharp for the joyous rites. But *next* morning—the groom was rousted out of his nuptial bed at six to take off once more. And his pretty Dixie bride didn't lay eyes on him for a full month!

For the Kingston Trio, such risks and rigors of big time barnstorming, mixed with richer rewards, have been par for the course—ever since *Tom Dooley* sent them winging a little over a year ago.

Going for broke with a dream

In that time they've hustled over 150,000 miles to meet the demand for their clean cut folk-and-rhythm harmonies, witty cut-ups and quips. They've played over a hundred college campuses, almost as many clubs, fairs and theaters, and missed only one date. To make it, they've scrambled by train, plane, boat, bus, truck, hack, and—as Dave Guard puts it—"If they'll bring over some coolies we'll go by rickshaw." Along the way, they've sweltered and frozen, slept standing up and gulped vitamins like jelly beans to keep going. Often they've worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four and started all over again after a couple for shut-eye.

But they've also had packed houses wait three hours to hear them sing, after something broke down, as happened last year in Lawrence, Kansas. At Indiana U., just the other day, tickets vanished one hour after they went on sale for a date two months ahead. Right now they're booked ahead solid until next May. What with albums, gold records, TV, clubs and one nighters, Nick, Bob and Dave will rack up a cool million this year for their pipes and patter and they'll top that in '60.

Yet, their really important payoff—which Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane gratefully recognize—is something you can't measure in tax brackets or fickle fame. A good sample is just what happened that March 15th in Washington when Bob made beautiful Louise Brandon his bride, with his pals standing by. That day playboy Bob, last bachelor of the bunch, snugged down meaning, at last, for his young life—and the Kingston Trio became the Kingston Sextette. Today, three wives named Gretchen Guard, Joan Reynolds and Louise Shane are helping build three purposeful lives with three once aimless, knockaround guys. But that wouldn't have happened if the boys hadn't teamed up first and gone for broke with a dream. And that's not all—

"There's no doubt about it," states Bob Shane flatly. "We've all been good for each other. By getting together this Trio has solved the emotional problems of three fairly mixed-up guys."

"Face it," confirms Dave Guard. "We were a bunch of wild hairs pointing in all directions until we tied into this challenge."

"Yes, sir," argues Nick Reynolds. "How many fellows really know what they want to do when they get out of school? None of us did. Mostly, you want to make a living doing what you like, and the big dream is to do it with your pals. Man, we got that dream! Whatever happens later on, these two years have filled a gap with something we'll always prize, when we might have just goofed off, fumbling around alone."

All these reflections, of course, refer to the days—only a brief spell ago—when Dave, Nick and Bob were fresh out of Stanford University and Menlo College, respectively, wondering what next. At that point, about all they owned in common was an education, good looks, plenty of pizazz and obvious talents for making music. Now and then they did, and as long as people cheered and gave them plenty of beer to drink they were happy—or so they pretended. But underneath each nursed a private puzzler that you'd never suspect. And all were putting off the answers.

Take big Dave Guard: Then, as now, dapper Dave seemed to have the world right by the tail. Six-foot-three, handsome and smart as a whip, Dave trailed nothing but honors, accomplishments and popularity in his wake. Talents? You name them; Dave had them. Athlete, judo expert, honor student, campus activity leader, money maker, top musician and dynamite with the girls, you'd say graduate student Dave was Stanford's man most likely to smell sweet success. "Of course, I'm prejudiced," sighs his pretty blonde wife, Gretchen, today, "but I think Dave's close to being a genius." She isn't the first to figure that way.

Says Bobby Shane, who grew up with Dave in Hawaii and went to the same school, Punahou, "Dave was always two jumps ahead of everyone in everything. He was a natural brain. His grades were always terrific and so was everything else about him."

Dave had a degree in Business Administration. "But *what* business? I didn't know," he admits. "Business is such a nebulous word. I wanted to make the right move because, you see, I've always wanted security." That's not too original an urge these days, but in Dave Guard's case it traces way back.

> **Steve McQueen: I don't talk mumbly. People listen mumbly.**
> *Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

When he was only seven, Dave's world literally went up in smoke. That was Sunday, December 7, 1941. Red-balled Jap planes buzzed down to the rooftops of a new housing tract at Hickam Field and, as he watched in terror, sprayed bullets all around him and set the place on fire. Dave, an only child, lived there because his dad was a reserve colonel who worked, and still does, for the Army Engineers. After the Pearl Harbor debacle they evacuated Dave and his mom to the States.

That gave a jolt to his security, for sure, but even after he came back, "wearing shoes," young Donald David Guard rattled around Honolulu pretty much on his own without a normal home life. His mother, Marjorie, was secretary to the Commander of Military Air Transport and away all day. Dave was placed in private school and "my parents gave me *carte blanche* long ago." He used his independence poking into everything and every place, often with his classmate, Bob Shane.

One favorite spot was Waikiki Beach, where every Island kid bangs a ukelele between rides on the rollers. "You get an awful good crack at musical styles Hawaii," says Dave today. "South Japanese, Chinese and good old Amer jazz—the whole melting pot." With he was sopping it all up and sendin out, kid style, summers and after sch which to Dave soon became somewha a bore. At Punahou High he ran the 880 and hurdles, played end on the f ball team, starred in a variety show banged out his island folk songs.

"I liked all that," he remembers. "It a bid for popularity." But classwork brilliant Dave Guard was too easy to his interest. "I figured nothing was penine," he says. "I wanted to get awa specifically back to the States. Honolu fine but it's only eighty miles around Island. I still get nervous when I sta one place more than three weeks," g Dave. "That's why this life I've got is my dish. Travel's exciting to me."

Dave's deal with the folks

In his junior year at Punahou, D made a deal with his folks to earn his expenses if they sent him State to Menlo Park prep. He piled up his —$1000—greaseballing in a service sta and diving for coral. But at Menlo, pr ping for Stanford, it was the same story. Bored with work that came easy, Dave started messing around six months before graduation, got boun out of school for "an incident involvin bottle of vodka." But he stuck aro Menlo Park with another service sta job and they let them come back for finals. He graduated in a breeze walked right into Stanford.

Now, Stanford University is no joy for anyone, not even a brain like D Guard. But to show you what a real head can do: Dave fell out of a sec story window of his frat house the confused week end and broke his b on the pavement below. They shipped to Honolulu and he lost his whole year. Even with that setback, he gra ated in three years, taking sometimes units and hitting A's and B's. He wor all his way through—hashing at g dorms, gardening, janitoring in the brary, moving furniture and pumping But he still had time to staff on the hu magazine, *Chapparal*, write songs for Stanford Gaieties, win the Sigma Award for "greatest contribution to house" and pin a collection of cam queens!

It's no wonder Dave Guard took on graduate School of Business with greatest confidence although he had o $3 to start. By that time, he had anot more interesting racket to earn his cak With Bobby Shane, only a mile away Menlo Business College, he harmoni for $15 a night at parties and Stanf off-campus hangouts like Rossotti's The Cracked Pot. But Dave still packed one big nagging question mark: Where I really headed? "I had no real idea," says. "I figured I'd just try to play cards right and something would take c of me. How vague could you be?"

Bob's a real Kamaaina

By then Bob Shane had an equa opaque view of his future but for differe reasons. Bobby knew what he wanted do and had for a long time. But it did figure out with him—or his family. "S sort of rebelled," he says, "and I got mixed-up, acted pretty bad for a whi too."

Like Dave, Bobby's Hawaiian born a bred—only more so. His great-grandfath came over as a missionary back in Ki Kamehameha's day, so Bob's a fourt generation Islander or, as they say o there, a real *Kamaaina*. The Shanes are Irish; they're German and it started

hoen, which means beautiful—"and at's just why we changed it," chuckles bby. Anyway, the Shanes prospered d when Bobby came along twenty-five ars ago, just like Dave—Art Shane, his d, ran the flourishing family firm, Athic Supply of Hawaii. Curiously, that rned out to be Bob's trouble—or one of em at least. He was expected to carry in the business, but he just didn't fit pattern.

Maybe he'd eaten too much *poi* as a kid ut somehow easy going Bob liked the *aka* idea of letting life ripple through pleasantly, and no sweat. At Punahou was good in track, basketball, the glee b and school operettas, but his sad re- t card usually kicked up a rumble at me. In preference to books, Bobby liked sun and surf at Waikiki, the native *ua*, plunking a guitar and singing. And, en grown up a bit, he too frequently ed a cool can of beer. Long before Dave Nick turned pro Bobby Shane was play- singles around Honolulu night spots, d having himself a ball.

For a while his folks didn't get too nerv- s, thinking he'd settle down, like his er brother. And that was another thing: b's brother liked business, worked hard d finally built up a booming electronics n of his own. The contrast hatched a emotional bug: Bobby sensed his par- s' disappointment in him and tension unted. But it didn't blow off until later

Both Bobby Shane's parents had gone Stanford and his brother to Menlo. ey hoped Bob would follow in their tsteps and shipped him off to Menlo rk prep, after Punahou. But it was tty obvious that Bobby's marks would ver rate Stanford. Each time he flew ne for Christmas or summers, the out- k seemed grimmer and sometimes there re scenes. It let his folks down some- at when he enrolled in Menlo College t, but at least he took on Business Adnistration. A dim hope flickered that d wind up running the Athletic Supply r all.

ut even *studying* business was a drag Bob. "I was a pretty bad boy all ough that school," he confesses. "Had ot of eight o'clock classes, but some- I couldn't get up in time to make m. The most important thing that hap- ed to me there was getting together singing with Dave and Nick."

obby missed graduating by a few dits, kicked around San Francisco a le trying to latch on as a single in one the clubs with no luck and finally— ted—took out for home, Dad and the e—a prodigal's return.

But," sighs Bob. "I lasted at the Ath- Supply just one week. It just wasn't me. I couldn't take it." That's when and Shane, Sr. had some stormy argu- its and Bob blasted off. But he hugged uilt complex that lasted, underneath ly, until the Kingston Trio's success ed him right.

laughs from himself

or a while, Bobby Shane sharpened style around Honolulu's night clubs, Pearl City Tavern, The Clouds and Yee Chai's, with a song and comedy ersonation act taking off on Belafonte, s Presley and the other greats. He e good money and he got laughs from ryone, but not really from himself. metimes, when people asked Bob how tabbed his own singing voice, he'd k cynically, "A whisky baritone"— that wasn't far from the truth. "I drinking too much, gambling and ing around," Bobby admits. "Clear the track."

hat switched him back on was a nag- nostalgia for the swinging camaraderie he used to enjoy with Dave Guard back around Palo Alto. With a clever guy like Dave, you could really work up a team and go places, or maybe expand to a trio. Automatically, Bob Shane's thoughts flashed Stateside to this great little guy named Nick Reynolds he'd palled and played with at Menlo. Nick could do anything—harmony, guitar, bongos and congas. Only trouble was—Nick probably wouldn't buy. He had things too easy. He was in a rut.

Back on Coronado Island, California, Nicholas Reynolds *was* in a rut, but nobody had called it to his attention. Although he'd been carted all over the world as a kid with his Navy captain dad, Coronado was always home port and it never occurred to Nick that his future lay anywhere else. Coronado's a cozy, sleepy resort, a ferry jump from San Diego's fleet base. Retired sea-dogs, like Nick's dad, crowd the place. The life's routine: sports, home life, cocktails when the sun dips under the yardarm. The best business is hotels. After snagging his Business Administration B.S. at Menlo, Nick had returned like a homing pigeon. He found a job in a hotel and took up where he'd left off after leaving Coronado High.

Nick liked it there—why not? He knew everybody. He was close to his parents. His married sisters, Barbara and Jane, had homes next door to each other in Coronado and everybody in the family got along great. As for sports—he could beat all of the ones he loved right at home. Nick Reynolds was a whiz at most every sport. Small but mighty, he'd won tennis tournaments and skeet championships at Coronado, and the U. of Arizona, too. Later, while at San Diego State, he'd road raced his Crosley Fiat Special, until a pal got killed on the Torrey Pines run. To top all this, worries about future security never wrinkled Nick's brow. A great uncle had willed him a fortune, which he'd come into (and still will) by his thirties!

But deep inside, Nick Reynolds still felt restless and unfulfilled. Was he just set to go down the drain in his cozy corner of the nation? What troubled Nick was an unexpressed talent. He was musical by nature. His mother and his sisters all sang. His Aunt Ruth had been with the Metropolitan Opera. Even Captain Steward Reynolds, USN, off duty, thrummed "a real swingin' guitar."

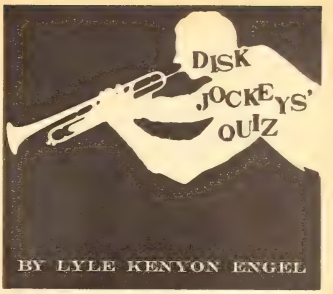
Ferment of discontent

Nick had the hotel business in mind when he tailed off his training at Menlo Business College. But, like Bob, his rosiest campus memories were those free riding harmonies at Stanford parties and spots with Dave and Bob. Something made him keep in touch with Dave, up North, and Bobby in the Islands. When he ran on to a good tune, he'd write them about it, and hear what they were working up.

"I loved nothing better than the life I was leading," Nick sums it up today. "But I couldn't forget what Dave, Bob and I might be doing together." When he learned that Bobby Shane had suddenly flown back from Hawaii to join Dave, the sun didn't seem quite so bright over Coronado.

That was the ferment of discontent that brewed the fabulous Kingston Trio. Ingredients: three variously gifted, attractive, high-type guys. But—for one reason or another—fizzing off flat on their own. They needed a swizzler to mix them up—and luckily one came along. His name was Frank Werber.

Frank's the Trio's manager today. To the boys he's 'Black Bart' or 'The Whip.' "I run interference," grins smart, beatnik, bearded Frank. Actually, he runs the whole Kingston show and nursemaids the Kingstons wherever they go. It was Frank





Stan Dale, Station WAIT, Chicago, Ill.

The Nation's Top Disc Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *You certainly couldn't call this maestro's music Rock 'n' Roll. However, his music is intoxicating and very square. He had a gal singing for him by the name of Alice Lon.*

2. *She's small, intense and sings a beautiful ballad. Her sponsor for a long time was Chevrolet. Capitol Records just signed her, and her first album on this label is called* ————, Yes Indeed.



Ray Perkins, Station WTRL, Bradenton, Fla.

3. *The Steve Allen Show gave this little lady her big break by introducing her singing to millions of viewers. She met Steve Lawrence on this show and soon they were married. She now records for ABC-Paramount. Her latest album is* ———— On Stage.



Robin Seymour, Station WKMH, Dearborn, Mich.

4. *His name has something to do with the beach. He made his name through Rock 'n' Roll type recordings but has just announced that he has given up this style of singing. Only beautiful songs will he sing from now on.*

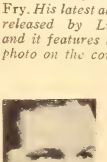
5. *His latest album is* Heavenly *on the Columbia label. He is one of the finest new singers to come along during the past few years. One of his first great hits was* Chances Are.

6. *His hobby is the drum. He is acknowledged as one of the best popular dancers ever seen. He makes his first non-dancing dramatic movie role in the screen version of* On The Beach.

7. *He's a top singer with a warm appealing voice. His hobby is songwriting. One of his compositions is* That Chick's Too Young To Fry. *His latest album was just released by Lion Records, and it features his name and photo on the cover.*



Peter Tripp, Station WMGM, New York City, New York



Bill Wright, Station WIBG, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. Lawrence Welk
2. Dinah Shore
3. Eydie Gorme
4. Tommy Sands
5. Johnny Mathis
6. Fred Astaire
7. Tommy Edwards

who pulled the Trio together, whipped them into shape and shoe-horned their first breaks. Only, when Werber first spotted them they weren't a Trio, but a quartet—and their tag was "Dave Guard's Calypsonians."

Dave and Bob had started that combo with a bass fiddler and a girl singer, while Nick was still dragging his feet in Coronado. They played the party circuit again, still around Stanford, with a steady home at The Cracked Pot. Off nights they auditioned San Francisco at famous clubs like the Hungry i and the Purple Onion. "Okay for college—but too unprofessional" was the verdict they usually got.

But during one tryout at the Purple Onion, a waiter hustled upstairs to the two-by-four office where Frank Werber squeezed out a living as a night-club press agent. "Catch these kids downstairs," he advised. "They ain't bad."

Frank caught one song—but at first he didn't get the message at all. Used to professionals, he thought the "Calypsonians" were strictly for amateur night. Then, on a hunch, he gambled the gas to Palo Alto to hear them in their natural rah-rah setting. At the Cracked Pot, with the Stanford kids whooping he thought he saw something. "But the fiddler and the girl are drags," he told Dave. "Know anyone one who might work into a trio?" Did they! That night Nick Reynolds got a wire: GREAT THINGS ARE COOKING. GET UP HERE FAST. DAVE AND BOB.

Wake up and live, man

Nick got there fast enough, but the great things, he learned even faster, were mostly a lot of wild hopes jazz. As he wobbled indecisively, Dave unleashed the hard sell. "Wake up and live, Nick," he plugged. "You want to shrivel up and go to seed in that sunny rat race down there? Come on, Man, let's get some beer and talk."

That night they tried to drink all the brew in San Francisco and wound up climbing statues in Golden Gate Park. But by dawn Nick was persuaded. They rented a one-room San Francisco apartment, all slept in the one bed and rehearsed night and day until the landlord threatened to call the cops. A week later they walked into Frank's attic office and said they were ready. Frank wedged them in downstairs for one week's tryout. They stayed seven months.

Of course, Dave Guard, Bob Shane and Nick Reynolds didn't Cinderella into the slick Kingston Trio via one easy stanza. It took work, seasoning and discipline to turn that trick. Says Frank Werber, "What the boys had was natural talent, enthusiasm, sharp humor and a fresh, intelligent slant on songs. But to them it was still mostly a ball and they were plenty rough around the edges."

For one thing, all three were singing themselves hoarse each night. Frank routed them to Judy Davis, a professional voice coach, who taught them how to relax and spread it out. For another, the boys were tossing their rapid fire wit around *ad libitum* and forgetting the good ones. Frank camped each night with a notebook jotting the best down, then turned Dave Guard loose to write a crisp patter routine. He made them rehearse six days a week before the show and then a couple of hours afterwards, polishing this and that. Most important, "I made them take the pledge," chuckles 'Black Bart.' "They signed on the line not to take a drink for six months—and I guess that really hurt. If they backslid or acted up—no paycheck. I figured that could hurt even more."

After seven months at the Purple Onion the Kingstons had got to believing they owned the joint. Frank took them down several pegs by booking them into Holiday Hotel, a gambling lounge in Reno. Up there, if you started drawing attention from the gambling play the dealers hollered, "Shut up!" and the normal clatter was awful anyway. By the time they left Reno, Bob, Nick and Dave knew a few more hard facts and tricks about show business. All this polished a raw college combo into a smooth team of pros.

They went to Hollywood next, to make their first album, *The Kingston Trio,* for Capitol. In it was a haunting lament they'd always scored big with at the Purple Onion, *Tom Dooley.* They didn't dream how big that would score. In fact, for the next few months, in Chicago and

> **Erin O'Brien figures a sensible girl's one who has sense enough not to look sensible.**
>
> *Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

next in New York, at the Blue Angel and Village Vanguard each one was still living on $60 a week, and Frank Werber was chronically floating loans to keep them going. They flopped in crummy hotels, ate in one-arm joints. The money looked good—but a trio's expenses swallowed it up. Whenever Bob, Nick or Dave would ask Frank, "How's the album doing?" the answer was, "It ain't." Appropriately the Trio came back to San Francisco playing the Hungry i. That was the summer of '58.

A disk jockey in Salt Lake City flashed the good news first. He called Frank at the Hungry i. "All they want to hear up here is *Tom Dooley* from that Kingston album," he complained. "Can you bring those guys to town?" Seattle d.j.'s called next—same thing. Frank buzzed Capitol Records in Hollywood. They shot out a single of *Tom Dooley* and put the promotion works behind it. When the Trio rolled into Seattle a few weeks later it was behind a police motorcade. They cleaned up $3000 in two nights.

Since then, the Kingston Trio has rolled in triumph almost any place you can name—except Kingston, Jamaica. This winter they fly to Australia, next spring to Europe. They've turned down four movies, but the right one comes soon. Three hot selling albums, their own publishing firm and TV make the Kingston Trio, Inc., big business. Off hand, you wouldn't say the boys had a problem in the world. But they have one. Home life.

Dave, Nick and Bob all owe their happy marriages to the Trio. Gretchen Ballard, for instance, first laid eyes on Dave Guard when he sang at a Stanford football rally. A tall, tailored type, Gretchen was a mere freshie there at Stanford and, although she rated Dave "dreamy" right off, her prospects seemed slim. Dave dated her big sis, Sarah, and after that pinned her best friend, Cordie Creveling. When he finally got around to Gretchen, Dave was heating up The Cracked Pot, so that's where he took her on their first date. From then on all Dave's songs were beamed at Gretchen. "The child bride," as Nick and Bob call her, was the first female to crack the Kingston club.

That happened in September of '57 during their first paid engagement at the Purple Onion when the whole crew and half of Stanford University traveled to San Marino, California for a full dress wedding, with Nick best man and Bob head usher. Gretchen's dad hired champagne-stocked busses to haul the wedding party away and pour them on trains and planes. Life afterwards wasn't so plush.

"We spent our honeymoon in Dave's bachelor apartment—a slum, believe me," sighs Gretchen. "He went to work the next night and I stayed awake until 3:00 a.m., scared half to death." Mrs. Gua got used to it though and until she w pregnant, scooted around wherever t boys went. But Dave bit his nails alo in New York waiting to hear he was father. Their daughter, Cappy, is n eighteen months old and they're expecti again in May. "Cappy's wild about Dav smiles Gretch. "I tell him it's because s likes strangers."

Nick Reynolds tumbled next for cu bouncy Joan Harriss, who's almost double for Shirley MacLaine. In fa Joan, a San Francisco girl, was a comed enne, too, "set to be the biggest thi ever to hit night clubs, sex and all tha she admits, "when I got hooked on t Reynolds man." That happened at t Purple Onion, too. Joan was just arou the corner at Ann's 440, where she v giving out songs and satirical sketches.

"Nick started it all by dropping in Ann's after his show for a beer and pee ing at me," relates Joan. "Now, I spe half my life waiting for a peek at *hi* The romantic switch took a little long to come about than Gretchen and Dave although from point of contact, Joan h been in on the Kingston act as long. A she's the only wife who's been on t payroll. When Frank Werber first to the boys away, he hired Joan (who's typist, too) to run his publicity offi Then she took off for New York, hopi to crash Broadway, but ended up a hoste in Verney's restaurant down in the V lage. Guess who was at the Village Va guard, nearby—and who picked her every night after work? That's right, Ni

"It just kind of gradually, inevitab happened," says Joan. "When the T went back to the Coast, I said 'Nuts to career' and went, too. When they g booked in Hawaii next—well, that seem awfully far away from Nick."

Half way through the Trio's last nig at the Hungry i, Nick whispered som thing to Bobby Shane right before inte mission and the pair ducked out. Wh they came back, late for their show, Jo was with them, her face as pink as h nuptial dress. The orchestra struck the Wedding March, best man Bob hopped up on the stand to announce it and the place went wild drinking cha pagne on the house and smashing t glasses. Joan flew with the Trio to Hawa as Mrs. Nicholas Reynolds. That's where t last Kingston hold-out began to weake Bobby Shane didn't know it, but a dar eyed Atlanta belle was already talki about him aboard a boat steaming t Diamond Head.

Louise Brandon certainly would nev have met Bob if she hadn't heard *To Dooley.* Not that Louise was a cool c particularly. On the contrary, soft spoke queenly Louise was educated in sele seminaries as befits a gentle young Sout ern lady and had made her debut. H grandfather was on the Board of Gene Motors, her dad a successful Atlan lawyer. Louise had been to Hawaii a fe weeks before and liked it so much th she was going back to stay with a frie for a year. Her cabin mate was a deligh ful, sixtyish lady named Miss Evel Shane.

"Those Kingston brothers"

They discovered a love for classic music in common (Louise plays the piano "But when I left Atlanta," she remarke "all you heard around there was a so called *Tom Dooley* by those Kingst Brothers." Miss Evelyn nodded unde standingly. She'd heard it plenty herse she allowed. Her nephew Bob was one the Trio—only they weren't brothers all. Bob's dad, Art, met his sister at t boat. So Bobby Shane had two fami members telling him about the beautif

girl who'd just arrived. Next morning Louise found a note at her hotel, "Please call Bobby Shane." She didn't; she's not that bold. But Bobby called back, inviting her to a party his dad was throwing next night at the Royal Hawaiian when the Trio opened there. Shane, Sr., playing cupid, picked Louise up.

"There were three other single girls at the table," says Louise. "Bob spent the evening trying to figure out which girl he'd talked to on the phone."

"I knew it was the prettiest one," says Bob, gallantly.

"He doesn't see very well without his glasses," explains Louise.

Anyway, they didn't miss an evening together the rest of that month. And when the Kingstons hopped back to San Francisco, Bob called the minute he landed begging Louise to come back, too. When the *Leilani* sailed next day Louise was on it. She traveled down to Hollywood with Bob, Nick and Joan for a TV date, met Dave and Gretchen there and it seemed like they'd always been together. Back in Atlanta the Brandons got the word: "We're having a visitor for Christmas." Bob met the folks and slipped on Louise's engagement ring Christmas Eve. They were married after that wild plane ride in Indiana last March. Washington got the nod because it's Louise's second home. Her grandfather owns a hotel there. Also, it was closer for the Trio. When they left at dawn, Joan Reynolds helped dry Louise's tears and took her out to San Francisco for the next lonely month, just like a sister."

Actually, that's about how the Kingston wives think of each other by now. Nor was Louise too wild when she called Bob, Nick and Dave "the Kingston Brothers."

"It's amazing," ponders Gretchen Guard, speaking for the girls. "We're all from different backgrounds, we live differently and in different places. We never knew each other before. But we've never had even an argument."

"There's never been a reason," explains Joan Reynolds. "We're all in the same boat. Same crazy time demands, same problems, same waiting at the garden gate. . . ."

". . . And the same wonderful thrill when they all come in!" adds Louise Shane.

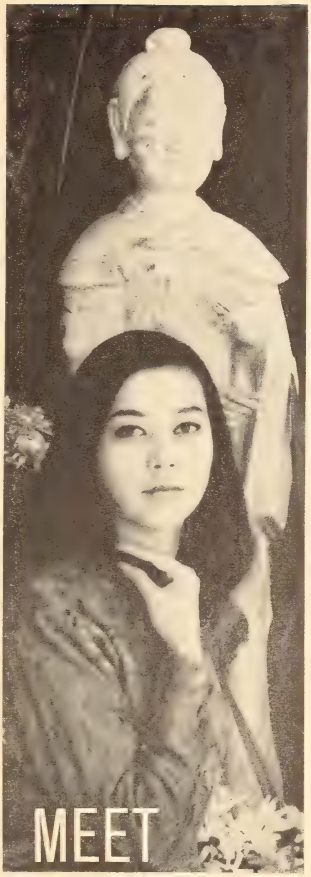
That same one-for-all—all-for-one spirit rules Nick, Dave and Bob together. "We're solid," says Shane. "Why not? We aren't rivals. We all make the same money, work the same hours, have about the same talent and stand or fall together. Besides, we're all pals from away back."

"Things wig us now and then—sure," admits Dave. "Sometimes, the way we work, we could wind up a bunch of neurotics yelling at each other. But we don't. We play it silly. And a hassle turns into a laugh. We know each other so well that nobody has to pretend. On one-nighters sometimes we don't speak to each other once we're off. Just hit for the sack. All in all we keep the whole thing a gas."

The only time they missed

That one time the Trio missed a plane date found them in Minneapolis boarding a plane for the University of Montana at Missoula. But a blizzard swooshed down and they spent three hours right there on the ground. Things were getting gloomy when Bob Shane had an idea. "This is a champagne flight, isn't it?" he asked the stewardess. "Well—?"

So they talked her into unlocking the bar. As the snow howled outside they had a bash, finally unlimbering the guitars and bongos. "This is for you, Missoula, wherever you may be!" cried Dave—and they warmed it up all by themselves with



MEET GRETA CHI

Greta Chi is a beautiful young girl who lived, not long ago, in Switzerland, very near to Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer. She had a wonderfully exotic face. Her father was Chinese (he was China's ambassador to Switzerland) and her mother German. When she was little she studied ballet and by the time she was nineteen, she had appeared in many operas, French and German plays.

When Audrey and Mel saw Greta, they suggested that she go to Hollywood. Greta decided their suggestion was an excellent one and came to the United States and enrolled in La Jolla Playhouse. She appeared in *Skin of Our Teeth* and she was very good—so good in fact that several studios were ready to give her her start in the movies right then and there.

But her agent wanted her start to be the best possible beginning and he advised her to hold off, keep studying and wait for the right role, the role that would launch her career successfully.

Greta did just that—but nothing happened.

All those offers just seemed to disappear.

Greta's work visa would expire on June 18, and that day was getting terribly close—with no work in sight. Sadly, she began to pack to go home.

There was nothing else to do.

On the morning of June 18, Greta was ready. Not ready in her heart, but ready with her luggage and her passport. She was making a few last good-bye phone calls, when *her* phone rang.

It was her agent, not saying good-bye, but with the incredible news that 20th Century-Fox wanted her for a leading role in *Five Gates to Hell.*

What timing!

There was not a moment to lose. Negotiations had to be made quickly because if that contract weren't signed within the very next few hours, her work visa would still expire and she'd have to go back to Switzerland without even taking the job!

But the contract *was* signed in time, and the film was made.

And the outcome?

Greta proved to be a girl of unusual talent as well as beauty, and you can see for yourself soon in 20th's absorbing new drama, *Five Gates to Hell.*

the stewardess joining in. "Luckily," says Nick, "we didn't get there that night at all. Luckily, that is, for the customers."

Half the year—when the boys make those frantic one-nighter dashes—Gretch, Jo and Lou are widows. If the gang lights anywhere near for as long as a week they're all on hand, fussing around the motel rooms to make them seem like home.

But when the heat's off, even briefly, the Reynolds, Guards, and Shanes scatter to separate set-ups and stay there. "On the road we all practice togetherness until it's frightening," laughs Gretchen Guard. "But at home—it's three wives, three lives."

Their homes are all around San Francisco, but not one's alike. Nor, for that matter, are the three designs for living.

Conservative Nick Reynolds, for instance, is now the bohemian of the bunch. For a while Nick and Joan lived on a houseboat anchored off the picturesque art colony of Sausalito, where about anything goes and nobody cares. "When the house got dusty you just opened the windows and the breeze blew it out," says Joan. "You dumped the garbage out the door and the tide took it away." With a baby due in April, Joan and Nick have given that up for an old artist's studio, with a skylight in the kitchen, perched on a hill with a view of all San Francisco, over the Golden Gate Bridge.

Nick and Joan love Sausalito, never plan to leave. Their dreams rest right there. "Someday," says Nick, "maybe we'll have our own bar and night club here. We'd like that."

On the other hand, once skittery Dave Guard is now as solid a citizen as you'd care to know. Dave and Gretchen rent a place in Palo Alto, drive a '53 Ford wagon with a dent in the door, play tennis and go to movies just like any exurbanite pair. With one child and another due, maybe Dave's more of a worry wart than the rest. He and Gretchen don't stop a minute building for a solid future: "You see," says Dave, "I've still got problems of security that Bob and Nick don't have. My goal's $400,000, and I'm getting on the way there. We're buying good Danish furniture a piece at a time, so it will last the race. One of these days I'll get a Rolls-Royce and drive it the rest of my life."

Moreover, Dave has leveled down on what he really wants to do if or when the Kingston bonanza plays out. "I know now I want to write," he says. "Someday we'll move to Big Sur (a remote beauty spot on the Pacific shore) and dig in."

Bob and Louise Shane are already dug in at a new modern-Oriental pad across the bay in Tiburon with their toy poodle Trinket. No stork signs have shown yet but they're hoping. Just the same, free-wheeling Bob has settled down to a contented domestic pattern with Louise. He sends money to Honolulu where he has set up an investment company with his dad. There's always a light in the window, too, at the Athletic Supply.

But right now, all things considered, just what the Kingston Trio's doing suits Dave Guard, Bob Shane, Nick Reynolds and their wives right down to a living "T."

"The truth is," agrees Dave, "we're all having even more fun than we did in school—and we're getting paid for it!"

But Nick Reynolds hits nearest to the heart of the matter: "We've been loaded with luck. But so what if we'd flopped? We'd have kicked ourselves all our lives if we hadn't given it a try." END

We Were Afraid We Couldn't Have a Baby

(Continued from page 30)

months went by and there was no sign of the child we longed for, I began to be a little concerned. Jimmie would comfort me and say, "But honey, lots of couples don't have a family *right away;* don't worry about it," and he'd suggest going to a doctor to reassure me that there was nothing wrong. But I *did* worry about it, and finally Jimmie was beginning to wonder too. At last I went to a gynecologist "for reassurance." I was crushed when he said there was a great possibility that I'd not be able to have a child of my own, but Jimmie kept up my courage by insisting that this was just *one* doctor's opinion, and besides, he didn't actually say there *never* could be a baby, just *maybe* not. Thus began a series of visits to doctors, each one more discouraging than the last. I didn't want to go to another, didn't want to hear those words condemning us to an empty existence. I felt that I had let my beloved Jimmie down. It was because of an injury to me, the doctors—all of them—had told me, that we couldn't have a baby. Then one day we heard of a very fine gynecologist and obstetrician, a leading specialist in his field. There was still room for hope. With a prayer in our hearts, we went to this doctor, expecting a miracle. . . .

We entered his office, smiling but nervous, to get the result of my examination, hoping. . . .

And then: "You may never have a baby of your own. . . ."

We had dreamed and hoped—and lost again.

That night, Jimmie tried to comfort me.

"Darling, we can adopt a baby, you know," he began. "Plenty of couples do."

Plenty of people *had* adopted babies and had been very happy. But it was a little different with me. Jimmie had given me so much. I wanted to give him something, too. I wanted to give him a baby that was *his.*

The effect of the terrible accident

I felt that it was my fault that I couldn't give him his baby. It all went back to that accident in 1956, before I married Jimmy. The car I was riding in that night had rammed head-on into another, and I was taken, more dead than alive, to the hospital. The accident left me with internal injuries that were later to stand in my way when I wanted to have a baby.

Most couples want a baby. But I think that Jimmie and I wanted one more than most. Jimmie is the kind of man who was made for roots. Although he didn't have a dime when we got married, shortly afterwards Jimmie got his big break with *Honeycomb* and we knew we could afford that home and family we both wanted so much.

Once our hearts and minds were made up, we naively assumed that we'd have our baby, so we weren't prepared for the enormous difficulties that lay ahead.

Five months, six months, seven months had gone by—and no sign of a baby.

I was impatient to get started on our family, so when we were in New York on a personal appearance tour of Jimmie's, I looked up an obstetrician and asked him why I hadn't become pregnant yet. I wasn't prepared for the answer he gave me after he examined me.

As the doctor talked to me, his words struck like a blow.

"Mrs. Rodgers, you should know that due to your accident, you are not strong enough internally to conceive," he said. "Even if you were to conceive, I don't believe you would be able to carry a baby through to a complete term. Your back was so badly twisted in the accident it's too weak to stand up under pregnancy."

When Jimmie came home he found me shaking.

"Don't carry on like that, darling," he said. "There are other doctors. Remember there were some doctors who said you'd never walk again after your accident, and look at you now. New York is full of specialists. We'll find one who can help us."

But we didn't. I went to one doctor after another and finally Jimmie and I had to face it. My chances of giving birth were very dim.

Although Jimmie's heart, like mine, was broken, his first thought was to comfort me. "If we can't have one of our own, darling, we'll adopt one. The good Lord put many children on earth, and not all of them have parents and homes. There's a baby in this world waiting just for us."

I was willing to accept this as the answer. We made inquiries about adopting a baby but soon found we couldn't even file yet. I believed Jimmie and I would make the best possible parents. What more could anyone give a baby than bountiful love and care?

Even adoption was out

But after checking, I discovered there would be plenty of objections: Our car was mortgaged; Jimmie was a singer and had no steady income; we didn't own a home; we were constantly on the road; we were too young. In our minds all this was rubbish compared to the real things we could give a baby.

"Suppose our car is mortgaged," I remember pleading. "Lots of babies ride in mortgaged cars. So we haven't a home of our own yet. We will. And we're young, but we *are* responsible. And Jimmie's a singer, but there isn't a man alive who would make a more devoted father."

We were more determined than ever to have a baby of our own. I traveled with Jimmie on his hectic one-night stands, and visited the outstanding gynecologists in almost every big city we hit. In Miami, I asked the doctor there to give me the test to determine if I was pregnant. He looked at me kindly and said, "Mrs. Rogers, I won't even bother with the test. I'm going to tell you right now you aren't pregnant. These signs that you think indicate pregnancy are merely signs that you're overtired. You must rest."

All our thoughts were centered on trying to have a baby. One night I felt terrible pains and Jimmie called the doctor. It was a recurrence of my accident injuries, and the doctor wanted to operate immediately. I remember seeing Jimmie's face, drained white, and hearing him tell the doctor: "Take good care of her, doctor. Do what you think you have to do, but take good care of Colleen."

I was frightened for another reason. I was afraid this operation might cut off forever my chances of ever becoming a mother. So while Jimmie pleaded with the doctor to save *me,* I pleaded with the doctor to save my chances of motherhood. When I learned that the surgeon was planning to remove a vital organ necessary for pregnancy, I became hysterical and begged him not to. I wouldn't even sign

e release permitting the doctor to per-
rm the surgery.

Although the doctor saved my chances of
ecoming a mother, as the months went
n there still was no sign that a baby
as on the way. We moved into a big,
eautiful modern style home on top of a
ll in a California suburb called Granada
ills, but it didn't bring me the happi-
ss I expected. I found myself going
om room to room and crying. The love-
garden, the open feeling of the house,
e den with the practical cork floors and
special, yellow room with built-in shelves
I cried out for the presence of a child.

Jimmie had even consented to taking
sts himself, but the results proved that
e reason lay with me, not him.

I felt that I was a failure as a woman.
became self-reproachful and sad. I felt
at I had failed Jimmie. What good was
as his wife if I couldn't give him a child?

t the agency

Jimmie was wonderful. He would take
e in his arms and tell me he loved me.
e'd maintain that somehow, some day,
e would have a baby. And one night
e suggested that we go down to the
doption Institute of Los Angeles and
pply again.

Jimmie was like a little boy the morning
e were to go to the adoption offices and
eet the investigators. He went through
s closet a dozen times to try to decide
just the right thing to wear to impress
em. "If I wear this sport jacket I might
ok too young," he said. "And if I wear
is dark suit I might look too dressed up.
ou know, honey, I don't think I ever
ent to an audition as flustered as I am
ow."

We walked into a great, big room that
as filled with other couples, like our-
lves, who wanted babies. Jimmie looked
rious in a grey suit and navy tie, and
e cowlick that he'd tried to slick down
that he would look dignified was mis-
having and had sprung up, giving him
at boyish look he wanted to avoid.

We filled out reams of papers and then
e went home to wait. Every day we
aited for the phone to ring telling us we
ould have our baby. We were approved
our lovely home, our paid-up cars, the
oney in the bank and Jimmie's career
hich was now on a stable level—made
e picture completely different than it had
en a year ago. It was only a matter of
me.

With some justification, I began to get
at nursery ready. And then another
ow fell. Jimmie's TV show was being
ansferred to New York and we had to
ck up and leave. This meant that the
option proceedings had to be canceled.

Jimmie was as disappointed as I was,
it he was still a pillar of strength. "Who
e we to question what the good Lord
s in store for us?" he said. "Maybe this
part of His plan, that we wait a while
nger."

Jimmie has always been a religious per-
n, and so have I. It was our faith that
rried us through the latest setback in
r attempt to have a baby.

unfruitful stay

We took a six-month lease on an apart-
ent in New York, which represented the
ngest we'd ever stayed in one place. Then
mmie and I sat down and talked and
cided that since we were going to be
ttled for a while in one place I should get
gether with a specialist and go through
the tests to try to get at the root of
trouble.

The doctor was a kindly man who un-
rstood our frantic desire for a baby.
went to him regularly and took every
rt of test that might help me. When I
underwent the Rubin test, which is a rather painful test to blow out the tubes in case there is any obstruction that would prevent pregnancy, I was elated when it was discovered that one of the tubes was closed. I felt that now that something tangible was discovered, and could be corrected, maybe I would become pregnant.

The desire to have a baby had almost become a fetish. I was becoming tense and nervous. I took hormone pills regularly. I followed a temperature chart beside our bed.

After several months of this, Jimmie came home and announced that we would be taking off for a tour in Australia as soon as his television show was finished for the season. I was so disappointed that our stay in New York had come to an unfruitful end that I blew my top. I tore up the chart, threw the thermometer against the wall and tossed the pills in a basket. "Nothing has helped me," I wailed.

Jimmie laughed. "The heck with all this, honey. If the pills don't give us a baby, the good Lord will."

Thoroughly discouraged by this time, I decided to forget about having a baby for the time being. I would go to Australia with Jimmie, have fun and when we returned we would re-open our adoption proceedings. For the first time in a long time I felt relaxed and let go of my feelings of inadequacy and anxiety.

The typhoid and smallpox shots that I had to take before going overseas made me very sick. I could hardly get up for breakfast and I was drained of all energy. When I complained to my doctor that the overseas shots were not agreeing with me, he gave me a blood test.

A little rabbit

I had just returned home when my phone rang.

"Guess what?" the doctor said cheerfully.

"I can't guess," I replied miserably.

"You can't go to Australia with Jimmie."

"Oh no," I said, slumping into a chair. "You mean those overseas shots made me too ill?"

"No," said the doctor firmly. "I mean a little rabbit just told me you can't go traipsing around the world. Not in your condition."

"In my condition?" It took a minute. "Oh, you mean in my *condition?*"

"Exactly," said the doctor.

I was reeling.

"Can I tell Jimmie?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "it's customary for the wife to break the news."

Jimmie was rehearsing his TV show at the theater on Broadway. I wanted him to savor the full joy of the news. I called Western Union and blurted: "Send this wire to Jimmie Rodgers: YOU ARE GOING TO BE A FATHER. HOW ABOUT THAT? I LOVE YOU. COLLEEN. And please send it as quickly as possible."

"Ma'am," said the Western Union operator, "if I could leave my desk I would take it to him myself."

I found Jimmie, an hour later, stretched out on his dressing room couch, a cup of hot bouillon in one hand, the wire in the other. He was staring up at the ceiling. I'd never seen such a look of bliss on his face.

The director tore in. "Your husband is in a daze. We haven't been able to get him to do a thing for the past hour. What's in that blamed telegram anyway?"

It hasn't been clear sailing. Many times since then Jimmie and I have had to turn to God to save our baby. Only a short while ago, after we were settled back in our home in Granada Hills, I awoke in the middle of the night with sharp abdominal pains. Jimmie's hand shook as he dialed for the doctor. As we waited for the doctor to arrive, we both prayed.

We became even more frightened when Dr. Kaplan ordered me into the hospital for immediate surgery. Again it was a throwback to my accident. A tumor had formed and was pressing against the uterus. All I could think of was the baby.

"Dr. Kaplan, whatever you do, please don't touch the baby."

As I was about to be wheeled down the corridor into surgery, Jimmie leaned over to kiss me. He pressed something into my hand. It was our little St. Genesis medal. *Guide Our Destinies* is inscribed on it. In the past, any time anything very big has faced us, we have kissed the medal. And then we would be relieved, knowing that we were in God's hands, our destinies guided by a Divine Force.

Jimmie held the medal to my lips. I kissed it. He took the medal and held it up to his lips. He had been on the verge of tears, but now his face looked serene.

"God will watch over our baby," said Jimmie slowly.

I was operated on that night and I was told I was in surgery three hours. When I opened my eyes I saw Jimmie's face in a foggy world.

"Is the baby all right?" I asked.

"Our baby is all right," said Jimmie. "Our baby is all right."

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"Errol Flynn Died in My Arms"

(Continued from page 22)

no make-up on, could only sob as death stepped in and took away "the only man I really loved" from her embrace.

As the final curtain rang down on one of the last of the gallant screen greats, the dreams of the future that Errol and Beverly had shared for themselves suddenly went into oblivion, too.

"We were going to be married and live in Jamaica as soon as Errol got his divorce," Beverly sobbed after she recovered from the initial shock of Flynn's sudden death from a heart attack.

"We were going to live in a house we designed together. It was to have been the most beautiful house in all the British West Indies. But now . . . all those plans are gone forever.

"I still can't accept Errol's death. I don't know if I ever will. I had promised him if anything happened I would go ahead and face up to life in the Flynn tradition—live for today and have a wonderful time doing it. He always said: 'No tears, break open a bottle, and toast me in pink champagne.'

"I can't do that. I never will. He told me also: 'If anybody comes to my funeral I'll cut them out of my will.' But I can't help the way I feel about him. I can't ever forget the two years we spent together—the happy times we had.

"Errol was more to me than a sweetheart and the man I was to marry. He was my everything—my father, my mother, my lover, my companion, my advisor, my idol."

Fifteen and forty-eight

When Beverly met Errol, she was just a wide-eyed girl of fifteen. He was forty-eight. His greatness for the most part was in his past. He was no longer Hollywood's top lover—at least not on screen. In the past few years, freewheeling Errol had led a nomadic life, wandering from Europe to Jamaica, to Cuba, to New York, and back to Hollywood, picking up work wherever he could find it.

For twenty-five years he had been the epitome of the suave, love-'em-and-leave-'em Lothario who built his reputation on a heap of broken hearts. He had made women forget Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino.

Flynn was built for the part. He had the vigor, good looks, charm, and animal magnetism that drew women like moths to the flame. And they all got burned.

Now, that flame—still flickering even though not as bright—had attracted Beverly Aadland.

"You might ask what I saw in a man thirty-three years older than I," Beverly said. "I will tell you that I saw everything in Errol—everything in the world for me.

"I always had been starved for love. I always wanted to be hugged and loved. Even as a little girl, I wanted my father to hug and love me. But he never gave me the attention and devotion I wanted from him.

"Perhaps that is why I started dating when I was twelve. By the time I was fifteen—when I finally met Errol—I had been engaged four times!

"But most of the boys I had known were shallow. They were after one thing—and one thing only."

Fate destined Beverly to meet Errol on the Warner Brothers lot in Hollywood in October, 1957. Beverly had a dancing part in *Marjorie Morningstar*. Errol was working in *Too Much, Too Soon*.

"I noticed someone staring at me," Beverly related. "I didn't know who it was. I had read about Errol Flynn in some magazines and had seen his pictures. But I didn't recognize him. Not at first. Finally, though, I realized who it was.

"I was instantly afraid of him because of the things I had read about him—about that rape trial and things like that."

Beverly was referring to the sordid case in 1943 that had threatened to wreck Errol's movie career. Two young girls, Betty Hansen, seventeen, and Peggy Satterlee, sixteen, charged Flynn with rape.

It was Flynn who was seduced, his lawyer Gerry Geisler shouted at the trial.

Peggy, a chorus girl, said Flynn lured her below decks in his yacht "to show me the moon through a porthole." Betty, a star-struck waitress, claimed Errol served her a "greenish" drink at a Hollywood party, then took her to a bedroom when she became ill, and seduced her.

A jury of nine women and three men acquitted him. Two of the men had held out for conviction. It was a close call.

The case which shocked Hollywood had come the year of his divorce from actress Lili Damita, the fiery French delight whom Errol had married in 1935. Lili told the court Errol wanted to be free—didn't want a wife and child. They had one son, Sean, who was a year-old at the time.

And at that time, 1943, Beverly was only two years old!

The intense magnetism

Yet when Errol gazed over at Beverly on the Warner lot that October day in 1957, the shapely, blonde starlet couldn't help but feel the intense magnetism that lured women to him.

"When he looked at me I felt something," Beverly said. "I know it always was like that—whenever Errol looked at a girl she felt it!

"For four days there on the Warner lot it went like that—Errol watching me.

"Then Errol sent someone over—it was Orry Kelly, the big dress designer—to tell me: 'Mr. Errol Flynn would like to meet you.'

"My heart started to pound when I heard that. A warmth glowed inside me. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach."

There was no hesitation on Beverly's part.

"Take me to him," she told Kelly impatiently.

Kelly escorted Beverly to Errol's dressing room.

"I was shaking when we were introduced," Beverly said. "But Errol was so nice that I began to feel at ease somewhat. Still and all I couldn't help being flustered inside."

Errol started by saying, "I noticed you, my dear. I think you have possibilities of becoming a great actress."

At first Beverly thought Errol was "just being kind."

"We talked a while and he asked me a lot of questions about myself. Then came the zinger.

"'I'd like you to come to my house,' Errol told me.

"'Wow!' I told myself. 'This guy really has earned his reputation. He certainly is a fast worker.'"

Errol could see the apprehension in Beverly's face.

"I want you to read a part of *Jane Eyre* for me," Errol said. "I'm very tired now and I don't want to do any more work here at the studio. Will you come up?"

"I couldn't figure out if it was the old line, 'Come up and see my etchings,'" Beverly said. She couldn't tell if Errol really was sincere.

"Errol could see me hesitate and he quickly assured me that we wouldn't be alone. He said his secretary would be at the house, too. He asked me to dinner first, and told me his lawyer would accompany us to the restaurant.

"I couldn't resist the invitation any longer. There was something about the way Errol talked—he had a flair, a manner, a style that completely disarmed you."

Beverly was voicing the sentiments that were expressed many times before—by the women whom Errol had wooed and won, then impulsively dropped like hot potatoes. Halfway round the world warning signals rose from the wreckages of Errol's past romances to tell Beverly of the danger that could lie ahead.

But Beverly was blind to these signals. She accepted Errol's invitation.

"After I finished work," she related, "I rushed home to dress for my date."

Beverly lived with her mother and father in Inglewood, just outside Hollywood.

"I didn't let on to them that night that I had a date with Errol Flynn. And as things turned out, I'm glad I didn't."

Beverly hurried out and met Errol and his lawyer in a restaurant. After dinner, Errol took Beverly to his house "up on a hill."

Beverly was overcome

"I was awed by the sight, its magnificence and splendor," Beverly said. "I was overcome by the beautiful surroundings, the landscaping, the house itself, and by the breathtaking furnishings. It was so exquisitely decorated.

"But most of all I was overwhelmed by Errol himself—by his charm and glamour."

As Errol had promised, his secretary was there. Errol took Beverly into the living room and began to talk about his interest in her as an actress.

"He told me again he thought I had great possibilities. He wanted to make *Jane Eyre*, he said, and was thinking of me for the lead role. I was thrilled at the idea of playing the part Joan Fontaine had in the earlier version of that film. I could hardly believe my ears."

As Errol talked on, Beverly suddenly became conscious of a small development. The secretary was not in the room any longer. Beverly and Errol were alone.

"Errol moved closer to me and said, 'Let's sit on the rug.'

"It was a white bearskin rug. I consented and we threw ourselves on it in front of the fireplace. We talked some more and smoked. We used the bear's mouth as an ashtray.

"As Errol talked, I forgot all about *Jane Eyre*. I began to think about other things—like love. I could tell the way Errol began to look at me now that he loved me. And I knew about myself—I loved him.

"There were things about him that I never found in any other man.

"He was the first person who ever really listened to what I said. I could think about all the unhappiness at home and about my social and love life of the past, and of the bores I used to date. This was so different.

"My dates had been so dull and simple. I would go to drive-in movies with them. About the most exciting thing they could do was sneak a bottle of liquor into the car. It was disgusting.

"As these things ran through my mind, Errol took my hands and pulled me close.

"'I don't usually kiss girls,' Errol told me. 'I have a reputation, you know. I'm a very dangerous man. But with you, my dear Beverly, I have a sudden great desire to kiss you.'

"He put his arms around me and drew

e in close embrace. Then he kissed
e. It was spine-tingling.
"I had been kissed before by other men.
ut it was nothing like this. The others
ere so empty, so meaningless, so cold.
"My heart began to race a mile a min-
ce. I felt all choked up. Everything all
once became so unclear, so misty—so
eamy.
"In the next instant, Errol swept me up
his arms. I didn't care what happened
ymore. I was in love and I knew he
ved me. I felt since we both shared this
eling for each other it didn't really mat-
r what happened. Anything that did
ppen would be worth it.
"I had an hour of sheer heaven with
m. The best way I can describe it is to
y that Errol made mad love to me—love
you never have seen him make in any
ovie role. And I made mad love back."

er parents would worry

When it got late, Beverly told Errol she
d to go home because her mother and
her would be worried about her.
"Errol didn't want me to go, but I told
m it had to be that way—at least for
e present. He understood."
Errol called his chauffeur and told him
take Beverly home.
"As I got in the car, the chauffeur looked
nd of funny at me. I guess he was
inking that Errol had made another
nquest. But I didn't care. I knew he
ould find out soon enough that I was
t just another girl in Errol's life—that
was something special.
"Then I began to think as the car drove
f. Suddenly I began to cry. I cried be-
use I didn't know whether I had done
e right thing. I cried because I didn't
ow for certain if I would ever see Errol
ain. Even though I believed he was in
ve with me, he never did come out and
y 'I love you.' Perhaps I was just an-
her date, after all.
"But most of all I cried because it had
en such a stunning evening. The emo-
nal impact was terrific on me. I cried
the way home."
Beverly went to bed that night without
ing her mother or father. The next
orning when her mother came into the
om to awaken her at six so she could
t to work at the studio, Mrs. Aadland
ticed a strange expression on Beverly's
ce.
"I've never seen you look quite like
is before," Beverly's mother told her.
ho are you in love with?" she asked.
"Errol Flynn," Beverly replied.
Mrs. Aadland laughed. She thought
verly was still dreaming.
"Wake up!" she told her daughter. "Come
wn to earth."
Beverly didn't try to explain that she
s telling the truth. She knew it would
hard to explain everything. She went
the studio and worked all day. But
e didn't see Errol.
That night Beverly had a date with a
y named Jim. Beverly wanted to cancel
r date but there was no way she could
in touch with Jim. So she kept her
pointment.
"When Jim took me out I had lost all
sire for his company. When I compared
n with Errol Flynn—why there was just
thing at all to Jim. And I realized, too,
t I could never have fallen in love
h him.
"He took me to a drive-in and tried to
k with me. I had no feeling for Jim
more and I pushed him away. Jim
ldn't understand me because we'd been
ng steady for some time and I'd never
ed like this before. But I just couldn't
any other man touch me now that I
ew what it was to be loved by Errol
nn."
m took Beverly home early that night.

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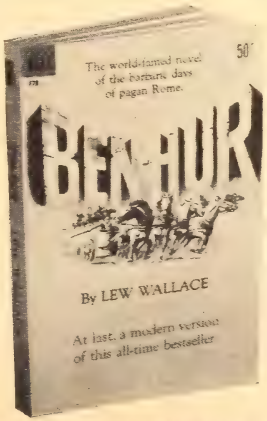
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When she came in, her mother told Beverly she had a phone call earlier in the evening.

"It was Errol Flynn," Mrs. Aadland told her daughter. "I guess you weren't kidding this morning, were you?"

Beverly dashed for the phone with her heart skipping beats to call Errol. He told her he wanted to see her the next night.

No one-night thing

"That was what I had been dying to hear. Now I knew for certain it wasn't just a one-night thing between Errol and me. I knew now that we'd be together forever."

And it began to look like Beverly was right. From then on Errol and Beverly seemed to go everywhere and do everything together.

"That was our story—togetherness," Beverly said. "Errol and I went everyplace—to all the big cities in America, Europe, and to Africa and Cuba."

The gossip columnists had a field day. "Another young girl in Errol Flynn's clutches," they wrote. "How long will she last with him until she's burned?" they asked.

But Beverly didn't seem to care.

"I knew what they could not know—of the real and vibrant love that Errol and I shared.

"The words 'I love you' were difficult for Errol to express. He had used them first when he met his first love, Lili Damita, whom he married twenty-five years ago. And he never spoke them again in real life—until he whispered them to me."

That happened in Paris while Errol was making *Roots of Heaven* for Darryl Zanuck.

"I was the happiest woman in the world that day."

After that, Errol and Beverly were seen more and more together.

"People who knew Errol would stop and ask him, 'Isn't Beverly too young for you?'

"But Errol had a ready answer for all of them. His eyes would twinkle and he would reply in that clipped way of his, 'I may be too old for her, but she is not too young for me.'

"In truth, he was not too old for me. Believe it or not, I felt like a mother to him.

"He needed watching over. And that was my job. That was the way I acted toward him—as a sort of guardian.

"There was a very young quality about Errol even if he was forty-eight years old and I only fifteen. He was in many ways a child—a daredevil and a pixie.

"I felt I was his stabilizer. Physically and emotionally I felt ten years older than Errol. Yet, I was never too aware of his age. He was the kind of man who impressed me as being ageless.

"He needed a young girl like me. An older woman could never have understood Errol."

As Beverly got to know Errol better, she began to know more about his ways and his interests. She saw the real Flynn.

"He was not just a zany, happy-go-lucky individual as most people knew him. There were many sides to Errol Flynn."

People generally saw the three sides of Flynn—the lover, the drinker, and the adventurer.

"It's true that Errol loved those three things the most—wine, women, and adventure," Beverly explained. "But he also was a man of great polish and brilliance. There were many other sides to his nature. There was not only Errol the lover, but there was Errol the man who loved life. And there was Errol the man who loved culture, and Errol the teacher."

Beverly also found out that Errol was a sincere and loyal person with a strong distaste for hypocrisy.

"He never gave a hang for the critics. He knew he was being ridiculed and criticized for being seen with me. But he would say to me, 'Don't let that talk get you down. I want to do exactly as I please—and being with you is what I want most in the world.'"

Errol's attachment and fondness for Beverly was reflected in the nickname he gave her—'Woodsie' for 'Woodnymph.'

"He told me I was like a woodnymph. Errol was like that. He could never see people as people. His imagination soared too high for that. To him people were symbols—or delightful animals, or coarse, crass objects. But never people."

Errol also devised another nickname.

"He'd call me his 'S.C.' This meant 'small companion.' But most of the time I was his 'Woodsie.'"

When Beverly came into Errol's life, his hell-raising days were for the most part behind him. But that only was by contrast to the Flynn of old. To Beverly, it wasn't exactly so.

"There was still a lot of hell in Errol even as I knew him," she said.

Errol and Beverly often talked about those days of yesteryear, of the early '30's when Flynn shot up like a meteor on the Hollywood scene. There were some bitter, some scandalous episodes.

Tennessee Ernie Ford: Life doesn't begin at 40 for those who went like 60 when they were 20.
Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"Errol never did mind talking about the past. He had no bitter feelings about it. But our talks of the old days never lasted long. We lived in the present."

Beverly recalled the happy days she spent in New York with Errol.

"We had such wonderful communication between us. We would sit for hours by the window and look out at the skyscrapers and the great melting pot of humanity below, the city with its endless traffic jams and grinding noises.

"We could sit together like that in any situation or place and share the most trivial experience together, as we shared the biggest moments.

"'We're like ham and eggs,' Errol would say. 'I'm the ham—we go together.'"

Beverly can never forget one winter morning in New York.

"Errol got me up at four o'clock in the morning and said, 'Let's get out and commune with nature.' I didn't think the idea was wild at all. I simply got dressed and went out with him.

"We went walking through Central Park in the snow. It was so peaceful and so beautiful. You can't imagine what it was like unless you've done the same thing . . . and you've done it with Errol Flynn.

"We even sat on the hotel room floor and watched a fly crawl.

"And if that sounds crazy, it isn't at all. That was part of our togetherness."

Then Errol took Beverly to Europe.

"It was there Errol had his first chance to show me his great depth. He took me to the museums in London and Paris; then I learned the side of Errol that was the teacher. the man who loved culture.

"He also took me to the English countryside and showed me the castles. He spun tales of English lore that fascinated me.

"In Paris, I learned more about Errol the fun-lover. I remember we sat in the hotel balcony overlooking the street. We had green almonds and started to spit them down on the gendarmes below.

"We'd made 1,000 franc bets on who would hit the gendarmes first. After a few tries. I made a direct hit on a gendarme's face. It really stung him. He came charging up the stairs and stormed into the room.

"We threw the almonds under the sofa and sat on the balcony pretending we were gazing out at the view. We laughed like the devil after the gendarme left our suite disgusted because he couldn't prove anything."

Errol also took Beverly to many brilliant parties in Paris. It was there she got to know still another side of Errol—the bon vivant.

"Women practically fell at his feet. They simply adored him. They were awed by his charm and personality."

Then there was the trip to Africa. Errol had to go on location in French Equatorial Africa for the shooting of *Roots of Heaven*. Beverly could not make the entire trip to the Dark Continent with him, but was able to spend a few days together there with Errol. And now Beverly had a chance to see Errol's adventurous side.

"We went on small game hunts and we did things together like we'd never done before, like swimming with hardly a stitch on. . . ."

Beverly then came back to New York alone. And here she learned of still another Flynn—the Pygmalion—a man driven by some compulsion to remold his young sweetheart. From the fetid, forsaken region of the Equatorial jungles Errol penned a series of letters to Beverly, spouting an array of poetry, passion, concern for his young beloved, and a desire to make something of her.

Presumably, Errol wrote to Beverly in one letter, *you have never delved into anything more profound in the literary sense than reading the funnies on Sunday morning. Why don't you try reading a book. . . .*

He suggested that Beverly read George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion,* the classical myth of a king and sculptor of Cyprus who carved an ivory statue of a maiden who suddenly came to life. Shaw adapted this ancient tale to forge his own modern allegory of a wealthy scholar who changes a poor, ragged girl into an electrifying articulate society woman. It's the story now celebrated in song in *My Fair Lady.*

And to Flynn, Beverly was his own Fair Lady. This passage from another letter clearly showed Errol's concern about Beverly's dress:

> *I just bought you some lovely African Moorish embroidered cloth so we can design something quite different for dresses for you and have it made up.*

Yet even when Errol was being serious, still another of his many sides seemed to pop up—this one the pixie. In that very same letter that talked of Beverly's attire he wrote her:

> *Following are the matters on the agenda I will now take up with you . . . note:*
>
> *(1) Your extreme precocity (your adolescence is no excuse) is funny.*
>
> *(2) Your almost hedonistic delight in any pretense to the rudiments of culture or acquisition of the basic ladylike behaviorism (I think we shall avoid this subject; if I ever find you being ladylike I'll clip you over the side of the ear) is deplorable.*

In this next letter to Beverly, Flynn shattered the traditional conception of him as the insouciant lover—the man who took romance on the wing.

> *In my throat there is a sort of lump—nothing physical—just pure emotion. I guess, when I think of you. . . .*

And there was more of Flynn's emo-

onal outpouring in this letter of March th. 1958:

Woodsie—what a funny adorable little idiot you are, do you really think I can just pick up a 'phone here and call you? I can't even scream or yell for the boy to bring me orange juice in the morning.

I loved your two letters. They reached me here together—one dated Feb. 23. the other March 3rd. It's now the 18th. I feel like telling you so many human things but I can't read by this lamp what I'm saying.

But I do know one sure thing—that my heart, my real heart, goes out to you as I write this. . . . Woodsie—you're hooked.

I just got back from the hunt. Didn't shoot a living thing, thank God. Every time we sneaked up on the 'game' I'd fire a big fat bullet and make sure I would miss—so that the animal escaped unharmed, and I cursed loudly and called myself a lousy shot and everyone agreed and I was secretly so happy not to have killed some poor thing—in Africa you must kill. Lousy!

You should join me here . . . or Paris, won't you love that? I will. I have much to tell you—so much—but this lamp is fouling up my prose.

(The lamp Errol is referring to is a rricane lamp, used in the primitive untry where the film was being made.)

Dear, very dear little girl. I think of you constantly. When I say that there is one constant image in my mind and heart it seems strange. Strange indeed.

Both your letters gave me the very strange, very strong, vibrant, vital feeling that you really care for me and I can hardly credit this, but hope and long with this tormented, empty, calloused heart that it is true. Is it? True, I mean, that what you write, you mean? That you really love me? It seems incredible. I don't think I'm by any means gullible to the degree that one is overwhelmed by a mere expression of something deep between two people—one so much older than the other and a h—— of a lot of other things. . . .

Oh, well, go to sleep, little one. Remember that this heart has for you a strong fierce beat which you can easily wreck if you treat it lightly.—Errol.

Beverly read these passages and there re tears in her eyes.

"Now do you see what there was beeen Errol and me? Now do you see deep and devoted love we shared? rs was a love that would have lasted l lasted . . ."

There were many other letters—letters which Errol poured out his love for verly in beautiful prose, like this pas-te:

Words, mere words cannot convey what I feel for you in this crusty heart of mine. . . .

But time heals all wounds and the temrary hurts of Errol's and Beverly's arts by the separation of distance was n to end, and they'd be together again. "We met again in Paris," said Beverly. hose moments of seeing Errol again er his long absence I shall cherish for-er . . ."

There in Paris, Errol decided that Bevy would make a picture with him. And was to be another overseas venture—to ba. And what a time to be there—when country was being swept by revolu-n! The picture was *Cuban Rebel Girls.*

"We'd hardly been in Havana a day when Errol and producer Jackson Mahon and I were hauled into police headquarters to answer questions about why we hadn't submitted the script of the movie to the Cuban government for review and approval. But things were straightened out.

"I hated it in Cuba because most of the time I was safely in Havana while Errol went out into the hills playing at being a rebel with Fidel Castro. He was where the guns were firing real bullets, and it was no place to be. It was pretty terrifying for me.

"And as you probably read, he finally got hurt. A Batista plane flew over while Errol was riding in a jeep and started to stitch the road with bullets. Errol dove into a ditch. He escaped getting shot but he hurt his knee and hip.

"I was never so glad as when the picture was finished and we left Cuba to go to New York."

When they got back, Errol's knee was giving him trouble and he entered Harkness Pavilion at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for treatment. He was confined there for a number of days—but it must have seemed like years to the medical director. Errol almost disrupted the hospital's entire routine.

Someone had started a rumor Errol tried to induce the nurses at Harkness to wear only bikinis while he was there.

Errol denounced the rumor to a reporter, saying: "That's a shocking lie and a canard, Mac."

Then Errol added thoughtfully: "Besides, it's against the rules."

It was while he was in the hospital that Errol received the galley proofs from the publishers of the book he had written, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways.*

Errol screamed when he saw what the publishers had done to some of the parts on sex. It was Errol's autobiography, and he had wanted the story printed just as he had written it—bluntly and accurately.

"I've been working on that stupid book a whole year," Errol complained. "I've gathered the material since I was six. It just gives me prostration to see what those stupid publishers did to the parts about sex."

One reporter who interviewed Errol in the hospital asked him about a poem he had written which gave title to the book.

Errol smiled and said he would recite it. It went like this:

Come, all you young men, with
your wicked, wicked ways,
Sow all your wild, wild oats in
your younger days,
So that you may be happy when
you grow old.

Later, when the reporter wrote the interview, he commented:

"By those standards, the poem was written by a happy, happy man."

"How right that reporter was!" said Beverly.

"Errol was a very happy man. He was like someone who had just taken out a new lease on life. I don't want to seem presumptuous and say it was all on account of me. But I do think I had a little something to do with Errol's happiness—new-found happiness, you might say."

The months that followed after Errol got out of the hospital continued to be heavenly ones for Beverly.

"Errol filled my life with the love that had eluded me so long. And he kept me laughing. He was so unpredictable.

"Errol loved children and animals. We talked about children as something that would come in the future—when we were married and had gone to live in the fabulous house Errol planned to build in Jamaica.

"But animals were something Errol and

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I could share in the present. And we did. Aside from the alligators, Errol bought me a rabbit called 'McTavish,' a spider monkey named 'Agnes Gootch,' after the secretary in *Auntie Mame,* and a mynah bird and a cat which we called 'Dagmar.'"

Errol and Beverly finally ended up in Hollywood late last Summer.

When Beverly got home to Inglewood, she was shocked to find her parents had been separated. Her father had left home.

"My father had not liked my association with Errol and he blamed my mother for not stopping it. My father is a very hard-headed man. He is a German-Norwegian and, although he never showed his feelings for me, I'm sure he loved me. And that is why he took it out on my mother. He had to blame someone, I guess.

"Mama tried to talk me out of marrying Errol. But she saw I was determined. She knew that I was very much in love with Errol and she wanted me to be happy. She could see that I was happier than I'd ever been in my life."

While in Hollywood, Errol decided to throw a party for Beverly. That was last September 16 when Beverly turned seventeen. The party was in Francati's. Errol invited a lot of people, including his second wife, Nora Eddington Haymes, who was escorted to the party by songwriter Dok Stanford. After the party was over, Beverly wished she'd never come.

"A lot of unpleasantness broke out. Nora accused me of making remarks about Errol being elderly. She said to me, 'You are very lucky to have a man like Errol interested in you.'

"I told her I never spoke of Errol's age or ever said anything against him. I don't remember my language, but it was pretty strong, and it shut her up."

Later, Dok hit a man named Otto on the jaw because he was lavishing too much attention on Nora.

In what was considered a remarkable feat, Errol—although the center of the controversy—managed to stay out of the rhubarb without throwing a punch.

His invitation to Nora to attend a party for his new sweetheart was part of the unpredictable nature that was Errol's.

Nora was a young girl when she fell in love with Errol. She had read about him and his trouble in 1943 and came to Los Angeles and got a job at a cigarette stand in the courthouse where Errol was on trial just to be near him. Errol spotted her and they fell in love.

That same year, as soon as his divorce from Lili Damita was finalized, Errol married Nora Eddington in Mexico. The marriage ended in 1949. Nora complained that she and Errol hardly were ever together. Errol was always off making pictures or sailing the seas.

Their two daughters, Deirdre and Rory, went to live with Nora. And ten days after the divorce, she married singer Dick Haymes.

Incidentally, Beverly resembles Errol's daughter, Rory, who is now fourteen years old!

The day after the birthday party, Errol had a look of solemnity. Beverly wanted to know what was wrong.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"No, darling," he replied. "It's just that I've come back from the doctor and found out that I've got to slow down a bit."

Errol told Beverly the doctor had given him an electro-cardiogram and it showed his heart wasn't in the best of shape.

"But Errol didn't tell me that he had suffered two earlier heart attacks—before we had met.

"I was very worried and I pleaded with him to take it easy. I begged him to stop drinking, too. He told me he would."

The next day Errol was in excellent spirits again. He took Beverly swimming at a Beverly Hills hotel pool. While they were sitting poolside a reporter came over for an interview with Errol.

Errol lit a cigarette and sipped a drink. He stroked Beverly's blond tresses as he started to tell the reporter about himself. It seemed then Errol might have suspected he didn't have long to live. He spoke of his life in the past tense. But he was cheery about it. He admitted he'd been a scalawag, but said he'd never change a thing if he had his life to live over again.

"I have no complaints," Errol said. "I've enjoyed every minute of my life.

"I have a great talent for spending. I've squandered more than $7,000,000 during my career. The public expects me to be a playboy, and I don't want to let people down. When I was broke I didn't let it worry me. And until now I have managed to hang onto my yacht Zaca no matter how badly things went.

"But I guess I need the money now, old bean. That is why I'm going up to Vancouver to see if I can sell her. She's a $100,000 baby, and someone up there wants to buy her.

"I guess I'll be criticized for a long time for carrying on with Beverly. But it's a question of living the life you see fit to live. I've been careless of other people's

> **Mamie Van Doren: I wear extreme low-cut dresses because they help my posture. In those dresses, one slouch would be fatal.**
>
> *Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

opinions. I never thought the public would be interested in my so-called antics.

"Years ago it was a matter of choosing which road to travel. After all, there is only one road to hell, and there aren't any signposts along the way.

"I've taken the human disasters in the same stride as the good times," Errol said, referring to the many highpoints he hit in life and the numerous plunges to the depths which invariably followed.

"I hope I managed to face it all with a brave front. You shouldn't distress your friends or have them feeling sorry. The worse the disaster, the braver the front.

"I've lived hard, spent hard, and behaved as I damned well chose. You'd think I'd be ready for the wheelchair after the last twenty years of hell-raising. But I never felt better.

"I like to travel, and that's what I'm going to keep doing. I have no intention of slowing down . . ."

Beverly said she believed everything Errol had said except that last part—about slowing down.

"If he were being honest with me when he promised to slow down for his health's sake, I know he was just putting on a front for the reporter.

"Errol didn't want his millions of fans finding out he was a sick man."

Beverly said she was beside herself trying to figure it all out. Errol had spoken of his life in the past tense. At the moment, Beverly thought it was very significant.

"I thought perhaps the doctor might have told him his heart condition was more serious than Errol was letting on. But I really never got to know."

Whatever Beverly's concern for Errol, he quickly made her forget it.

"We're going to Vancouver," he announced unexpectedly. "Up to George Caldough's place. He's interested in buying the yacht."

Beverly and Errol flew to Vancouver. It was their first trip to Canada—but just another country on their rapidly-building-up itinerary of world travel.

"Our visit in Vancouver was wonderful," Beverly said. "The Caldoughs made delightful hosts. I had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and so did Errol. I was sorry when our visit came to the end on its sixth day.

"We started for the airport to fly back to Hollywood. We were being taken there by George and his wife in their car when Errol complained of pains in his back.

"He mentioned then for the first time to George that he had suffered two heart attacks in the past, and thought perhaps this might be another. That was the first I knew of the other attacks.

"George said he thought Errol should see a doctor and he drove the car to Dr. Grant A. Gould's apartment in Vancouver."

As Dr. Gould began examining Errol there was no immediate diagnosis of an emergency condition. Errol told the doctor he had suffered recurring attacks of malaria while in Vancouver.

Then Errol drifted into how he contracted malaria in the South Seas. That started him talking, and he rambled about his experiences in Hollywood.

As Errol spoke, music and voices from an apartment next door could be heard in the doctor's office. It was a cocktail party. Somehow, word got there that Errol Flynn was visiting Dr. Gould.

One by one the guests began to float into the physician's office uninvited to listen to Errol in fascination as he spun his stories of the golden days. He propped himself against the door and spoke endlessly—for a solid two hours!

"He talked about W. C. Fields, the artist John Dexter, John Barrymore . . . all the greats," Beverly recalled.

"His eyes lit up as he stood there waving his arms in magnificent gestures, imitating these movie greats. It was a beautiful performance. His stories were thrilling—he was a wonderful story teller."

Suddenly, Errol seemed to tire. He bowed gracefully and said:

"I think I might lie down."

Then he walked steadily to a bedroom in the doctor's apartment. As he reached the door, he turned in a gesture of mock heroics and declared grandly:

"But I shall return. . . ."

Errol went into the bedroom and lay on the bed. Dr. Gould followed him in and examined Errol there. A moment later the doctor came running out of the room.

"Concern was plainly written on the doctor's face," Beverly said. "I knew Errol was seriously ill.

"I went into the bedroom and saw Errol gasping for breath. I sat on the bed and put my arms around him. A few seconds later I noticed he was barely breathing.

"But I saw a smile on Errol's lips, which were trembling. He was trying to say something—perhaps that he loved me. I'll never know. He never did speak.

"I had a feeling this was the end. I had a feeling that Errol Flynn, the man I loved so very much, had died in my arms. . . ."

The door opened suddenly and Dr. Gould came into the room. Beverly got up and went to the door to be out of the way.

Dr. Gould and George took Errol from the bed and placed him on the carpet. Errol wasn't breathing anymore. Dr. Gould took a hypodermic of adrenalin and plunged it directly into Errol's heart, trying to shock it into action. Then the doctor stepped back.

He said he hoped the Fire Department inhalator squad would get there in time. He had phoned them when he had gone out of the bedroom the last time.

In desperation, Caldough asked Dr. Gould if nothing couldn't be done to save

rrol. "Mouth-to-mouth breathing might elp," Dr. Gould said.
Caldough dropped to his knees and be- an to breath into Errol's mouth.
"He must have kept it up for some- ning like twenty or thirty minutes," Bev- rly said. "All I know is it seemed like eternity until the inhalator squad got here."
The squad then took over. The mask as put over Errol's face.
In a few minutes, the ambulance arrived. stretcher was brought into the room nd Errol was lifted gently on to it. Then e was carried downstairs into the ambu- nce.
"I was desperate," Beverly said. "I ushed downstairs. I tried to get into the ack of the ambulance with Errol. But ey wouldn't let me. They told me I ould ride up front in the cab with the river.
"I watched as they put Errol into the mbulance. The inhalator crew got in ith him, still administering oxygen to rol."
As the doors were closed, Beverly ran front and got in beside ambulance river Al Gowan. Dr. Gould followed be- nd in Caldough's car as the ambulance arted up for its seventy-mile-an-hour ree-mile dash to Vancouver Hospital.
Beverly was weeping hysterically now. Gowan tried to comfort Beverly.
"Please don't worry," he told her. "They now what they're doing. Everything will all right."
As the ambulance pulled up at the hos- tal, Beverly leaped out and ran over watch intently as the attendants hoisted e stretcher out and carried Errol into e emergency room.
Beverly then started to pace the long rridor outside the emergency room.
Dr. Gould and the other doctors on the spital staff took over again in the efforts revive Errol.
"I died a thousand deaths waiting," everly related.
As she paced up and down the long ll, the clock on the wall ticked off the inutes . . . five . . . ten . . .
It was 8:30 p.m. when the door of the nergency room opened slowly. Dr. Gould, oking distraught, walked out. Beverly as at the far end of the corridor and she rinted the full length to him.
"How is he, Doctor?" she asked plead- gly, hoping to hear Errol would be all ht.
"He is dead," Dr. Gould told Beverly rectly, simply.
The words hit Beverly like a ton of icks. She let out a soft anguished sigh, en collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. She was picked up and carried into the nergency room, in a section apart from here Flynn's body lay. She was given sedative.
"When I came to they drove me to the orge Caldoughs' place. I was in deep ck. I wouldn't believe Errol was dead. kept crying, 'There's nothing wrong th Errol. He's just sick. He's got to in the hospital. He'll be all right in w days, and he'll be back in my arms ain.'
I couldn't believe Errol had died—in arms."
At the Caldough home Beverly was put bed.
"They kept me under sedatives for near- twenty-four hours because of the way ook Errol's death. The only person I er really loved—the man I was to rry—was dead. It was an incredible ck."
After Beverly regained her composure d her full senses, she began to plan rol's funeral.
He always said he wanted to be buried his plantation in Jamaica. I had prom-

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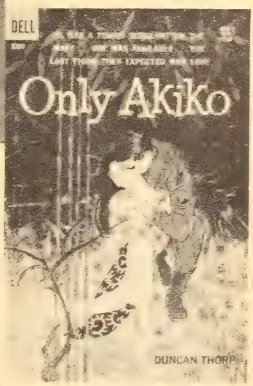
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ised him that if anything happened to him, I would see to it that his wish was fulfilled."

But that was not to be. Patrice Wymore, Errol's third wife and now estranged from him, stepped into the picture. Patrice, who had married Errol in Monte Carlo in 1950, was in Washington, D. C., appearing in a nightclub act. She flew West immediately to make her own funeral plans for a Hollywood burial.

Even though Errol was planning to divorce Patrice to marry Beverly, Patrice was still Flynn's legal wife.

And through all of Errol's romantic runabout with Beverly, Patrice somehow still seemed to kindle the flame of love in her heart for Errol.

Just before Errol's death, Patrice had said: "I wish I could hate him but I can't."

Which proved again the old saying—all the world loves a lover.

Beverly took the defeat philosophically. "All that really matters to me now is that I've lost Errol. I have lost the man I loved with all my heart. It will take a long time for the wound to heal.

"But I must accept his death. And I must live by my promise to Errol—that if anything happened to him I would go ahead in the Flynn tradition, living for today and having a wonderful time doing it.

"That is what I must do. . . ." EN

Errol and Beverly star in CUBAN REBEL GIRLS, *Exploit Films.*

Troy

(Continued from page 28)

older person. He carried the burden of his father's death, but he had to make sure it never showed in his eyes.

Merle Johnson, Senior, failed slowly. Eventually he was bed-ridden, later, hospitalized. During the final months of his illness, he was almost entirely paralyzed.

Merle Junior was fourteen, then, and he went to the hospital every day to visit. Toward the end, Mr. Johnson, by now pitifully weak, contracted pneumonia. The last time his son saw him, Mr. Johnson indicated the gold watch on the table beside his bed. The watch was his favorite possession, and he had kept it always near him. "Take it home," he said now.

The boy tried to speak, but no words would come. He shook his head, finally got his voice. "You'll need it—"

"No," his father said, keeping the tone light. "There's no sense having it around; please take it when you go."

He knows, the boy thought, startled, and a wave of love and pity flooded through him, and his throat ached with feelings he didn't understand.

He walked down the street clutching the gold watch which had ticked away the minutes of his father's life, and he turned into a luncheonette where a bunch of kids he knew could generally be found driving the waitress crazy. They were all there, and over the jukebox Louis Armstrong was growling *A Kiss To Build A Dream On.*

The gang talked about the football schedule, and whether you could ever get any homework done in study period, and who was taking whom to the Bayport High School sophomore dance, and at one point Merle Junior looked up and his family's maid was standing in the doorway.

"Go home right away," she said. "Your father's passed on—"

The day Troy became a man

He didn't cry. It was as though he'd been expecting it, but his fingers closed around the gold watch in his pocket, and all the way to his house he caressed that cool, smooth surface. He was saying goodbye to his father, he was saying good-bye to his childhood; something had broken in him, he would never be the same any more.

If his father had lived, young Merle Johnson might have had the courage to fight for his idea of becoming an actor. As it was, he felt an obligation to try to make his mother happy, since he was all she had.

After two years at Bayport High he transferred to the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, with his future one huge question mark. He'd agreed to turn his back on theater, but theater and sports were all that interested him. Scholastically, he was close to awful; he never enjoyed studying, but what he did enjoy was writing plays, directing them, playing parts in them. He was a demon athlete, too, winning letters for football, basketball and track.

He and his mother finally agreed that he should try out for West Point. He passed his first test, then fell and broke his knee in a track meet. The injury automatically disqualified him for acceptance at the Point, and he found himself breathing a sigh of relief. "It's fate," he believed. "Now maybe I can do what I want to do—"

Tired of living a life somebody else had figured out for him, he went to his mother one last time. "I want to be an actor. You still don't approve?"

"That's right," she said. "I don't."

"Okay," he said. "I don't want to hurt you, but I can't lie any more. I'm going to the city and try my luck. I won't ask you for help—"

She watched him up the stairs, she heard the thump of the suitcase being lugged down out of the closet, perhaps she even remembered her own youth, and that no one could have stopped her, or told her. "You've got to fail on your own terms," she said to the empty room, permitting her son, at last, his freedom.

In New York City, Merle Johnson, Junior, was a busy boy. He took journalism classes at Columbia University, he studied acting with Ezra Stone, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a messenger with a commercial film company—you picked up the can of film from one place and delivered it to another, and it didn't do much for your voice and speech, but it taught you how to tell uptown from downtown, and which subways got you where. He took a job as a laborer on a road construction project in Jersey, and he waited on table in Sayville, Long Island (the first was good for his muscles, the second taught him to be comfortable in those stiff shirt fronts), and he sang with a dance band, and did a little summer stock, and he never went near his mother.

Not that he didn't phone, just that he knew if he visited, she'd press money on him, and he was determined not to be supported by her.

He'd call her up. "Mom?"

She'd try not to sound anxious. "How are you, darling?"

"Fine, fine," he'd say, hearty tone belying the fact that the landlord was pounding on the door.

Dodging eviction

He lived in eight different rooms in New York, and was evicted from two of them. The process was very simple. The landlord would appear and demand the rent. Merle would look innocent. "I'm terribly sorry, sir, I just don't have it."

Sometimes it worked, twice it didn't. Twice they gave him back the same innocent stare he'd turned on them, and said politely, "Get out."

Between jobs, starvation is the main problem of actors, and Merle's solution for this was original. He'd get up at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, go to a one-arm joint and eat a hot dog. This would make him queasy enough so he didn't want to face nourishment again till night.

Lots of days there were parties where people served food; occasionally somebody got married, or had a graduation, and the spreads would be sumptuous; even when you didn't know the principals involved too well, you could always squeeze by the door-keeper if your shirt was clean, and you had a good crease in your trousers.

He fell in love for the first time when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. He'd gone to a cocktail party thrown by some in-the-chips pals, and he'd no sooner settled himself in a chair, than the most beautiful girl in the world walked into the room. She was almost buried in a mink coat, which she removed as she crossed the floor toward him. She dropped the coat in his lap. "Watch it for me, will you?" she said.

He couldn't believe it had happened. Out of all the people there, she'd decided to honor *him* with the custody of her wrap. *Watch it for me, watch it for me.* It was like a song. Someone to watch it for me.

He sat there, hand protectively stretched across the silky, precious fur, and the party built up around him. He never moved, he didn't even go over to where the food was, though he'd been famished before.

Half an hour later, the girl came back laughing. "You really are watching it, aren't you?"

"Hmm." he said. He remembers it was something brilliant like that.

"Look," she said. "Why don't you take me to dinner? This bash isn't much fun."

He began to stammer. Somebody stuck a pink paper hat on the girl's head, and she brushed it off with a look of irritation. "Well?"

"I can't," he said. "I have no dough."

Her smile was dazzling; her voice has been written by Mozart. "I'll take *you,*" she said, offering her back, so that he could slip the mink onto her shoulders.

Troy and the model

For three months, he couldn't think of anything but the girl. First thing in the morning, last thing at night. She was a model, and she was coining money. His career couldn't have been said to falter since it had never really got going in the first place, but it sure looked dead.

Probably the girl was fond of him, but she was ambitious, and a lot of guys with heavy wallets and custom-made suits were ringing her bell, and she started being busy.

He got the "Troy, honey, I just have to break our date" once too often, and went marching over to her place with fire in his eyes, and of course her headache turned out to be tall, dark and diamond-studded and Merle was turned away from the premises a much sadder boy.

It was his first broken heart, and he didn't know how to handle it, so he did it all wrong. There'd be phone calls. He'd yell, "I'm never going to see you again," and her silvery laughter would float across the wire, and she'd say, "All right, honey," and he'd be suddenly frightened.

For three months he hung around, reduced to taking any crumb of time that she would spare him. Finally he went away to play in stock. At summer's end

he came home again, the wound healed.

That fall, he took a good, long look at himself. *Swell, you want to act,* he muttered into his mirror. *But right now the only thing that's getting any action is your feet. You're just another pavement-pounding idiot, in a city full of so many pavement-pounding nuts that some joker left a fund to Actors' Equity for the sole purpose of providing said nuts with new shoes.* Merle didn't want new shoes; he didn't want any kind of handout. He wanted work.

A man who'd been a friend of his father's, a fellow named Darryl Brady, suggested that Merle come to Hollywood. He had a job for him—not acting, but he wasn't acting in New York either.

Hollywood. That's where they picked up shipping clerks and truck drivers and co-eds and turned 'em into stars, wasn't it? He could be a shipping clerk as good as anybody, so maybe stardom was a mere 3,000 miles away.

Several months later, he hadn't become a star, but he *was* working steadily for Mr. Brady, and he'd put all his money into a second-hand MG, and a little shack at the beach, and he was reasonably happy. One night he was eating at a place called The Green Pheasant in Malibu, and all of a sudden, the whole scene turned into something out of a Lana Turner movie. Two men came up and introduced themselves. One was a producer named William Archer, the other was a director named James Sheldon, and they didn't waste words. "We'd like to give you a screen test at Columbia," they said.

Figuring it was a gag a buddy had set up, he grinned at them wisely. "Sure you would. And I'll bet you want me to play the King of Rumania."

The offer turned out to be a real one, a fact of which he was ultimately convinced, and then began several weeks of cramming so he'd be good enough.

Just when life looked good . . .

The day before his test was scheduled, he rehearsed and rehearsed on the scene he'd been given. He worked himself to the point of exhaustion, then took a breather, went to visit some friends in town. By the time he started back to his Malibu shack, he was bone-tired.

It was very late, and he fought against an overpowering sleepiness. It went through his mind to pull the car off the road and take a nap. *No,* he told himself. *You'll never wake up in time, and then you'll be in rotten shape tomorrow.* He drove on, fell asleep at the wheel, the car hurdled an embankment.

He doesn't remember how he got out of the wreckage, he doesn't remember crawling up the road, but somehow he made it, and a terrified motorist, appalled at the sight of a bloody, weaving giant, picked him up and took him to the nearest hospital.

Lucky to be alive, he didn't complain about his fractured skull, his bruised spinal column. The thing that bothered him was that they'd shaved his head, and naturally nobody was going to screen test some bald boy. He lay on his back for what seemed like years, pondering the odd ways of destiny, and one day while he was pondering, he had a visitor. An actress friend named Fran Bennett dropped by, and she brought with her an agent named Henry Willson. Merle knew Willson's name. He'd created Tab Hunter out of Arthur Gelien, and turned Roy Fitzgerald into Rock Hudson. Now he was looking contemplatively at Merle.

When Merle Johnson, Junior, finally got up out of bed, he'd been re-christened Troy Donahue, and he was on his way. Willson got him a contract at Universal-International. He was 6' 3" tall, blond and blue-eyed, as handsome as anything they'd seen around there in a long time, and they put him into seventeen movies in two years, though no one seems to recall any of them with excitement.

While he was at Universal-International, he met Judi Meredith, who was also under contract. In fact, they'd tested together. Judi was the first girl since the lady in mink who'd really knocked Merle—or Troy, as we'll call him—out.

"I flipped," he says, still not pretending to be cool about the whole thing. He was scared, of course. He was a burnt child, and it had been his experience that if you liked a girl too much you left yourself open to being kicked in the teeth, but Judi tore him up. There was nothing he could do about it.

Another romance

Actually, the romance wasn't a sweet, boy-girl kind of affair. There was too much Hollywood in it. Premiers, date layouts, and always the photographers saying, "Kiss her again, Troy," and her career booming but not his.

Then she fell in love with Wendell Niles, Jr. Wendell was a friend of Troy's, and neither he nor Judi wanted to hurt Troy, so they lied.

There was the night Judi told Troy she had to go to the *Ice-Capades* alone.

Troy phoned Wendell. "How about us having a guy evening? Let's wander around some place—"

Wendell hedged. "I don't know. I'll call you later—"

After dinner, Troy, still restless, rang Wendell back. "He's in the shower," said Wendell's mother. "But Judi's here. Do you want to talk to her?"

He felt as though he'd been punched in the stomach. "No thanks," he said, and hung up the phone. He turned off the lights in his room, and walked over to the window. The ocean had a lonely look to it, with that strange phosphorescence etching the waves, and the moon half gone. *It doesn't seem to matter,* he said to himself. *New York or Hollywood. My girls just don't ever belong to me.*

Next day, he faced Judi. "Why, why, why, why? Why didn't you tell me?"

She was embarrassed, sorry, but unable to give him any satisfactory answer. "We've had it," she said, and that was that. . . .

About a year ago, while he was making *Imitation of Life,* Troy met another girl. This time, she wasn't an actress. He liked her a lot, but he'd learned caution. When he felt she was beginning to care too much, he told her the truth.

They were sitting in a diner, garish lights, and tired faces all around them, and he thought later, *what funny places you play out the most important moments of your life.*

"I don't feel I'm really ready for marriage," he said, and her face crumpled, and smoothed out again all in the space of an instant, and he was stricken. "I don't want to hurt you, baby," he said.

"I'm not hurt," she said, in a funny, low voice, and she stood up abruptly. "I want to go home. Let's get out of here—"

Now that relationship is finished, and Troy concentrates on his career. Warner Brothers, impressed by *Imitation of Life,* cast him in *A Summer Place* (he co-stars with Sandra Dee), and he'd no sooner finished that than he went into *The Crowded Sky.* Warners is absolutely sold on him—"he's got nowhere to go but up"—and he's determined to be a big star.

Fourteen-year-old Troy is a man now, finding what he's always wanted, after all. . . .

END

Troy's in A Summer Place, *and* The Crowded Sky, *both Warner Bros.*

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Cool It, Debbie

(*Continued from page 25*)

how the gay and charming girl the world had taken to its heart for ten years had turned into a hard, cynical *tres-gai* playgirl.

We felt if this was true we would spot it in a minute through the penetrating eye of the TV close-up.

But we didn't expect to spot that. I guess what we expected to see was a mature and bright young woman handle herself with taste, decorum and intelligence.

But we were wrong.

You came on like gangbusters, a three alarm fire and the blare of 76 trombones—all off-key.

Before you even sat down, your stumbling and jumping around caused a few raised eyebrows. You made anything but a dignified entrance.

You looked lovely, all right. Your hairdo was perfect. Your flower-printed dress was one of the most charming we've ever seen you wear. Your make-up was just right. You were quite a contrast from the girl in pig-tails and blue jeans everyone recalls. Yet the loveliness and subtlety of your appearance was destroyed by your actions.

You didn't give the world a chance to know Debbie.

You came on. And you were phony. And we and everyone else who loves you were upset.

Fantastic performance

Oh, we thought your imitation of your close friend Eva Gabor was brilliant and your Genevieve showed remarkable perception and certainly the fact that you made an effort to entertain was not to be censured. But we were embarrassed when you tried to force Jack, against his will, to dance with you, and we were embarrassed by the way you made fun of some of his clothes. And it was obvious that he was embarrassed too.

Halfway through the program you got serious. You began to talk of Khrushchev and world problems—and you made sense—good sense. The phoniness was gone. You spoke like a mature young woman. A woman of twenty-seven who is genuinely concerned about what is going on in the world—because current events seriously affect the lives of her children. The audience was interested in what you had to say, too.

Then you were interrupted by a commercial and by the time the announcer finished extolling the virtues of the latest deodorant or headache remedy your mood had changed again. You were back on the bandwagon as explosive and as volatile as ever.

Maybe Jack was annoyed that you were running away with the show. Maybe his nerves had had just too much. Or maybe he just didn't think about what he was saying. But he came out with a remark that stunned us. "Is this what Eddie had to go through?" he asked.

We went through the floor with embarrassment for you. We wondered how you would handle it.

Well, you went *to* the floor—not through it.

And as the two of you remained under the desk—out of sight of the viewing audience, strange things began to come into sight: Jack's tie and coat and shoes and handkerchief—and your shoes.

It was funny all right. The audience roared. In the same way people roar when they see someone slip on a banana peel. It seemed like an eternity before you finally came up for air with a somewhat undressed and disheveled Paar. He was obviously unhappy. But you still wouldn't stop. You threw his tie around his neck, began to tuck his shirt back into his pants—and while all this was going on Paar continued to needle you. "Eddie must have felt he was married to an Olympics champion," he commented. But you still wouldn't stop. And when Paar not-too-gently tried to get you off the show by stating that "we are running a half hour late and I'm sure you are in a hurry to get someplace," you ignored the hint and said "I haven't anyplace to go."

Prize-fighters who go down for the count are often saved by the bell. You, Debbie, were saved by another commercial. By the time it was over you got the message. You said good night, but you didn't exit gracefully. One of your shoes had gotten misplaced in that 'strip-tease' act and you had to hobble off the stage.

The studio audience obviously loved your act. We didn't!

Maybe that's because we care about you too much. We felt Paar, intentionally or unintentionally, had humiliated you. We know that every TV network has offered sums ranging up to a quarter of a million dollars to appear in an hour spectacular. Paar got you for his usual minimum of $320. You were willing to stay on 'forever.' Yet he brushed you off in a manner which would have been humiliating to even a publicity-mad starlet.

He said the "show was running late."

We stayed with it to see what was so important to make you so 'expendable.' Scheduled after you was an old Benchley short subject, filmed maybe twenty years ago that could have been run anytime.

And to add insult to injury, Paar ended his show with the words: "Goodnight, Debbie Reynolds, *whatever* you are!"

John Drew Barrymore: I love this business, but it breeds ulcers and gray hair.

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

We pondered that statement well into the early hours of the morning. *Whatever you are.* What *are* you Debbie?

Are you really the over-active exhibitionist we saw on the Paar show? The personality whose actions were more grammar-school-girlish than feminine and professional?

That girl's actions are belied by her words: "I don't think I'm mature yet. That takes many more years of living than I have had. But I know more about life than I have before. And I've had many more experiences—some good, some bad. However I don't worry much because I know that any minute some one could push a button that may end the whole world. When I get unhappy about something, I just picture that button and a bomb coming down on us and I don't fret anymore. It's good just to be alive."

It *is* good to be alive. But you've got to slow down to appreciate the joys of living.

The Debbie we all know told a reporter a couple of months ago: "As a bachelor mother I'm very happy. When I come home at night I really come to a home and not an empty house. The fact is I don't have much time to date. I get home around 6:30. I play with the children until they go to bed. On week ends I don't have the desire to go places. My first obligation is still to my children. Then comes my own life, my career, my charities. I'm planning my life ahead now. I have to be sure I'm able to be at home with my family.

"But as a bachelor girl I'm very unhappy. Going out with someone once o twice means involvements here in Hollywood and I don't want to be involved. Als I made a habit of not dating estrange husbands. It's all too complex. I'd rathe go to the movies alone."

That's what you said, Debbie. You sai it late last fall. But your actions—befor and after that remark seemed to negat the words.

The new Debbie

Instead of giving in to yourself an what you really needed, you took lesson in how to be a "gay divorcee"—the phras you beg reporters not to call you—fron Eva Gabor. Eva's personal philosophy wa exactly opposite to what yours had been "Marriage is not for me," she has tol Louella Parsons. "I have found out tha careers and marriage don't mix. I wan to be free to travel to any part of th world when a motion picture assignmen takes me there, and a husband certainly interferes. I have been married often enough to know."

The job she did to transform your warm beauty into a sizzling come-on was no half so charming as the news items tha drifted back to us. Items like: *According to folks present on the screen set—woe be the man who wound up with both Debbie R. and Eva Gabor on a date. The two beauties did nothing but concentrate on making life miserable for the poor guy. They made him jump through hoops throughout the evening. If he balked, they gathered up their things and walked out.*

But, Debbie, even Eva doesn't follow her own advice: got herself married again.

In any case, allowing for gross exaggeration, even for outright lies, it had to be a new kind of Debbie that inspired a reporter even to think such thoughts.

You wouldn't give the real Debbie a chance. Not even when you fainted dead away in a hotel room after you'd knocked yourself out at a party.

For months you picked up speed by dating the two most ineligible bachelors available—Bob Neal and Harry Karl. From Neal you collected two gifts of diamonds in two weeks and some unsavory publicity that made you mad. But it wasn't long ago that you yourself would have disapproved of a girl's accepting diamonds from "just a friend," and you wouldn't have indulged with Neal in what the newspapers called "a necking session ringside at Ciro's." Not unless you were engaged.

But why get engaged to Neal when Harry Karl was waiting to invite you, your mother, your children and a nurse to a friend's house in Honolulu. We know that you, not Karl, paid the rent and that if there'd been any more chaperones there wouldn't have been room to sit down. But what kind of game were you playing, Debbie? Especially when Bob Neal showed up and, according to the Mirror's Lee Mortimer, you slept most of the day and spent most of every night at Don the Beachcomber's holding hands with either Harry or Bob.

When Karl upped and married Joan Cohn (for all of 25 days as it turned out), you merely shrugged your shoulders and went out and found yourself a new millionaire: Walter Troutman—who gave you the champagne and El Morocco treatment. No one took the Troutman 'romance' seriously. The New York cafe-society set knew Walter very well. After your second date a columnist wrote: *Debbie Reynolds who has been taking too many vitamins lately and man-about-New York Walter Troutman are a little premature in the dating department, despite the billing and cooing, to be called a romantic item yet. . . . Walter is a professional bachelor and movie stars are old hat to him.*

Still you seemed to glow in the El Mor

co treatment and even when you lost diamond brooch there that Bob Neal given you a couple of months before, couldn't have been less concerned.

eart too hurt to feel

Behavior like this confuses us and the ple who love you as much as your avior on the Paar show.

We know you are a devoted mother. in one breath you say you value your ldren more than any career and in the xt you add, "But I'm so busy with my eer I won't be able to be with them as ch as I like."

We know you are a devoted actress. hough you worked all day long on exior shooting for *The Rat Race*, you spent r evenings at the Majestic Dance Hall, rking incognito as a dime-a-dance girl, you would be able to understand the whom you are playing. Yet during t same week you allowed your acting get out of hand on the Paar show.

You are aware of the rumors linking your name romantically with Glenn Ford; both you and Glenn have denied them—but still they have continued. We can't look into your heart and find an answer. But we wonder if it isn't possible for you to have fallen in love with Glenn. We wonder if perhaps you aren't trying to hide or deny that love through your actions. And if you are—unless in some way you have been hurt again—why?

We're not trying to preach to you, Debbie. Or to criticize you or knock you. But we *are* knocking the new kick you're on. The hard work and harder play kick that leaves no time for real living or loving.

Come off it, Debbie. Cool down. How can you *not* want love. And how can you imagine that being true to yourself will stop you from getting it? **END**

Debbie's latest films are THE GAZEBO, *MGM, and* THE RAT RACE, *Paramount.*

ome for Christmas

ntinued from page 34)

In a way," said Bette, "even though he s a few days early with this particular sent."

She turned towards the door.

Gary," she said, "—all right."

Barbara's eyes widened as she saw ry Merrill, her stepfather, walk into the m.

Daddy," Barbara shouted, gleefully, en she saw what he was cradling in his ns, "you've brought me a *baby!*"

A little girl," said Gary. He approached bed. "And just for you."

Oh Daddy—oh Mommy," Barbara cried she looked down at the wide-eyed in-t. "Oh she's so beautiful . . . and pink . and wonderful!" She looked up again. ow old is she?" she asked, excitedly.

Exactly a year," said Gary.

And what's her name?"

Margot."

And can I hold her, please, please?" bara asked.

Her mother took the baby from Gary's ns and placed her in Barbara's.

Careful now, she's so tiny," Bette said.

I know," said Barbara. She made a ny little-girl's face. The baby gurgled. e *likes* me," Barbara squealed. "She ws me already, and she *likes* me . . . Daddy. Mommy. Can she stay with us long, forever?"

Of course she can," Bette said, nodding sitting down alongside Barbara. argot's your new sister, sweetheart. r daddy and I just got her from an hanage, a place where little babies hout any parents have to live until ple come along and take them home h them, as we have done, tonight."

And she *will* stay?" Barbara asked.

She'll stay," Bette went on, "as long you remember you must always love and help take care of her and protect and do all those things good big sisters for their little sisters—as long as you ember that she is one of us, from this ment on, one of our very own family."

She's my sister," Barbara said, emtically.

Yes," said Bette.

And I *do* love her," said Barbara.

Good."

And"—the girl giggled—"can she sleep here, in this room with me?"

Later on," Bette said, "when she's er. But for now"—she picked up the y—"Margot sleeps in your old nursery, your crib, which is where she's going r now, to sleep . . . And that is something you're due for, young lady, and right now, too."

"Okay," Barbara said, "—excepting for one thing. I've got to say my prayers all over again now. Because I left out one thing before. All right?"

Without waiting for an answer, she jumped out of the bed, kneeled, closed her eyes, and said, quickly:

Thank You for the world so sweet.
Thank You for the food we eat.
Thank You for the birds that sing.
Thank You, God, for everything—
especially for my new little sister.

She paused. Then:

Oh yes—And I'd like You to know,
just to show You how glad I am,
that when Christmas comes I'm
going to give her all my presents.
Thank You, God. Amen. . . .

The terrible things about Margot

Barbara was crying this day two years later, as she stood outside the neighbor's house.

She couldn't wait for her mother's car to come and pick her up.

And when it did come, and she had climbed inside, she cried even more.

"What's the matter—is this the way birthday parties affect you all of a sudden?" Bette asked, puzzled, trying lamely to make a joke.

Barbara shook her head. "I want to go home," she sobbed.

"What *happened*?" Bette asked, taking her daughter's hand.

For a moment, Barbara was silent. And then, looking down, she said, "It was terrible, Mommy, the things some of those girls were saying . . . about Margot."

Bette took a deep breath. "And what did they say, Beedee?" she asked.

"That Margot's sick," Barbara said. She looked back up at Bette. "I was standing there and two of them came over to me and one of them said, 'How's your adopted brother and sister—the boy your parents just adopted and the girl they adopted that time? And I said, 'Their names are Woody and Margot and we don't call them "adopted" like that in our house.' And the girl said, 'Don't get so smart, Barbara; it just so happens they *are* adopted.' And then she said, 'Anyway, I just wanted to find out if your sister is still sick.' I said that Margot was never sick. And they laughed. They said they'd heard their own mothers say that she *is*, that Margot walks funny, always falling and walking into things, that she doesn't talk right yet like she should—that she's *sick*. And one of the girls said her mother was to our house once and that she saw Margot sitting on the floor for an hour, holding her teddy bear, not doing anything but just holding

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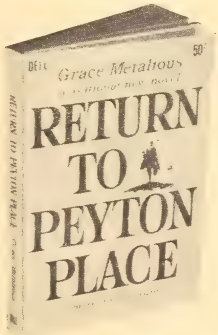
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it and looking at it. And when this girl told me this, she and the other one began to laugh. And I got mad and I said, 'My sister loves her teddy bear, that's why she was holding it so long. It's a very special teddy bear which *I* used to have and which *I* gave her.' I said, 'Besides, besides, she *doesn't* walk funny really, and she *does* talk a little. You see, if it's any of your business,' I said, 'she happens to be still only a baby. Three years old, that's only a baby still,' I said . . . And it *is*, Mommy, isn't it? Isn't it?"

"Of course it is," Bette said. She opened her purse and reached for a handkerchief and wiped some of the tears from her daughter's eyes. "Some children develop more slowly than others," she said. "Some children—"

She stopped.

"Barbara," she said, after a moment, "I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to be a big girl and strong and listen to what I have to say. To promise me this—that if we ever do find out that something *is* wrong with Margot . . . that you won't love your sister any less than you do now. That you'll love her even more, if that's possible. And that you won't cry, the way you're crying now . . . And that you'll understand."

The girl looked at her mother now, trying to understand what *she* was saying.

And then, as if she did—even a little—she said, softly: "All right, Mommy . . . all right. . . ."

The awful diagnosis

The doctor examined the child, thoroughly, carefully.

When he was finished, he called in a nurse.

"Stay with her outside," he said, "and send in Mrs. Merrill."

Bette sat, a few minutes later, across from him.

"Is it bad?" she asked.

The doctor nodded.

"Margot is retarded," he said.

Bette clutched her hands together. "Retarded," she said, slowly, after him.

He had examined the child—four and a half years old now—this past hour, the doctor went on, and during the examination he had even called the orphanage from which she'd come. The people at the orphanage had checked the little girl's records. There had been no mention of anything unusual regarding her medical history for the first year of her life. However, there *was* a notation in her records stating that, at birth, delivery had been difficult and that there had been a "minor injury." Obviously, the doctor told Bette now, it had been more than a minor injury, a concussion perhaps.

"What will happen?" Bette asked.

"I think," said the doctor, "that it would be best for you to send her away . . . to a home. She is a very sad little girl, a lost little girl. They can help her there, at a home."

Bette pursed her lips.

"And then?" she asked.

"There is always hope," the doctor said. "But for now it's clear that only one-half of her brain is functioning and . . . It's best, Bette, for the child, for everybody, if you send her away."

"I don't want to," Bette said. "I can't . . . Can't we get a nurse and keep her at our home, with the other children, where she belongs? Certainly we could afford that, and would want to do that. Certainly—"

"I'm afraid it's more serious than that," said the doctor. Then, again: "It's best this way, Bette."

He lit a cigarette and handed it to her. She took a quick puff.

"Would she be able to come home week ends?" she asked.

"No," the doctor said. "We find it's best, at the beginning, at least, to keep the children in the home, away from what they've known. Holidays, maybe—after a while. But not weekends . . . It's just better all around that way."

Bette looked over at the doctor. She wanted to talk to him more, as if by talking things might become suddenly, miraculously, solved.

But she knew that that would not be so.

And so, putting out her cigarette, she asked, "When does she have to go?"

"As soon as possible," said the doctor.

"Yes," Bette said rising, and turning, and walking out of the office.

In the anteroom she saw little Margot, sitting on a long wood bench.

She walked up to the child.

She took her hand.

"Come on, darling," she said, "we've got to go home now."

The girl looked up at her. Then she lowered her eyes.

And then, slowly, she slipped off the bench as Bette held to her hand, tightly....

Home for Christmas

It was Christmas morning, 1955.

Margot had been away for two months.

Bette and Gary and Barbara got into the car, to visit her, this first time these past two months, and to pick her up and take her back home with them for Christmas dinner.

The institution, they saw when they got there, was gaily-decorated, with a big tree near the door, big wreaths on the windows, a giant papièr-maché Santa Claus in the garden, with sled and reindeer, all circled by a fort of fake snow in which giant, live poinsettias grew. It would have been a fine place for children to play, they all thought—in their separate ways, except that there were no children around.

A nurse, a tall woman, met them at the door, and began to write out their pass. "The children are all in the assembly room, opening their presents," she said. "You'll have to wait just a few minutes . . . Now, the name of the child you've come to fetch?"

"Margot Merrill," said Bette.

The nurse finished writing out the pass. And then she said, "Would you like to see Margot's room, meanwhile?"

They followed the nurse as she led them to the room, and opened the door.

It was a small room, they saw, with a little bed, a bureau, a tiny blue rocking chair—nothing more.

It struck them all—Bette and Gary and Barbara—as the saddest, loneliest little room they had ever seen.

And they were glad, very glad, that in a few minutes they would be able to take Margot away from it, this room, this place, and bring her back home for a few hours at least.

"Now," the nurse said, looking efficiently down at her watch, "—the assembly room's back this way. Why don't we go there and wait in the rear. . . ."

They stood there, a few minutes later, trying to single Margot out from the dozens of children who sat in a large circle in the middle of the room.

"There she is," Barbara said, softly, excitedly, pointing. "Look."

They all looked now and they saw her. Margot . . . She sat, like the others, leaning forward a little in her chair, holding a small toy in one hand, a big candy stick in the other, listening wide-eyed to the man in the center of the circle who was dressed as Santa Claus and who was in the midst of a rousing refrain of *Jingle Bells*.

They continued watching her—as, like the other children, she listened, joined in on the final chorus, clapped and then rose to leave.

"Margot," Barbara called out, rus
over to her now, past some of the o
children, grabbing her, hugging her. "
are you? . . . How are you?"

"I fine," Margot said, "—Barbara."

She smiled a big smile suddenly. As
smiled, too, when Bette and Gary c
over and bent and kissed her.

Then, after a few moments, the n
stepped forward and said, "All right, M
got, you've got to get ready to go now.

The little girl looked at her. The s
began to leave her face. "Go?" she as

She looked at them all.

"Go?" she asked, again.

The other nodded.

"Don't—don't you want to come h
with us?" Barbara asked, confused.

The little girl didn't answer. But
stead she turned and looked around
big room, at some of the other chil
still there, some of them playing with t
new toys, some of them sucking t
candy sticks, some of them just stan
there, looking back at her.

"What's wrong, Margot?" Barbara as
approaching her.

Margot's gift

The girl didn't move, nor look at

Barbara looked up at her mot
"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong?" said the nurse, standing
to them. She shook her head. "Five
even four weeks ago," she said, "someth
was wrong. Margot was as unhappy
as the day she arrived. She missed
all, so much. She cried lots, she woul
eat more than a few mouthfuls of
food, she sat alone in her room mos
the time, on that rocking chair you
there, just rocking away, and staring, r
ing and staring all the time . . . And t
as it happens with most of the child
here, something changed suddenly. Ma
made a friend. Don't ask me exactly
it happened, I don't know. But she m
one friend, then another, then anot
And suddenly she was happy here . . .
she missed you all still. She always
I'm sure . . . But *this* has become her
home. *These* children have become
new family. And, strange as it may se
you must explain to her now that sh
be coming back here."

The others looked at the nurse.

And then they turned again to Mar

The little girl had her back to th
still; she had not moved and she was
watching the other children in the ro

Bette stooped, after a moment,
gently, she picked the girl up in her ar
She began to talk to her, slowly, softl
explaining to her about how they
wanted to take her with them now,
dinner, for just a little while; how, a
dinner, they would all get back into
car and come back . . . "here," she s
"right back here."

She looked into the little girl's eyes.

"All right, Margot?" she asked.

The little girl smiled again, as she
before, and she nodded. "All right,"
said.

"Good," said Bette. "Good."

And then, still carrying Margot, Be
took her daughter Barbara's hand.

"You see, Beedee," she asked, "h
things work out in strange and beaut
ways sometimes? We came, thinking
gift to Margot would be to take her ho
for a few hours. We didn't think Mar
would have any gift for us, did we?
she has. The most wonderful gift any o
will ever receive . . . She is happy, final

They brought Margot home that day

As they will this Christmas to come
for a few short and very precious ho

Bette appears in JOHN PAUL JO
Warner Bros., and THE SCAPEGOAT. MC

Eddie's Love Cured Me!

(Continued from page 33)

ragined, whatever the condition actually as. Liz suffered. This we know.

For we have seen the tears of a woman nmistakably in pain. We saw them in her es that night, four or five years ago, at a arty in Beverly Hills when suddenly, hile dancing, Liz stopped and turned pale nd reached for her back with her right and and then, helplessly, fell weeping to e floor. We saw them the day, in 1957, in exico. when she married Mike Todd. hen towards the end of the reception . . . ter the champagne and the wedding cake ere finished, after most of the guests and l the photographers had left . . . Liz rned to Mike and mumbled something d threw herself in his arms and then ied out, helplessly, "It hurts, it hurts, oh od. it hurts so much!" We saw them in r eyes a little over a year ago when we sited her in the hospital, following an eration on her spine, when we walked to that $40-a-day room filled with flows and sunlight and saw her lying rigidly a her stomach. her back covered with ndage and tape, looking over at us, tryg to smile and tell us that she felt fine d that everything was all right, but with ars in her eyes, nonetheless, tears she did t even have the strength to wipe away.

Yes, we have seen the tears of her pain. And we tell you now, happily, that those ars are gone—now that Liz Taylor is Mrs. ldie Fisher—gone for good. Since Eddie s come into her life. there has never en a recurrence of her back trouble.

Just as that look of agonized confusion, inner torment. that would come across r face much too often, is gone now too.

She is emotionally unstable, we remember someone writing back in 1952. *And why shouldn't she be? At eight years, an actress. At fourteen, a star. A weird home life—with an aggressive mama taking over the reins of her young daughter's upbringing and career, a quiet and ignored papa sitting in the background, watching, wondering, not daring to say anything. At fifteen, the perplexed cry: 'I have the body of a woman and the emotions of a child.' At seventeen, a long sad desperate run from home—marriage to Nicky Hilton, young and reckless playboy—and disaster, culminating in divorce. More running then, wild and free, from man to man, party to party, thrill to thrill, sensation to sensation. Till now, barely in her twenties, the news that she is in England, her outrageous flirtation with forty-year-old Michael Wilding having succeeded, that they will probably be married by the time you read this.*

Emotionally unstable, the writer had ed.

and much as we hated to agree—we had

Just as we had to shake our heads, as the rt few years passed, over her marriage Wilding, neither of them doing the other ch good, and admit that her emotional bility was going from bad to serious to re.

Oh, there were the fine bright moments Liz, all right.

That January morning when little chael Jr. was born.

That February afternoon when little istopher was born.

Maybe some other moments; good, pure, utiful moments.

ut, mostly, there were long, seemingly-endless moments of discontent for Liz.

So that her face—when she was away from the camera, or the public's glare—often became a study in distress, a cause of increasing worry to all of us who knew her.

Who can forget the look on her face that day on the set of *Giant,* when word came that James Dean had just been killed—the stunned look, followed by the hysterical weeping, the shouted cries of disbelief, the stumbling walk from the sound-stage, the collapse in the dressing room?

Who can forget the look on her face the night, minutes after he'd left a party at her hilltop home, Montgomery Clift smashed his car into a tree—the look of fright in her eyes as she rushed down the road to the car, the look of terror as she knelt alongside Monty and lifted his bleeding head into her lap, as she began to sway her own head back and forth and moan and chant and cry, louder and louder and louder, until she was in a state of near-shock?

People who knew Liz vaguely wondered, both these times, *why the act?*

What Liz could not control

It was no secret around Hollywood that James Dean and Liz hadn't gotten along well all during the making of *Giant.* That Dean had once told a reporter, "If you don't think this gal is much on-screen, you should get to know her off." That they had fought on more than one occasion. That they had made it a point to avoid each other as much as possible.

About the Monty Clift incident, it should have been obvious to Liz—certain people said on hearing what had happened—that although her dear friend had been injured, he was in no great danger. That her 'raving' at the scene of the crash made it seem that somebody had just been killed. That Monty was "—after all, still very much alive."

So spoke the cynics.

But those of us who knew Liz. knew her well. understood that these were not "acts."

That these were inevitable outlets of expression for a tortured girl who seemed almost to *wait* for tragedy so that she could free herself—even for a short while—of her own burden of recurring pain, of growing discontent.

There are no outbursts now. Today, we see Liz miraculously changed—happy, healthy, content, calm, at peace with herself, with life.

In short. cured. . . .

Liz was cured by Eddie Fisher.

For well over a year now, millions of people all over the world have scorned these two.

You yourself have heard the cracks, maybe even made some of them.

"Liz Taylor? What's she got to offer *him* except a lot of trouble . . . Homewrecker . . . Husband-snatcher . . . Miss Big Movie-Star . . . Money spender . . . How long is she going to last with *him?*

"Eddie Fisher? What's he got to offer her except his old records . . . Has-been . . . Mike Todd's best friend. ha ha . . . Sucker . . . Weakling . . . Deserter . . . How long is he going to last with *her?*"

Some people, even less impressed with Eddie than with Liz, went on to wonder: "What does she want with such an ordinary guy, anyway? Nicky Hilton—at least he had looks and money. Michael Wilding—at least he had class. Mike Todd—he had *everything* to give her; glamour, wealth,



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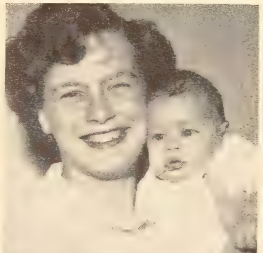
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excitement, the biggest of the big time."

"Well, they deserve each other," practically everybody sneered, the day last May when Eddie and Liz were married.

Everybody except those very few people who realized the truth. And who said, "They *need* each other, *desperately*, don't they?"

For these are the people who saw behind the titillating newspaper headlines, who sensed the real truth of this couple.

What Eddie had to offer

"We got to know each other," Liz has said, in private, to friends, "soon after Mike died. We had seen each other for years, Eddie and I. We had been in the same room a thousand times. He had been best man when I married Mike. But it wasn't till the night, not long after the funeral, when Eddie called me that we actually got to know one another.

"Lots of writers—newspapers and magazine people—have written about this call. They say it came at four o'clock in the morning. They indicate that Eddie and I talked about Mike for a while and that then Eddie asked me what I was doing the next night. They wrote what lots of their readers wanted to read—about these two bad people plotting their future, evilly, clandestinely, while the rest of the world was fast asleep.

"Actually, Eddie's call came shortly before midnight that night. I remember this because I was just about to go to bed when the phone rang.

"Yes, we talked about Mike, of course. Mike was all we talked about, in fact. For ten minutes, fifteen, twenty—I don't remember exactly.

"Except that I do remember, just before we hung up, Eddie saying something to me that I will never forget:

"'Liz,' he said, 'I've botched my life up with all kinds of problems, so I guess I'm not really the guy who should go around offering help—but if you ever need anything, want to talk over anything, if . . . going through what you're going through now . . . you find yourself faced with problems you can't solve yourself, alone, please—please, Liz, get in touch with me. For what little help I might be . . . .'

"I loved Eddie for that. Hundreds of people had gotten in touch with me those past few days, offering me help, consolation, solace. I knew they would take me to dinner, if I liked. I knew they would take the children for a drive, out of the house for a while, for some fresh air, if I wanted that. Invite us all out somewhere for a week end. I knew they meant well, that their offers were genuine.

"But something about Eddie—about what he had just said, the way he'd said it, the lost, sad feeling and sound of his voice—made me feel that here was the only person alive I would really want to call on if the days ahead became any blacker than they already were.

"'Thank you, Eddie,' I said. 'I may just do that—give you a ring some day.'

"And then I hung up.

"And it was the next day, as the lonely hours grew darker, that I found myself thinking about him, what I'd said . . . as I found myself staring at the phone, wanting to talk to him again, wanting so much to talk to him again."

Liz did phone Eddie— a few days later.

"There were moments during that call," Liz recalls, "when there were long silences between the two of us—when neither Eddie nor I said anything . . . Other people might have cleared their throats during those pauses and made one excuse or another and finally said 'Well . . . good-by for now,' and hung up.

"But, for us, even in those pauses there was warmth, a wonderful warmth, the beginnings of our love.

"I began to realize—during that talk and the meetings that inevitably followed—that I was with a human being I could understand, who could understand me.

"What was it about Eddie, exactly, that made me feel this way?

"Well, let's put it this way, simply:

"I learned to *share* life with Eddie. I learned—me, someone who had been way up on a special pedestal all her life, who had been on the receiving end of life all these years—that there was someone somewhere, with whom I could exist on an *equal* level, someone I could *give to* while I received.

"I had never given before. I don't know that I had ever thought about giving. It had been comfortable, convenient, to be clothed in a warm blanket of security, surrounded by people who wanted to do things for me, and only for me.

"But now I realized that what I had thought to be comfort . . . convenience . . . was not that at all.

"That all my life I had really wanted a person *I* could comfort, who needed my giving as much as I needed his.

"This has been the special beauty of our love, mine and and Eddie's.

"I needed him. He needed *me*.

"Together, we have shared life. . . .

"I have learned to give. And for this, to God, to my husband, I will always be grateful. . . ."

EN

Liz stars in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER. Co*lumbia*, BUTTERFIELD 8, *MGM, and* CLEOPATRA. *20th-Fox*.

An Ave Maria for Mario

(Continued from page 21)

"A boy."

"And what are they naming it, do you know?"

"Mario, after the mother, Maria," said the midwife. "Mario Lanza Cocozza."

The neighbor woman listened as the baby, in the next room, began to cry suddenly.

"Listen to that noise," she said, "You sure, with a big voice like that, he was only *just* born?"

The midwife smiled. "I told the father," she said, "as soon as I heard that loud voice, that first moment—I said, 'If anything, you should name this little one Enrico, in honor of Caruso.'"

"Ah," the neighbor woman said, shaking her head, "it's a sin, isn't it, what happened to Caruso?"

"What happened?" the midwife asked.

"He died," the other woman said. "Last night. In Italy. I just heard it on the radio . . . He was singing. His throat began to bleed. And he went, just like that. You didn't know?"

"No," the midwife said, her smile disappearing, saddened by the knowledge that the greatest tenor voice of all time had been silenced, and feeling foolish inside herself that—even in jest—she had compared a tiny newborn baby's crying with *his* voice. . . .

HOLLYWOOD—THE WINTER OF 1949: "I know, I know," the agent, a small and enthusiastic man, agreed with the MGM producer, a big man, a bored man, "they say it about *any* guy who can open his trap and reach a high C—'*He sounds just like Caruso!*' . . . But, believe me, this guy I've got waiting outside *does*."

"Does what?" the producer asked, yawning.

"Sings," the agent said, for the tenth time those past five minutes. "Like Caruso, he sings. Like an angel. Like nobody you've ever heard before."

"Same guy I saw you walking with before, near the commissary?" the producer asked.

"Yes," the agent said.

"He's too fat for pictures, you should know that," the producer said. "He must weigh 300 pounds."

The agent shook his head. "He weighs 240 right now. But he can cut off fifty of 'em easy. He's a nervous type. He needs a job now. When he's nervous he eats—poor as he is, he eats and eats and gets fat. Sign him up, relax him and you'll see how fast he loses."

The producer shrugged. "Look," he said, "this fellow of yours, he's got some test recordings he's made, hasn't he?"

"Sure," the agent said.

"Well, mail me a few of them and I'll listen when I have some time . . . I'm busy right now."

He yawned again, and started to turn away.

"Nossir," the agent said, "it's now or never. You hear him today, live, or you don't hear him at all. Not at *this* studio."

The big producer turned back to look at the little agent again. Little agents, he knew, didn't talk this way to big producers unless they were pretty damn sure of themselves.

"In exactly forty-five minutes," the agent went on, "I have an interview with my boy over at U-I. This afternoon we go to Warner's. I brought him here first because I think you people can put him to best use. But if you don't even want to hear him—"

"All right," the producer said, bringing up his hand, "wait a minute."

He picked up his phone and dialed an inter-office number.

"Joe?" he asked, talking now to Joseph Pasternak, another Metro producer, the most music-minded of all the Hollywood brain-trust, "got a kid here, young tenor from Philly. He's supposed to be good. Want to hear him with me? . . . Okay, see you on Stage 12 in ten minutes."

He hung up and rose.

"Come on," he said then, to the agent, "let's pick up this marvel of yours and get this thing over with!" . . . .

"It was the most unbelievable moment of my life," Joe Pasternak has since said. "I got to the soundstage a little late. He had already begun to sing. I recognized the song as the tenor aria from *The Girl of the Golden West*, by Puccini. I stood there at the door, listening for a few moments. If he had stopped right then and there I'd have known that this was the most beautiful male voice I had ever been privileged to hear. But he did not stop. He sang on and on, other Puccini arias, Verdi arias, popular tunes, Neapolitan street songs and sea chanties his parents had taught him. The voice grew more and more beautiful as he sang. I was awe-struck. I even wept a little. I have since wept over him—over what eventually happened to him as the next years passed. But at that moment, that first moment, standing there at that door, my tears were only for his voice, strong, and pure, and beautiful, that voice that he

self was to describe as 'a gift given
ne by God so that its sound and feeling
ht be passed on to others. . . ."
Within that next hour, Mario Lanza
ozza (soon to drop his last name) was
his way.
Midway during the audition, Pasternak
the other producer had summoned
e Schary, then talent and production
d of MGM, to Stage 12 to hear the
ng man sing.
chary came, listened, and then asked
io to come to his office for a talk.
Then the talk was over, Mario rushed
n Schary's office—past Schary, Paster-
, the other producer, his agent—to a
cing lot just outside the studio, where
wife of four years, Elizabeth Hicks,
lovely dark-eyed girl he'd married
945, when he was in the Army, sat in
mall rented Chevy, waiting for him.
Betty," he called, as he approached her,
made it. . . . I'm in. . . . It happened."
he girl in the car smiled nervously,
excited to say anything.
sang for them," Mario said, opening
door and getting in alongside her, "I
g—and they took me to their offices
they said, 'Man, we want you for
ures, lots of pictures.' And to show
they meant it, they gave me *this*."
e reached into his pocket and pulled
a check.
Ten thousand dollars," he said. "You
it? . . . Just to sign with them, and
nobody else."
e handed his wife the check.
Go ahead," he said. "Take it in your
ers. Feel it. It's real. It's good, Betty,
d; as good as the bad we've known has
n bad. . . . It's a house, Betty. The
n-payment, anyway. . . . And it's food
ot out-of-cans food anymore, but good
. call-the-butcher-and-ask-for-steak
d of food. . . . And it's a family for us,
y; kids, like we've always wanted.
l a career. And a whole new life!"
e took a handkerchief from his pocket.
Here," he said, laughing through his
tears, "—don't cry. . . . This is the
nning of everything we've wanted,
ing for.
Don't cry, Betty," he said, putting his
around her. "You'll get tears on the
k, and it'll blur."
e laughed some more.
ut she did not.
Don't cry, come on," he said. "People
supposed to cry at the end of some-
g. And this is the beginning.
The *beginning*. . . ."

EVENING IN 1954: "It's all over," he said,
ng back, despondently.
e looked around the room. The room,
room, was only one-twentieth of the
e—the biggest, the most lavishly dec-
ed and furnished house in Bel-Air;
castle," the rest of Hollywood called

looked around the room, empty now,
pt for himself and his Betty.
had been crowded, just a little while
er, with reporters, with a butler serv-
champagne and Scotch, with three
s passing 'round the heaps of hors
uvres, with Mario standing near the
. smiling away as if he didn't have a
y in the world, making light of what
ened that day.
Metro fired me this afternoon," his
had boomed, "—so what? So they
me lax, untrustworthy, because I cost
money holding up their *Student*
ce while I tried to lose some weight,
they wanted, insisted on, and while I
to get some other affairs in order.
forget at Metro the money I made
hem these past five years? They for-
that *The Great Caruso* alone made
ten-million dollars in its first year.
for them? Look at all I've done for them!
"Yes," he'd nodded, "they forget. But so what? They have fired me and I'm free now, free to make the kind of pictures I want to make. For other studios. They all want me—Paramount. Warners. Universal. They all want me!"
He'd gone on, his voice lowering a little. "Most of you people here know me pretty well, right?" he'd asked. "For five years now you'd been writing about me in your newspapers and your magazines. You've written about the good things that have happened to me—my success, my popularity, my wonderful life with my wife and children. You've written, too, about the not-so-good things—the trouble I've had with my studio and some of the stars out here, the trouble I've had with my weight, the trouble with false friends who've misled me and who've squandered most of the money I've earned.
"Well, now I want you to write this in your newspapers and magazines, word for word:
"The rumors that Mario Lanza is through are false.
"The rumors that he has pushed his voice too far, and that it is going, are false.
"The rumors that he is a troublesome no-good who enjoys making life hard for anybody he works with are false."
He'd raised a glass he was holding.
"To the future," he'd said, "—right here in Hollywood."
"To the future—in Hollywood," the reporters who'd been listening said back.

NEXT MONTH:

Watch for

LOUELLA'S

big *story*

on **DEBBIE!**

And they had all drunk.
And laughed.
And slapped his back, wishing him luck.
And then, after a while, they had gone. . . .
"It's all over." Mario said now, the big smile no longer on his lips, the room quiet, empty. "I'm finished here, Betty."
"Why do you say that?" his wife asked, shaking her head.
"Who am I kidding?" Mario said. "I try to talk it into myself. I try to convince others. 'Everybody wants me.' I brag—"
"Your fans want you," his wife said, "the people want you."
"But not the studios," Mario said. "They're wary of me. All of them. They're afraid to take a chance with me. I'm a tiger to them, untamed and dangerous. They're *afraid* of me . . . They're businessmen, with their problems. I'm an artist, with mine. How can we ever understand one another?"
His wife said nothing for a while.
Then, softly, she asked, "What do you want to do, Mario?"
"Buy a ranch," he said, quickly, nodding, "a beautiful and lonely ranch, far away, in Montana maybe, or in Arizona. And work hard all day, out in the open, for you and for our children. And then at night, when the sun goes down, come back to the house for a big supper, with no worries about my weight—just eating and getting as heavy as God intended me to get, with no worries about the cameras, the producers, the directors, the wardrobe men with their tape measures around my waist . . . And then, after supper, I would sing. In the living room, you at the piano, me standing there behind you, the children sitting around listening if they want—and me, I would sing, just singing for the love of it, for—"
He stopped.
"Someday maybe," he said, "when we have some money again, when I've paid these debts I owe, we can do that, hah, Betty?"
"And for now?" his wife asked.
"For now we'll go to Europe," Mario said. "They want me for some pictures in Italy. There they still *do* want me. . . . We can live in Rome. . . . All right?"
Betty nodded—this woman about whom it has been said: "She understood and appreciated Mario as no one else in the world ever could. Through good times and bad, she rode right along with him, this wife, sweetheart, manager and mother to a big lost boy."
"All right?" Mario asked again.
And Betty nodded again. "Of course," she said, "if you think it's best."
Mario sighed.
"Who knows what's best anymore?" he said.

ROME—1958—FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MARIO: "Everything is fine. I am riding high again. Hollywood counted me out. I took the long count—three-and-a-half-years, no work. I cried on the ropes. But I got up and started belting out songs and pictures again, and I am going back to the top of the heap. Man, I'm living. And I want to go on forever. On. On. On. Go. Go. Go. Don't ask me why, but I would like to live forever. . . . Maybe because I and my wife and my family have never been so happy!"

ROME—THE CLINIC OF SANTA GIULIA—OCTOBER 7, 1959: He had lied to Betty, that day a little over a week earlier. He'd told her that the dieting he'd been undergoing these past couple of months had weakened him, that he was coming down with a bad cold, that the doctor had suggested a rest in the hospital. He'd said nothing of the truth to her—that the dieting had weakened him to the point where he was feeling pains around his heart, that the doctor had examined his heart and suggested a long period of tests and observation.
He had lied so well that Betty hadn't been the least bit concerned about him these past days, other than that he was away in the hospital, and that she and the children missed him.
He had lied so well that even now, this Wednesday morning, as she sat there alongside his bed, holding his hand, as she listened to him speak the strange and melancholy words, she found herself smiling.
"You won't like what I'm going to talk about now, Betty," Mario said. "I know that. But I must. . . . When I die, my Betty—"
"Yes, forty years from now," Betty said, "fifty years, *when* you die—"
"*Whenever* I die," Mario said, "I want —I want you to do certain things for me."
"And that is?" Betty asked.
"First of all," Mario said, "I want you to be very brave, to promise me that you won't cry too much."
"I'll probably be too old to raise a tear by that time," Betty said.
"That you will take care of the children, continue to take care of them, with as much love and care as you always have," Mario went on.
"They'll all be married," Betty said, "and have children enough of their own to take care of."
"And," Mario said, "I want—"
"Mario, that's enough," Betty said, squeezing his hand, her smile tentative now, nearly gone.
"That at my funeral," he said, "you will ask the priest if he'll give permission to

have one of my records played in the church, during the Mass."

He closed his eyes.

Betty said nothing.

"The *Ave Maria*," Mario said. "My voice, I want it to ring through the church as I lie there. I want it for you and the children—so you will know that a part of me, at least, is still alive, and with you."

His eyes opened.

"Will you do that for me?" he asked.

"Yes," Betty said, suddenly afraid.

FOUR DAYS LATER: "I am sorry, Signora," the priest said, at the Lanza villa, that morning. "I have spoken to the Bishop. The idea of the recording, though it was your husband's last wish, must be vetoed. Schubert, the composer, was not a Catholic. It is a matter of ecclesiastics . . . We know how you grieve right now. Anything else in our power, within sanction, we will do . . . But this we cannot. . . ."

Three thousand Romans stood in the square outside The Church of the Sacra Cuore della Madonna later this sun-filled morning, watching, silently, as the coffin was lifted from the black-draped hearse, and carried inside—followed by the stunned widow and her four small children, and by the others who had arri with them.

The people outside waited, still sil throughout the Mass. Till, towards the e the bells of the church began to toll till someone, an old woman, weeping, gan to pray aloud for the repose of soul of Mario Lanza.

Ave Maria, she prayed, chanting, si ing, almost,

Ave, Ave, Dominus, Dominus tecum
Benedicta te in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris.

Mario's last film is For The First Ti *MGM.*

The Fabulous Fifties

(*Continued from page 50*)

And, toward the end of the year, in late September—that seemingly never-to-end story starts, which began with the headline: ELIZABETH TAYLOR DATES HUSBAND OF "BEST FRIEND" DEBBIE REYNOLDS IN NEW YORK. EDDIE FISHER CONFIRMS HE WILL ASK DEBBIE FOR A DIVORCE.

1959: Ingrid Bergman, that most controversial lady, was invited to return for her first visit in years as a special guest of the Academy. Accompanied by her bridegroom, Lars Schmidt and daughter Pia, Ingrid accepted—leading to many debates pro and con as to whether she should ever have been invited.

The coveted Oscars of '59 were won by Susan Hayward for *I Want To Live* and by David Niven in *Separate Tables*.

MOVIE MARRIAGE OF THE YEAR—naturally was that of Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher in a Jewish ceremony in Las Vegas on May 8th.

MOVIE DIVORCE OF THE YEAR—just as obviously Debbie Reynolds' freeing the way for the marriage above—and thank heavens, at last, we began to hope we could take a breather from this triangle!

Next to Debbie's divorce the most startling suit was Eleanor Powell's against Glenn Ford after 16 years of marriage. "I've had it!" Eleanor told the Judge on May 2nd—incidentally Glenn's birthday.

Less startling partings were: Anita Ekberg's from Tony Steele on April 28th; the not surprising action filed by Mrs. Peter Viertel paving the way for her writer husband to marry Deborah Kerr when *she* is free—and May Britt and her youthful Stanford student socialite bridegroom of a year, Ed Gregson.

BABY NEWS: The birth of a DAUGHTER—at last—to Bing Crosby and his actress wife Kathy Grant, their second child, after five sons for Bing!

An earlier birth to make news was the arrival of a much desired son to the late Tyrone Power and his widow, Debbie Minardos, on January 22nd.

DEATHS of 1959 were numerous and shocking starting with the loss of that master showman, Cecil Blount De Mille, great creator of screen spectacles, on January 21st.

A severe loss to Hollywood.

Joan Crawford's husband, Al Steele, high-salaried head of a soft drink company died in their New York apartment in April.

Another top directorial name, Charles Vidor, was lost to us while directing *Magic Flame* (the Franz Liszt story) in Vienna.

Then early September brought those three tragic deaths of superstitious belief—beautiful, gay Kay Kendall who captured all our hearts in *Les Girls* and who had so much to live for—died at the age of 32, of leukemia, in the arms of her grieving husband Rex Harrison.

A few days later, in almost the same manner, in the arms of his wife, Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas suffered a fatal heart seizure; lovable little Edmund Gwenn, that fine actor and comedian who had been tops with American audiences since his touching and prize-winning performance in *Miracle On 34th Street*, also passed away.

1959 brought an end to the short violent life of Mario Lanza. And to the rich, full and daring life of swashbuckling Errol Flynn, whose death seemed to epitomize the end of the gay romantic era in Hollywood's history.

1959 saw film personalities having their usual share of accidents and illnesses, the most serious being Bob Hope's eye trouble (he has now permanently lost partial sight in his left eye). And Audrey Hepburn's bad fall from a horse while shooting a scene for *The Unforgiven* in Durango, Mexico.

Also, Hollywood was electrified by two widely divergent developments during '59. Fast rising young actress Diane Varsi, a smash in her first big role in *Peyton Place*—walked out flat on her career to enroll as a college student in Bennington College in far off Vermont. Diane's parting shot was "I'm through with Hollywood and its false face."

Want to bet?

Another "private life" shocker was the family feud which broke out between Bing Crosby and his four grown sons after Bing was quoted as saying "I'm a bad father." Unfortunately, Gary agreed with him—all this to the tune of some pretty disillusioning and unhappy headlines. Let's hope 1960 will find this family clan devoted and united again.

The outstanding MOVIE GIRL OF THE YEAR was that redheaded pixie Shirley MacLaine—with blonde Lee Remick of *Anatomy of a Murder* fame not very far behind.

And if you think I am going to close this fascinating chapter on the fascinating year of 1959 without mention of that great day in my own life, June 7th, when I was presented with an honorary Doctor of Letters Degree at Quincy College, Quincy, Ill.—you just don't know your girl reporter. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

9—Nat Dallinger from Gilloon; 10—Globe; 11—UPI; 12—UPI; 13—Wide World; 14—Wide World, UPI; 15—UPI; 16—Galaxy, Nat Dallinger of Gilloon; 22, 23—AP Wirephoto; 24—Jack Albin of Burchman; 26, 27—Peter Oliver of Topix; 31—Topix; 32—Wide World; 34—Burchman; 35-50—INP, UP, European, Magnum Photos, Jacques Lowe, Wide World, Hans Knopf of Pix, Topix, Del Hayden of Topix, Bob Beerman, Jack Albin of Burchman, Globe; 51—Larry Barbier of Globe; 55—Sam Wu of Galaxy.

"Your *what?*" Astrid almost screamed me.

"Here, let me see what you're read anyway."

Stealthily, like a cornered rat, I bac away.

But, quick as a cat, she leaped, snatched the article.

She flipped to the front page wh Louella had typed her name, cast a l cold eye at me and said, "So! Two seco ago I thought I'd married a genius, an turns out he's nothing but a crook!"

Redemption

I hung my head in shame.

I had nothing to say.

"Nothing but a crook," she repeated.

"The crooked shall be made straight replied weakly. "It says so in the Bi I'll redeem myself. I'll wash the dis tonight."

"It's bad enough that you've lied broken my faith in you," she said, gu ing down a giggle; "don't come i my kitchen and break all the dish too."

"I'll tell you what I will do then," I s

"I'll answer your impossible questi

"Not in six minutes, but tonight, very night I promise I'll write it all do all by myself, all about the Fifties, a wh long article that I might even print Modern Screen, and I won't steal a wo not a single word, from anybody, not e Louella.

"And you know what it'll be about?

"The really wonderful thing that h pened in the entertainment world the Nineteen Fifties—Youth. Vita Y-O-U-T-H.

"A great big shot in the arm of Elvis Frankie and Tommy and Connie and Ric and Fabian, all turning loose on the w weary old world of the Fifties a wh circus wagon full of old-time joyful sing and dancing.

"And it'll be about the moody, qu ones too, the strange ones—all the k from Jimmy Dean to Tuesday Weld said to the tired old world of the Fift "Listen, World, we may not be the w you think kids should be, in fact you m think we're kookie as Kookie, but in own way we're serious, World, and you got to dig us sooner or later. . . ."

"Sooner or later," Astrid cut in, appreciate it if you'd listen to me, too one second. Now before you get carr away (and I do mean by the man in white coat) will you please find th Christmas decorations?"

Stick around

Well, to make a long story just a bit longer, I still haven't located the th (or was it four?) boxes of last ye colored lights and tinsel, and I still hav written that article for Modern Scr about Hollywood in the Fabulous Fif but I would at least like to say to al you *Merry Christmas, Happy New Y and stick around for the Sensati Sixties.*

irst Love

(ontinued from page 27)

That day began with a song, a sad song. nette was staying in bed late that morn-g, listening to her record player spinning laintive tune of loneliness and dream-about the date she would have with ul Anka that evening. She had often nired his singing, often thought about n, always wanted to meet him. Then expectedly, Irv Feld, Paul's manager, to thinking that these two kids would it off beautifully, and he arranged a ner date for them. Tonight was the ht.

She lay in bed, listening to Paul's voice, amily imagining what their date would like, what Paul would be like.

What would come of their meeting? uld they meet, be stiffly cordial and n never see each other again? Or would re be a spark and would the lights go in their eyes and would they want to each other again and again and again? nnette, one of the more fickle young ies in this world, had gone out with and en attracted to many boys. But though was sixteen and had often been kissed. ie of her romances had been lasting.

The one serious crush she'd had was an 'older man' of twenty-six, a camera-n named Jack who worked for her dio, who had promised to wait for her. nette was fifteen then. But this dream s shattered when he upped and married ly this year . . . leaving Annette broken rted.

She had never fallen into the tender p of love with a boy her own age, but he bait were attractive she was willing h, so willing—to be captured.

Perhaps tonight would be the night Annette was going to surrender her heart. . . .

I'm just a lonely boy . . . Lonely and blue. . . .

Paul's song interrupted her reverie and Annette smiled to herself and promised herself that Paul Anka would not be lonely tonight . . . !

That first date

But this promise wasn't easy to keep. At first, they were both lonely . . . and shy. Whenever their eyes met, Paul and Annette would smile softly at each other and then quickly shift their attention to the tablecloth. Both nervously fingered the silverware and both were looking around the room for familiar faces they never found.

"Isn't Dick Clark great?" asked Paul, in a desperate attempt to get a conversation going.

"I'm in love with Dick," answered Annette, in a rush of relief at having *anything* to talk about. "He's wonderful and I'll never be able to thank him for everything he's done for me. I can't wait until he gets out here this summer to make his film. You know, Paul, my secret ambition is to be in that picture."

"I'll be here then, too," Paul said enthusiastically, "to make my first film. I wonder what it will be like?"

It may have been a slow beginning, but they soon found they had a lot to discuss with each other—the movies, the record industry, Irv Feld, the weather, Fabian, food, the new house Annette was about to move into, rock 'n' roll, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. They stopped looking for other faces and began to concentrate on one another's.

If I get my way, dreamed Annette in the semi-darkness of the restaurant, *this lonely boy is never going to be lonely again.*

Too bad I've got to leave town so soon, Paul wistfully thought. *This girl is too good to leave behind. . . .*

And all too soon Paul led Annette up the short walk to her front door. The evening drew to a close. Without saying a word, they both knew instinctively that they would be seeing a lot more of each other. Paul didn't want to end their relationship with just one dinner engagement and Annette was anxious to see Paul under more informal circumstances.

Annette leaned expectantly against the door. Paul edged closer and murmured, "Thanks for a wonderful evening. I'll call you as soon as I can."

Then he silently turned away, headed back to his car, and drove off, remembering the sweetness of Annette's shining smile. . . .

Up in her room, Annette tossed about in her bed, wondering about the last few moments of her date with Paul. She was certain he had been about to kiss her, but had hesitated at the last moment. She wondered why. She was perfectly willing to kiss a boy on a first date, if the boy meant something to her. And though she hardly knew Paul, she was certain that he was going to mean a great deal to her. She really suspected that he liked her too . . . maybe he didn't want her to think he was too fast, she decided . . . But she wished he had kissed her. . . .

Perhaps her guess was wrong and Paul's sweet good-bye had just been the cue for a hasty exit? Perhaps she was drawing too many conclusions from just one brief encounter? Perhaps she ought to turn over, she told herself, shove her head under the pillow and forget she ever met Paul. . .

But those doubts need not have worried her. For Paul had been completely captivated by Annette; he found her so nat-

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED MARIO LANZA:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

2. I LIKED ERROL FLYNN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

4. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE PAUL ANKA:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

5. I LIKE TROY DONAHUE:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

6. I LIKE JIMMIE RODGERS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

(see other side)

ural and unpretentious, yet so grown up.

Courting time

From then on, whenever Paul flew into Hollywood, he would rush down the airline ramp and dash into the nearest phone booth to buzz Annette and tell her that he was on his way over. Suddenly Annette's time became Paul's time. She looked forward to Paul's infrequent visits, although there were moments when her happiness would evaporate with the sudden realization that their romance was existing almost by remote control.

The rare dates they managed to share were memorable, though. Like the night at the Palladium Ballroom. What made that occasion so special was that they were able to dance all night unrecognized in a crowd of over a thousand. If they were noticed, they just seemed like any other young couple in love.

Then there was the exciting 'grand tour' evening Paul planned when he got back to Hollywood after a long absence.

This night to remember began with a multi-course dinner at Paul's rented house. This time, in contrast to their first awkward meeting, neither Paul nor Annette was self-conscious. No spoons rattled and no knees shivered. They just basked in the enjoyment of being together again.

After dinner, on an impulse, they changed into bathing suits. They splashed in Paul's swimming pool for an hour and came out gay and light-hearted.

Then Paul whisked Annette to a local amusement park. Riding anything which moved, throwing at anything which stood still and laughing at anything at all, they emerged from the park at closing time happier than they had ever been together.

The next morning Annette told a girlfriend, "What a fabulous personality Paul has. He sure can show a girl a good time . . . and can he kiss . . . !"

Her friend was convinced that Annette was finally shedding her fickle nature.

The romance begins to cool

But even as Annette was bubbling over about what a marvelous time she'd had, she was already beginning to feel a slight change in her feelings about Paul. They certainly had fun times together, no one could deny that, but that magic something that had put stars in her eyes when they first met was beginning to dim a little each time they were together. She was beginning to see Paul with clearer eyes now and in a different image.

"Perhaps," a doubtful Annette began to realize, "Paul is destined to become a platonic friend. Somehow I can picture him more as my brother than my boyfriend. . . ."

It was a painful realization and it took courage for Annette to admit it but the pain now would be nothing compared to a later heartbreak.

And Annette did not want to hurt Paul. She was determined to make the change subtly. For a while nothing seemed to be any different than before.

Then, without warning, they had an argument, the same silly sort of problem that so often manages to push a wedge into a teenage romance.

The argument took place not in California but in New York. Paul was opening in a Syracuse nightclub the same week that Annette was appearing in a rock 'n' roll revue in nearby Albany. Annette had promised to commute to the club to catch Paul's act and he was anxiously anticipating her visit.

But Annette never arrived. Her show, which co-starred Frankie Avalon, had run an hour overtime in response to an enthusiastic crowd and Annette had decided that it wouldn't be fair to arrive only time to catch a small portion of Paul's a

But she was tired from the grueling pe formance and put off calling Paul un the morning. When she finally did, P was angry but willing to accept her e planation. She repeated her promise show up that night.

But fate and another enthusiastic a dience combined to prevent her from g ting to Syracuse. Paul was upset about incident and for a couple of weeks, th kept out of each other's way.

Finally they mutually apologized a picked up their friendship as if it ne had been interrupted. But as far as Anne was concerned, that's just what it w friendship. Those weeks of being aw from Paul only reinforced her feeling t for her, the romance was dead. She lik Paul very much, yes, but definitely a friend; she could never think of him a sweetheart again.

But before she had found the right m ment to break the news to Paul, fate tervened again. Both were signed for D Clark's national musical road show seven-week cross-country caravan wh thrust them together in daily contact.

Reports from the just-concluded t indicated that the embers are still smo dering and that Paul is trying to fan spark where a flame once blazed. Th are spending their off-hours together, aw from the watchful eyes of potential crit

If they should beat the odds and mana to rekindle the glory of their first love mantle of doubt will nevertheless have shroud their romance; a carbon copy ne is as genuine as the original.

Annette's in Walt Disney's SHAGGY D
Paul's in GIRL'S TOWN, *MGM*, THE P
VATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, *Warner Br*
Permission to quote Paul Anka's so
LONELY BOY *given by Spanka Music Co*

---

7. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

8. I LIKE BETTE DAVIS

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE GARY MERRILL:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

9. I LIKE THE KINGSTON TRIO:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with them
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

10. I READ: 1 all of the **FABULOUS FIFTIES**
2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 completely 2 fairly well 3 very little 4 not at all

11. I READ: 1 all of **LOUELLA PARSONS**
2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 completely 2 fairly well 3 very little 4 not at all

---

12. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE ..... **NAME** .....
ADDRESS ..... STREET .....
CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

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Parrish (see right)

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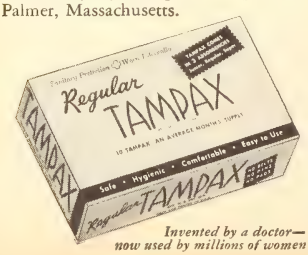


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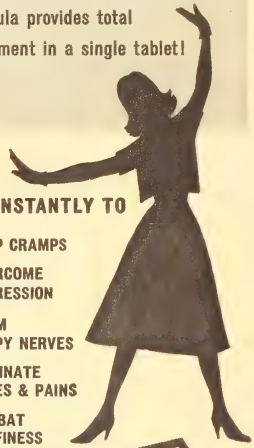
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q I've been reading a great deal about **Cary Grant**'s date with young Las Vegas chorines, air-stewardesses, etc. Has Cary ever considered dating a woman of his own age?
—J.W., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

A *Not for the past twenty years.*

Q What's the scoop behind the report that **Kirk Douglas** threatened to walk out of the movie *Strangers When We Meet* because **Kim Novak** and director Richard Quine kept carrying their personal problems onto the set?
—J.L., ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.

A *Kirk couldn't walk out of the picture because of contractual demands. He was upset at any delays which might have kept him working overtime since he had other projects demanding his attention.*

Q Is it true that **Lauren Bacall** was finally able to get over her infatuation with **Frank Sinatra** by strictly adhering to the adage that time heals all wounds?
—S.M., BUTTE, MONT.

A *Her friends say Miss Bacall's philosophy was 'time wounds all heels.'*

Q Is the **Roger Moore** marriage heading for stormy weather?
—C.C., NEWTOWN, CONN.

A *The rains came. But, the Moores are reconciled—for now.*

Q There was a great to do in the papers about *Happy Anniversary* not being able to get a production code seal unless the words, *"It was wrong. I shouldn't have taken Alice to that hotel room,"* were added to the finished print. I saw the picture—and somehow **David Niven**'s voice sounded different when he said them. What caused this difference?
—F.E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A *"Niven's voice" sounded different because Niven refused to do his own dubbing on the principle that the addition of lines was juvenile and insulting to audience intelligence.*

Q I read that **Ray Anthony**, **Mamie Van Doren**'s "ex," is intent upon making **Lana Turner** his next bride. Any truth to this?
—E.C., RICHMOND, VA.

A *Ray is intent, Lana both amused and uninterested in the whole idea.*

Q I haven't read too much about **Pat Boone** lately. Is he still as hot with the fans as ever? Or is he fading out now that **Fabian**, **Bobby Darin**, etc., are leading the field?
—S.F., WOODMERE, L.I.

A *Pat's popularity is at a nice steady stage. It is the consensus of opinion in the music business that he's passed the teen-age idol stage, and will develop into a sure and steady* **Perry Como** *type.*

Q I saw **Gregory Peck** in *Beloved Infidel*. As Greg Peck, he was gorgeous; as F. Scott Fitzgerald, he was a bust. Since Peck always seems to fight for his rights with directors, why didn't he insist that Fitzgerald be played as the disintegrating man he was in his later years?
—S.B., CAIRO, ILL.

A *Greg did fight for his rights. His director, who wanted a less strong and virile character, went down for the count.*

Q Why has **Alan Ladd** put his foot down about his son **David** working in any more films? Is it because David was getting too much publicity?
—C.S., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO

A *No—not enough formal schooling. Alan will allow David to make films—but only during the summer months.*

Q Did **Liz Taylor** use any of her personal influence to get **Eddie Fisher** the role of her piano player in *Butterfield 8* —or is this casting an added publicity gimmick for the picture?
—A.M., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A *All her influence.*

Q I read your story on **Beverly Aadland**. What do those in the know in the movie industry feel will be her professional future, after all the **Errol Flynn** publicity has been forgotten?
—B.H., PLEASANTVILLE, MO.

A *Oblivion.*

Q Why did **Janet Leigh** accept a tiny part in *Psycho?* What is the reason for her feud with **Vera Miles**, who is in the same picture?
—G.L., ALBUQUERQUE, N.MEX.

A *Although Janet gets killed off in the second reel, her role up until then is a meaty one. No feud, just some dissension as to who would get top billing—Janet, with the bigger name, Vera, with the bigger part.*

This is the picture the public went wild about in nationwide Previews!

James Garner and Natalie Wood

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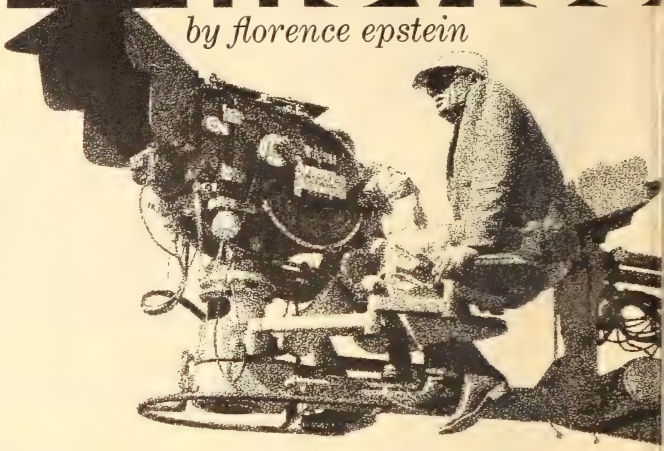
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new movies

by florence epstein



BEN HUR

a tale of the Christ

Charlton Heston
Stephen Boyd
Haya Harareet
Jack Hawkins
Sam Jaffe

▪ From the very first moment of Ben Hur the view is dazzling. Indeed, the prologue—scenes accompanied by narration of the birth of Christ—is of breath-taking, overwhelming beauty. Immediately after begins a story which, although it is nearly four hours long, rarely drags and never lets you down as far as emotional excitement, suspense or climax are concerned. Ben Hur (Charlton Heston), scion of a rich Jewish family of Judea, welcomes the new Roman Tribune to his city. The Tribune, Messala (Stephen Boyd), is his boyhood friend and Heston hopes that the tyrannical hand of Rome will soften under his rule. But Boyd believes that Caesar is divine; Heston believes with the Jews that there is only one God. Conflict between these former friends is inevitable. Although this is the story of Heston's conversion to Christianity, it is, on the surface, an adventure story packed with action. Boyd, to teach other Jews to submit, condemns Heston to a galley and throws his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Incredibly, it seems, Heston survives three years on the galley. Then during a sea battle he rescues Commander Jack Hawkins who takes him to Rome and a new life of splendor. Filled with hatred for Boyd and lust for revenge, Heston can't rest. Returning to Judea he meets his enemy in the arena where they both enter the chariot race. It is a brutal, highly exciting event. Afterward Heston is still unsatisfied; he has yet to discover the whereabouts of his mother and sister. An ex-slave, the girl he now loves (Haya Harareet), knows that they are lepers living in a valley of Untouchables and she tries to spare him by saying they are dead. On the same day that Christ is to be crucified Heston leads them out of the valley. This movie cost a fortune to produce and it looks it. It is a magnificent spectacle.—MGM

(*Continued on page 72*)





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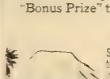
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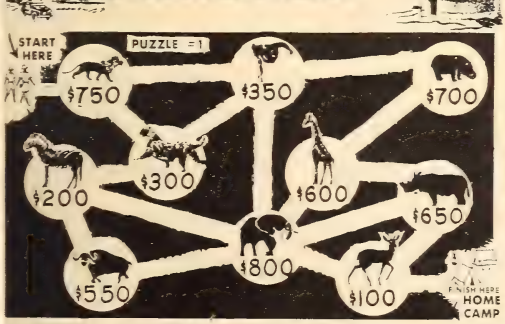


Everyone in the family may enter—see the Rules. You'll have fun and adventure solving the puzzles together. The sample solution to the right shows you how to collect $3,250 worth of animals—quite a bag —but see if you can do better! Read how to solve basic Official Puzzle #1 below—work out your own solution—then use one of the Free Entry Coupons to mail in your solution. Have a friend or relative use the other coupon and you may win an extra $1,000.00 Cash — see "Bonus Prize" to the right.

HOW TO SOLVE PUZZLE #1



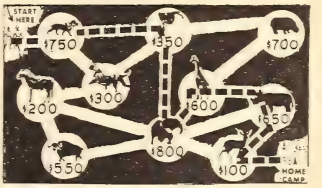
Simply trace the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated by HOME CAMP along the white Jungle Paths. Select the dollar value indicated for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. There are ten Clearings in this puzzle. Visit no Clearing more than once. Collect the largest total dollar value of animals you can.



SAMPLE SOLUTION

This sample solution shows you how to collect $3250 worth of animals by visiting 6 "clearings". Now see if you can collect a larger sum yourself!

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	$350
	$800
	$600
	$550
Total Value of Animals Collected	$3250



OFFICIAL RULES

1. HOW TO ENTER—Solve basic Official Puzzle #1 shown at left. Send in your solution on ONE of the Free Entry Coupons. Thereafter you will be required to solve four additional basic Official Puzzles similar to Puzzle #1 — which will be mailed to you individually upon receipt of your solution to each preceding puzzle. You will be allowed at least one week to solve each of the 5 basic Official Puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind are required to compete through the whole contest for the prizes listed in the paragraphs above, including the Bonus Prize.

2. PROCEDURE FOR SOLVING THE FIVE BASIC OFFICIAL PUZZLES—Each puzzle has paths which are "Jungle Paths". The white circles which contain the animals are "Jungle Clearings". Simply trace out the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated by HOME CAMP. Select your route only along the white Jungle Paths. Each animal in each Clearing is worth a certain amount (in money) as indicated in each Clearing. In each Clearing collect the dollar value for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. YOU MUST NOT VISIT ANY CLEARING MORE THAN ONCE. Therefore, you cannot travel on any jungle path which will cause you to collect any animal more than once. List on one coupon for each puzzle the dollar value of each animal you collect in the order you collect the animals. Add up the dollar values of the animals you collect in each Clearing and indicate this TOTAL VALUE OF ANIMALS COLLECTED ON THE COUPON FOR THAT PUZZLE. Do not add the dollar values of animals from Clearings you do not visit.

3. OBJECT OF GAME—is to collect the largest Grand Total Dollar value of animals for all Contest Puzzles in accordance with the rules.

4. WHO MAY ENTER—Everyone may enter except contest's employees, agencies related and others connected with the contest or anyone who has won over $400 in any puzzle contest prior to August 1, 1959. Everyone in family may enter, but only one entry per person. There is only one SAFARI contest: do not enter more than once.

5. JUDGING—No judging will start until all eligible contestants have made in their solutions to all five basic Official Puzzles. When judging of the five basic Official Puzzles has been completed, the solution with the largest total dollar value of animals collected in each of these puzzles will be sent to each contestant who completed all five puzzles, thus affording each contestant the opportunity of seeing his own solution.

6. TIES—are expected in which event all tied prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Tied contestants will be required to solve one or more Free Tiebreaker Puzzles not to exceed four in all, after which ties still existing will be declared and will be awarded. Tiebreaker Puzzles will be similar to the basic Official Puzzles but more difficult. Specific instructions for procedure and scoring will accompany each Tiebreaker Puzzle. Each succeeding Tiebreaker Puzzle will be mailed to tied contestants only if ties still exist after judging of the previous Tiebreaker Puzzle. At least 5 days will be allowed for solving each mailed Tiebreaker Puzzle. Contestants may be required to solve one or more Tiebreaker Puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a shorter designated period. No purchases or payments will be required with Tiebreaker submissions.

7. PRIZES—will be awarded in the basis of the highest total score. Grand Total Value of Animals collected, submitted for all Contest Puzzles in accordance with the rules. Whoever achieves the highest Grand Total Score will receive First Prize. Whoever achieves the second highest Grand Total Score will receive Second Prize, and so on until all prizes have been awarded. There is only one First Prize, one Second Prize, one Third Prize, etc. for a total of 100 prizes.

8. GENERAL—Entries must be postmarked no later than February 15, 1960. Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified. You may draw by hand a facsimile of the entry coupon and use it to enter. Illegible or incorrectly scored solutions will be disqualified. Sponsor reserves the right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes and to extend the closing date for entries by not more than eighteen weeks, and to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest and to insure fairness to all contestants and all contestants agree to be bound by same. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. All submissions become the property of sponsor and will not be the result of each contestant's own skill except for help from the contestant's own family. Judges' decisions final. Sponsor is not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money is not deposit. Each contestant must keep a record of his or her puzzle solutions to submit to the contest director if requested. List of winners available as soon as final judging is completed. Winning solutions will be certified by Ernest & Ernest, outstanding independent firms of Public Accountants.

PUZZLE #2 WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN JUST 15 DAYS.

$1,000 BONUS PRIZE

Get someone else to enter this contest and you and your relative will both receive $1,000 Cash if you win First Prize. To prove you are responsible for your friend or relative entering have him print your name on the back of his Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupons NOW. The Free Entry Coupon which your friend or relative uses must be mailed in separately together with his own or her own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Continued on page 122

THIS COUPON FOR A RELATIVE OR FRIEND

MAIL TO:
AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 2066, GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar values of the animals you collected in Puzzle #1 in the order in which you collected the animals.

NAME _____
Please Print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ I ENCLOSE STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. Folded in thirds.

5

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself For Your Records	$
	$
	$
	$
	$
Total Value of Animals Collected in Puzzle #1	$

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE



VITABLEN
High Potency Capsules
This Free Entry contest is sponsored by The VITABLEN Corporation, distributors of VITABLEN High Potency Capsules.
We hope you enjoy this contest and the next time you need vitamins you will purchase VITABLEN.

YOU ENTER ON THIS COUPON

MAIL TO:
AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 2066, GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar values of the animals you collected in Puzzle #1 in the order in which you collected the animals.

NAME _____
Please Print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ ENCLOSE STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. Folded in thirds.

5

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself For Your Records	$
	$
	$
	$
	$
Total Value of Animals Collected in Puzzle #1	$

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

This lady of the night has taken her last walk!



The swinging purse . . . the swaying hips . . . the sensuous body against the lamp-post . . . then, the sudden glint of a knife . . . a choked scream . . . fleeing footsteps *and over and over he would repeat his brutal, compulsive act of killing!*

THE MOST DIABOLICAL MURDERER IN ALL THE ANNALS OF CRIME! HE BAFFLED THE GREAT SCOTLAND YARD, THE CELEBRATED ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON... *THE FILE ON JACK THE RIPPER HAS NEVER CLOSED.*

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

JACK THE RIPPER

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents "**JACK THE RIPPER**" starring LEE PATTERSON • EDDIE BYRNE • BETTY McDOWALL • EWEN SOLON

Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER • From an original story by PETER HAMMOND and COLIN CRAIG • Produced, Directed and Photographed by ROBERT S. BAKER and MONTY BERMAN

A Mid-Century Film Production • A PARAMOUNT PICTURES RELEASE

SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

n this issue:

'arties, Parties, Parties

\ Talk With Lana Turner

Cookie's Bank Account



David Janssen is so much fun at a party, and Louella predicts he'll soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Zsa Zsa Gabor's escort, Hal Hayes, was without a place card.



Lovely Cyd Charisse and (right) Dana Wynter in fabulous maternity gown.



Merle Oberon (holding son) and husband (right) hosted the lavish party for the Henry Fords.



Aly Kahn flew from New York especially for Merle's party.



Poor Martha Hyer (here with Richard Burton) was robbed!

PARTY *of the month*

Merle Oberon's party, in her Bel Air home, honoring the Henry Fords was not only one of the largest and most lavish of the season—it was packed with drama and excitement from start to finish.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave, you must have read the headline stories about how **Zsa Zsa Gabor** arrived with Hal Hayes (whom Merle had not invited) and for whom she had no place card. Nor did she write one. When Zsa Zsa and her escort later departed in a huff—it hit the headlines. But enough of this. It's been argued pro and con by the experts—and as a close friend of Merle's and a guest in her home I promised not to discuss it.

But this was just one of several eventful happenings of this eventful evening.

Aly Khan had flown out from New York with his current girl friend, Gwinella Riva (a Swedish beauty but she makes her home in Paris) especially for Merle's party. So when Aly's former wife **Rita Hayworth** showed up, every eye was on this interesting "threesome."

Strangely enough, the suspense did not last long. Aly and Rita chatted like old and good friends and when the dancing started after the formal sit-down dinner, Aly asked Rita to dance with him.

Martha Hyer, beautifully gowned in a long picture-portrait black velvet dress, had a ball—until she returned home that night and found she had been robbed of $80,000 worth of priceless paintings, jewelry and furs! Poor Martha collapsed when she found out that among the looted treasures were her prize Renoirs and Utrillo oils.

Meanwhile, back at the party (to paraphrase the TV westerns) there was never a dull moment even up to midnight when Senator John Kennedy arrived and immediately was the center of a circle of friends and relatives, including his sister Pat (Mrs. **Peter Lawford**), Pete, and **Frank Sinatra**.

Aly Khan was also noted dancing with **Kim Novak**—which brought to mind that they had also been a spark in each other's lives at one time—last summer it was, when Kim was in Europe. But the flame seemed to be banked when Kim and Aly danced and chatted, and his girlfriend had nothing to be jealous of any more than when Aly danced with Rita.

Almost all the women were arrayed in the most fabulous gowns from such designers as Sophie, Mainbocher, Fontana, Dior and others. So I was really amazed when one of the prettiest women, wearing one of the loveliest gowns and coats, Mrs. **David Janssen**, told me she made every stitch of her ensemble!

(Incidentally, everyone is crazy about the Janssens and I admit I'm a fan of David's popular TV show *Richard Diamond*. Ellie and David are so much fun and she gets a laugh when some friends call her "Sam," the sexy telephone gal on David's show. Mark my words, David will soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV. He's a young **Clark Gable**.)

As usual—it's a habit with her—**Cyd Charisse** was one of the most beautiful women present and **Tony Martin** is always so proud of her.

It was really a party of parties and the young Henry Fords, who had come to the Coast to be the godparents of Merle and Bruno Pagliai's adorable little adopted son, certainly got an interesting close-up of Hollywood before this evening was over.

"Just Good Friends" at Las Vegas

Debbie Reynolds stuck to her code of never dating a married man until he is divorced" (as she told me in my interview with her, which is on page 24 of this issue) before she appeared with millionaire Harry Karl as her escort in Las Vegas. It was about a week after Joan (the former Mrs. Harry) Cohn divorced Karl that Debbie resumed the dates she was having with him before his surprising and short) twenty-five day marriage to Mrs. Cohn.

Debbie was in Las Vegas at the invitation of **Shirley MacLaine** to take part in the big *Operation Typhoon* charity affair staged by Steve Parker and his *Japanese Revue* stars of the New Frontier to aid Japanese sufferers of the recent typhoon. With their usual generosity, many Hollywood stars including **Bob Hope**, **Donald O'Connor**, **Lucille Ball**, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** and others, flew up to take part in the show and buy many of the fine prizes auctioned off from the stage.

Looking cute as a button arrayed in white tie and tails and top hat, Debbie did a dance number for which Mr. Karl applauded loudest of all. Later, Harry bought a chinchilla coat which was auctioned off for sweet charity, and presented it to Debbie! She keeps insisting to me that she and Karl are "just good friends" and I think she means it. But I'm beginning to believe it's deeper than that on *his* side and if he can change her mind—he will.

I think a special bow goes to Lucille Ball (getting back to the show for *Operation Typhoon*) who almost stole the evening with her superb clowning. Lucille is *not* a happy girl these days. There is trouble between her and Desi Arnaz, although both half-heartedly deny it. But she put her personal problems aside to come up to Vegas and help Shirley and Steve raise money for this worthy cause. She's a fine girl, this "Lucy"—and here's hoping Desi wakes up before it's too late.



She's a fine girl, this "Lucy," and we're hoping Desi wakes up to it.



Congratulations, Dorothy and Jacques. (Dorothy is expecting the Stork.)

"A Baby Is Coming"

I kept saying that **Dorothy Malone** certainly *looked* pregnant. And Dorothy kept denying that she and **Jacques Bergerac** are expecting a baby. We kept up this jolly little game for about two weeks.

Then, one morning, to my desk came a beautiful large white orchid to which was attached a white satin streamer with ABC printed in gold letters—and a note reading:

Dear Louella: You are quite right, Jacques and I are happily expecting a baby in May. In case you are curious, the ABC printed on the streamer means. 'A baby is coming.'

Congratulations, Dorothy and Jacques. And thank you for the charming way you verified my story that Dorothy *is* expecting the Stork.



Kookie had a funny answer when questioned about marriage and Asa Maynor.

Kookie Can't Afford Two Combs

Never let it be said that **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** hasn't kept his sense of humor through his suspension troubles at Warner Bros. (which I'm sure will be settled by the time you read this).

When I asked "Kookie" if he planned to marry **Asa Maynor** any day now, he cracked:

"The answer is—*no*. I can't afford two combs."

Edd is very grateful to Warners, the studio that discovered him and gave him his big chance on *77 Sunset Strip*. It's just that he can't get along on his $284-per-week take-home salary. That may seem like a good salary—and it is outside of the acting profession. But with all the expenses even a young actor is heir to, and the front he is expected to put up, it's small pickings.

Edd has really been up against it financially speaking. For one item alone, his tuxedo, cost him $240, almost a week's salary.

Jack Warner, a fair man, offered to up "Kookie" to $750 weekly which is okay with Edd and his agents. But "Kookie" is also hoping the studio permits him to keep 50% of what he is being offered for nightclub and personal appearances. This, my friends, is as high as $10,000 weekly.

Not bad for that cute "parking attendant" at *77 Sunset Strip!*

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Kim was there with Dick Quine (right) and she made up with Kirk Douglas.



Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe sat with Louella.



The Danny Thomases stop to chat with Louis Prima and Keely Smith.

More Parties, Parties, Parties:

I needed a scooter to get around to all the social events of the month. Come to think of it, maybe I should have taken up **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes'** offer to ride on his motor scooter (remember I told you about that last month) to cover all the ground.

There were *three* big ones on the same night—and that takes a bit of doing even for me—but I made 'em!

First doorbell we rang was at Anne and **Kirk Douglas'** big wingding at their home for **Simone** (*Room at the Top*) **Signoret** and **Yves Montand**, her husband, a fine French entertainer making his Hollywood debut at the Huntington Hartford Theater a few nights later.

Everybody but *everybody* was there—but I'll admit I was surprised to see **Kim Novak** considering that she and Kirk had been reported feuding all during the making of *Strangers When We Meet*.

Kim said, "Come with me, Louella"—and just to prove there were no bad feelings, she marched up to Kirk and gave him a big kiss! Mr. Douglas didn't mind in the least. Of course, Kim was with her 'heart' (also her director) Dick Quine.

Anne Douglas had decorated her house in red, white and blue flowers in honor of her approaching American citizenship. This set **Tony Curtis** off to drumming *Yankee Doodle* on the toy drum of the Douglas' child, much to the amusement of **Janet Leigh**, who looked stunning in red chiffon. In the crowd I saw **Steve Allen** and **Jayne Meadows, Judy Garland** and Sid Luft, **Dinah Shore** and **George Montgomery** (Dinah in one of her long Paris gowns), **Gene Kelly** with Jeanie Coyne (methinks this is a new romance—Jeanie is his former dance assistant); the **Gregory Pecks** and **Jean Simmons** and **Stewart Granger.** I told you *everybody* was there.

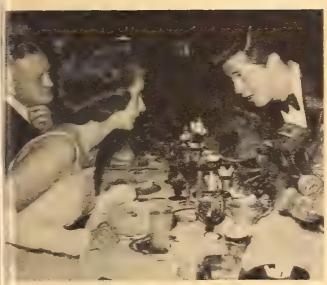
Hated to tear ourselves away from the Douglases, but on to the dinner Jack Warner gave for Vice President Richard Nixon and his so attractive wife Pat. The Nixons are always welcome visitors—if you can call them visitors. They hail from nearby Whittier, California.

I can tell you our Vice President has a very good and most flattering memory. He said to me, "The last time I saw you was in the elevator in the Waldorf Towers in New York. Do you remember?" *I* certainly remembered—but I hardly expected he would.

But time was ticking on, as much as we would have liked to linger on at this interesting affair, we were due at the WAIF Imperial Ball, one of the big charity affairs of every season with proceeds going to the fund for orphaned children of Europe. **Jane Russell** is a guiding light.

When we arrived at the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton, **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** with his date, pretty **Dorothy Johnson**, the **Bob Stacks, Donna Reed,** Tony Owen and the **Danny Thomases** were already seated at our table.

The guest of honor was her Imperial Highness Princess Marie Cecilie of Prussia, a very pretty seventeen-year-old blonde whose par-



Kookie found the Princess charming.



Charming date, too—Dorothy Johnson.

nts accompanied her to Hollywood and per-
nitted her to make her bow to society at this
worthy occasion.

I had made arrangements for "Kookie" to
e one of the young men to dance with the
rincess. He was a bit nervous about it—but
ame, and they made such an attractive couple
n the floor that the cameramen kept their
ashbulbs popping all during the dance.

When "Kookie" returned to the table he told
ie the Princess was a charming and vivacious
irl and a good dancer—and "What a hand-
ake she has!" I knew what he meant a few
oments later when I met her and she gave
y hand such a hearty grip it nearly took me
ff my feet.

I was also very much impressed with the
rincess' mother, Grand Duchess Kira, who
egged those of us who were presented to
er to sit and talk with her a moment. I asked
er if she and her family were movie fans.

"We see few motion pictures," the Grand
uchess replied tactfully, "but we like those
e see."

I nominate for STARDOM

Even his MGM bosses were impressed when, following the sneak preview of *Home from the Hill* (stars **Bob Mitchum** and **Eleanor Parker**) 221 preview cards out of the 300 distributed, read *A new star is born in George Peppard*—or words to that effect.

The good-looking blonde graduate of **Marlon Brando**'s alma mater, Lee Strasberg's Actors' Studio in New York, was waylaid by eager teenage fans who told him, "You are now a big movie star."

"No," said the flabbergasted George, "I'm just an actor." I say some actor—to make such a splash in his first important screen role even if he has made his mark on Broadway in such hits as *Girls of Summer, The Pleasure of His Company* and on TV in *Little Moon of Alban*, the **Alfred Hitchcock** shows and several *U.S. Steel Hour* presentations.

A most amiable and easy-to-know young man, George gets hot under the collar about only one thing: the criticism leveled at young actors (particularly the 'method' group) for the way they dress in jeans, denims and sweat shirts.

"I often wore jeans to interviews with producers for the good reason I *couldn't afford to buy a good suit!* And this is true of the majority of young actors struggling for a break—including some girls like **Diane Varsi.** When we first start making money, we need it for our studies, not for flashy wardrobes." So there!

George Peppard is his real name and he was born in Detroit, Michigan, the son of a (late) building contractor and Vernelle Peppard, a former opera singer and voice coach. After graduation from Dearborn High School, in his native city, and several years at Purdue University, George headed for New York and the Actors' Studio. Shelley Winters' play *Girls of Summer* was his kick-off hit. Yes, girls, he is married. Helen Davies has been Mrs. P. since 1954.





Lana Turner likes Fred May (left) better than any other man she knows, but neither of them is thinking in terms of marriage—not right now, anyhow.

A Talk With Lana—

I asked **Lana Turner** just how serious she is about Fred May, the good looking and reputedly wealthy businessman whom she is dating constantly. "I like Fred better than any man I know. But his divorce won't be final until February—and neither of us is thinking in terms of marriage," Lana told me.

"He has two children—which means *obligations*—and so do I."

I said, "You certainly have no financial worries with all those millions coming in from *Imitation of Life*, Lana."

She laughed, "So far I haven't seen any of those millions, but I'm told I'll get the money. When it comes it will be very welcome."

Marilyn's Husband and Marilyn's Script

No matter how politely **Gregory Peck** worded his reasons to me for walking out of *The Billionaire* with **Marilyn Monroe** before the picture started at 20th, the truth is:

He was burned up with the way Marilyn's playwright husband Arthur Miller was rewriting the script, building up Marilyn's role with each click of his typewriter.

But, behaving like a gentleman, Greg told me, "I read Norman Krasna's original story and that is what I signed to make. I have not seen the rewritten version.

"What I object to is that the rewriting is holding up the starting date which was supposed to be November 1st. Three quarters of the month is gone and we still are not into production. I have signed a contract to star in *The Guns of Navarone* in Greece late in December—and I can't wait any longer for *The Billionaire*."

Spoken like a gentleman, Mr. P.—and very nice, except that I don't believe a word of it.

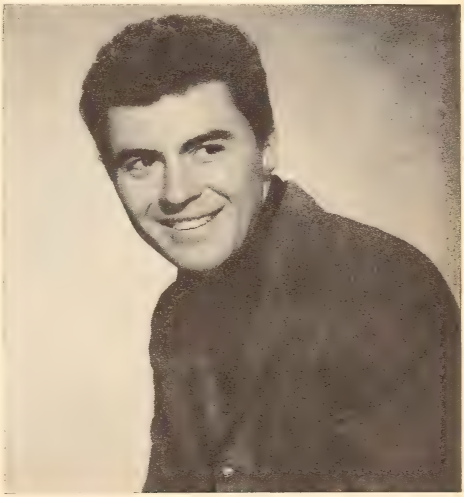


Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller were on their way to Hollywood here—and to those script changes.



Childhood is for laughter, as one reader poignantly reminds us, but even Evelyn Rudie's mother and father admit that "Eloise" is not like other children.





Interesting problem—the similarity of the names of Bobby Darin and Jimmy Darren. Do you get them mixed up?



LETTER BOX

What a heart-breaking thing that nine-year-old ***Evelyn Rudie*** *should be so worried about her career that she landed in that silly publicity stunt and trip to Washington, writes* Mrs. E. Derringer, Tacoma. *Childhood is for laughter—not tears or tears. It's cured me of wanting to put my little girl in the movies or TV.* Wise words, Mrs. D. . . .

Cleo Van Zandt, Miami, has an idea: *I'm crazy for both* ***Bobby Darin*** *and* ***Jimmy Darren.*** *But the similarity of their names, I think, is bad for both of their careers. Before they go on and become even more famous—why doesn't one change his name? Particularly as both are now actors in the movies, as well as singers.* Does everyone get these boys as mixed up as Cleo thinks . . . ?

I saw Pillow Talk *with my sixteen-year-old boyfriend and it made both of us blush,* postcards Evelyn Greer, Madison, Wis. Well, Evelyn, if this amusing comedy makes you blush—keep away from the French movies now on display. . . .

Dee Dee, Atlantic City, asks: *Do you feel as I do that* ***May Britt*** *is the next* ***Greta Garbo***? No. . . .

Personal to Purveen, Karachi, Pakistan—Thank you for your kind words about this department and about Modern Screen, written in excellent English for which I compliment you. I am sorry if you, such an ardent movie fan, are not receiving replies to your letters to **Elizabeth Taylor, Pier Angeli, Hope Lange** and **Susan Hayward.** Perhaps they will read of your disappointment here—and write to you, such an interesting fan from

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Who's picking on who? The press on Ava Gardner? Or vice versa? Here she's slamming the door on reporters.



One fan thinks Rock is slated for marriage in 1960, but it's doubtful—he was badly burned the first time.



Tony Randall is an actor who can be amusing and romantic at the same time.

such a far away country. . . .

Why do you of the press pick on ***Ava Gardner****?* snaps Bob Weill, Boston. If you ask me, Bob,—it's Ava picking on us of the press, particularly as she now has it in her contract that she can walk off her new movie set if any reporter shows up.

I worked out ***Rock Hudson****'s future by numerology,* pens Peggy Brown, Cleveland, *and the numbers say he will be married again in 1960.* Want to bet? Rock was badly burned in his first marriage. I doubt if he'll try matrimony again so soon. . . .

Tony Randall *is just wonderful! One of the few actors who can be amusing and romantic at the same time,* enthuses Mrs. Vivyan Oldfield, Dallas. *Why isn't he a star?* The next time you look at the billing, Mrs. O., Tony may jolly well be a star. . . .

Odessa McDaniels, Duluth, writes: *I cried my eyes out when I read that* ***Bob Hope*** *is completely blind in one eye now and is losing the sight of the other.* Wait a minute—Bob himself says that report is greatly exaggerated. He has lost about 50 percent vision in one eye and the other has not been affected

Sally Phillips, Homestead, Florida, begs the fans not to forget the great **Mario Lanza.** *Though he did some things at the height of his fame that seemed wrong, his was a great talent. I believe all admirers of Mario can best express their sympathy to his bereaved family by buying, and then buying more, of his wonderful records.* That is a very fine idea, Sally. . . .

Has somebody in authority clamped down on ***Tuesday Weld****?* postcards Jimmy Steiger, Brooklyn. *Haven't read much nonsense about this wild kid this month.* Maybe some latent good sense came to her rescue. But don't count on it. Where Tuesday is concerned, she can erupt again any minute. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

hard-working hands



BEFORE TRUSHAY—
Photograph, skin unretouched,
October 26, 1959

heal twice as fast



AFTER TRUSHAY—
Same hands,
skin unretouched,
October 30, 1959

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY with silicones

Kitchen tests prove it . . . with women just like you! Hard-working hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay.

What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay protects your hands against detergents and through every chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the **heavy-duty** lotion for hard-working hands

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!





LOVELY JANE POWELL must keep her hair looking soft and shining at all times for her many television appearances and screen roles. That's why she always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-manage in any hair style. Shouldn't you use it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water.
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme — never dries — it beautifies — now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



On the next 4 pages Modern Screen brings you the real truth about two Hollywood teenagers—Beverly Aadland and Tuesday Weld—who learned about love from men three times their age—and lost...

CAN A TEENAGE GIRL LEARN TOO MUCH ABOUT LOVE TOO SOON?



AT 17 MY LIFE IS OVER



■ The girlfriend really wanted to say, "Look, Errol Flynn is dead. The funeral was two weeks ago. He's gone, Beverly. Sad, tragic, heartbreaking as it is, the man you loved and lived with for two years is gone. And it's time you realize that now, and try to pull yourself together."

But aloud she said, instead, "You've barely touched your salad, honey. Here I take you to lunch at—ahem, excuse me for bragging—one of the most expensive restaurants in Hollywood. And what do you do? You sit and look at your food like it was a decoration, a display . . . Now come on. Perk up and eat a little. This isn't on any expense account, you know. This is on *me*, your old hard-working chum!"

Seventeen-year-old Beverly Aadland looked up from her plate.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just not too hungry."

"I'll make you pay for your share of this if you don't eat," her girlfriend said, laughing.

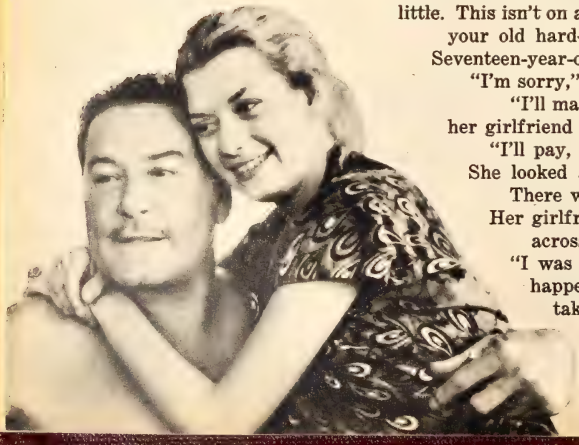
"I'll pay, if you want," Beverly said.

She looked away.

There were tears in her eyes.

Her girlfriend stopped laughing and sighed and reached across the table for Beverly's hand.

"I was teasing you—" she started to say. "Hey, what's happened anyway to the gal who used to be able to take a joke and who could—" (*Continued on page 79*)



Beverly Aadland thought she was



carrying Errol Flynn's child...



Tuesday



AT 16 I KNOW I'LL NEVER HAVE A HUSBAND OR CHILDREN

■ Actually, Tuesday and John met on the set of *Spartacus* at U-I Studios. Tuesday, wearing one of her famous beatnik outfits that day, levis, sweat shirt, sandals and mix-master wig, was visiting the set with a friend, Marsha. John, in the picture, was doing takes on a scene with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier.

The introduction was made between a pair of takes by Marsha, who had known John for several years.

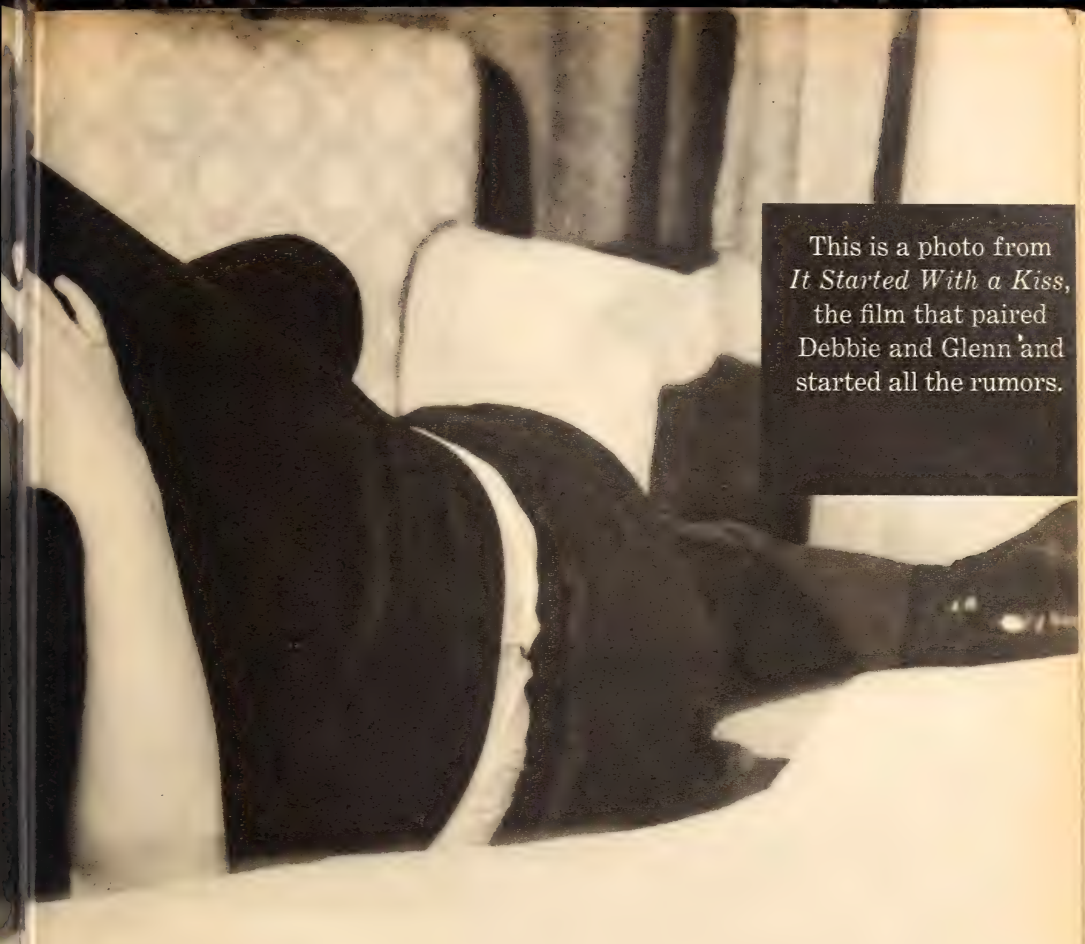
It was a very uneventful-seeming introduction, short and sweet. John said hello, Tuesday said hi, John turned to talk to Marsha for a few minutes, and then he went back to work. As he did, Tuesday sighed. "He's the (*Continued on page 54*)



Weld was shattered when John Ireland said good-bye...



What is the truth about Debbie
Now, in a personal heart-to-
friend Louella Parsons, Debbie
Glenn Ford away from the sets



This is a photo from *It Started With a Kiss*, the film that paired Debbie and Glenn and started all the rumors.

Reynolds' private life today? heart talk with her long-time confides all: "I have never seen of the three pictures we have

(*Continued on page 53*)





He was alone now. The people who'd been with him a few minutes earlier—the press agent, the man from the record company, the musician or two—had gone to their own rooms. What laughter and talk and congratulations there had been about the show he'd done that night were over. The hotel room was empty. And he was lonely, so terribly lonely . . . He was nineteen years old and far away from home and from the girl he loved and he wondered what he was doing here, anyway. In this strange room. In this strange city. This night. Far from Greensboro, North Carolina, and the life he knew. Far from the great, big, beautiful, glorious future everybody had been predicting for him. Smack in the middle of *what*, he wondered—of *what?*

He walked over to the phone. He wanted to call May. He wanted to say, "Honey, this is Billy. I'm comin' home. I'm tired of being Crash Craddock. I want to be Billy again, your husband again. I miss you, honey, and I love you and I'm comin' home to you."

But his hand left the receiver before he even picked it up.

Without looking down at his watch, he knew that it was late—well after midnight. That May, busy working all day at

(*Continued on page 63*)



Crosby

220 N. Layton Dr.

THE HOUSE OF TERRIFIED WOMEN

A few miles away from the big house at 220 N. Layton Drive, Beverly Hills, the beautiful girl sat up in her bed. It was 10:40 o'clock of this mild and lovely Saturday evening, November 7th, 1959. The others, in the rooms flanking hers, in the stretch of rooms down the long and silent hallway—they were fast asleep by now. But she was not. She was sitting up, and she was

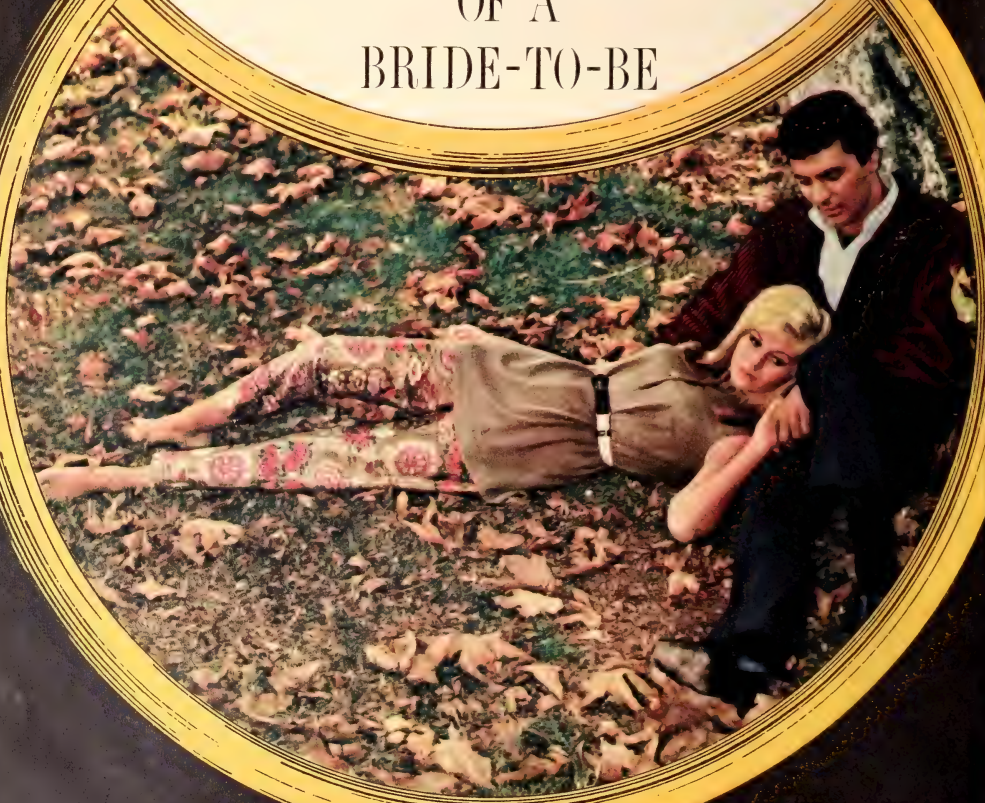
(*Continued on page 70*)



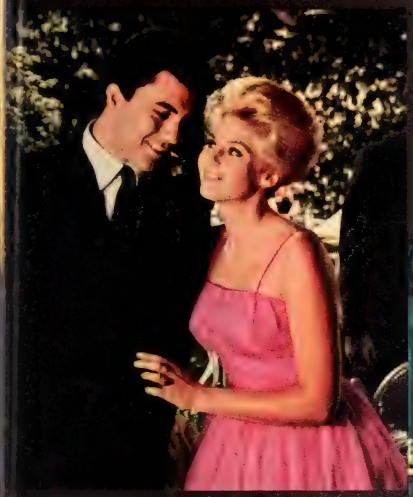
Evy Norlund and Jimmy Darren

A young engaged girl, her heart bursting
with happiness, can have a strange problem.
You see, Evy Norlund has no one near to share her joy;
she has no one with whom to share the

INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE-TO-BE



Evy's outfit . . . Mr. Pants



Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme

Rings by Artcarved





Ballerina Bridal . . . a Maurer Original

Mrs. Jimmy Darren, Mrs. Jimmy Darren. . . . These words, like an unforgettable melody, keep singing in Evy Norlund's mind as she makes her plans for her coming marriage. All the while she is thinking of important things, big things, like her trousseau ("So many lovely new clothes . . . I want to look beautiful for him always. . . .") and furniture ("Our bedroom will be the sweetest, most romantic room in the whole world. . . .") and silverware ("We'll eat dinner by candlelight. . . .") and how she'll make Jimmy's favorite dishes ("I hope I can learn to cook the way his mother does. . . .") in a sparkling new kitchen—in the midst of all her planning, these precious words, *Mrs. Jimmy Darren*, keep coming back, and Evy hugs them close.

Her heart is bursting to tell someone how happy she is, how

(*continued on next page*)

Cotton Knit . . . Sacony

Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme







"I want to be everything for him"

Cotton Print . . . Kay Windsor

Print Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme







Evy's in THE FLYING FONTAINES
and Jimmy's in THE GENE KRUPA STORY
and BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG—
all from Columbia.

3 pc. silk suit . . . Sacony

wonderful he is, how much in love she is . . . and yet how apprehensive she sometimes is. . . . But these are intimate thoughts to share with a girlfriend, a *best* friend, and Evy's best friend is 6,000 miles away from Hollywood, back home in Denmark. If Evy were home, she would be confiding now in Hanne Blarke, the girl she grew up with, the girl she promised would be her maid of honor someday.

At home, getting married would mean walking down the aisle on her father's arm, in the dear old church where her childhood priest, Jack Stenberg, had confirmed her, and a lavish wedding reception at the smart Europa Hotel in Copenhagen with *everybody* there, all her family, her three sisters and her two brothers, her sixteen aunts and uncles, her thirty cousins, and the kids she'd gone to school with.

Evy misses all this, not having her family and friends with her to

(*Continued on page 82*)



Knitted Sheath . . . Sacony
Handbags by Etra
Jewelry by Coro



Dress by Kay Windsor

STORE LISTINGS & PRICES ON PAGE 82





■ Don Burnett lay down the newspaper, this summer night a little over a year ago. And as he did his mother, setting the table in the dining room a few yards away, called out, "Almost ready for dinner?"

Don shook his head. "I'm not hungry, Mom," he said. "Don't bother about me right now."

His mother walked into the living room, confused. "Don," she said, smiling, "I've got the roast almost ready . . . You said you were famished when you called before. And I—"

(*Continued on page* **66**)

DEATH OPENED OUR HEARTS

The strange love story of Gia Scala and her husband Don Burnett...

A Modern Screen Photo Scoop!

A VISIT WITH JEAN SIMMONS AND STEWART GRANGER





Jean stars in Universal's SPARTACUS *and will soon appear in United Artist's* ELMER GANTRY.



(Opposite) Lined up on the horses from left to right: Lindsay, Stewart, Jean, and Jamie. (Above) Stewart tries to keep the barbecue under control. (Above right) Tracy smiles good-night to her mommy. (Right) Stewart lends a hand to his pretty passenger. (Below) Stewart proudly shows off a prize Charolais bull calf.





■ Everyone in Hollywood has some method of getting away from it all. Some eat, some drink . . . but some just get up and go! Take Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons. They head south to their own 10,000-acre ranch named Yerba Buena on the Mexican border. There with their three-year-old daughter Tracy and Stewart's thirteen-year-old daughter Lindsay and fifteen-year-old son Jamie, they ride herd, milk cows, try to forget about Hollywood—and guard their privacy. That last is the important matter. When they invited us out, we were very shy about asking, "May we bring a camera? You know . . . our readers . . . your fans. . . ." Jean laughed and said, "Of course," and we were almost at a (rare for us) loss for words. We've wanted to bring you these pictures for so long, we take great pride in presenting the first picture story anywhere on the life of "The Granger Rangers."



In my agony
I kissed the Cross.
I heard a Voice say,
"I am with you."

I BELIEVE I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS



By Annette Funicello / as told to George Christy



■ Even the doctor didn't suspect. He told us everything was all right. It just turned out to be one of those nightmares you hear about and never think can happen to *you*. Nobody expected it.

My brother, Joey, was six and I was nine when we had our tonsils removed in St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California. It was during the Christmas holiday because my mom and dad didn't want us to miss any school. My tonsils had bothered me from the day we moved to California from Utica, New York, where I was born.

The doctor agreed it was a good idea to perform a double operation. Joey and I could keep each other company in the hospital—and at home—while we got well.

Two days after the operation we were released by Dr. King, the kind, soft-voiced surgeon who patted me on the arm and said, "Now, keep up the good spirits. You're going to be all right."

Dr. King walked down the long hospital corridor with us to the front entrance. Both Joey and I carried our overnight plaid suitcases with our pajamas.

At the door, Dr. King said, "Don't they look fine?" as he patted us on the back. My mom and dad smiled. Mom was pregnant with Mike then, and she was wearing maternity clothes. When we got home that December afternoon, we celebrated with vanilla ice cream and fresh orange juice, and I was allowed to play with my Christmas doll in bed until I fell asleep . . .

Mom and Dad were having coffee in the kitchen when Mom decided to take a look into the bedroom to make sure I hadn't kicked off my blankets. After an operation like that, you fall into deep sleeps where you feel so warm you're uncomfortable. So you toss and turn and push the blankets away.

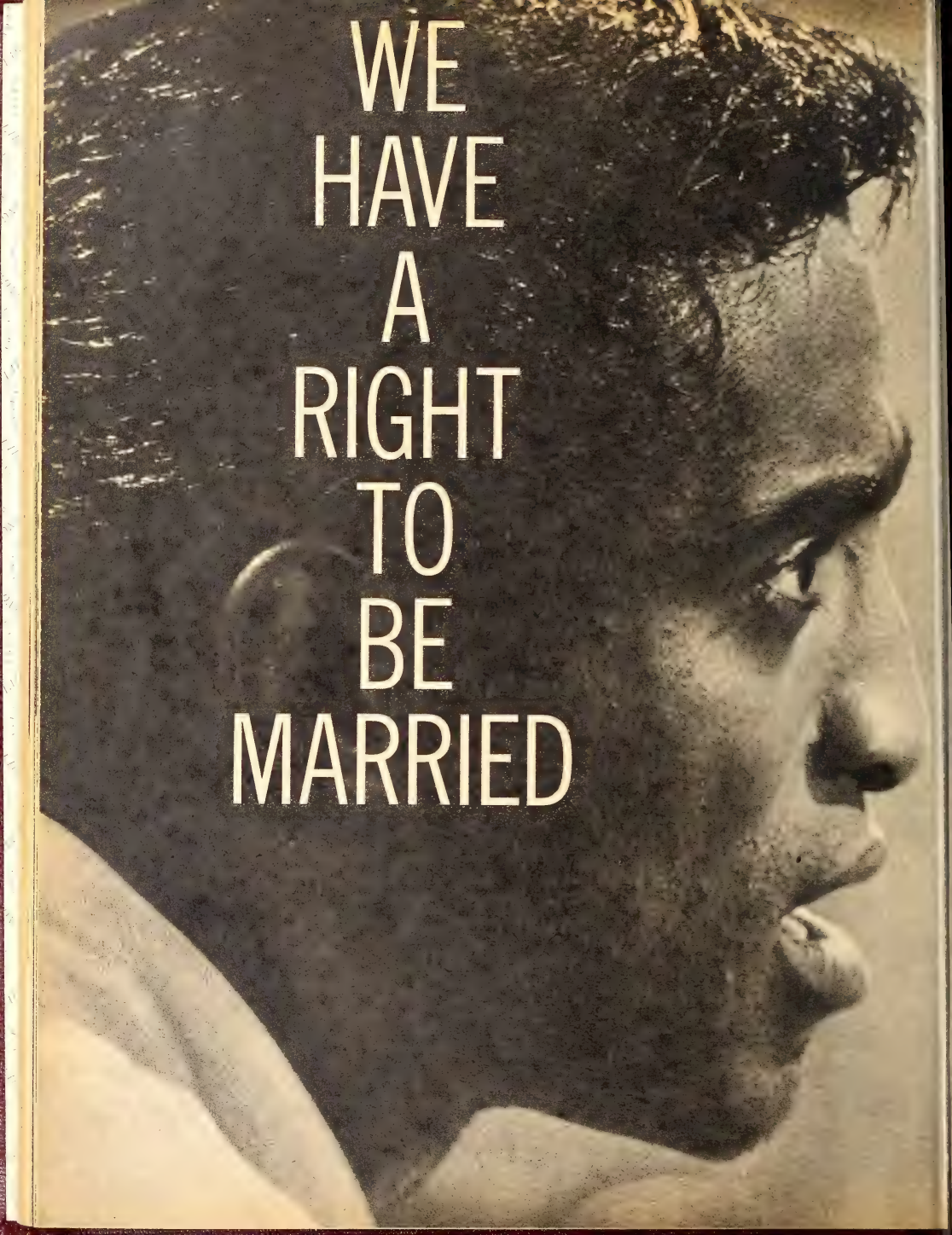
All I can remember is my mother yelling and the hallway light shining into the bedroom. She was standing above me, and I heard her cry out, "Joe . . . Joe . . . Joe!"

"What's the matter?" my father called back from the kitchen.

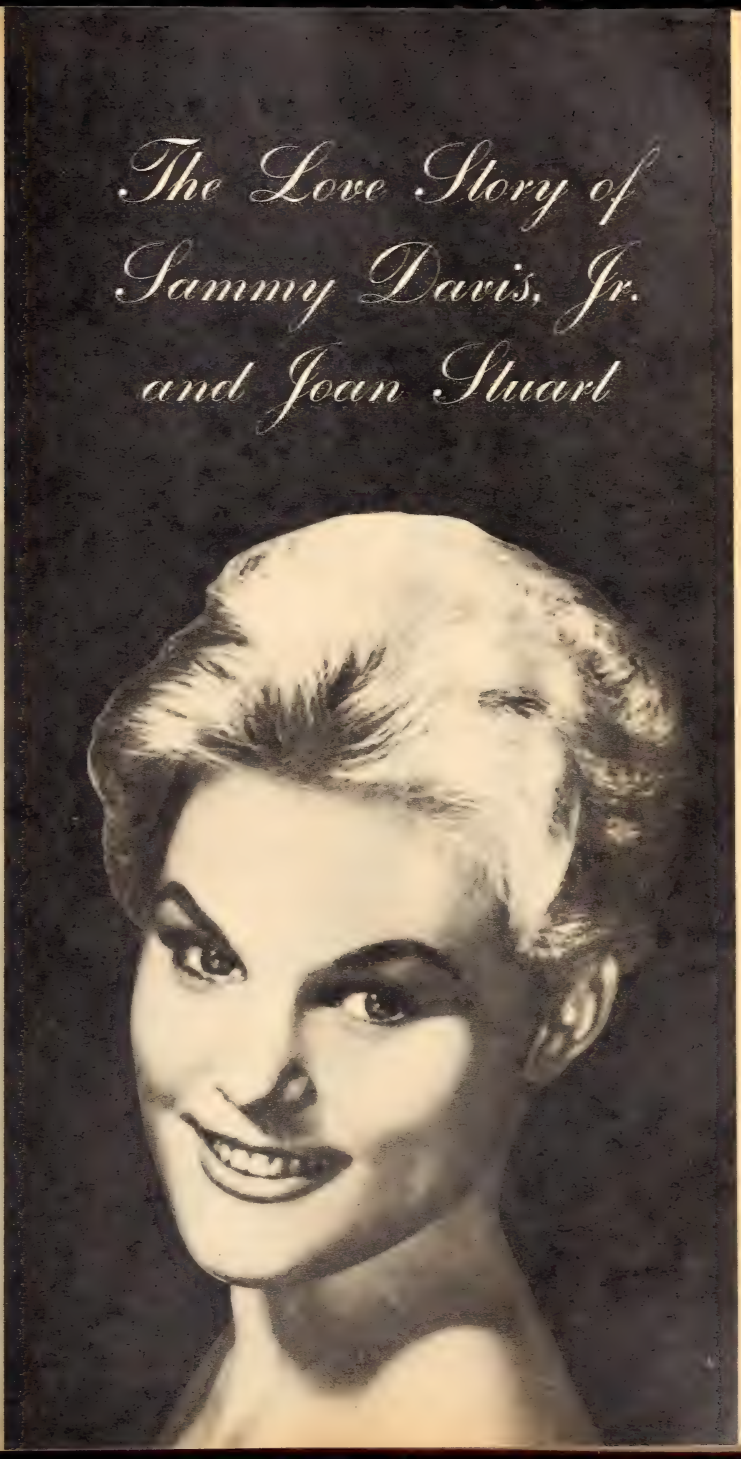
"Joe," my mother sobbed, the shiver of distress in her voice. "It's Annette! She's bleeding!"

My father rushed into the room. He snapped on the overhead light. I tried to speak. I wanted to sleep. Why were they bothering me? But I couldn't talk. My mouth tasted of blood. My pillow was moist and clammy. I looked at it in the light and I saw it was red, dark red, soaked with blood. I was hemorrhaging.

"Oh, my baby," my mother cried as she took me in her (*Continued on page 78*)


WE
HAVE
A
RIGHT
TO
BE
MARRIED

The Love Story of Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joan Stuart



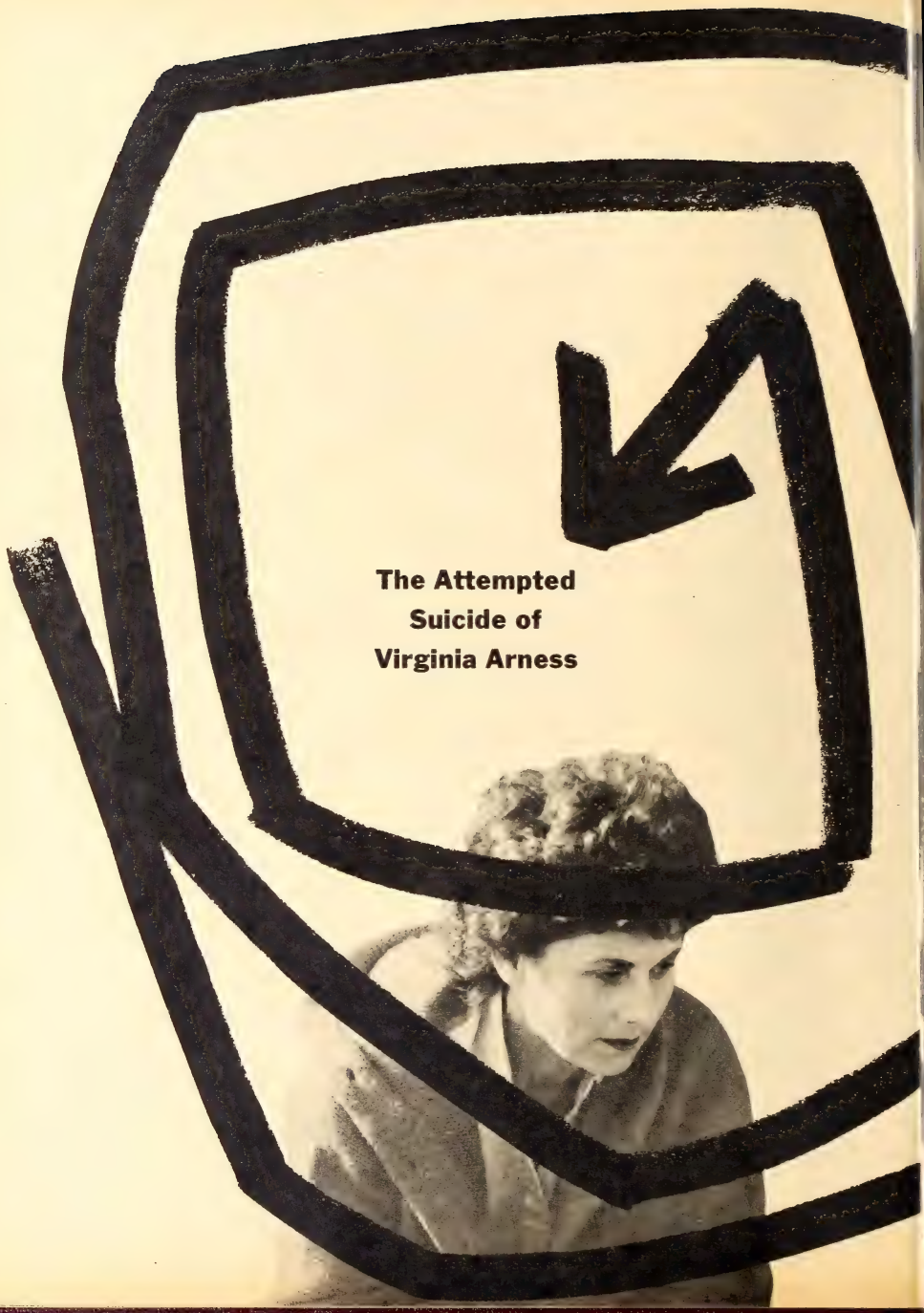
■ Sammy Davis Jr.'s heart wasn't in this cocktail party. He was tired after the long trip from Hollywood to Montreal, tired just thinking about his opening tomorrow night at the Bel Vue Casino, here in the French-Canadian city.

He shook hands with most of the hundred-or-so guests. He laughed at their jokes. Because it was expected of him, he told some jokes of his own.

"I've got to get out of here and grab some shut-eye," he told one of his managers, "or I'm just gonna sit down in that chair over there and this town's gonna know me as Sleepin' Sam."

"Sure, sure, Sammy," the manager said, laughing and taking his arm and leading him through the crowd, to a corner way across the room. "But these kids, they're dying to say hello. Show kids, from some club down the street. And just a few minutes, just

(*Continued on page 60*)



The Attempted Suicide of Virginia Arness

■ "I thought I would die when Jim told me he didn't ever want to come back to me. I *wanted* to die. I could no more live without him than I could live without my right leg.

"I had gone on a trip around the world to forget him. But I couldn't. Wherever I went, I saw Jim's face before me. In Honolulu, on my way home, great, black waves of emptiness overwhelmed me. Years before, Jim and I had been in Honolulu together. I wanted nothing more in the world than to have Jim with me again. Frantic, I called him on the phone. 'Jim,' I said, 'I love you. I can't live without you. Please come back to me.'

"There was a pause. It was agony waiting for him to reply. Finally it came. 'No,' he said, and his voice was like ice. 'No, Virginia, I can't. It's all over.' And he hung up.

"I shivered. In my distraught state I thought, '*There is nothing to live for any longer.*' I was so tired.

The Story of a Hollywood Wife

"I went into the bathroom and took a razor. I lay down in the bathtub and ran the razor over one wrist. There was a terrible sting. Then, with my bloodied hand, I took the razor and slashed my other wrist. I began to black out. I closed my eyes and waited to die."

This is what Jim Arness' wife, Virginia, said. The tragedy of Virginia Arness is the tragedy of a woman who loved her man too much. Divorce is an almost daily occurrence in Hollywood, with heartache its companion. But what would make a woman so despairing on knowing she had lost her husband that she would try to take her life, as Virginia Arness had tried to do? Here is Virginia's own story:

"Jim and I were desperately poor when we got married ten years ago. But we were very much in love, and we were very happy. It was only after Jim had a taste of success as the star of TV's *Gunsmoke* that things began to go very wrong with our marriage. It was when that crazy thing called Hollywood (*Continued on page 68*)



As we go to press, Dick Clark appears to be on the brink of possible trouble. The newspapers are full of the word Payola (trade jargon for bribes). The intimation is that Dick and other deejays might have accepted money or gifts to plug certain records and singers. There are some people around who think Dick is guilty of this charge, and that he has betrayed the teenagers of America. We went to see one of these teenagers—Myrna Horowitz—whom you have undoubtedly seen dancing on The American Bandstand. We wanted to know how Myrna really felt about Dick since the headlines broke...

"Dick Clark I love you—no



■ Myrna is a Philadelphia girl, seventeen years old. When she was six, she was struck down by polio. It was a serious attack, the worst kind of polio. It left her with a permanent scar—an abnormally-thin left leg, still encased in a large steel brace. For years it left a scar on her heart, too; in her spirit. Myrna felt she was not like other girls. Other girls walked. She limped. Other girls ran. She limped. Other girls played. She limped. In Myrna's own words, "I lived in a kind of shell, I guess, a little lonely, afraid, ill at ease."

And then, one day, she met Dick Clark. And things began to change for her.

Myrna told us about these changes when we visited her recently in Philadelphia. It was night, a Friday, about 7:30 p.m. We sat on

(*Continued on page 82*)

matter what you've done!"



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM LOUELLA PARSONS TO ALL DIETING TEENAGE GIRLS

■ I want to say that if the shocking example of seventeen-year-old Sandra Dee's being rushed to the hospital in an ambulance to have her stomach pumped from an overdose of Epsom Salts (to keep her weight down) isn't a lesson to you girls who go in for 'crash diets'—then go ahead, ruin your health!

Frankly, I'm surprised at Sandra, whom I know and like very much. She's always seemed so level headed. I was aghast when I learned that she had been rushed to the hospital as an emergency case suffering from a dangerous attack of gastritis.

I investigated and found out that Sandra had been taking Epsom Salts over a period of a long time to keep her weight down. And after a particularly large dose brought on unbearable stomach pains, she became frightened, particularly as she also suffers from a chronic inflamed appendix, a condition made dangerous by potent laxative.

How many times is it necessary to say to you dieting youngsters—and to Sandra—that these extremes are not necessary!???? Put yourself in the hands of a reputable doctor who will give you a *sensible* diet.

Far too many of you read of where some glamour girl or social belle has lost 'pounds and pounds' on something silly like eating nothing but boiled chalk or—worse—going with no food at all. Then you go ahead and try to do the same thing.

It's a crime against your good health—and I say *stop it.* Don't be little fools! Without good health—all the fame in the world is worth little. I think Sandra has learned her lesson the hard way. I hope you will be as wise. **END.**

LET SANDRA DEE BE A WARNING!



LITTLE GIRL LOST



At seven Evelyn Rudie
played Eloise on television.
It made her a star.
But at nine
Evelyn stamped her foot,
said, "I'm a has-been and
I won't stand for it,"
broke into her piggie bank
and flew off to see Mamie Eisenhower.
Cute?
Not the story behind it!
We think it's tragic.

■ The most wonderful—and probably the most awful—thing that happened to a little girl with a pixie face, turned-up nose and agile mind was when she became the star of a big *Playhouse 90* spectacular at the age of seven and was—briefly—an acclaimed child star.

When Evelyn Rudie Bernauer—her name shortened to Evelyn Rudie—became *Eloise*, she and her parents thought she was going to be another Shirley Temple. Her whole world began to spin in high-tensioned glamour. She could never ever change into a little girl again. She could never ever become a child whose world revolved around Girl Scouts, dolls and simple birthday parties. She was, at the age of nine, to feel she was a has-been, bored with the ordinary things that give other youngsters a charge, unable to build slowly but (*Continued on page 56*)



The two faces of TROY DONAHUE

■ "Troy Donahue," said Sandra Dee's mother, "is one of the nicest, best behaved boys in Hollywood. I have complete trust in him. There are few boys I'd rather see take Sandra out than Troy."

"Every time I hear what a nice guy Troy is supposed to be, it makes me burst out laughing," said a former girlfriend of his. "And it's not just because of what happened to me. Since we broke up, he's been going with Nan Morris for two years. (*Continued on page 73*)

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each with a fabulous trip
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4. The 15 grand prizes and 200 second prizes will be awarded on the basis of a drawing by name, under the direction of an authorized handling house whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.
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The nation's foremost nose is going to the nation's foremost museum.

What more fitting subject for a monument than Jimmy Durante's nose, and what more fitting place for such a monumental nose than the Smithsonian Institution?

The make-up men at NBC took a mold of Jimmy's nose with a liquid rubber material. They then made a cast of synthetic stone, which later will be covered with bronze spray and when dry will be mounted on a bronze plaque.

The stone nose, standing by itself, looked about twice the size of the original.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Durante, "is it really that big?"

The old schnozzola, measured for the first time during the molding operation, is 77 millimeters, or a little more than three inches from the superior (top) to the inferior (bottom). It is nearly four inches from one nostril to the other, going across the bridge.

Although Durante had little to say during the whole operation, he is, nevertheless, very proud to think that his nose, of all the noses in the nation, will be sitting there among all those famous heads in the Institute.

Said Durante:

"It'll overshadow everything else in the joint."

"FOREVER A NOSE"



Debbie

(*Continued from page 25*)

made together," Debbie Reynolds told me, "and all this talk that I am in love with him—or he is in love with me—is just plain *stupid*.

"*I, better than anyone else, know what it means to have another woman break up a marriage.*

"Do you for one minute think that I would be secretly seeing Glenn while he is having trouble with Eleanor Powell? I know him very well professionally and I know her scarcely at all. But even though Glenn and I are friends, my only contact with him has been as co-star of the movies we were making. I like Glenn very much. He is very pleasant to work with and a very good actor.

"But as for a hidden romance—well, that just isn't my code of behavior."

Enough men around

She went on, the words spilling out on top of each other in her indignation, "I won't even see Harry Karl until he is divorced, although I did see him before he married Joan Cohn. There are enough men around without dating some other woman's husband!"

I hadn't interrupted Debbie during this hurling down of the gauntlet because it would have taken a combination of an earthquake and a baby typhoon to interrupt Debbie at this moment. She was angry and she was disgusted.

Debbie and I were lunching at Romanoff's this particular Saturday—Saturday being a 'day off' for both of us. As usual these days, Debbie looked very chic in a bright blue suit she had bought in Spain, a tiny matching hat and veil, and shorty white gloves—the whole fashion bit! Believe me, this gal has come a long way from her pigtails and blue-denim days. But the subject of clothes was *not* on her mind.

Just that morning, before we met at noon, she had read a story in another fan magazine with the startling title, DEBBIE REYNOLDS WILL MARRY GLENN FORD. Wowie!

Even before we ordered, Debbie was off and running. She said, "The person who wrote it must have been out of his mind. The whole thing is sheer insanity. How dare they print such complete falsehoods!"

And then she went on to tell me heatedly the comments which lead off this story. In fact, she was in such a huff and a puff both the waiter and I wondered when she would give her order. And as so much emotion is hardly conducive to digestion, I suggested we get on with our diet meal—and change the topic, at least temporarily.

That wasn't hard to do because Debbie had just signed a contract for a *million dollars* for a series of TV spectaculars and if it hadn't been for that distressing fan magazine story, she would have been jubilant. In fact, she *was* jubilant.

I couldn't help wondering if the fact that Elizabeth Taylor had just made public that she is to receive a million dollars for making *Cleopatra* didn't add to Debbie's delight in grabbing off a million for herself?

Isn't it the irony of fate that the two feminine angles of the most publicized Hollywood triangle in years are in line for a million dollars apiece—everybody but Eddie? Oh, well—he still has time. He's never looked, or sung, better.

Now that she was in a financial mood Debbie told me, "I get $300,000 and five percent for each of my four TV shows. It's the most money I've ever earned," she smiled happily. "It means so much security for Carrie Frances and Todd," she added.

"I'm really a completely happy woman now," she said with sincerity. "I have my children, and my work, and my health and I manage to have a good time, too."

I laughed, "*That* I'll not deny! How you've changed from that stay-at-home girl you used to be."

Then she said something rather surprising. "Perhaps the change isn't as deep as you think—except outwardly."

And I knew what she meant. I think in the beginning, after the first blow, when Eddie Fisher came out and said he did not love her, that he loved Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie went all out to prove she wasn't as badly hurt as all of us who love her *knew* her to be.

Laughter a little too forced

Perhaps, in her confusion and hurt, Debbie went overboard. One day when I went out to MGM to visit her on the set of *It Started With A Kiss*, I'll admit I was a bit surprised at the way Debbie was clowning around.

Between rehearsals she was putting on the hat of director George Marshall and doing tap dance steps. She was kidding with everyone and cracking jokes. And her laughter seemed to be a little too loud and a little too forced.

Nor did she seem to mind the splash of publicity she rated when, on a visit to New York, Bob Neal gifted her with a diamond pin.

More recently she surprised her fans, including TV star Jack Paar and this viewer, by pulling Jack's coat off, making him dance with her and generally staging something of a roughhouse.

When I spoke with her about this later Debbie was a bit sheepish. She said, "Oh, Jack told me not to be stuffy or straight-laced, to let myself go and clown it up a bit. I'm sorry if it was misunderstood."

No one knows better than I that at heart Debbie is not an exhibitionist—it is not in her nature.

Actually she is a shy and retiring girl except when before the camera—or perhaps putting on a show when the Thalians whoop it up for her favorite charity (mentally disturbed children and the new clinic being built for their treatment at Mt. Sinai Hospital).

But when a girl is as bitterly hurt as Debbie was—it's easy to understand how she would not want the world to know how deep the wound went and to keep up a big front.

Now that the big hurt is all gone—at least that is what the lady says, I doubt if we'll get much more of this play acting (for that's just what it is) from Debbie.

The men in her life

Getting back to the men in her life, I said, "Well, if Glenn isn't the one—and I believe you—who is?"

Debbie sighed over her Sanka, then laughed. "We've been over this so often it's beginning to sound like a record. You know better than anyone the way I feel. I don't plan to marry anyone I know now. But I won't say I'll never marry. Being happy in marriage is the only completely happy life for a woman—and that goes for a movie star."

I said, "I think Bob Neal, that rich young Texan, would marry you in a minute if you would say yes." I looked at that famed diamond pin of his glittering on her lapel. "He showers you with gifts and whenever his sister and her husband come to town—you are the only girl he invites out."

Debbie nodded. "I've said so many times how much I appreciate Bob's friendship. He is one of the most thoughtful men I know. When I was in New York he went out of his way to get good tickets to shows I hadn't seen. And when he drove me to



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the airport, just before I got on the plane—he put a jewelry box in my hand. Told me not to open it until I got on the plane. It was this beautiful pin. What girl wouldn't be pleased with this kind of attention?"

If you ask me, as much as she likes Bob—I don't think Debbie is one little bit in love with him. In Hollywood, it is never safe to venture a guess (look at all the 'smart' guys who would have bet their shirts that Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant would never marry) *but* I'm willing to bet my bankroll that Debbie and Bob will never marry.

I'll make the same flat statement about wealthy Harry Karl, even if Debbie does start dating him again after he is divorced from Joan (Mrs. Harry) Cohn to whom he stayed married a brief twenty-five days! Both of these gentlemen, the younger Bob and the more mature Harry, come under the heading of playboys, whether they like the label or not. Another strike against them, they are not actually of Debbie's world—show business.

It doesn't take an oracle to predict that with her career at its very height, where she can command and get $1,000,000 for her services, her work will become more and more important to Debbie. And show people talk a language of their own.

When I had talked with her several months previous to our luncheon date Debbie had told me frankly, "Despite the way things turned out for us, Eddie and I shared years of real happiness and contentment. I was so proud of him when he began to soar to the top and was in such demand for TV and nightclubs."

And, when and if, she marries again, my money says Debbie will be looking for exactly this kind of happiness. Someone of her own world, in her line of work, has the best chance of winning her hand.

"When I think of marriage again—it will be different from the first time," she said seriously. "Then there was just Eddie and me. Now there are my children.

"Every man I am ever serious about again I shall judge by just one consideration: will he be patient and loving and kind to my Carrie Frances—who is still so little, just going on three, and to Todd who hasn't yet reached his second birthday." She laughed, "It's a case of—love me, love my kids."

I had just one more question to pose to Missy Reynolds before we called for the check for our luncheon.

"Debbie," I asked, "when and after Glenn is divorced and he is a free man would you accept some dates with him?"

She gave me a sharp little sidelong glance. "That's not a fair question," she laughed. "He can't possibly be free for a year—California law, you know. Who knows what a year will bring?"

It will bring a lot of success and money to Debbie Reynolds, that's for sure. Will it also bring a new love? That's the question

END

Debbie stars in THE GAZEBO, *MGM, and* THE RAT RACE, *Paramount. Glenn also stars in* THE GAZEBO, and CIMARRON, *MGM.*

At 16 I Know I'll Never Have a Husband or Children

(Continued from page 23)

ultimate," she said, "the absolute ultimate."

"Lots of women'll agree with you on that," said Marsha.

"Who *is* he?" Tuesday asked. "I mean, he's got me all with a pepped-up heart and everything already."

Marsha gave her a quick run-down on the tall, rugged-looking, strangely-attractive actor. John Ireland, she said, had the reputation of being (one) a hyper-individualist and (two) a ladies' man. Regarding the former, Marsha said: "He's a free-thinking, free-talking guy, very salty, very sophisticated, very wild, who does exactly what he pleases, when he pleases." Regarding the ladies—"He's been married twice," Marsha said. "But there've been lots of other loves. Just last year it was Kim Novak. They were crazy about each other. But her studio didn't like it and one day—he was visiting her on the set, you see, and he'd been warned to keep away—and on this particular day two men actually picked him up from under the armpits and threw him out, right onto the sidewalk on Gower Street. John got up and said, 'No woman is worth this.' And that was the end of that love affair."

Tuesday giggled.

"He sounds wonderful," she said.

Marsha nodded. "He is," she said. "Also—I forgot to tell you—he's forty-five years old."

"Oh yes?" Tuesday said, looking away from her friend and back at the action on the set. . . .

To the bitter end

It was two hours later—about 7:00 p.m.—when he came walking over to where she was standing.

"You still here?" John asked.

"Yes," Tuesday said. "Marsha had an appointment and had to go. But I—I felt like staying, to the bitter end."

"We're going to be shooting till midnight," John said.

"That's good," said Tuesday. "I mean, midnight would be the perfect time for us to meet—really meet—alone."

"What?" John asked.

"Would you come home with me after you're finished?" Tuesday asked. "I'd like to be with you. To talk to you . . . You see, you fascinate me. And I hear we're quite kindred in spirit—just like one another."

John cleared his throat.

"How old are you, Tuesday?" he asked.

"Fifteen," she said. "—Sixteen in August."

"Do you know," John said, "that I have a son—let's see—six months older than you."

"Well, how about that!" Tuesday said. Then: "Will you come?"

John looked at her, incredulously, for a moment.

The next moment, he was laughing.

"You're quite a little character," he said.

"I guess I am," Tuesday said, not laughing. "But at least I'm an honest one."

Then she asked again:

"Will you come? I'd like you to come home with me, for just a little while, tonight."

John found himself nodding.

"Yes, I'll come," he said. . . .

"My own place"

"I can scream, play hi-fi as loud as I want, do anything. It's the first time I've had my own place," Tuesday said as she showed John around the new Hollywood Hills apartment. "It's a divine feeling."

"You live alone?" John asked.

"Practically," Tuesday said. "That is, my mother has an apartment upstairs. But she lets this be *my* place. . . . And we get along better this way. We usually get along okay. But we fight sometimes about some of the boys I date, my smoking . . . things."

She walked over to a small bar to pour John a drink.

John, meanwhile, sat on a long couch and picked up a scrap-book from the coffee table in front of him.

It was titled *Me!* and was crammed with newspaper and magazine articles on Tuesday, all written since her arrival in Hollywood only a few months earlier.

John was scanning the fourth or fifth article when Tuesday walked over to him, handed him his drink and sat alongside him.

She looked down at the book and pointed to a line that read: *Says director Rod Amateau—Tuesday Weld has been around for centuries. That's why she knows so much. She cut Samson's hair and kept running.*

She smiled. "That's cute," she said, "isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure is," said John, taking a swallow from his drink. Tuesday reached over and took the book from him and turned the page.

"I think this is cute, too," she said, pointing to something else. She read aloud: *"'I know it looks like I bite my fingernails,' says Tuesday Weld. 'But it's not true. Actually, I have someone come in and bite them for me.'"*

"Did you actually say that, all by yourself?" John asked.

"Yes, I did," Tuesday said.

John began to laugh.

Tuesday looked at him, quizzically.

"Are you teasing me?" she asked.

"A little," said John. "Now let's get back to this publicity folder of yours. . . . What else do you think is cute?"

"Well," said Tuesday, turning another page, "this, what Sheilah Graham wrote: *Tuesday has a Saturday sophistication.* I like that."

She turned still another page.

"But this," she said, *"She's a combination of Shirley Temple and Jezebel*—I don't care much for *that.*"

She turned more pages, continuing to read aloud from here and there and smiling as she did:

"'I hate clothes,' Tuesday Weld will tell you. 'I'd never wear underwear if I didn't have to—and sometimes I don't.'

"'I'm a kleptomaniac. I like to take things—not big things, little things.'

"'I've been dating since I was twelve. Now that I'm fifteen, I guess I know a lot more about men and boys than most girls my age.'

"Quoth the wild Miss Weld: 'I haven't read "Lolita" yet. But everyone keeps mentioning her to me.'

"'I'm part little girl—bigger part woman.'

"'Everybody's trying to make me dignified—and I'm rebelling. My motto is: Obey your impulses!'"

A nice sip of scotch

She looked up from the scrap-book and over at John.

"My impulse right now," she said, "is to have a nice sip of your Scotch."

John shifted the glass he was holding into his other hand, away from her.

"No, ma'am," he said.

"Why not?" Tuesday asked.

"Because you're a child," John said. "And children don't drink Scotch."

"A child?" Tuesday asked, the smile that had been on her face disappearing. "A *child?*"

John nodded, and shrugged.

Tuesday reached forward onto the table and lifted a cigarette from a box that sat there, and lit it and took a long drag.

"I am *not* a child. I am not normal, my life has not been like that of the average girl," she said then, her voice even, almost hard. "It so happens that I've known mature responsibilities since I was a child of three, when I started modeling. . . . That's right, at *three.*"

She took another drag on the cigarette. Her face began to flush.

"Whoa," John said. "Take it easy."

"I began modeling at three," Tuesday said, "because we needed the money. Because my father was dead and my mother had three children to bring up and because we never knew from one month to another if we could even pay the rent on that stinking cold water flat we had to live in. So I was pretty and I went to work. At three. And that's the way it's been ever since. Working. Working. Getting up for assignments at seven, growing up at ten, eleven—"

She stopped and shook her head.

She looked as if she might begin to cry, suddenly.

"My life has never been like the average girl's," she whispered. "And I am not a child."

John sat for a moment, staring at her. He put his hand on her shoulder.

And then he removed it and he put down his half-empty glass and he rose.

"I've got to go now, Tuesday," he said, gently. "It's getting late."

"Yes, I guess it is," Tuesday said, rising too.

She tried to smile again.

"I hope I haven't ruined your evening," she said. "I get like this every once in a while. . . . I'm sorry."

"You haven't ruined anything," said John.

Tuesday walked him to the door.

"Will I see you again, John?" she asked, as he was about to leave.

"I don't think so," said John.

"Whatever you say," Tuesday told him. . . .

Some sort of spell

"He phoned her two days later," says a friend of John's. "It was as if Tuesday had cast some sort of spell on him, and he hadn't been able to shake it. Anyway, he phoned and she invited him over to dinner—chili con carne and salad—and they spent the rest of the evening sitting out in the garden, talking.

"The next day, John told me: 'It's unbelievable. This girl is so sharp, so brilliant. I think she's the most fascinating person in Hollywood today. She loves life, and she has the guts to be herself. She's lots brighter than lots of women I know two and three times her age.'

"It was obvious to anyone who ever saw them together that Tuesday was wild about John. I, for one, think that by the time summer came around (Tuesday was sixteen by now), John was in love with her, too.

"Their fling was a surprisingly secret thing for a while. Actually *quiet* might be a better word. Except for a few friends and the inevitable under-the-counter gossip set who find out *all*, there were relatively few people who knew what was going on between them. During this period, Tuesday and John were two supremely happy people.

"For Tuesday, the girl who had loved to brag about her early dating, her constant dating, this was the first real romance of her life. She convinced herself that it would be first, last and forever. She idol-

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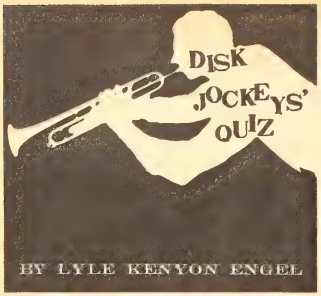
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL



Charlie Murdock, Station WQAM, Miami, Fla.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *Her real name is Clara Ann Fowler. She was born in Oklahoma, sang on local radio, became a top band singer. Biggest novelty was* Doggie In The Window. *Her latest record is* Goodbye Charlie *on Mercury.*

2. *His second name is also the name of a car. He's 18, was born in Houston, Tex., has leading role in the film* Take a Giant Step. *One of his singles was* But Not for Me.

3. *He is the son of a Baptist Minister. There is royalty in his name. He has recorded for Capitol Records for 17 years, with hit records on every type song. His new record album is spirituals.*



Tom Donahue, Station WIBG, Philadelphia, Pa.



Dick DeFreitas, Station WMGM, New York, N. Y.

4. *This trio is composed of 19-year-olds, boy-girl-boy. They met at a party, sang together for the first time; then formed the trio. A hit single was* Come Softly To Me. *Their latest is* Mr. Blue.

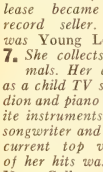
5. *His home town is Philadelphia. He started his career with Art Mooney as a vocalist and then became a winner on the Arthur Godfrey Show. His two big record hits were* Here In My Heart *and* I Can't Get You Out of My Heart.

6. *He's a movie star. His real name is Arthur Gelien and his musical interest is Jazz. His first record release became a million-record seller. The record was* Young Love.

7. *She collects stuffed animals. Her career started as a child TV singer. Accordion and piano are her favorite instruments. She's also a songwriter and is one of our current top vocalists. One of her hits was* Lipstick On Your Collar.



Buddy Deane, Station WJZ-TV, Baltimore, Md.



Paul Brenner, Station WNTA, Newark, N. J.

1. Patti Page
2. Johnny Nash
3. Val "King" Cole
4. The Fleetwoods
5. Al Martino
6. Tab Hunter
7. Connie Francis

ized John—his looks, his brain, his spirit. My thought is that in John she had found not only the one man in the world with all the strong physical attractions and the powerful individual personality that she could so easily fall in love with—but that she had found, too, unconsciously, the father who had been taken from her as a child, whom she'd always been seeking.

"As for John during this period, well, he was having fun again, for the first time in a long time. Career-wise, finance-wise, things hadn't been going too well for him these past few years, and he'd been depressed. Now, in Tuesday, he'd found a girl who could stimulate him, cheer him up. She was, very often, full of mischief, full of kooky ideas—and John went along with them, happily. He learned how it felt to really laugh again. He began to get the same kick out of life that he'd thought had gone from it, for good. For this reason alone, an observer could see how he might easily have fallen in love with Tuesday.

Interestingly, Tuesday's mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, was fully aware of what was going on between her daughter and John, and she gave her unqualified approval.

"John's very protective," she said. "He's the kind of a man a young girl like Tuesday can look up to. He's enough like her so that she can feel as though he's one of her own—yet he's old enough to know how to handle her."

And so it went, all happy and well for all concerned, right through the spring and summer of last year.

Swipes at Tuesday

But then, in September, the whole thing was ended suddenly—by John.

"He did it to protect Tuesday," says one friend. "You can't keep a relationship like theirs under wraps forever—and gradually word of them began to get into the papers. The writers all seemed to think that John's position was 'amusing,' but they all took swipes at Tuesday. (A typical bit of reportage: *Tuesday Weld is becoming a name in the American Cinema. She seems to have everything it takes to make it big on modern Hollywood standards—good drinker, lives it up and is only sixteen. Now if the kid can only get in a real good scandal, she'll be one of our great stars.*) John didn't want to see her career wrecked. He knew how basically important it was to her, this girl who'd known little else but work since the time she was a baby. So he decided to get out of her life—pronto."

"It dawned on John one day," says another friend, "that much as he loved Tuesday, the thirty-year difference in their ages was too great a difference. There was a time he'd talked of marrying the girl, the hell what anybody might say.

"But now he realized that it probably wouldn't be that easy in the long run for either of them."

Some people insist that John didn't eve say good-bye to Tuesday.

Others will tell you that he phone started to tell her that he'd decided to g to Europe—immediately, and that he hun up on her when she started to cry an plead with him to let her see him again.

At any rate, he left.

And everyone waited to see how Tues day would take the shock of his leaving. . .

That television interview

It was two nights later when, a fev minutes before program time, she showe up at the television studio.

Paul Coates, the interviewer, looked a her once, and then again.

The girl was barefoot, her hair was uncombed, she wore a low-cut dress tha has since been described as a "burlap nightie"; she appeared to be lost, as if ir a trance of some kind.

"Miss Weld?" Coates asked.

"Yes," said Tuesday.

"Is this a joke?" asked Coates.

"What do you mean?" Tuesday asked.

"Do you always dress this way for TV appearances?"

Tuesday shook her head, slowly. "No," she said. "I was home. It got late. This is what I was wearing. This is the way I decided to come . . . You look upset. You are. I hope it's not my fault. . . ."

On the air, a little while later, Tuesday upset Coates even more.

She stuck a piece of hard candy in her mouth as the program began, and she sucked on it throughout.

She fiddled endlessly with the straps and hem of her dress.

She spoke softly, mumbled her answers and, more than once she took up to a full minute to decide that "I really didn't understand that question."

At one point, when Tuesday *did* understand the question, the dialogue went like this:

COATES—"Would you ever like to settle down and get married?"

TUESDAY—"No."

COATES—"Why not? Don't you want to have children someday?"

TUESDAY—"Huh-uh. I don't want kids. I don't like them. Not me."

And Tuesday began to smile strangely . . . for deep in her heart she knew she was telling the truth, that somewhere along the line something had happened to her that had destroyed the basic instinct of womanhood for a mate and children. She knew, in her heart, that whatever else —whatever kicks were in store for her—she would always remain unfulfilled. . . .

END

Tuesday's seen in BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG, *Columbia, and* THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, *U-I.*

Little Girl Lost

(*Continued from page 49*)

firmly to a secure, normal future like other children.

Her parents believe that Evelyn may have been born with some magic about her. Her parents are Edith and Emery Bernauer, and Evelyn was born twenty-four years after they were married. At first it was probably a shock to the middle-aged couple to learn they were going to have their first baby. Then they remembered that very often 'change of life' babies are supposed to be set apart from other babies. These babies were often more beautiful, more brilliant (even with a touch of genius) than other babies. Special, indeed.

Their little baby arrived and she was everything they'd dreamed of. Evelyn was always very bright, very precocious. She did everything faster and better than other babies. She walked sooner, talked sooner, and raised in the completely adult world of two older and rather intellectual parents, she had a chance to develop this precociousness. Also, she was thoroughly worshiped by her parents. Their lives now revolved around her.

Emery Bernauer's father, Rudolf (from whom Evelyn got her name), was a big theater owner, had been a writer of stage hits, among them the librettos of *The Chocolate Soldier* and *May Time*. Emery Bernauer was a writer, producer and director of musical shows in Europe. An uncle of Evelyn's is Desmond Leslie, a

British novelist. The woman who became Evelyn's godmother is Fay Wall, once a child actress herself, who had been a movie actress in Germany.

In Hollywood, Emery Bernauer continued to write, but had not been anywhere near the success he was in Germany.

Evelyn's early years

At a very early age, Evelyn was given dancing lessons, dramatic lessons, singing lessons, attended Shakespeare classes (called the Strolling Players) and ice skating lessons. She performed all the time—an elfin, graceful little child who loved to mimic and act, and whose every move was noticed and doted upon by her parents. Her parents enjoyed having Evelyn show off for everyone. "She was always a ham," they recall lovingly. When she was four years old, her ice skating club was supposed to put on a show in Pershing Square, downtown Los Angeles, for a convention. When Evelyn showed up, with her parents, it was discovered that not one of the other kids in the club was there. Some had stage fright, some had runny noses, some were not allowed to perform by their parents. But Evelyn was all dressed up in a short, red velvet skirt, white angora sweater, looking like a doll. All the people were waiting for the ice show. This possibility might have frightened any other four-year-old. Not Evelyn. She got out on the ice as the solo performer and performed for one and one half hours. She spun and spiralled and threw kisses to the crowd. She'd come off the ice for a moment, tell her parents cagily, "That man over there is not laughing, Mommy. I'll make him laugh. I've got to get them all to watch me." And she went out again, blew kisses to the man, had him laughing and applauding and she was happy.

"That showed me," says her father, "that she sure had that theatrical something."

Shortly afterwards Emery Bernauer's brother-in-law, Desmond Leslie, came in from London. Little Evelyn showed off for him and he was entranced. Leslie was invited to the home of Henry Koster, a friend of his who is a big director here, and he asked the Bernauers if he could take Evelyn. They said yes.

When Evelyn was at Koster's house, knowing he was a director, she put on a show for him. She was adorable and entrancing and all that, and Koster turned to Leslie and said, "This kid has to be in the movies." He asked Evelyn if she'd like to be in pictures, and Evelyn replied, "More than anything else in the world, Mr. Koster. If it's all right with my daddy." It was, of course, perfectly all right with Daddy, and with Mommy, too, who were enraptured with the thought of Evelyn being in pictures.

Through Koster, Evelyn got an audition at 20th Century-Fox, where they were looking for a child to play Leslie Caron as a child in the picture *Daddy Long Legs*. Her parents brought Evelyn, all dressed up, to Fox. Evelyn went into her performances. She also bears a remarkable resemblance to Leslie Caron, same tiny nose, same pouting lips, same petite figure. They signed Evelyn for the part, then later changed the script so that there was no child in the picture. Evelyn was very put out at not doing the part, but the producer put Evelyn in the picture anyway, as one of the children in it. Evelyn sang a song with Leslie Caron and she floated for days.

The movie bug

This gave Evelyn the bug. The child was terribly movie-struck! Her parents were also movie-struck. They remember that people on the set said of Evelyn, "She's a real trouper. The kid is talented; she's a mimic and a quick study."

The Bernauers took Evelyn's acting job seriously. They saw that Evelyn was all wrapped up in acting, and they encouraged her. The mother took Evelyn aside once and told her something like this: "You have talent and you can be in the wonderful world of the theater. Show business is a profession. If your talent is to act, you are blessed with a special magic. It is the greatest thing. Show business can be your life."

Her mother began to take Evelyn around to the studios. The child had made a hit at 20th, she did show genuine ability as an actress, and she had a terrific love of acting. Never at any time did Evelyn go to a professional school—she always attended the Gardner Street School in Hollywood, a public school: when she was working she'd have a tutor on the set. Then she'd return to the school.

The kids there have known she's an actress—later, when she became *Eloise*, she was known as Eloise. Some of the kids there, she said, were jealous of her. They didn't all like her. She never had a chance to join the Girl Scouts in school. She didn't join the usual class clubs, she was always too busy with dancing, singing, dramatic lessons, and going to the studios. School work was easy for her, she got good marks, but her mind was always far away from the classrooms, always at the studios.

Getting back to her career: her mother was always taking her around when she'd hear of a studio that wanted a child actress. Fay Wall would coach Evelyn. Although she had some girlfriends in school, she felt most at home with her parents, with Fay Wall, with the adults she met at the studios. Once she invited fifty-five children to her house for her eighth birth-



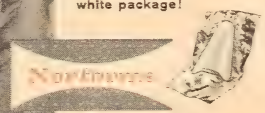
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DRAW LINCOLN'S HEAD
5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for February 1960 contest must be received by February 29. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing of Lincoln today.

day party. A lot of kids—most mothers would have objected—but Mrs. Bernauer likes to give in to Evelyn on everything. When the kids were there, Evelyn assembled them all together and put on a show for them. They were her friends but they were her audience. That's the way she regarded most kids.

Evelyn was asked to appear in Hollywood parades with all their hoopla. More and more she craved the glamour and excitement of Hollywood; school work was simple and unexciting.

Fame approached

Then came her greatest opportunity. Kay Thompson's famous *Eloise* was going to go on *Playhouse 90*. This was two years ago and the biggest acting plum of all for a child. Eloise—the precocious, sophisticated youngster who lived in New York's elegant Plaza Hotel—had become a big hit in book form and in recordings. She was an unusual type of child; not a pretty Shirley Temple child but, well, *Eloise*. It was going on TV as a spectacular. A big cast lined up—Ethel Barrymore, Monte Wooley. The search went on for *Eloise*. Evelyn's parents submitted Evelyn's photo. The NBC studios and Kay Thompson auditioned two hundred kids. Evelyn's father told me, "Evelyn wanted the part very much. She's a real pro. It meant everything to her. When she's waiting for a role, she gets nervous. She starts combing her hair, getting jumpy. She has to be working to be happy."

Kay Thompson saw Evelyn's picture, said, "Well, this one looks like Eloise." Kay went to the Bernauers' home in Hollywood and met Evelyn. The parents played a recording of Evelyn's on tape for Kay to hear. It was a Shakespeare reading in Evelyn's childish voice, but it indicated talent. Kay was impressed. Noticing how the parents hovered over the child, Kay wanted to be alone with Evelyn. She asked if she could take her for the day, to get acquainted with her. The Bernauers beamed. Kay and Evelyn went off. When Kay came back she said, "This is a delightful child. We had a wonderful time together." The Bernauers knew that Evelyn was going to be *Eloise*.

They were right. Shortly afterwards, the studio called and told them that they wanted to sign Evelyn for the role.

Evelyn was thrilled. She worked with a coach extensively. It was a difficult role for a child to do. Eloise was the whole show; she was in every minute of the story. It was *live* television—something that makes experienced actors crack. It was ninety minutes. And she was in big-time company—Barrymore, Wooley, etc. And Eloise, by this time, had become such a well-known figure to America, that the child who played her just had to be perfect. Some forty million people were going to watch it.

Evelyn wasn't frightened. She began to live the part. Never did a child love show business and love the experience of getting up and performing as much as she did. And this was a tough job, for Kay Thompson had made many stipulations of her own. At first, Evelyn was supposed to only *act* out Eloise, with Kay doing the talking for Eloise. This was what Kay wanted, and since this was Kay's property the studio had to adhere to this. It was very difficult for Evelyn to *act* Eloise and mouth the lines, while Kay's voice was dubbed in. It was an ordeal. But she did it. Then, three days before the show was to go on, the director, John Frankenheimer, called Evelyn's father, late at night, and said, "We're going to do the whole show with Evelyn speaking the lines, instead of Miss Thompson speaking the lines. This doesn't give Evelyn much time to learn the lines. Do you think she will do it?"

The father said, "You ask Evelyn. She is a real performer. If you ask her to do it, she will. It will be an even greater challenge to her."

Praise for everyone

Next morning, Frankenheimer asked Evelyn if she was willing to take on the job of learning all the lines in three days. Evelyn said, "Why, sure." She was thrilled with it. She got up and spoke all the lines in the whole play. People watching her were dumbfounded. Ethel Barrymore said, "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. This child is the greatest find."

Another big shot on the set watching said, "Now, we've just seen another littl Mozart. I've never seen an actor do wha this child did."

Evelyn was a hit as *Eloise*. She wa raved about, interviewed cuddled, chin-chucked, adored. There wer *Eloise* dolls, *Eloise* make-up kits, *Eloise* dresses. (Incidentally, none of this mone went to Evelyn—but to Kay. But Evelyn was so closely identified with *Eloise*, tha she revelled in the fact that her name wa becoming a household word.) All sorts o wonderful, beautiful, fairy-tale thing were happening to Evelyn Rudie. She was a real, honest-to-goodness child sta of first magnitude. It was like the days of Shirley Temple.

Fan clubs sprang up in her name. Proudly she signed her name to thousands and thousands of cards and letters to her fans When she walked down the streets—"particularly in New York," she recalls with glistening eyes—she was recognized. Fans —adults as well as kids—surrounded her, swarmed around her; yelled after her. It might have been inconvenient to be stared at, called at and mobbed, but Evelyn absolutely gloried in it. So did her parents. This was what they had dreamed of. She received an Emmy nomination. She was being referred to as the "most important child star since Shirley Temple."

She was sent to New York on four occasions in connection with *Eloise*. She stayed at the Plaza Hotel—the swank hotel where the fictional Eloise resided—and all without charge. The Plaza was very delighted to have her. *Delighted*—they absolutely kow-towed to her! As she says, "Once they gave me their Presidential Suite, the second time the Royal Suite, and once they even gave me the Bridal Suite. It was wonderful. They treated me like royalty."

Evelyn also remembers that she and her mother used to eat in the Plaza Hotel dining room, and everyone would come to her table—and how once there were so many people crowding around her that she couldn't even eat her lamb chop. "I just didn't eat at all that day because of the people crowding around. But I loved it. I wasn't one bit angry with them. I'd do without food any day to have fans recognize me," she said.

Child star

After *Eloise*, Evelyn was still going around with the giddy sensation of being a child star. She appeared as guest on *The Dinah Shore Show, The George Gobel Show, The Red Skelton Show,* on *Alfred Hitchcock Presents,* on *Omnibus*. She worked hard, but as she said then, "I want to breathe the air of the studios." She'd come to life when she set foot inside the studio. She worked hard—but where most people lose weight when working hard, Eloise would eat twice as much when she worked. The child was absolutely exhilarated when working. She had to stay out of regular school, but never for one minute did she miss the normal activities of the kids in school. She was a child star. Everyone felt it was exactly what had been foreordained for her.

She had a co-starring role at 20th in a picture called *The Gift of Love*. Her co-stars were Lauren Bacall and Robert Stack. But, although she did a good job, the picture laid an egg.

While Evelyn and her parents felt that she might be going along on this big surge of *Eloise* popularity and be another Shirley Temple, what had actually happened was that Evelyn's advent into pictures happened at a different time in Hollywood's history than Shirley Temple's had. When Shirley was a child star, it was the thing then for studios to sign up large numbers of actors to long-time contracts. When Evelyn made her big splash, studios were

reluctant to offer long contracts. "Ten years ago," Mrs. Bernauer explained sadly, "the studios would have given a child like Evelyn a contract. Today, they don't." So, where Shirley Temple had a long-term contract and a studio that was anxious to put her in one picture after another, and where Shirley had the rights and royalties to all the Shirley Temple products, the case was different with Evelyn. She didn't have a long-term contract—she had to get one role after another by herself. She didn't get any money from the sale of the Eloise products, because she was, actually, Evelyn Rudie and not Eloise, and Miss Kay Thompson was getting the money.

And since she had no contract, there was no particular studio who felt they just had to get a story property for this bright, precocious little moppet. And TV was suddenly going Western. And a pilot that Evelyn had made hadn't sold. And for nine months, Evelyn didn't do any work.

No longer were stacks of fan mail pouring in at the frame house on Hollywood Boulevard where they lived. No longer were fantastic invitations coming to her—invitations that no other child, no other child but a child *star*, would dream of receiving. Like the time, two years ago, when she had been invited to the White House and had met Mamie Eisenhower. Evelyn had made a Savings Bond short film and was invited on a tour of Washington, and had been invited inside the White House. She had walked right into the White House (other kids her age *read* about the White House, but she was actually *inside* it), and she had met Mamie Eisenhower. Mrs. Eisenhower had been so warm and friendly. She had told her that she and her grandchildren had enjoyed Evelyn in *Eloise* on TV.

She became listless at home. "I want to act again," she told her parents. Her parents were helpless. They begged Evelyn's agent to find her a job. The agent told them that Evelyn had a certain salary level that she had to stick to, and they couldn't help it if there just were no calls at this time for a child actress of Evelyn's fame and salary stature. Evelyn missed the thrills of acting and the excitement. She was nine years old, and the ordinary things a nine year old has in her life bored her. How could she be thrilled at doing a school play as "Cinderella" with the English teacher in charge, when she had done a picture with Alfred Hitchcock in charge. She tried to be excited about school and ordinary normal living, but she couldn't. She just couldn't. How does a child star suddenly turn into a little girl again? Evelyn Rudie found that she couldn't.

No wonder she was restless and unhappy. All she talked about at home was the fact that she wanted to act again. She recalled those glorious, golden days when she was a real, honest-to-goodness child star and had met Mamie Eisenhower in person. "Maybe Mrs. Eisenhower can help me get a job in pictures or television again?" said Evelyn. (This is the account Evelyn and her parents give). "Yes, yes, darling," said Mummy and Daddy, to reassure her. Because life was pretty dull, comparatively speaking, Evelyn and her parents began to live in a world of make-believe. "We'll travel all over Europe—we'll go to the White House—they'll all acclaim you again," said Mrs. Bernauer to her sad little daughter.

The Bernauers say they were only making-believe. Evelyn says she took them seriously when they said "Yes, darling, you may go to the White House."

Mr. Bernauer became very ill with pneumonia and was taken to the hospital. He wasn't around to reassure Evelyn any more. Even her mother, whose whole life and attention was wrapped around Evelyn, now had to spend some of her time with the father. Evelyn loved her father and was frightened when he became ill. She was also desolate because of lack of the assurance from her parents. At least it was something when they'd all sit together on the couch in the living room and talk about Evelyn's great gift and how she had been the greatest child star since Shirley Temple, and how, if it weren't for Hollywood's changing pattern, she would still be the biggest child star, and how sure they were that if she were given another part she would come back as a child star. "This time not only as a comedienne in *Eloise*, but as a great dramatic actress capable of playing tragedy," Mr. Bernauer had said very earnestly many times.

When Mr. Bernauer came home from the hospital, he was very weak. They still talked about going to the White House, but Mr. Bernauer was too weak to make any kind of trip.

Evelyn was afraid they might change their minds. She was getting more and more restless. Evelyn told me, "I felt I had my parents' permission to go to the White House. We had talked about it many times. Maybe they were pretending, but I was sure they meant it. If I asked their permission again, they might not give it to me. One night I decided I must get to the White House to see Mrs. Eisenhower. I was sure that the First Lady of the land could get me a job."

The rest is newspaper fact. Eloise set her alarm for 6:00 a.m., picked up the ticket, got on the plane, her parents notified the police, etc., etc.

Was it on the level or a hoax?

The Bernauers say it was not a publicity stunt. "People forget that Evelyn is not an ordinary child. An ordinary child would not get on a plane and go to the White House to try to see Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. It never occurred to her that what she was doing in trying to get to see Mamie Eisenhower again, was unusual."

Did Evelyn get a spanking for running off? "No," said the Bernauers. "We felt that it was our fault in encouraging her to think that we approved of her going. We had gone along with her thoughts on this, never dreaming that she might do it herself."

Evelyn said she had written a note to her parents when she ran off, but had forgotten to leave it.

Evelyn is back in school again. She is also up for a Warner's TV show, and for other things. She still wants, more than anything else, to be what she once was: a child star. She wants fame and the excitement of the camera. She will never be an ordinary nine-year-old girl. END



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We Have A Right To Be Married

(Continued from page 41)

a few words—it means so much to them, you know Sammy."

Sammy saw her at that moment, even before he reached the corner where she stood with others. She looked familiar, this loveliest-looking of girls—tall, pale blonde, green-eyed.

Instinctively, Sammy smiled at her. And she smiled back.

Of the group, she was the last to introduce herself.

"I'm Joan Stuart," she said, when her turn came.

"Hi," Sammy said, shaking her hand.

"Ahem," she said, embarrassed, when he failed to let it go.

Sammy laughed nervously, jerking his hand back to his side. "Excuse the old worn-out line," he said, "but haven't we met before?"

Joan nodded. "Sort of, in Toronto, a few months ago," she said, "at CBC—when you did your television show. I was doing a show, too. My parents came to visit me one day. We passed you in the hall and said hello."

"Well!" Sammy said, laughing nervously again, and then turning back to the others.

For the next ten minutes, excitedly, the others asked him all sorts of questions; about himself, show business in America, Hollywood, Vegas, about friends of his like Sinatra, Dean Martin, Tony Curtis.

And then, suddenly, a waiter sang out "Last call for drinks!"—and they excused themselves and were gone.

"Some friends you've got," Sammy said, lightly, smiling, turning again to Joan Stuart, the only one of the group who'd remained behind. "Very polite, I mean."

"They're just excited," Joan said. "It isn't often we get invited to parties like this, with big celebrities, fancy canapés, drinks, everything. It's a little hard knowing where to turn first."

Strangely uneasy

"How come you didn't go with them?" Sammy asked.

"I've had a drink," said Joan. "I have two shows to do tonight. One drink is enough for me."

"You sing? Dance?" Sammy asked.

"Dance," Joan said. "Right now I'm working a club down the street."

"I'd like to come and see you some night," Sammy said.

"Would you?" Joan asked.

Sammy reached into his pocket for a cigarette. He was feeling strangely uneasy. "Sure," he said, "you just name the night."

His manager came over to them now, before Joan had a chance to speak again.

"Sammy," said the manager, whispering hoarsely, "the people who're throwing this blast, they want you to go to dinner with them tonight. I've been telling them how pooped you are, but they won't listen. Will you go over and tell them yourself —please?"

Sammy lit his cigarette, briskly.

"Pooped?" he asked. "Who's pooped?"

His manager looked at him, stunned. "Well, it ain't *me* who's been doing the complaining," he said. "You're the guy who was just—"

"Listen," Sammy said, cutting in. "I've got a great idea. If it's dinner we've got to have, why don't we have it at the—" He looked over at Joan. "Where'd you say you worked?"

"The Chez André," Joan said.

"Chez André, that's it," Sammy said. "We can watch Miss Stuart's show first," he went on, "and then, if it's all right with Miss Stuart, she can join us for dinner after the show . . . *Is* that all right with you, Miss Stuart? Joan?"

She hesitated a moment.

Then she nodded.

"See," Sammy said to his confused manager, "it's all settled. Now go tell the people. . . ."

After dinner that night, Joan did a second show and then went with Sammy and the rest of the small party to a coffee house not far from the club.

Sammy remembers

"We sat next to each other," Sammy remembers, "and we talked. We felt close to each other right from the beginning. Joan told me about herself. She was twenty-one, from Toronto. Her folks were conservative people, who didn't want her to enter showbusiness, but who gave in after a while, after they saw how much she loved dancing, how it meant practically everything to her. She'd led a pretty sheltered life, she said. She hadn't gone out on dates much, she hadn't ever had a real boyfriend. When she was fifteen, the age most other girls start going out with boys, Joan was beginning to dance with the Canadian Ballet. This was a rugged life, a strict life, with little time for having fun. Now that Joan was out of the ballet and doing club work, she had more time to herself, she said. And she spent most of her free time reading, or taking long walks up and down streets she'd never walked before, or going to a park and sitting and watching the other people there, the kids mostly. She loved kids, she said.

"Me, when I began to talk to Joan, I felt like a different person. I found that this was the first time I ever sat with a girl and was myself—talking about myself as I really am, not as Sammy Davis Jr., night-club star. I was serious. For once, with this girl, I felt I could let go of the clown face I've had to wear all the time. the clown face people always expect me to wear. I didn't have to be flip and cute. Boy, it was a wonderful feeling, me talking to her, her talking to me. Once we got started, we didn't seem to ever want to stop."

It was dawn when he and Joan finally did stop.

They looked around.

The others had all gone.

Next Month In

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The place was empty except for themselves and a doorman, who sat snoozing on a chair near the entranceway.

"Hey," Sammy said, "what time is it, anyway?"

Joan looked down at her watch. "A quarter after six," she said.

"What do you say we go grab some breakfast?" Sammy asked.

"Oh no," Joan said. "You open in a show tonight, remember? You're tired, Sammy, and you need some sleep."

"Awwwww," he started.

"Don't be a little boy now," Joan said, gently. "Tonight's a big night for you. An opening. Tonight's important."

"Tonight's important," Sammy said, quickly, "only if I know I'm gonna be seeing you again."

"I'd like to see you again, Sammy," Joan said. "This was fun, such fun."

"Better than your books, your walks, your parks?" Sammy asked, winking.

"A little," said Joan, winking back.

They got up, and held hands, and left the place.

And as they did the doorman, still sitting in his chair, opened one eye, watched them, and shook his head. . . .

How can one man be so lucky?

They met that night. And the day and night after. And the day and night after that. They had a great time together, a fabulous time. They drove out to the country. They saw the famous sights of the city. They went searching for out-of-the-way restaurants in the Old French Town. They took a river boat-ride down the St. Lawrence. They climbed to the top of the Hill, and looked down at the city, the river, the fields beyond. And all the time they talked and were together, and got to know each other more and more. . .

The fifth night was different somehow, right from the beginning. Joan, walking with Sammy down Victoria Street, away from her club, noticed that he was quiet, unusually quiet, that he seemed to be worried about something.

"How'd your show go, Sammy?" she asked, after a while.

"Not too hot," he said.

"Are you feeling a little sick?" Joan asked.

"No," Sammy said.

"Then what was wrong?" Joan asked.

"I had something on my mind," Sammy said.

"What?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said.

"Please, Sammy, won't you tell *me* what?" Joan asked.

"I said never mind!"

The words came like a slap. Joan stopped walking and faced him.

"If you'd rather not go anywhere, I can take a cab and go home," she said.

Sammy took a deep breath. "Look, Joan," he said, his voice softer, "what I was thinking during the show, all during the show—it was funny."

"Funny?" she asked.

"I mean you'd laugh at me if you knew what I was thinking," Sammy said. "See?"

"No," Joan said, "I don't see."

"I mean," Sammy said, "you'd laugh if you knew I was thinking about you and me, about us being married, about you being my wife."

"Why would I laugh?" Joan asked.

Sammy took her hand. He held it hard.

"Hey," he said, "hey . . . hey . . . this is all backwards, all cockeyed backwards." Again, he breathed in deeply. "Let me start from the beginning," he said. He shrugged. "I love you, Joan, and I want to marry you," he said.

"I want to marry *you*, Sammy," she said. She brought her free hand up to his cheek, and held it there. "I love you more than anything in life. I feel good when I'm with you. I'm alive when I'm with you. Alive and happy, like I've never felt before . . . Last night, Sammy, after I left you, I went to bed and prayed for only one thing. That the night would go quickly and that morning would come, so I could see you again . . . Oh Sammy, I love you so much. So much."

"My God," he said, throwing back his head, looking up, "how can one man on this here earth be as lucky as I am?"

He laughed now and grabbed Joan and kissed her

And then, after the kiss, he took her hand and they began to walk again.

Problems bigger than most

"We must have walked a couple of hours," he remembers. "There were so many things to talk about. Real things. Problems. I told Joan it wasn't going to be any bed of roses for us, a colored man married to a white girl. She said she knew that. I told her there were going to be lots of uncomfortable moments in her life from now on, that she was going to get a lot of criticism and ridicule and dirty looks, lose a lot of her friends. She said she knew that, too, and didn't care.

"Besides the color problem, there was the difference in our religions: Joan is Catholic, I'm a Jew. I became a convert several years ago. We talked about that, about how strongly I felt about being Jewish, and Joan said that while she would not change her faith she would have our children raised as Jews.

"I remember Joan saying, 'These problems, Sammy—they're bigger than most people's, yes. But we can lick them, Sammy. Love can lick anything. And that's what we've got, to start with, to last us through the rest of our lives . . . Love.'"

They walked on, holding hands, talking.

Till, at one point, they came to an all-night drugstore and Sammy said, "You know what I'm going to do, honey? I'm going to phone my Mom, in Hollywood, and tell her the news."

They went into the drugstore, and Joan waited outside the phone booth while Sammy called.

He was all smiles when he came out.

"What did she say?" Joan asked.

"She said: 'She must be very nice, Sammy, for you to want to marry her in spite of what the consequences might be,'" Sammy told Joan. "Then she said: 'I'm glad for you, son. You're thirty-four years old. You've worked hard all your life, since you were five years old. It's about time you started getting some personal happiness out of this life.'"

Joan smiled, too, now.

"She sounds like a beautiful woman," she said.

"Mom?" Sammy asked. "You'll be crazy about her. Just wait till you meet her."

He paused.

"Joannie," he said then, "about your parents—are you going to call them, tell them?"

He watched the smile begin to disappear, slowly, from her face.

"Of course," she said.

"Now?" Sammy asked.

Joan shook her head. "No, not right now," she said. "It's . . . It's after one already. They're probably fast asleep. I'd hate to get them up. My father, especially, he's such a sound sleeper and—"

Sammy laughed and interrupted her.

"So you'll call them tomorrow," he said, "same thing." He pointed to a counter, on the other side of the drugstore. "Come on, let's have a cup of hot coffee for now, huh?" he asked.

Joan followed him, but didn't answer this

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time. She seemed, suddenly, to be thinking about something else. . . .

"We have a right . . ."

It was 6:00 p.m. the following day. Joan was in her room, alone. She sat staring at the telephone beside her. She'd been sitting this way for more than an hour now, staring at the phone, wanting to pick it up, not picking it up.

Finally she brought her hand over to the receiver, and lifted it and dialed.

She heard her mother's voice a few seconds later:

"Joan, how are you, darling? It's been days since you've called. Is everything all right?"

Joan said she was fine; that yes, everything was all right.

For the next minute or so she asked about her father—how was he; had he got home from work yet?

"Just now, he got in this second," her mother said.

"Mother," Joan said, suddenly, urgently.

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"I'm getting married," Joan said.

"You're—" Her mother stopped and began to laugh. "Joan. How wonderful. What a wonderful surprise. When did all this happen? Who, who's the man?"

"You met him once, mother, at CBC, a few months ago," Joan said. "The day you came to visit the studio."

"That nice director?" her mother asked, "—The one from Winnipeg with the deep blue eyes? Him, Joan?"

"No," Joan said. "His name is Sammy Davis. He's an entertainer. Sammy Davis, Jr."

There was a long, a very long, pause.

"Joan," her mother said, finally, a tremor in her voice, "are you talking about the American—the colored singer?"

"Yes," Joan said.

"And you're what?" her mother asked. "—You're going to marry him?"

"I love him, Mother," Joan said. "And yes, I'm going to marry him."

"Is this a joke, Joan Stuart—is this your idea of something funny, calling me up and telling me something like this?"

"Mother—" Joan started to say.

"Is this something you're doing for publicity?" her mother shouted. "Did one of those agents get you into this, for publicity, for some disgusting publicity?"

"Mother," Joan said, "I just want you to know, no matter what you feel right now, that I am deeply in love with this man and that I want to marry him. I'd like your approval, yours and Dad's. Your blessings. But—"

Again her mother cut in. "Approval? Blessings?" she asked. Her voice rose. "Are you serious? Are you—"

Joan heard her mother scream, suddenly, and call for her father. She heard her repeat some of the facts she had just told her—"Sammy Davis," she heard her say, "Negro . . . our baby . . . marry . . . Negro . . . Negro . . . Negro!"

Finally, she heard her dad's voice.

"Joannie," she heard him say, "you're twenty-one now, on your own. You make your own decisions. But just let me tell you this: I've raised you, daughter, and I know you're a good girl. Just take your time. And don't do anything foolish."

"Dad," Joan said, "I know exactly what I'm doing. Believe me. Please believe me . . . You're right, Dad. I *am* twenty-one. I *am* on my own now. I *do* have to make decisions for myself. And *this* is my decision. Sammy and I—we have a right to be married. We—"

Now she began to cry.

"Joan, Joanie," she heard her father's voice say.

She tried to answer, to talk.

But she couldn't.

Before she knew it, she had hung up.

She rose from her chair, and walked across the room, to a window there. She looked down at the street below, at the stream of people walking by.

"Please, please," she found herself sobbing, "give us a chance. Won't you?"

There was a knock on the door then.

It opened, and Sammy walked in.

He knew immediately what had happened.

"You called your folks?" he asked.

"Yes," said Joan.

"They don't want it, us, together, married?" Sammy asked.

Joan shook her head.

Sammy walked to a chair and sat. He looked at Joan, near the window, crying.

"Joannie," he said, after a while, softly, "maybe this is for the best. Maybe it's good you learn now, from your own family, what part of your future would be like."

He paused.

Joan said nothing.

"Maybe it's best you find out now, at the beginning," he went on then, "—in time for you to change your mind."

"I can't say I won't mind, Joannie," he said, "but—"

"Don't, Sammy, don't," Joan shouted, suddenly. "Don't talk like that . . . Don't *you* start talking like that now. Or else I'll die. Right here, on this spot, I'll wither up and die . . . I love you, Sammy. *I love you.*"

"And you still want to marry me?" he asked.

Joan ran from the window, and threw herself in his arms.

This was her answer—her final, never-ending answer. **END**

Sammy starred in PORGY AND BESS, *Columbia, and will be seen in* OCEANS 11, *Warner Bros.*

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Introducing Crash Craddock

(Continued from page 27)

the Burlington Mills, tired after working and coming home from work and making supper and doing the dishes and some washing or sewing, was probably asleep now.

He didn't want to wake her.

Much as he needed her, now, to talk to, he would not wake her.

"Tomorrow mornin', I'll call first thing and tell her," he thought as he turned and walked over to the bed and flopped down on it.

"That I'm comin' home, back, where I belong."

He reached and turned off the lamp.

But sleep would not come.

"May," he whispered to the silent hotel room, the loneliness inside him growing by the moment. "Why'd I leave you in the first place . . . Why'd I even think I wanted to try for any kind of a success without you near me?"

He remembered the night two weeks earlier when he'd told her that he was going away.

"Columbia Records, honey," he'd said, happily, triumphantly. "One of the biggest outfits in the world. They've signed me up and now they want me to go out on tour. They want to build me into something big."

He remembered the look on May's face as he explained what the word 'tour' meant, what it involved.

"Boston. New York. New Haven. Detroit. Chicago and lots of other places," he'd said. "That's where they want *me* to go . . . to sing in cities like *those*.

"Now," he'd gone on, "of course I'll have to go alone. May, I mean, tours like this cost them companies plenty of money and they sure can't pay for the two of us.

"But even though we'll miss each other, just think, what this could mean. That maybe I'll be on my way to makin' the big-time. That maybe I'll start makin' some money, real money, for a change. That maybe in a couple of years, even less, we can buy ourselves a house instead of this tiny li'l apartment we live in and I can buy you all kinds of pretty clothes and we can even go on that honeymoon we always wanted."

That dreams might come true

He'd watched his wife as she'd tried to smile and as she'd cried, both at the same time.

"Well," he'd said, "maybe now, this way, all those dreams of ours can come true." He'd continued watching her as the tears in her eyes seemed to become bigger.

"Come on, May," he'd said, taking her in his arms and holding her close to him. "You *know* that this is what I've wanted all my life. Don't you know that, May? Don't you?"

He'd felt her head against his chest nodding.

He'd heard her say, "Yes, of course, darlin'. I know. It's wonderful. It's just that . . . after two years with you . . . all the time . . . I'll miss you. So much."

And now, this night, he missed *her*. So much. After only a week.

He turned and tossed in the bed.

Again, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

But still the sleep would not come.

And then, opening his eyes again, he saw the outline of his guitar case, sitting on the big overstuffed chair in the far corner of the darkened room.

And he thought of the dreams he used to have, as a boy—the dreams that had been so beautiful then and that he resented so much now. . . .

And, in the dark, out of his loneliness and need for her, he began to speak to May of those dreams. . . .

"Other boys I knew back home, they had other ambitions," he whispered. "They were goin' to be cops and flyers and things like that. But me, ever since I can remember, I was goin' to be a record star, playin' on my guitar and singin' and makin' records, just like Hank Williams and all my other favorites.

"That guitar we had at home. It really belonged to brother Clarence. But I was the one who used to play it most of the time. I used to go out behind the barn with it, in the big tobacco field there, and give my 'performances.' I'd start by shouting: 'The famous Grand Ole Opry now pre-sents its most famous and most favorite enter-tainer . . . Billy Craddock.' Then, liftin' my guitar, I'd strum out an introduction and I'd begin to sing. I'd sing all the songs I knew. And then when I was finished I'd bow and listen to the applause —which never got much louder than the tobacco leaves clappin' against each other if there happened to be a wind blowin', or maybe a couple of cows mooin' away if they still happened to be out to pasture.

"But to me, this was all applause. And I'd bow. And while I'd be bowin' sometimes I'd say a prayer and say: 'When I'm big, please make it all come true . . . with real people listenin', I mean.'

"There came a time. I don't mind tellin' you, when I thought this career of mine was goin' to be over before it even started.

"That was the day—I was about twelve, I guess—when Clarence came over to me while I was settin' on the porch of our house, strummin' away, and said he had to have his guitar back. I asked him why. He said 'cause he had to take it to a hock shop. I asked him why that. 'Cause he needed the money, he said; he had a big date this comin' Saturday night, he said, and he didn't have any funds with which to accomplish this date otherwise . . . I played dumb. 'Gee, Clarence,' I said, 'Why don't you ask Daddy or Ma for the money?'—pretendin' to forget that our daddy and ma had ten children to raise and that they couldn't spare the money, good as they were, for anybody's dates. Clarence didn't even bother answerin' me on this one. Instead he just picked up the guitar from out my lap and high-tailed it for the hock shop.

"I high-tailed it there the very next day. There was a real grouchy-lookin' man behind the counter. I pointed up to Clarence's guitar, settin' high up on a shelf now, and asked the man how much it would cost for me to get it back. 'Twenty bucks,' he said, and he turned away.

"Well, four mouths later, almost to the day, I was back in that hock shop. I handed the man behind the counter a heavy bag I was carryin'. 'There's twenty dollars in there, Mistuh,' I said. I pointed to the guitar. 'Now can I have it, please?'

"The man, grouchy-lookin' as ever, mumbled something, opened the bag and counted the money—nickels, dimes, quarters, a few dollar bills.

"'How'd you get all this?' he asked me, after he was through countin'.

"'Mowed lawns all summer, all over town.' I told him. 'And didn't go to a movie Saturdays, not a once. And I even worked at the A&P helpi-' deliver for a couple of weeks . . . The man there told me I was the youngest employee in the history of the A&P, ever,' I added, braggin'.



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BING CROSBY: A COOL CAT and his HOT MONEY

Some folks think that Bing Crosby's casual air is just a pose. But those who really know him will tell you that nothing could be farther from the truth.

There's the time Bing's twenty-room colonial house in North Hollywood caught fire and burned to the ground. Bing got word of it from his friend and lyricist, Johnny Burke, who had been phoning all over town trying to locate him. Burke finally caught up with him at the Brown Derby where Bing was lunching after a round of golf.

Breaking the news gently, Burke said: "Listen, Bing, before I say anything, I want you to know everyone's okay."

Bing had shot a 74 that morning, and was in good humor. "Isn't that nice, Johnny," he said amiably. "And how's *your* family?"

Burke tried again, and this time he made no effort to soften the blow. "Look, Bing, your house just burned down!"

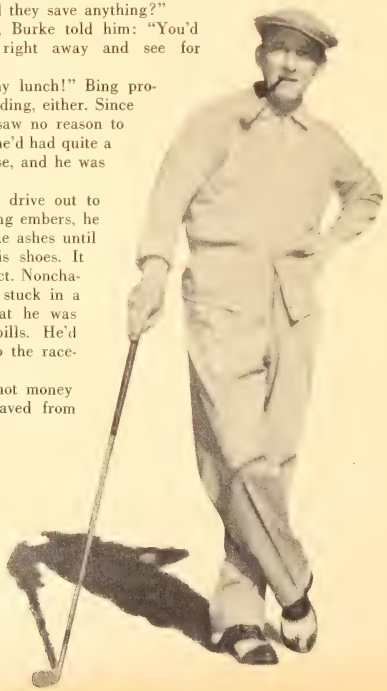
There was a moment's pause, then Bing drawled: "Huh, that old barn! Did they save anything?"

Somewhat exasperated, Burke told him: "You'd better hurry out here right away and see for yourself!"

"But I just ordered my lunch!" Bing protested. And he wasn't kidding, either. Since the family was safe, he saw no reason to skip his lunch. After all, he'd had quite a workout on the golf course, and he was real hungry.

When Bing finally did drive out to look at the pile of smoking embers, he started to poke around the ashes until he came upon one of his shoes. It was charred but still intact. Nonchalant as you please, Bing stuck in a hand and fished out what he was looking for—$1500 in bills. He'd placed it there to take to the racetrack next day.

As it turned out, this hot money was all that had been saved from the flames!



"'Did all that work just so's you could get back that battered ole guitar up there?' the man asked me.

"'Sure,' I said, '—how else am I gonna practice to become a famous enter-tainer if I ain't got no guitar?'

"'Well,' the man said, 'well, son, you know, the price on this guitar is up to twenty-two dollars now.'

"'What?' I said. 'Why?'

"'Interest, son,' the man said. 'It's hard to explain; but it's a fact. A fifty-cent a month fact in this here business.'

"I began to cry like a baby, I was so disappointed.

"'*But*,' the man behind the counter said, after listenin' to my cryin' and wailin' for a little while, 'I've always said that someday I was gonna have to be sobbed into an exception in the matter of interest. And I guess today's that unlucky day for me, eh?'

"With that, he climbed a ladder to the high shelf, took hold of the guitar, leaned over and handed it to me.

"'Now scat out of here,' he said, 'and make sure you practice hard on this danged thing. Or I'll haunt you from my very grave after I'm gone.'

"I took the guitar and I touched the man's hand, just to show him how much I appreciated what he'd done.

"'Scat!' he hollered again.

"And I scatted, all right.

"And I went back home and I began to play and practice and sing—till I was hoarse some nights from singin' so much, and till my fingers got red and raw and nearly bleedin' at the tips sometimes from pluckin' away so much at those strings.

"But I didn't care. Didn't bother me how hoarse or bruised I got.

"I had an ambition.

"And I knew there was to be lots of hard work involved. . . .

"I had lots of luck along the way, too. When I was about thirteen my brother Ronald and I formed a duo and entered a contest on a Greensboro TV station. We won, and stayed on that show for fifteen consecutive weeks. Then, in high school, I organized a quartet called *The Rebels* and we did lots of singin' together, all through those four years. Just singin', singin' singin' away.

"Of course, my life wasn't *all* music. I managed to study my schoolwork some. I played football—which is where I got my nickname, Crash. Because I could always use the extra money, I even got a part-time job with the Lorillard company in Greensboro, liftin' tobacco from the big boxes that came in from the fields and dumpin' this tobacco into the machines it was supposed to go in.

"No, I didn't spend all my time with my music and with my thinkin' about the future I wanted to make for myself in it.

"But I've got to tell you that I sure did manage to spend *most* of my time this way.

"There was only one period, I remember, when I didn't care what happened about my music, or about anything, in fact.

"That was the time, four years ago, when Ma died.

"Not only was Ma a hard-workin' woman at home—what with ten children to raise and take care of—but she worked at the mill, too, the same mill where Daddy worked, till practically the end of her life, just to help out. She was such a wonderful woman. She'd give you her last dime—the very last dime she had. And she was a very religious woman. I went to church as a kid, but I guess you could never call me over-religious that way. Anyway, when Ma was sick I knew it would please her if I went and got baptized, something she had always wanted and that I had kept puttin' off. It pleased her, all right.

"She died of cancer. You know how

painful that is. Well, all the time she had it we never heard her holler once. We used to have to take her for treatments, and carry her from the house to the car. I used to help carry her. I used to see the expression of pain on her face. But never once did I ever hear her moan or say anything about her pain.

"Anyway, after she died, I didn't care if I ever sang or played the guitar again.

"But then, one day, I had a talk with a relative of ours, someone who saw what was goin' on with me.

"And he said, 'No sense givin' up your music, Billy. First of all, you won't be cheatin' nobody but yourself. And second, your ma—if she was here to tell you—she'd tell you that she didn't like this nohow, you givin' up what's always been the most important thing to you.'

"And so, after a while, I picked up my guitar again and I re-started my singin'.

"And all the ambition for music that had been in me came back to me again. . . .

"It was at about this time that I met you, May.

"I was sixteen years old the first time I saw you, over at the recreation center in Greensboro, remember, May? I had just been in the pool for a swim and you were walkin' around near the pool, and let me tell you, you were the prettiest li'l girl I had ever, ever seen.

"Now, I'd never been known to be a bold type when it came to girls. But when I saw you that first time, I just slid myself up out of that pool and I went up to you and introduced myself and asked you the first thing that came to my mind—if I could buy you a soda.

"You were very shy then, as you still are today, and it took a lot of talkin' on my part to convince you that this was all on the up-and-up.

"But I did it, someways.

"And we had our soda.

"And we started goin' out together.

"And, after a while, we realized that we were in love, and so we decided to get married.

"The date of our marriage was June 22, 1957. We were both seventeen years old. We eloped to South Carolina for the marriage—with our parents' consent, but with nobody else knowing about it—because there were too many people, we knew, who would have criticized us and told us we were too young, too immature.

"But we didn't really care what anybody was sayin'. We just knew we loved each other. And we figured that, even if we were a little on the young side, it was a good thing for two people in love to grow up with each other.

"From the day we were married, May, you stuck with me in my ambition to become a singer.

"You never minded when I sat myself in a corner and practiced. When I came home late, way after suppertime, from an audition someplace . . . You didn't even mind when I gave up my job at Lorillard so I could study and be able to audition even more.

"And May, you know, the dreams started coming true last New Year's Eve, when I sang for the first time at Mr. Fred Koury's Plantation Club in Greensboro.

"After that one show, Mr. Koury hired me and became my manager.

"Through him, the big record people from New York City came down to hear me. And, finally, one day not too long ago the Columbia people signed me up to cut my first record—*Don't Destroy Me*—and to go on tour.

"May, it was one of the happiest moments of my whole life. . . ."

Except, he thought as he lay here now, on the narrow bed in the darkened hotel room, this night, a week after the tour had begun—except that he was alone, and May was not with him.

Was it right . . . this way? Crash wondered.

Was it fair to the girl who loved him, and whom he loved—to make her wait behind while he went off and made his bid for success?

Was it worth the maybe of that house they'd talked about, of that money in the bank, of that honeymoon they'd never had—if May, his wife, couldn't be with him, here, now, right now?

"No," he thought aloud. "And tomorrow, first thing, I'm goin' to phone and say I'm comin' back . . . back home."

The knock on the door awakened Crash.

He got out of bed, groggily, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Craddock," said a bellhop, standing there. "Letter for you."

Crash could see immediately, from the handwriting on the envelope, that it was from May. . . .

It was the first letter Crash had gotten from May since he'd left home the week before. And it was a long letter.

She wrote how she had been visiting relatives most nights—both his and hers; and she told about which nephew and niece had just gotten over a cold, which ones were just getting one . . . who had said what, done what.

And then, towards the end of the letter, she wrote this: *I miss you, as you must know. And I am lonely for you. As I know you must be for me. But, as I have figured it since that night last week when you left, this being separated is a sacrifice we have both got to make in order that all the years we've got ahead of us can possibly be even happier than the two happy years we have had already.*

It is easier for me to make this sacrifice than it is for you. I am here, in our home, with all our memories around me, so close.

You, on the other hand, are far away. It must be very difficult for you. There are times you must want to give it all up and come home, I know.

But, darling, when those times come—just remember this:

We miss each other, yes—but I know that it takes a lot of time and a lot of courage to try to get where you've always wanted to go.

And the fact that you've always tried and that you're trying so hard now, makes me the proudest wife in the whole world. . . ."

Crash read this portion of May's letter, over and over again.

Till the phone beside him rang, and he picked up the receiver.

It was his press-agent, calling from a room down the hall.

"Ready for some breakfast? . . . Gotta eat and then get ready to make that plane for Chicago . . . Be ready soon?"

Crash looked down at May's letter now. Then he smiled, and nodded.

"I'll be with you in twenty minutes," he said. . . .

END



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Gia Scala

(*Continued from page 35*)

"I'm not hungry, Mom," Don said, abruptly, interrupting her. "I'll help myself to something later."

His mother's smile lessened. "What's wrong, son?" she asked.

Don didn't answer.

His mother looked down at the newspaper in his lap, at the big headline there: GIA SCALA GRABBED FROM BRIDGE WALL—LONDON CABBIE FOILS ACTRESS' SUICIDE TRY.

"Do you know her?" Mrs. Burnett asked.

Don shrugged. "A little, I guess," he said. "We met a few times on the set, at Metro, when I was doing *Don't Go Near The Water*."

"Of course," his mother said, "the Italian girl who played the native. So lovely she was, too. . . . Now *why* would a lovely girl like that ever want to go and do a thing like this, try to take her own life?"

Again Don shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "The paper says something about her being depressed over her mother's death."

"Tsk," said his mother. Then she sighed. "Well, at least the girl's all right *now*. The cabdriver grabbed her, it says, and she's obviously all right."

"I hope she is," Don said.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Burnett. She smiled again. "And I *do* wish you'd come eat your dinner now."

"I hope she is," Don repeated, not hearing his mother, but thinking about a girl far away, whom he barely knew but whom he remembered very well, a girl alone and in distress, a girl he wished very much he could be near right now. . . .

Gia's return

It was early November by the time Gia Scala returned to Hollywood from Europe. It was a day and a half after her return when Don phoned her.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I remember you."

He noticed that her voice was different than it had been those few other times they'd talked; tired-sounding instead of alive, very tired-sounding.

He asked her if she would like to go out with him.

"Yes," she said, without any enthusiasm, "that would be very nice."

"I guess you're all booked up the rest of this week," Don said.

There was a pause. Then Gia said, "No, I have nothing to do this week . . . or next week. You tell me the evening—"

"Well," Don said, "tomorrow night there's a dance, a charity ball for The Helpers, over at the Hilton. I bought two tickets. I didn't expect to use them. But if you'd like—"

"That would be nice," Gia said. "I will see you tomorrow night then."

And she hung up. . . .

"I'll never in my life forget how beautiful she looked," Don recalls about that next night, their first few minutes together. "Gia wore a green gown, matching the green of her eyes. And a plain gold necklace with an Italian cameo in the center. Her hair was combed back very simply. She was practically without make-up. She looked like a goddess, freshly-arrived on earth. She was the most beautiful-looking girl I had ever seen. And the saddest, too. . . ."

The ball at the Hilton was a lovely affair.

For the few hours they were there, Don and Gia sat at a table with some of Don's friends and their dates.

Once in a while, they danced.

Throughout it all, Gia was quiet, speaking only when spoken to, smiling rarely, barely joining in on any of the fun-doings.

"Why the far-away look?" Don asked her, softly, at one point.

Gia's face reddened a little. "I don't know," she said. And that was all she said.

After the dance, they went to the nearby Trader Vic for a bite to eat.

"What'll you have?" Don asked.

"Just coffee," Gia said.

"Well," Don said, winking, "me, I'm a growing boy, and I'll have to have a little more than that."

"*Korean specialties*," he said, reading the menu and trying hard not to make it look as if he were forcing any conversation. "You ever been there—Korea?"

"No," Gia said.

"Then you've never had the pleasure of trying any of their specialties," Don said.

Gia shook her head.

Don began to tell her about something that had happened to him while he was there, with the Army.

"I was riding around in this jeep one day," he said, "and I came across this old lady, walking up the road. She looked so tired that I stopped and asked if I could give her a lift. Oh no, she said, she'd come a long way but she still had an even longer way to go. 'How far?' I asked her. 'About forty miles,' she said. Well now, I sure wasn't going to have this little old



I've just read a terrific story in **INGENUE** *Magazine called "Give a Weekend." Tells about teen-agers doing volunteer work in the Philadelphia slums . . . not glossy charity-type work, but real 'get your hands dirty' helping. What a great job they do!*

ELINOR DONAHUE

(In CBS-TV's "Father Knows Best")

lady walking down that road another couple of days, was I? So I said, 'Hop in, Grandma, I'll drive you and get you home chop chop!' "

Gia began to smile a little.

"So there we were, the two of us, riding away a little while later," Don went on, "when all of a sudden the woman reached into a bag she was carrying and said to me, 'Here, young soldier, eat.' I looked at what she was holding. It was a dried red pepper, this long and this red. 'Eat?' I asked, '—that?' 'You honor me with your politeness,' the old lady said, 'now I must honor you with my hospitality.'

"Well, let me tell you, Gia—" Don stopped and laughed, happy to see that she was really beginning to smile now. "—I took *one bite* of that hospitality of hers and—"

"Gia!" a voice interrupted him, suddenly. "Giiiiiia, darling!"

They both turned to look.

A girl—young, pretty, bleary-eyed—was approaching their table.

"Gia, sweet-heart," she said, finally reaching the table, "I was sitting over there . . . and I turned around to look . . . and I saw *you*. I couldn't believe it. I didn't know you were back in town."

"I am," Gia said.

"And you *look* so terrif—" The girl brought her hand up to her mouth, to hide a hiccup. "Terrific!"

"Thank you," said Gia.

"I was worried," the girl said, her face turning suddenly somber. "Oh boy, I was worried, ever since I heard about it, you on that bridge—just *thinking* about you staring down into that awful, awful water and . . . Gia, I'm so glad you're all right. And here. Back *with* us."

The girl turned to Don, for the first time.

"Life, life, it's wonderful, isn't it?" she asked.

Don didn't answer. Instead he looked back at Gia. He saw the tears as they began to come to her eyes.

"I mean, where'd we be without life?" he heard the girl say and giggle.

He reached across the table and touched Gia's hand.

It was cold.

"Come on," he said, rising from his chair, "let's get out of here."

Gia rose, too.

Don took her arm, and they began to walk away.

"Well . . . pardon me for trying to be so concerned!" they heard the girl say as they left. . . .

A little spunk

They'd driven back in silence.

And it was only when they got to the door of Gia's house that Don spoke and asked if he could come inside for a while.

"Why," Gia asked, "haven't I made your evening unpleasant enough?"

Don nodded.

"Yep," he said, smiling, "you've been pretty bad. I mean, I've been out with friendlier girls in my time. Girls who talked to me, at least."

"I'm sorry about that, about everything."

"Too late," Don said, continuing his tease. "But there is one thing you can do for me." He brought his hands up to his stomach. "You can give me something to eat. Because I'm starving. And a guy's gotta eat sometime!"

"Oh," Gia said, "yes . . . Won't you come in then?"

Don followed her through the foyer and living room and into the kitchen.

"You'll wait outside the kitchen, please," Gia said. "This is one room that is for the women and only the women."

Don didn't move.

"Now go ahead, *vatene*," Gia said. "Go back inside and make yourself a little drink if you'd like. I will have something ready for you in a little while."

With that, she took Don's arm and turned him around.

"Okay, okay," Don said, very reluctant-sounding, but glad deep-down that she was finally beginning to show a little spunk. . . .

Don had put some records on the phonograph and Sinatra was singing a moody ballad when Gia walked into the room.

"Dance?" Don asked, walking over to her.

Gia nodded. "If you'd like," she said.

They began to move around the floor.

"What's cooking?" Don asked, after a few moments.

"*Cosa?*" Gia asked. "What?"

"Smells like something good coming from the kitchen," Don said.

"Oh, the *calzone*," Gia said. "Yes, I hope it is good."

"*Cal*—who?" Don asked.

"It's an Italian dish," Gia said.

"I couldn't have guessed," said Don.

"It's very good," Gia said. "You'll see. It's a dough crust and inside there is the two cheeses—the *ricotta* and the *mozzarella*."

"And?" Don asked.

"And a little pepper and salt," Gia said.

"And?"

"And a glass of wine, if you'd like."

"For a hungerin' man like *me*—a couple of slices of cheese and some dough?" Don asked, holding back his smile.

"There is many a hungerin' Italian man," Gia said, "who has not been able to finish one *calzone*. I have made you *three*. Just wait. You will like it . . . I do."

"So what does that mean?" Don said. "I bet there are a lot of things that I like and you don't."

"Maybe," Gia said. "For instance?"

They stopped dancing.

"Well," Don said, thinking for a moment, "—do you like a foggy day at the beach, for instance?"

"No," Gia said. "I like a sunny day at the beach. Much sun. Much."

"Do you like your windows open way up, all the way, at night?"

"No," Gia said, "I like them shut. I am afraid when they are open."

"Mmmmm," Don said. "Do—do you like sports cars?"

"I would prefer," said Gia, "if I could do all my traveling on a bicycle."

"See?" Don said, "You don't like anything I like. But still you expect *me* to go wild over *your*—"

"*Calzone*," Gia said.

"Yeah . . . *cal-zo-ne*," Don said, trying to imitate her deep accent.

"Awful," Gia said. "Your pronunciation, it is so awful."

And then, suddenly, she began to laugh —a happy, hearty, open laugh.

"I am sorry, Don," she said, after a few moments, "it is impolite, I think, for a girl to laugh so much and so loud. But it just struck me very funny—" she lowered her eyes, and paused "—and I have not laughed like this for a long time, for a very long time."

Don took her chin in his hand and lifted her face to his.

"Like the fly-boys used to say: Mission Accomplished," he said.

"What?" Gia asked.

"It's good to see you laugh, Gia—that's what I said," Don whispered. "And you want to know something? . . . You look more beautiful than ever when you laugh."

They looked at one another now.

And then Don kissed her, lightly, on the forehead first, then on the lips.

And they began to dance again. . . .

The need to be needed

Those next two months were the best either of them had ever known.

When they weren't working—Gia on a picture, Don on some TV assignments—they were together, constantly. They'd drive to the beach, on foggy days and on days of much sun. They'd weekend with friends at Lake Arrowhead or up in Carmel. They'd take long walks, out in the country sometimes, right through the streets of Hollywood other times, and they'd talk and laugh and hold hands, as they got to know one another.

"I love you, Gia," Don said suddenly one afternoon in late December, as they were out walking. "I want to marry you."

The smile that had been on Gia's lips began to fade.

"Don't say that," she whispered, "—please."

"Why not?" Don asked. "I love you," he said. "I love you."

"And I think I love you, too," Gia said. She nodded. "Yes, I think I do. . . . But to talk of marriage already— It is too soon, Don. We haven't known each other long enough, not really."

She took a deep breath.

"And," Gia said, "I must be sure, before I ever say yes to you, Don, I must be sure that you need me."

"But I do need you," Don said. "That's why I'm asking you to marry me. That's the reason any guy asks a girl to marry him, isn't it?"

Gia faced him again. "I mean *need* me," she said. "I mean need *me*, I mean the kind of need that is not satisfied in enjoying my company, in kissing my lips, in talking or walking or being together with me like this. I mean the kind of need that is satisfied in knowing that *I* will be the most important part of your life, forever and ever. In knowing that I must be the person to share everything with you, to help you, to comfort you, to *be* with you—*forever*. . . . A person very close to me once said, Don, that there is nothing more difficult in life than finding the person who truly needs you. I believe this."

"We'll give it time then, won't we?" Don said, taking hold of her hand again.

"Yes," said Gia, "if you will be patient with me. For one way or another, someday, I will know. . . ."

Months passed during which Don and Gia grew closer and closer, and yet as though they mysteriously understood that the right time had not come for them, neither mentioned marriage again. Then one afternoon in March Mrs. Burnett phoned Gia at her studio and invited her to dinner that night. At 6:30, Gia pulled up to the house, reached for a little present for Don's mother and got out of the car.

Don met her at the door of the house.

He was very pale.

His hand seemed to tremble when it took hold of Gia's.

"What's the matter?" Gia asked.

"It's Mom," Don said. "She was in the kitchen, just a little while ago, fixing dinner. Suddenly she had a heart attack. It was so quick. The doctor's with her."

He led Gia into the living room, where Don's father was sitting. Gia walked over to Mr. Burnett, whispered something to him and then she sat beside him and across from Don.

They sat, the three of them, in silence, those next fifteen minutes.

Finally a door opened and the doctor appeared.

"Mr. Burnett," he said, his voice grim, "Don—"

The two men rose and followed him back out of the room.

Gia sat alone now.

She waited.

And as she did, she closed her eyes and remembered the phone call from Mrs. Burnett just a few hours earlier.

"I'm making lamb," the woman had said, "and potatoes nice and brown, just the way you and Don like 'em."

Gia remembered how she'd said no at first, that she couldn't accept the invitation. "Twice last week, twice the week before. You're going to too much trouble, Mrs. Burnett."

And how the woman had said, "Nonsense, Gia. Dad and I like you so much, and we like the fact that *Don* likes you—and we just wish we could see even more of you."

"Lamb, you say?" Gia remembered asking, and laughing, "And browned potatoes?"

"Just the way you and Don like 'em," she remembered Mrs. Burnett saying. "Now be sure to tell those producers of yours that you have to be here early, 6:30 the latest, and—"

Gia's eyes opened suddenly.

Don had come back into the room.

She could tell, immediately, from the look on his face, that his mother was dead.

She watched him as he walked over to where she sat, as he sat alongside her.

She watched his fists clench in his lap.

"Gia," he said, staring at the floor, "Help me. I need you."

Don and Gia were married in a quiet and beautiful ceremony in Los Angeles, California, on August 22, 1959. **END**



Gia will be seen in Battle Of The Coral Sea, I Aim At The Stars, *both Columbia.*



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RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE

by Grace Metalious

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The Story of a Hollywood Wife

(*Continued from page 43*)

fame came in that I began to lose Jim.

"When I first met Jim he was living like a beachcomber and his life was aimless and lonely. He'd come out of the war and didn't know what he wanted to do with himself. I was lonely, too. I'd just gone through an unhappy marriage and had a little boy. I wasn't aware of it, I guess, but I was looking for someone who needed me, someone whom I could love and someone who would make me feel like a woman again after my marriage failure.

I had done some acting at the Pasadena Playhouse and had studied theater at UCLA. A friend told me about a young veteran who seemed to show some rough talent as an actor, but who didn't know how to develop that talent. 'He's living like a drifter,' said my friend. 'Maybe you can help him.'

"So I met Jim. I was both shocked and fascinated by him. He was a tall, scowling string bean. He wore dirty old blue jeans, he needed a shave, he needed a good meal. And he needed someone to care for him.

"His home was a broken-down car which he'd parked on the sand in a remote section of the beach near San Clemente. He'd sleep in the sleeping bag on the beach; when it was too cold he'd sleep in the back of his car. To eat, he'd steal food from the farmers and go into the post office once a month to pick up his small GI check.

"I didn't think of falling in love when I asked to meet him. I thought only that perhaps I could help him get started as an actor, by sharing with him some of the things I had learned, and this in itself would give me something to do to fill my own empty life.

He had nothing then

"Like a true hermit, he was angry at the whole world, and when I met him he looked down at his feet and wouldn't talk. Then I asked him if we couldn't read a play together. His face suddenly lit up and he began to come alive. We talked and I discovered that once he'd lost his sullenness, he had a tremendous charm.

"We began to see each other first as 'teacher' and 'pupil.' We read plays together, we worked on scripts. And we fell in love. He didn't have a cent and nobody, at that time, would have bet a nickel on his chances of ever becoming an actor. But I saw something in him. Maybe it was through the eyes of a woman in love. I tried to tell myself that I was looking at him only as a 'pupil.' But I was kidding myself. The more I was with him, the more deeply in love I fell. Once I penetrated the hostility and crudeness on the surface I discovered a great magnetism that ran like a deep well. He began to become my whole life.

"We were married in Santa Barbara and I started married life with a man who had nothing except the dreams we shared. My father let us live in an old flat in a huge Victorian house he owned. To save Jim's pride, we paid my father $20 a month rent. We fixed up our first home together. Jim steamed off the old, ugly wallpaper and we painted and papered the rooms ourselves. Often we'd stop in the middle of our work just to hold each other close and kiss. We scrimped but we were very happy because we were doing everything together.

"Jim was getting occasional roles in Westerns, and producers were beginning to see the same thing in him that I'd always seen—a vital personality and a rugged talent. I was thoroughly dedicated to him and was happy to be so involved in his life. Those first years of our marriage, when we didn't have a dime, were the happiest of our lives.

"When we learned, during the first year, that we were going to have a baby, I gave up a job I had in my father's company. My parents thought it wasn't right to raise a baby in a cramped little flat and bought us a small house in the Pacific Palisades, with a backyard that faced the ocean.

The beginning of the end

"By the time our second baby, Rolf, came along, seven years ago, Jim was beginning to do well as an actor. He was under contract to John Wayne and it looked as though now, with Jim finally getting recognition, we would be heading for certain paradise. But it didn't turn out that way at all. I didn't know it then, but as my husband came into his own as an actor, I was beginning to lose him. And lose myself.

"When Jim was asked to go on location in Honolulu for Wayne, the wives were invited to go along. I'd just finished nursing our second baby, and Jim and I agreed it would be a wonderful second honeymoon. I went off to the Islands with Jim joyously, never dreaming that this was to start a disastrous turn in our marriage. . . .



I guess I'm lucky. I've never really been a "wallflower." But I do have some advice for any girl who feels like one; read the article called "The Girl Who Hunted Popularity" in the new **INGENUE** *Magazine.*

JILL ST. JOHN

"It was Jim's first experience as a movie actor in an important production. It was my first experience as the wife of a leading man. The social life with this film company in Honolulu was fast and hectic. Up until now, Jim and I had lived very simple, almost elemental lives. In our home in the Palisades, we'd worked and gardened and cooked and had been wrapped up in our three youngsters—Jim treated my son, Craig, like his own.

"Now suddenly we were wrapped up in a social life that was wild and intense. It was a round of parties that lasted until dawn. Beautiful women began to go on the make for my husband. I didn't doubt his faithfulness then—I could see that Jim was often flustered by the attention he received. He didn't know how to take it. This was the first taste of sophisticated living Jim had ever had. He didn't know how to handle it. Neither did I. I'd beg Jim to leave a party and come back to the hotel with me. But he was eating it all up like a child at his first Christmas party. He'd never had any of this kind of fun, and he was enjoying his own importance. There had been no other woman in his life before myself, and it flattered him to see the way beautiful women fell over him.

"But I wasn't enjoying these parties. I'd

just had two babies in a row, and I would tire quickly. Besides, I just couldn't keep up with this fast crowd. I would beg Jim to take me home, but he didn't want to leave any of the parties. Once, I couldn't take a certain party any longer. Everyone was drinking, several women were hanging around Jim and I was left out and miserable. Finally, after asking Jim for the dozenth time to take me home, he turned to me, annoyance on his face, and said, 'Don't be a kill-joy. I'm having fun. If you want to go, you'll have to go by yourself.' I walked home from the party myself, crying all the way. It was our first big quarrel.

"From that time on, I began to lose my husband. But at the time I was blind to it. Jim was set for *Gunsmoke*, and I had a feeling that this would make him a star. I was glad for him, and I think a little frightened, too. For the first time, when he'd come home he wouldn't want to discuss his work with me. We had shared everything before, so I couldn't understand this.

Wives are not welcome

"I began to know what it was like to be the wife of a star. To so many women outside of Hollywood who lead what they think are humdrum lives, it may come as a shock to learn that the 'Hollywood wife' is a very forlorn creature. In this industry, wives are not welcome. Usually, the wife of a star is an irritant to those surrounding her husband. She is often merely tolerated, pushed aside, openly informed by producers and press agents how much better it would have been for her husband's career if he had no wife in tow.

"As I saw Jim drift from me, he seemed even more attractive than ever. I had fallen in love with him when he was shabby, penniless and hostile. Now, added to the natural magnetic personality which began to emerge, was a swagger and a self-confidence that made him more attractive than ever. I had a great yearning to be with him. A yearning that became frustrating because I couldn't have him.

"I tried to win my husband all over again. At night I would dress up for him, look my best as though waiting for a lover. But after sitting up until late, and Jim still not home, I'd doze off. Or else, I'd be so upset that when he did come home he'd find me red-eyed and nervous, and less desirable than I'd ever been.

"As I saw Jim slipping away from me, I felt that part of myself was slipping away. I found myself crying during the day. Poor Jim, it probably was hard on him, too, to come home to a woman who was upset. I couldn't contain my fears any longer. 'I want to be part of you,' I remember once saying, my voice rising hysterically. 'I want to be *part of you*.' Jim looked at me coldly, and walked out. Our house was filled with cold, empty silences. And inside of me that great longing to be Jim's sweetheart again. God, I loved him so.

Couldn't live without him

"He kept telling me to get a divorce if I was so unhappy. It was a simple solution for him, but not for me. I was tied to him body and soul. I couldn't make him understand that I couldn't divorce him because I couldn't live without him.

"The silences were interrupted only by quarrels. One night there was a terrible quarrel. I said, merely as a bluff, 'I guess the time has come for me to get a divorce.' Wishful thinking—I had hoped he would become frightened and hold me in his arms and say, 'No, I don't want to lose you.' Instead, he seemed relieved and said, 'Okay. A divorce. It's best.' And he walked out.

"I couldn't take it. How does a woman forget the man she loves? How does she learn to live without the man who's been her whole life for ten years? I couldn't get Jim out of my mind. There followed long, black nights that even sleeping pills couldn't shorten, and long, grey days in which I mostly lay in a stupor. I begged Jim to come back. His voice was final: 'No. I don't love you.'

"My family worried about me. They urged me to take a trip around the world to forget. *Forget!* Paris, London, Vienna were six thousand miles away, but when I was there I saw Jim's face in the crowds. Hong Kong was a blur—all I wanted was to be with Jim. It was worst of all in Honolulu. This was the last stop on my two months' global trip. I was very nervous when I got off the plane. A heavy, warm wind brought back a thousand old memories—memories of the time, seven years before, when Jim and I had been here together. True, misunderstandings had begun to arise between us then, but Jim had been with me, his love had not turned to coldness and there was still a magic about our marriage. Memories overwhelmed me as I stared out at the tall, old palms that lined the streets as the taxi drove me to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I broke down and cried in the taxi, feeling unbearably lonely. I left my bags in my room and walked down the beach myself, my head throbbing. 'Jim . . . Jim,' I sobbed to the waves. I ran back to the hotel. In my room I put through a call to him. The walls seemed to close in on me as I waited for Jim to get on the phone. 'Jim,' I cried, 'let's try again. I'm so lost without you. I can't go on.' The room pressed in on me as I heard his words, slow and deliberate. 'No, Virginia. No. You'd better forget it.'

"That's when I fell completely to pieces. I stumbled toward the bathroom. Things didn't appear very real any more. I looked for the razor. I curled up in the bathtub, my head on a towel, and I waited for oblivion. When I felt the razor against my wrist, I relished the hurt. I thought the physical pain would stop my other pain.

"I had almost passed out when someone shook me and I heard voices in a foggy world say, 'She'll be okay.' During the drive to the emergency hospital I was told that Jim had become alarmed at the desperation in my voice and had notified the police in Honolulu to look in on me. My cuts were treated, my wrists bandaged at the hospital. And then, my body drained of blood, my heart drained of hope, I got on the plane for home. . . .

"Yes, it was a foolish thing I did. I lost my head. Friends tell me I was lucky I didn't lose my life. They say I'll get over this and find happiness again. There are three children who need me. I forgot everything and everyone in the pain of loving just one man. Now I know I have lost him, and I must learn to live without him. Dear God, please show me how." **END**

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FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

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February 1—**Clark Gable**

February 4—**Ida Lupino**

February 5—**Red Buttons**

February 6—**Mamie Van Doren**
Zsa-Zsa Gabor
John Lund
Ronald Reagan

February 8—**Lana Turner**

February 9—**Kathryn Grayson**

February 10—**Jimmy Durante**
Robert Keith
Robert Wagner

February 11—**Leslie Nielsen**

February 12—**Forrest Tucker**

February 13—**Kim Novak**
Lyle Bettger

February 15—**Kevin McCarthy**

February 16—**Peggy King**
Vera-Ellen

February 18—**Jack Palance**

February 19—**Lee Marvin**

February 20—**Norma Moore**
Patricia Smith

February 21—**Dane Clark**
Guy Mitchell

February 22—**Robert Young**

February 23—**Race Gentry**

February 24—**Barbara Lawrence**
Marjorie Main

February 26—**Betty Hutton**
Peter Lorre
Tony Randall

February 27—**Joan Bennett**
Elizabeth Taylor
Reginald Gardiner

February 29—**Arthur Franz**



Sir Cedric Hardwicke
February 9



Thelma Ritter
February 14



Adolphe Menjou
February 18



Ann Sheridan
February 21

The House of Terrified Women

(*Continued from page 28*)

dreaming, with her large blue eyes wide open, peering through the darkness, and beyond that darkness . . . dreaming back to an actual night in her life, nine years ago, when she was eleven.

She remembered it so well, so vividly, her first night in show business. Her parents had driven her to the radio station. Her uncle, Bing, had taken her hand and led her into the studio and over to the microphone. "And now folks, I'd like to introduce," he had said, "a brand new singer, a sweet kid, my niece . . . Miss Cathy Crosby!" There had been applause, she remembered. Then silence. And then she had begun to sing her song, *Dear Hearts and Gentle People*.

Remembering, dreaming back, she began to hum that same song now.

She stopped suddenly when she heard the footsteps outside her door.

She figured that it was probably a night nurse, making her rounds, listening at doorways to see if you were asleep.

So she stopped her singing, and she waited, in the darkness, staring vacantly at a shadow on the wall ahead of her, until the footsteps—having stopped, too—moved on down the long and silent hallway of this place, this hospital, this institution, as some people called it.

And then, once again, still sitting up in her bed, the beautiful girl with the large blue eyes continued with her song. . . .

Preying on his mind

It was a few minutes after 10:40 that night when Bob Crosby entered the big house at 220 N. Layton Drive. He parked the golf clubs he was carrying in a foyer closet (he'd been playing that afternoon with Vice President Richard Nixon and actors Robert Sterling and George Murphy) and he walked into the living room.

His wife, June, was upstairs at the time, in her eight-year-old daughter Malia's bedroom. The little girl had been suffering from a bad cold all that day, she had a slight fever now, she couldn't sleep, and June had been sitting with her this past hour or so reading to her.

When June heard her husband enter, she lay down the book, got up from her chair and walked to the door.

"Bob," she called, when she saw him.

She waited for him to answer.

Instead, she saw, he stood there motionless, in the center of the living room for a moment, mumbling to himself; and then he began to walk towards the big mirrored cabinet at the far end of the room, the cabinet where the whisky was.

June turned now, too, and walked back into Malia's room, leaving the door open behind her.

"What's the matter?" the little girl asked, softly, from her bed, seeing the look of worry, and fear, in her mother's eyes.

"Nothing," June whispered.

"Is Daddy home?"

June nodded.

Then she walked over to the little girl's bed and took her hand in hers.

It was preying on his mind, June knew—preying on his mind, terribly. She could tell by the way he had looked a moment before. She could tell by the way he had looked that morning, when they'd gone to have a talk with Cathy's doctor.

"What do you mean a complete breakdown?" he'd asked the doctor then. "I thought she only needed a week here. And now it's a month and she's still here. . . . What do you mean a *complete* breakdown, a *mental* breakdown?" he'd asked the doctor.

June's hand, still clutching Malia's, began to tremble now.

"Mommy," the little girl asked, "are you all right, Mommy?"

"Yes," June said. "Yes. Shhhhh. Yes."

She looked away from her daughter and towards the door again.

She wished that her sons, Chris and Bobby and Steve, were back home from that party they'd gone to.

She wished, with all her heart, that Cathy were home, too, instead of in that place. . . .

Something is wrong

Cathy got out of her bed and rushed to a chair near the window and sat.

The feeling of faintness had overtaken her suddenly. She'd been singing one moment, remembering the nice tune, the nice night. And then her head had begun to spin and the tightness had grabbed at her stomach and she'd felt sick.

Something is wrong, she thought, sitting on the chair now, looking out the window, at the night. *Somewhere, somehow, something is wrong.*

She closed her eyes, tight.

She didn't want to think about trouble.

The doctor had told her that she was here to rest, that she must rest as much as possible, and think pleasant thoughts, especially at night, at bedtime.

She had tried, too. Tried very hard. Every night this past long month.

But it was no use trying now.

Because she knew, deep down inside herself, that there was trouble.

And she thought of her father.

She saw him very clearly, though her eyes were still closed.

He was standing in front of her, looking at her, saying nothing.

He stood there for what seemed to be a very long time. And then he stepped back, back away from her, back in time, and into the den of their house.

He'd yelled at her mother that night. Cathy remembered. He'd yelled long and loud. He'd yelled so much that Cathy, nine years old then, listening from the staircase, had run over to him and begged him to stop. He'd ordered her up to her room instead. And she'd gone. And for half an hour more, an hour more, she'd heard the yelling continue. Till finally it had ended and her mother had come to her room and they'd both sat and cried.

"Does it mean . . . when Daddy fights with you . . . does it mean he doesn't love you any more?" Cathy had asked her mother that night.

"Of course he loves me, baby," her mother had said, wiping away her tears, and her daughter's. "This was just an argument. He's nervous about his work. Something happened today and—"

She'd paused.

"Today he got a wire," she'd said then. "It was from this booking agent in Atlantic City. This man said he'd just heard that Daddy doesn't like any mention of his brother in any advertising, for any show he and the band are scheduled to do. And this man, he wired that either he be allowed to advertise daddy as 'Bing Crosby's brother,' or else not to bother to come.

"And so Daddy was nervous tonight. And he had to pick on somebody. And he picked on me.

"It's all happened before. It'll happen again . . . I guess that's just the way it's got to be."

"And the fights you have," Cathy had

asked, when her mother was finished explaining, "they don't mean that Daddy doesn't love you any more?"

"Of course not," June had said.

"Because if he doesn't love you," Cathy had said, "how could he love me—or anybody . . . ?"

"He loves us, you and me," her mother had said. "Very much. . . . Believe me."

"I hope so, Mommy," Cathy had said. "I hope so. . . ."

"I wish we were closer . . ."

"Oh, I hoped so, so much," she said to herself now, sitting there in that hospital room, alone, remembering.

And as she said that, she saw his face again, in front of her, pale and angry.

This time he was yelling at *her*.

"Who were you out with tonight?" he asked.

"Dino," Cathy said.

"I told you to stop seeing him," he said.

"I love him, Daddy," Cathy said.

"I don't care," he said. "He's too old for you, for just one thing."

"Thirteen years difference isn't that much," Cathy said.

"He's divorced," her father said. "Doesn't that mean anything to you as a Catholic?"

"I *love* him," Cathy said. "That's all that means anything to me right now."

Her father's voice became louder.

"Have I denied you anything, before, ever, in your life?" he asked. ". . . How many other seventeen-year-old girls have gotten all the things I've given you?"

"Not many," Cathy whispered, almost methodically, looking down.

"You have a convertible, pink and black, just the way you like it?"

"Yes."

"You have pretty clothes? Closets of them?"

"Yes."

"Have you gotten everything from me you've ever wanted?"

This time Cathy didn't answer.

"Well?" he asked.

Cathy looked up and stepped towards him and put her arms around him. "Sometimes," she said, "sometimes, Daddy, I've wished we could have been closer to each other. Sometimes I've wished there could have been fewer fights between us. Like now, Daddy. I know you're thinking about me. *It's for her own good*—I know that's what you're saying to yourself through all this. Just like you said the other times, with any other boyfriends I ever had, when you told me to get rid of *them*. 'It's for her own good' you're telling yourself, and—"

But her father didn't seem to be listening to her.

"I don't want you to see this Dino Castelli anymore," he said, interrupting.

"I love him," Cathy said.

"I don't want you to see *him*," he said, "and, for the time being, I don't want you getting interested in *anyone* . . . You're still just a baby, Cathy. Remember that. You don't know what you're doing. You're like most kids today. With crazy ideas about life, romance, everything. Newfangled ideas about morality. Bad ideas. You take the Ten Commandments, and if there's one of them you don't like—"

He stopped, and he removed Cathy's hands from around his waist.

"Now get to bed," he said.

"Something I'm not guilty of . . ."

Cathy didn't move.

"Did you hear me? Get to bed," he said. "And from this moment on I want you to start acting respectable." He shouted the word. "Respectable!"

"I haven't done anything wrong," Cathy said, still not moving.

"Oh Daddy, oh Daddy," Cathy said, fighting back the tears. "What do you want from me? What do you expect me to do? Do you want me to go upstairs and lock myself in my room and stay there the rest of my life? Do you want me to get on my knees and beg your forgiveness for something I'm not guilty of?"

She gasped.

"Or do you just want me to go away?" she asked, suddenly.

He turned back to her.

"Is that what *you* really want to do," he asked, "go away?"

Cathy shook her head. "I don't know. . . . I don't know what I want any more, Daddy," she said. "I'm so confused."

"I've said what I have to say," he told her. "Now you do what you want."

"Please, Daddy—" Cathy started to say.

"And if you do go," he cut in, "be sure to leave your car keys. I'll call you a cab."

And with that he left the room. . . .

The memories of what had happened after that moment rushed through Cathy's mind now. The cab that came to pick her up the next day. The flight to that tiny apartment on Dohany Drive. The two years on her own, making ends meet with the money she got from a few scattered nightclub and TV appearances. The breaking off with Dino in that time. The complete loneliness—broken only by occasional secret visits with her mother. The attempt at a reconciliation with her father last April, arranged and prayed for by her mother. The dinner at home again that night. The smiles from her dad. The hugging and the kissing and the tears of joy. And then—a few weeks later—the fights again, the bitter tears again, the bad words all over again, just like the old days. Until there was another flight, another apartment, another period of terrible loneliness and confusion.

Until there came that night, last month, when she could cope with it no longer.

And she collapsed.

And she was brought here, to this place. . . .

She opened her eyes and rose from her chair and walked across the dark little room to a sink.

She filled a glass with water and brought it to her lips.

There's trouble again, she thought, *—tonight. I know.*

The house of terrified women

At the big house, at that moment, Bob Crosby put down the glass he'd been holding, rose and went to Malia's room.

According to June, his wife, this is what happened next:

"He walked into the room and I could see he was feeling belligerent, that something was wrong. I suppose he had been drinking quite a bit. He usually does drink. I wanted to ask him where he'd been since his golf game ended. Except that I'm not supposed to ask. He has a persecution complex. He thinks everyone is against him.

"Yes, I could see that something was wrong, by the way he was still talking to himself, by the look in his eyes. I didn't want any trouble in the baby's room. So I got off her bed and went to another room. I called our doctor and asked him if there was anything I could do. The doctor said no, just to keep quiet and not to get into an argument with him.

"I went back to Malia's room, to see if he was still there. He was. As soon as he saw me this time he began to shout. It was something about where were the boys and why weren't they home yet. I know it was mostly Cathy's being in the hospital that was preying on his mind. But he didn't mention that.

"Then, suddenly, in the presence of Malia, he began to walk over towards me and he began to beat me. He beat me unmercifully. He hit me about the head



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new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

HOUND-DOG MAN

country living

Fabian
Carol Lynley
Stuart Whitman
Arthur O'Connell
Betty Field

■ Fabian wants to go hunting with the hound-dog man (Stuart Whitman). Fabian's dad, Arthur O'Connell, convinces Betty Field that their son is old enough to let go of her apron strings. Off he and his kid brother trot. They don't go far before they meet Carol Lynley and friend. Whitman, who doesn't believe much in marriage, (and who would take in all those hounds?) should never have set eyes on Carol. He and the boys turn up at her family's farm with a turkey and some sassy behavior that gets them kicked right back onto the trail again. There they find one of their pals lying helpless in a ditch (broken leg) and Fabian rides into town for the doctor. After the leg-setting there's a big party to which the whole county comes. Fabian sings, everybody dances in the barn. Fabian stops singing when he sees his girl (Dodie Stevens) snuggling up to another fellow. All the music stops when a jealous husband tries to blast Whitman out of a hayloft. Fabian's father is the only man in the crowd who'll stand up to the bully. Makes Fabian decide home isn't such a bad place after all, not with a man like his father in it. It's a homespun, happy kind of movie.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

a husband confesses

David Niven
Mitzi Gaynor
Carl Reiner
Monique Van Vooren
Patty Duke

■ For nearly thirteen years David Niven and his bride (Mitzi Gaynor) have been living in Gramercy Park. It's been swell. He's successful, she's chic, the kids (Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) are understanding. And a TV set has never crossed the threshold. Until tonight, the eve of their 13th anniversary. The TV set crosses, followed by its donors—Mitzi's mother and father. David tries to control himself all through a champagne dinner. Finally he lets the cat out of the bag. Yes, we've been *legally* married thirteen years, he says. But illegally? Ha-ha. Fourteen. The thought of that first, illegal year sends his in-laws home in a helpless rage. Niven kicks in the TV screen. Mitzi locks the bedroom door. Patty goes on a TV show to discuss her parents' pre-marital problems before a panel of her peers. By this time a second TV set has arrived in the Niven home. Just in time for Niven to kick in the screen. So much for his marriage. He's through. His in-laws are through, too. Niven's business partner (Carl Reiner) and a client, divorcee Monique Van Vooren, are in and out trying to patch things up. It's much ado about not very much, but the acting's pleasant.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE FLYING FONTAINES

daring young men

Joan Evans
Michael Callan
Roger Perry
Evy Norlund
Joe de Santis

■ Out of the Army, Michael Callan returns to the 'big top' where he was a star on the flying trapeze. First disappointment: his old girl (Joan Evans) has married his old catcher (on the trapeze) Roger Perry. Second disappointment: Mike thinks he's found a new girl (Evy Norlund) but *she's* engaged to Rian Garrick who replaced Mike in the air. Third disappointment: Mike's father (Joe de Santis) hasn't changed a bit; he still thinks Mike needs more training before he can join the biggest circus of all, Ringling Brothers. Well, all of this could drive a boy to drink. But when a boy's drunk he shouldn't try to fly. In an attempt to save Mike's neck Rian Garrick falls and breaks a few bones, which makes him afraid ever after of trapezes. Rian becomes a bitter clown; he's bitter because his girl, Evy, likes Mike more and more. Mike, the show-off, does good deeds—such as not handing Rian over to the cops when Rian cuts a rope that holds up the trapeze, such as telling Joan to go back to her husband when Joan decides to make a play for *him*. If only Rian would stop seeking revenge everything would be okay. The movie picks up whenever it's focused on the circus itself.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

A TOUCH OF LARCENY

outrageous comedy

James Mason
Vera Miles
George Sanders
Harry Townes
Robert Fleming

■ Once a war hero, never a husband, James Mason is the freest soul in the British Admiralty. That is, he is the freest with women. Women adore him, even married women, even women who ought to know better. Like American widow Vera Miles. Vera has come to London to marry George Sanders who has a rather stilted charm but, considering his vast wealth and potentialities as a diplomat (he's about to become an ambassador), it sits well on him. When George dashes off to Brussels (duty calls) James spirits Vera onto a sailboat. *Marry you?* she says, shakily, *don't be silly.* James admits that the only asset he lacks is money but he has a fantastic scheme to get some—loads of some. His idea is to overstay his naval leave, after hiding a top secret file, and to shipwreck himself. While he is sitting comfortably on a little island the newspapers will accuse him of delivering information to a rival power. Then he has only to return, prove his innocence and sue the press for defamation of character. *You wouldn't, you couldn't*—says Vera, completely enchanted. Of course he would and he could and he does. He is a terrible fraud. And the worse he behaves the more delightful this movie gets.—PARAMOUNT.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING (20th-Fox): Point One: All the men in New York are either immoral, amoral, married or drunk, and they all seem to work at the Fabian Publishing Co. Point two: all the appealing ladies (Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, Suzy Parker, Hope Lange, Martha Hyer) who also toil for Fabian become hopelessly involved with these no-goods. The somewhat forlorn message here seems to be that true love and careers do not always mix well.

BELOVED INFIDEL (20th-Fox): F. Scott Fitzgerald, outstanding American novelist, had a romance with Sheilah Graham, Hollywood columnist. A natural for a movie? You bet! Gregory Peck and Deborah Kerr, as the lovers, are introduced by Peck's friend Eddie Albert (playing the late Robert Benchley). Peck's much-loved wife has been ill for years, he drinks, his writing is nearly nil. But, the romance which begins on this doomed note brings happiness too late for Peck, just in time for Deborah.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE (MGM): There's a gale blowing in the English Channel and two ships collide in the night. Charlton Heston and Ben Wright, aboard the *Sea Witch,* find the *Mary Deare* in flames, with one lifeboat and sailing to a rocky graveyard. Captain Gary Cooper, the almost-mad sole survivor, grabs Heston from behind. When the Captain calms down, he finally begins the strange story that ends in a London Court of Inquiry.

and nose and he broke one of my ribs.

"While he was hitting me I saw Malia, in her bed, watching, terrified. Then I saw this letter opener on the bureau. I picked it up. I didn't mean to hurt him. I deliberately tried to inflict as minor damage as possible to scare him and make him stop beating me.

"When I saw the blood on his shirt, I dropped the letter opener to the floor and rushed to the phone again. This time I called the Beverly Hills police. I was in a panic. I said, 'I've just stabbed my husband,' and asked them to send over an ambulance, fast.

"But he was gone, out of the house, a few minutes later.

"Later I was to find out that he went to his brother Bing's, and spent the night there. That he was to pass off the incident by saying, 'I really don't think June intended to do anything. She just got mad, so mad she didn't know what she was doing. We've had family arguments before. I guess this one just exploded.'

"He said, too, 'I'm not a wife-beater. I didn't lay a finger on my wife. If my wife is hurt, it's only because I had to use force to take the letter opener away from her. I'm the one who got stabbed, not her.'

"It's true. I'm not the one who got stabbed. Not with a letter opener.

"But for twenty-one years now I've been taking this, these constant arguments, constant fights. If you live with Bob on the inside you know he's not the easy-going Crosby that the public imagines him to be. . . . This has been going on for twenty-one years. And I've had it, finally. I've put up with it for the sake of the children. Twice—once in 1943 and once in 1956—I started divorce proceedings against Bob. Both times I changed my mind. I took him back both times. But after everything now, this night, I've had it. I'll never take him back. This is the end."

What could be wrong?

At 12:05 that night, the nurse heard a report of the Crosby incident on the radio. At 12:20, while making her rounds of the hospital, she decided to have a look in Cathy's room.

She was surprised to see Cathy, not in bed, but standing near the sink.

She was about to say something.

But before she had a chance, Cathy turned towards her and asked, "*Is* something wrong? Is that what you've come to tell me?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Of course not," she said. "Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all . . . I was just checking the room down the hall and—"

She stopped as she saw Cathy begin to lean against the sink, hard, and grab it with her hands, as if she might fall. She rushed over to the girl, put her arm around her waist and began to lead her to the bed.

"Is it a bad dream you've been having tonight?" the nurse asked.

Cathy shrugged, "I . . . I don't know."

The nurse helped her into the bed, and then she lifted a sheet over her.

"Well," she said, "the dream is over and done with and now you're ready for a good night's sleep, eh?"

Cathy didn't answer.

"My, what a lovely night it is," the nurse said, suddenly, turning towards the window and looking out. "Just lovely. . . . And tomorrow, tomorrow should be just as nice. I hope so, anyway. Because tomorrow, right after breakfast, we're all going to take a walk on the grounds. And pick flowers."

She had walked to the door and snapped off the light when she heard the girl ask, "And nothing's wrong?"

She forced a great big smile.

"Really, child—what could be wrong on such a lovely night as this?" she said. **END**

The Two Faces of Troy Donahue

(Continued from page 50)

And what happened? When she caught him making love to another girl in his apartment—while they were still going steady for two years—and demanded an explanation, he threw her out bodily—!"

Could this be one and the same Troy Donahue?

It is!

But how could a fellow like Troy have such a wonderful reputation with some people, and create such a strong antipathy with others? Why has it never been brought to the surface before? And what turned him into the kind of guy he is—which is a far cry from the typical young Hollywood leading man type of the Tab Hunter, Rock Hudson, Edd Byrnes tradition?

Those who know him closely agree that there is in Troy a temper, a fire, a drive, an ambition that seems in direct contrast to the easy-going, pleasing mannerisms that has endeared him to Hollywood mothers and daughters alike.

Much of the answer to Troy's twin behavior can be found in his own background.

Troy's father was the head of General Motors' motion picture division. His mother was a stage actress, who retired after her marriage. The Johnsons—Troy's real name was Merle Johnson, Jr. until agent Henry Willson changed it to Troy Donahue—had a fashionable home in Long Island, and an equally fashionable apartment on New York's East Side.

Troy himself attended some of the best schools in the country, including the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in upstate New York. And if it hadn't been for a severe knee injury he suffered during a track meet in his senior year, he would have continued to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Undoubtedly he had all the advantages of a rich man's son.

And this is where his trouble started.

He remembers being sent to first grade in flannel slacks, jacket, white shirt and imported tie, and expensive custom-made moccasins which were in dire contrast to the dungarees and tee shirts worn by the other boys. Right away they treated him like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

During the very first recess, Troy found himself at the bottom of the heap of six boys who were beating up on him, and tearing his clothes to shreds. Yet when he came home he would not tell his parents what happened, and why. But thereafter, he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why they sent him to school looking like a little tramp. As a result, he got it from the other side too. They could not understand how a boy like Troy, raised by a governess, could feel so indifferent about his own appearance!

Troy's attempts to be like others continued to get him in trouble.

He was twelve when he snitched his father's double-barrelled shotgun out of the glass-enclosed cabinet in the den, and sneaked out of the house to meet a pal, with whom he went on a hunting expedition.

They stalked through the swampy area near the Johnsons' Long Island home, but the only thing they could find were some crows. It was good enough for them. Troy fired two shots in quick succession before he reloaded and handed the gun to his friend, who managed to get off just one more shot before they heard someone call out.

"Wouldn't it be funny if this were a cop?" Troy giggled.

"Sure would be," his friend agreed.

It was! A few seconds later they were whisked to the nearest station, and booked on six counts—hunting out of season, hunting without a license, hunting in a residential area, trespassing, walking around with a loaded gun, and carrying a gun while being under age!

Needless to say, his father was not in a cheerful mood when he had to bail out his son.

It wasn't long, however, till even the restraint of his father was gone. Merle Johnson died when Troy was barely fourteen. Yet if anything, Troy's ambition to be accepted by the group, to be one of them, to be important in his own rights, grew with age.

At fourteen, except for his family's wealth—which he tried to ignore—there were other things he felt he could boast about to raise his importance, such as the famous people he met at his house, and the trips he had taken. But instead of winning his fellow students' respect, he earned their jealousies.

The situation changed for the better in the next couple of years, when Troy shot up to nearly his present six-foot three. Tall, well-built, and strong, he became a member of almost every athletic team in school, and was instrumental in winning victory after victory for it. And with it, the adulation and admiration of his fellow students.

Troy wanted more than just to prove himself on the football, baseball and basketball field. He wanted to be accepted so badly that he went to any length to achieve being a "regular" guy. This often ran counter to Mrs. Johnson's wishes.

The relationship between Troy and his mother had become strained already during his father's long illness. Looking back, he now recognizes the tremendous responsibility she took on when her husband became incapable of making decisions, and it was entirely up to her to raise Troy and his younger sister, Eve, who is now fifteen.

Yet Troy began to resent more and more what he considered his mother's over-concern. He was afraid she would make a sissy out of him, by keeping him from doing what the other boys did. And so he rebelled—never realizing that the other boys' parents were often just as opposed to their offsprings' actions as she was.

For instance, after ball games the other boys would frequently sneak off to a little beer joint, strictly off-limits to them. When Troy's mother heard about it, she promptly forbade her son to go along. He did anyway. When he was seen by a friend of the family, who told his mother, she bawled him out right in front of his classmates when he came home. This made him feel all the worse.

Thereafter he would often sneak out after his mother was asleep, usually through the bedroom window.

Troy got away with it till he attended a senior party one night, where everyone had a lot more to drink than was good for them. Troy himself drank so much that he felt ill, and scared. All he wanted was to get back to his house, and his bed. He never made it.

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It's hardly a secret that little boys practically worship two-gun heroes like Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian and Jim (Maverick) Garner—especially in Arizona, where Indians are a dime a dozen and cowboys still ride the desert range.

Hugh tells this one on himself, in connection with a benefit he did for the Scottsdale Boys' Club near Phoenix.

The benefit was staged at the swank Paradise Valley Racquet Club, and small-fry sons of the members pestered the daylights out of their dads to get them Wyatt Earp autographs. The most insistent fan was Tommy Woods, aged seven.

Hugh was just emerging from a shower in the Racquet Club locker room when Tommy barged in, eluding his father's grasp. The boy's father, who had become somewhat chummy with Hugh the previous evening, hastily performed an embarrassed introduction.

"Tommy, this is Wyatt Earp," he said. "Mr. Earp—my son, Tommy."

"How are you, Tommy?" Hugh said cordially, extending a dripping hand.

"Okay," replied the lad, staring up at the naked hero, whom he had a hard time recognizing. "If you're Wyatt Earp, where are your guns?"

"I don't wear them in the shower," said Hugh, somewhat taken aback. "I . . . uh . . . I left 'em in my locker."

"I'll wait," Tommy said suspiciously "You don't look like Wyatt Earp to me. You know Annie Oakley?"

"Sure do."

"Can you shoot better'n she can?"

Hugh hedged. "Never met the lady in a contest," he said.

"Any man that can let a woman shoot better ain't much," the boy said critically. "If you're really Wyatt Earp I gotta see your guns."

"Come to think of it," said Hugh, thinking fast, "I let a fellow borrow those guns for a spell. Fellow named Maverick. Goes by the name of James Garner sometimes."

"DO YOU KNOW JAMES GARNER?"

"Personal friend of mine. Taught him how to shoot."

"Gee," Tommy said faintly. "Gee." He obviously thought Jim Garner is The Greatest. "You must be all right, then. I guess you really are Wyatt Earp. What did Mr. Garner borrow your guns for?"

Still dripping from his shower, Hugh had an inspiration. Bending down, he put an arm around the little boy and whispered, "Can you keep a secret, son?" His erstwhile skeptic nodded. "Don't let this get out," Hugh said, "but that fellow Garner is on the warpath. Some Arizona Indians crossed him."

"Apaches!"

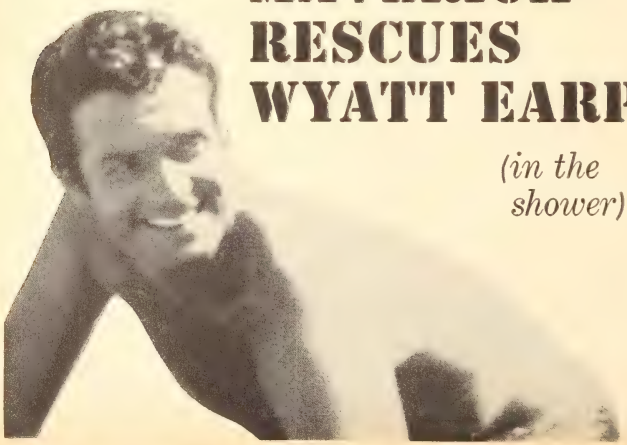
"Right," said Hugh grimly. "Now if you'll excuse me, before this air-conditioning gives me pneumonia."

"Sure, Mr. Earp," said Tommy respectfully.

He made his father take him home immediately in order to inform his mother, in sworn secrecy, that no Arizona woman need fear those diehard Apaches any more. Two-Gun Garner was on the warpath! And Wyatt Earp sent him!

MAVERICK RESCUES WYATT EARP

(in the shower)



A friend drove him back to his place at three o'clock in the morning. As Troy was trying to raise himself up to the porch, he fell over the lawn furniture which, in turn, collapsed with a big bang. "I can still see my mother come running out of the house," he remembers, "shouting that if I could stay out this late, I might as well stay out a little longer, and slammed the door in my face. I crawled back on the lawn and fell asleep. It was ten o'clock the next morning when I woke up—just in time to see people stop on their way to church. I'll never forget those expressions as they saw me on the front lawn, still dressed in a tuxedo, obviously sleeping off a hangover—"

The unruliness, the rebellion continued. Troy was just about to get his driver's license at sixteen, when he was out with a group of friends, one of whom let him drive his car. He got caught by the police for going through a red light. The offense, in itself, was not too serious. But when the officer found out he only had a student's license and was not allowed to drive without an adult next to him, he promptly called Troy's mother. Mrs. Johnson became so upset that although he was supposed to have gotten his license two days later—and a car with it—she told him he would have to wait a full year before she would allow him to get his own car.

Again her strictness had the opposite effect.

To show his independence, one night Troy sneaked out of the house and headed for the garage. With all the strength he could muster he rolled out the family car and drove off, to pick up a girlfriend.

As bad luck would have it, about an hour later his mother decided to visit some friends. She didn't check Troy's room to see if he was still there, asleep. When she realized her car had disappeared, she naturally presumed it was stolen, and notified the police. An all-car alert was promptly put out via police short wave, giving the license number and description of the 'stolen' car, a brand new Cadillac convertible.

A cop finally found it parked in front of a drugstore. "Who's been driving the Cadillac?" he demanded in a loud voice when he walked in. Without hesitation, Troy—who was having a soda with his girl, and another couple—admitted it was he. To his humiliation the policeman handcuffed him, and dragged him to the nearest police station to book him for theft. Not till his mother was notified was the mystery cleared up, and Troy released.

Mrs. Johnson hoped that a military school would straighten out her boy. For a while it looked like she was right.

Troy rather enjoyed his life at the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He did so well—both academically and in sports—that he became a student officer. Yet even this couldn't keep him out of trouble, indefinitely.

In his class was a Cuban boy, nicknamed *Gato, the Cat*. He was a tall, quiet, strange sort of boy who didn't associate with others, and a fanatic about cleanliness and health. While other students would get out of bed at 5:40 in the morning, he got up at 4:30 to do calisthenics on the parade ground. He brushed his teeth ten times a day. To sneeze in his presence was a sin to him.

His behavior caused the other fellows to constantly play tricks on him, particularly since Gato was not considered too bright. One day, Troy remembered, one of the cadets told him that if he would stick his finger into a light socket, he would light up. He did. And got knocked out. It was a miracle he wasn't killed!

Gato particularly didn't like Troy because the two of them had been in competition for high jumping for some time, with

Troy, the top athlete of the school, always outdoing him.

One day as the cadets were sitting around the high jumping pit, looking at all the earthworms crawling around in it, one of the boys got an idea. Why not take a handful of these worms and put them on Gato's pillow?

Everyone thought it was a hilarious joke, but who would do it?

Troy volunteered. He picked up a handful of the earthworms and carried them to Gato's pillow.

Three minutes later the dormitory door flew open, and Gato rushed out and across the parade grounds straight to the commandant's office.

The commandant had a hard time containing himself, but had no choice but to promise the boy proper disciplinary action. During the final inspection of the day, Gato was permitted to step forward and ask his officer—Troy—for permission to speak up. "As all of you know, someone put worms on my pillow," he shouted. "If whoever did it is not too much of a coward, I want him to admit it now."

Troy took a step forward. Before he knew what had happened, Gato had hit him like a freight train. It took half a dozen men to pull them apart again, bloody and exhausted from the brief but violent encounter. The commandant promptly told them that if they wanted to fight, they should do it with gloves on, in the gym. They agreed.

In spite of the gloves' cushioning effect, the result was probably the longest and most brutal fight in the history of the military academy, with Troy getting the better of Gato but, as he admits, not much better. Yet when it was over, Gato's anger was satisfied. He was willing to shake hands, and eventually he and Troy became the best of friends.

Troy learned a very fundamental lesson that day. If anything has to be done, good or bad, it should be done promptly and openly, and not held back. If he hadn't stepped forward that day, Gato's suspicion might have grown to where they could never have made up.

By the time he came to Hollywood, Troy felt he had outgrown any tendency to be hurt. He soon found out differently. What's more, when a crisis arose, he continued to resort to his fists to settle it.

Shortly after he arrived in California, he took a group of friends to Gogi's, a coffee shop on the Sunset Strip. In contrast to a lot of other customers, Troy was extremely well dressed. Furthermore, he still had enough money left to pay the bill for the five of them—which caused a disgruntled beatnik at one of the tables to make a crack about the big, tall, New York show-off who was all dressed up like a Christmas tree.

Troy turned for an appropriate reply. Before he got very far, the beatnik stormed toward him.

Troy was tall and strong enough to have held the man at bay. But his temper blew up and with four well-laid punches, he was laid out flat.

Five minutes later he found himself in a police car, bound for headquarters. Only an influential friend's influence managed to cover up the incident.

Yet behind this aggressiveness, there is another side to Troy, equally, if not more powerful—a sensitive, understanding maturity far beyond his years. And contradictory as it may sound, his early environment was responsible for this, too. Particularly the death of his father.

Till Troy was twelve years old, he could never remember a single day that his father was sick. In fact, he was probably the healthiest, most athletic type of man he ever knew. The first indication that something was wrong occurred the afternoon they playfully wrestled on the front lawn. To the surprise of both of them, Troy managed rather easily to pin his father on his back.

For days after, the older man began to feel weaker and weaker, till he went to the Columbia Medical Center in New York City, for a complete check-up.

Nothing could be found wrong at the time.

As the weeks went by, he grew weaker, without any apparent reason. A painful ripple developed in his muscles, which made it continually harder for him to move, till he finally decided to go to Johns Hopkins' Hospital, near Baltimore, Maryland, for another check-up. This time the doctors quickly discovered the trouble—hopeless, acute sclerosis, which would paralyze him progressively until it would finally draw life out of him completely.

Only they didn't tell him, because obviously he didn't want to be told. And so they described it as a disease with similar symptoms, and hopes of complete recovery.

But someone had to be told the truth, and that's how it came about that Mrs. Johnson and Troy were to share the awful burden till his death. For two years Troy lived with the knowledge that his father would die without anyone being able to do anything about it.

"At first I couldn't believe it myself," Troy remembers. "To make it worse I was plagued by a feeling of guilt whenever I visited him. I did things which weren't right, yet mother never told him. On the contrary, she assured him how wonderfully behaved I was, which made me feel all the worse. Oh how I wished the things she told him about me were true—yet it seemed the more glowing terms she used, the stronger my reaction to do the opposite—the worse I felt about it. It was an uncontrollable, vicious circle."

Every time Troy visited his father at the hospital, the old man was a little bit more paralyzed, to where finally he could only make known what he wanted with the help of a chart on the wall. Only six people—Troy included—would be able to point to one of the drawings, and according to the way Merle Johnson blinked his eye, knew what he wanted, whether it was to eat, to rest, to get a bath, whatever it was.

In spite of everyone's attempts to keep the truth from him, Merle Johnson finally realized he was dying. But then he had but one day of life left in him.

Troy found this out when he visited his father that afternoon. Merle Johnson somehow managed to tell him to take his gold watch from the night-stand. "It was his most cherished possession," Troy recalls with sadness in his voice. "When he gave it to me, I knew he'd lost hope. . . ."

Troy was sitting in an ice cream parlor with two friends the next day when the maid ran in breathlessly. "Come home right away!" she shrieked.

Troy looked at her with quiet composure, "Dad?"

She broke into tears. He knew the answer.

The other fellows were surprised that Troy didn't seem shocked, or hurt. Quietly and dutifully he went home and then helped his mother make the necessary ar-

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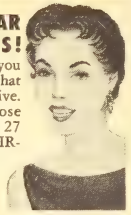
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rangements for the funeral and after.

"My immediate feeling was one of relief that Dad's suffering was over. It took me months to find out what I had really lost when he passed away."

Yet after his father's death, instead of becoming more dependent on his mother, his own feeling of independence grew. Partly he was still afraid to become a mama's boy if he couldn't assert himself, partly he felt that he was now the man in the family who, in spite of his young age, should have a voice in determining at least his own future. And so, when it came to a most important choice—which career to pursue—he found himself opposed to his mother's wishes.

Through her own career in showbusiness, as well as her husband's position as head of the motion picture section for General Motors, Mrs. Johnson had been close enough to the entertainment business to be aware of the disappointments it could bring. She didn't want Troy to face a life full of doubts and insecurities.

From riches to rags

On the other hand, once his knee injury prevented his appointment to West Point, Troy had made up his mind to become an actor anyway. He took up dramatics in school and when he still couldn't get his mother's support, after his graduation, he saw no choice but to walk out of the family home, almost penniless.

For almost two years he subsisted on whatever he could make as a messenger boy, construction laborer, waiter, counselor at boys camp and other odd jobs which enabled him to study acting under Ezra Stone and get further experience in summer stock. He lived in cold water walk-up flats, the YMCA. He often got along on one meal a day, determined to succeed without asking his mother for help. Once he was so broke that he had to walk seventy-six blocks to save a dime subway fare.

It was Darrell Brady, an old friend of his father's who brought him to Hollywood by offering him a job with his commercial film company. It was another friend, actress Fran Bennett, who introduced Troy to her agent, Henry Willson, who in turn was responsible for getting Troy a test at Universal-International, which eventually led to the lead opposite Sandra Dee in *A Summer Place*, and as a result of it, a starring part in *The Crowded Sky*.

Once Troy was on his way to becoming established—professionally, personally, and financially—his relationship to his family changed abruptly. Troy suddenly became so conscious of his responsibilities as head of the family, that he was determined to do something about it. He sent for his mother and younger sister. He found them a place to stay. When his mother needed financial assistance, when her income from her investments did not come in on time, he was always ready to assist. He now attends P.T.A. meetings for his sister, Eve, and has adopted other parental prerogatives—without giving her a chance to rebel, as he once did. "I won't tell her what to do. I simply suggest what's best for her, and then let her make up her own mind," he insists.

For instance, she used to date quite a wise guy, at least in Troy's eyes. He was particularly upset when Eve told him that he always carried a bottle in his car, and tried to talk her into taking a drink. "Had I forbidden Eve to see him, she might have done it behind my back," he reasoned. "So we just had a heart-to-heart talk. I emphasized the trouble she could get into with this boy, then left the decision up to her. She stopped seeing him."

Whereas at one time Troy would leave the house under almost any pretense, he now makes a point of getting together with his family several times a week—and likes it.

Looking back at the last few years, Troy still feels that his abrupt decision to leave home was best for all concerned. It helped establish his independence—and made a man out of him.

He feels constant compromises and halfway measures lead to nothing but trouble in any relationship—which is also the reason he had earned both the good and bad reputation with women!

Nan Morris was by no means his first love. When he was nineteen, he got engaged to a beautiful New York model. But as she grew more successful, Troy's meager earnings couldn't provide her with her constantly more expensive tastes, till the gulf between them grew to a point where it split them apart. "I saw it coming for a long time, yet didn't have the courage to admit it to myself. Luckily one evening she made it quite clear what was happening. Although I was hurt at the time, it was best for both of us to recognize realities. It would have been much harder on both of us if I'd played the hurt lover indefinitely!"

His next infatuation was for a girl under contract to Universal-International, the same time he was tied to the studio. Her success came about much faster than his, and the New York episode repeated itself almost verbatim when she told him quite frankly one day that they weren't right for one another any longer.

Again Troy preferred the abruptness that wrote 'finis' to their romance to a long, dragged out affair. This is, he told himself, how he would finish a relationship if he were ever caught on the other end of the line—which is exactly what happened with Nan Morris.

Although they were not officially engaged, they had gone steady for two years. When Troy became interested in another girl, he tried to tell Nan as gently as possible. She refused to believe it.

The way it looked!

One evening, not long ago, he took out this other girl. But he was so tired after a long day at the studio that he asked if she minded driving herself home in his car, after dropping him off at his house. She didn't mind.

The next day was Sunday. When she returned Troy's Porsche, she arrived just as he got ready to leave to meet his mother and sister for church.

She too was tired from the night before, and asked if she could rest on his couch till he came back. He didn't object.

Troy returned two hours later. He was just taking off his coat and loosening his tie when Nan arrived unexpectedly, says Troy. Through a peephole in his door, she could see a girl lying on the couch, covered by Troy's bathrobe, and Troy taking off his jacket and loosening his tie. "She put two and two together, and made twenty-five out of it," Troy said.

Nan frantically knocked on the door. The other girl hastily put on her coat, and ran out of the apartment, right past her.

Nan started to yell. When she kept it up, Troy took her inside and shook her hard by the shoulders, till she stopped. When she refused to believe what he told her, he angrily asked her to leave, insisting it was all over between them!

While this seemed abrupt and ungentlemanly to Nan, under the circumstances Troy felt it was the only sensible thing to do. Apparently he was right, for two weeks later Nan called uneasily, and asked to see him. He agreed, though still fearful of another scene. Instead she wanted his advice on a professional matter.

Several weeks have passed since then. Today, Nan and Troy still get together occasionally. They are no longer a ro-

mantic item. But they have managed to re-establish a friendly relationship in spite of what has happened, or maybe because of it. And even if Nan's closest friends don't understand, she does—and that's what counts for Troy.

Still, he's embarrassed about the incident. "This sort of thing never happened to me before, and I hope it never will again," he insists. "I'd much rather be jilted by a girl than appear to be the one responsible for something like this."

So these are the two faces of Troy. So different, yet so inter-related that one could not be without the other. Whether one likes or dislikes him for what he is, whether one agrees or disagrees with the way he manages himself, and others, one has to admit there's nothing wishy-washy about him.

Thank heavens—Hollywood has found a man again. A real man! **END**

the day Dinah was almost SHOT

It happened in France, during World War II, just a few hundred yards from the enemy lines. But the biggest threat that day was not the German guns. . . .

Dinah Shore was entertaining our servicemen on an improvised stage in an open field. More than 6,000 GI's were crowded around that afternoon—sitting, squatting, lying on the grass.

Once Dinah had sung a couple of numbers she asked for requests. After she finished the fourth or fifth, a GI, tall, rugged-looking and obviously unsteady-on-his-feet, got up and shouted, "Sing *Paper Doll!*"

It was a man's song. Dinah knew her presentation just wouldn't be what it should be. But there was no time for explanations. "I can't sing that one," she hollered back.

The GI, weaving unsteadily, tore his .45 automatic out of his holster and released the safety. At first the other GI's, and Dinah, thought he was kidding. After a few weeks in the line, combat soldiers are apt to have peculiar ways of having fun. "*Paper Doll!*" he yelled again.

"*I can't sing it!*" Dinah called back over the heads of several hundred men.

When the drunken GI started to push his way through the crowd toward the stage, everyone quickly realized that this was no joke. They also knew better than to argue with a guy who was intoxicated and wildly swinging a loaded gun. Nobody dared touch him. . . .

When he reached the podium, he stared up at Dinah, his eyes blood-shot, his voice hoarse, his right hand still gripping the gun—which was now pointing straight at Dinah's heart.

"I ask you for the last time—are you or ain't you goin' to sing that song?"

Dinah's legs grew weak, but if she lost her composure, she didn't show it. "I guess I'll have to," she smiled. Then she gently took the soldier's hand and helped him on stage. She put her arm around his waist, and led him to the microphone. His right hand was still gripping his gun.

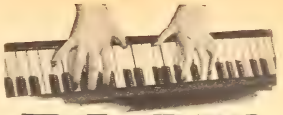
"All right?" she asked quietly.

"*Just sing!*" he demanded.

Dinah nodded to her accompanist and began to sing—softly at first, then louder and louder till a wave of applause rose from the audience who knew she was singing to save her life.

Dinah was half-way through, when two MP's carefully sneaked up behind the GI. One got a tight grip on him and the other twisted his arm till the automatic dropped to the floor.

Dinah had tears in her eyes when she watched him walk down the podium steps between the MP's, looking more bewildered than dangerous. Then she turned back to the audience, and asked, "All right boys, what's next?"



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I Believe I Heard the Voice of Jesus

(Continued from page 39)

arms. "My baby . . . my own baby. . . ."

"Virginia," my father's voice was sharp. "Quick," he said. "Call the doctor."

I swallowed and it was as if a thousand needles were stuck in my throat. My father brought me a small white wash basin and he held it in front of me as I coughed blood into it.

When my mom returned to the room after telephoning the hospital, she said, "They'll send an ambulance, but I told them you would drive her there. It'll be faster. We'll save time. They're notifying Dr. King to rush to the hospital immediately."

I have never seen my mother look so worried. Tears ran from her eyes, and, as my father wrapped me in a dark blanket, I remember hearing my mother's voice whispering, "Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art Thou amongst women . . ."

My father lifted me into his strong arms, and I looked at his round face, his warm brown eyes and dark wavy hair, and suddenly he looked fuzzy. I squinted to try to see, and I fainted.

I bled all the way to the hospital, my father told me. Mom stayed home with Joey. Dad drove me to the emergency entrance of St. Joseph's where, he says, two internes were waiting. I was carried to the emergency room where Dr. King gave me a shot in my arm.

When I came to, I was lying on a long hospital table, wrapped in the blanket from home. I looked up into Dr. King's kind eyes, and he said, "There, there now, we're going to do everything we can."

He was so gentle, so sure of himself that I was calmed, although I continued to bleed. The internes placed towels around my neck to catch the hemorrhaging blood that dribbled down my chin.

In a few minutes, Dr. King inserted silver rods in my mouth, and I lay back while he stroked my forehead and soothed me. There was a strong smell of alcohol in the room that gagged me. The internes assisted Dr. King as he called out instructions. My father stood by me crying. When your father stands beside you with tears brimming over in his eyes, you know something's wrong.

For my *father* to cry, my life *had* to be in danger.

All I could do was pray

I closed my eyes. My mother's prayer came into my mind. And I began reciting the prayer in my head. I couldn't speak or whisper with the silver rods stuck in my throat. But I said the prayer over and over again in my mind until the white emergency room with its shiny silver instruments and snow-white walls came rushing toward me, overpowering me.

But the words stayed with me. *Hail Mary, full of grace . . . pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.* With all my heart I prayed. There was a thumping then in my brain, and I blacked out.

I remained unconscious all through my stay in the hospital and the return home. The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the wooden crucifix on the blue wall of my mother's bedroom.

I prayed with all my might. I prayed to the Virgin Mary, whose own Child had suffered when He was hung on the Cross.

Hail Mary, full of grace . . . pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

When I opened my eyes again I saw the soft rosy light of dawn filtering through the ruffled white curtains at the window. My mother, sitting on a chair beside me, her eyes dark and baggy and her hair pulled back in a knot, caressed my cheeks with her warm hand. She had stood vigil with me through the night.

I couldn't see my mother too well, but the crucifix, which was further away, seemed like it was next to me. The small Cross of dark wood with the figure of Jesus, crowned with thorns, was right in front of me, and I kissed it.

"I am with you," I heard a Voice saying.

All that day I was delirious with fever. And that same night, my head was dizzy and I craved ice-water every time I woke up. My mother kept a lamp lit in the room while I slept, and whenever I awakened, I would see the pink wool blanket on the bed and I would finger it lovingly before I dozed off, thinking, *Someday, I'm going to have an all-pink bedroom.* I still remember one of the strange dreams I had as I lay there delirious. In the dream I saw a beautiful pink, satin-covered bed, a vanity dresser with a mirrored top and a wide pink-net skirt. On the dresser were sparkling atomizers and bottles of perfume with sweet, flowery scents. I dreamed I sniffed all the perfumes, then sat cross-legged on the pink satin bedspread in my pink pajamas while a white bedside radio serenaded me with dance music and I ate a hot fudge sundae.

That next morning when I woke up I saw the crucifix again, and I prayed. My brother Joey, chubby and brown-eyed, bounced into the room in good spirits and said he was going to read me a poem from his first-grade book.

Getting better

I sat up in bed and my mother served me a warm broth. Joey asked Mom if he could read another poem, and she told him to be careful and not to strain his throat.

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and said, "Annette, I don't want you to be sick. I want you to get out of bed—like me."

Then Mom told him to let me rest, and as I lay there in bed, I could hear the kids on the block, playing and laughing. Some of the girls were skipping rope to jump-rope rhymes, and others were playing hopscotch. I could hear the clack of the slate against the sidewalk as they took hopscotch turns. One of the neighbor girls, Mary Jo, bounced a ball to the tune of *One, Two, Three O'Leary.*

For the first time since I'd been in bed I felt lonely. I wanted to go out and play with them.

When the doctor came that afternoon, he asked me if I wanted anything. I asked him if I could have a few visitors for a little while. I wanted some company.

I could have them, he said. But, only if I promised not to talk.

Three of my girlfriends came at five o'clock. They brought me presents—a record and a charm bracelet and a Peter Rabbit hand puppet made out of a Christmas stocking.

They sat by the side of my bed on the kitchen chairs my father brought in for them. All of them were dressed up in pretty Christmas dresses, and they told me they wanted me to get well.

I wanted to reach over and hug them all.

My mother served them cups of hot chocolate and anise cookies, and when the sun started going down they left and said they'd come back and see me tomorrow.

They visited me every day until I was completely well. We played Jacks and Old Maid and sometimes Mary Jo would tell

us a ghost story her old sister Rosie had read in a grown-up magazine.

Then came the day when mother cooked spaghetti and the doctor said I could come to the table to eat it. I knew I was well. My sickness was over.

That next Sunday we went to Mass at St. Charles Roman Catholic Church on Moore Park Boulevard, and as I knelt to pray to Him, I also thanked Him for looking after me, for watching over me all through my crisis.

That night I went into my mother's bedroom and looked at the figure of Jesus on the wooden Cross, and I leaned over and kissed it.

I have never forgotten my faith since. I pray every day.

I thank Him for protecting me. And for letting me see my dreams come true.

For, not long afterward, the day came when I appeared on television, in my short skirt and cheerleader sweater, as one of the Mouseketeers on the Mickey Mouse Club TV show. And, later on, when we moved into our new house, my bedroom wish came true. It's all pink, and the bed has a pink satin bedspread, and in the corner I have my mirrored vanity dresser with the ruffled pink skirt and a collection of perfume bottles, each of them with a sweet heavenly scent.

God never forgets those who trust in Him. **END**

Annette's last picture was Walt Disney's SHAGGY DOG.

At 17 My Life is Over

(Continued from page 20)

"I think I'm pregnant," Beverly said, softly, still looking away.

Her girlfriend squeezed her hand now. "Yes," Beverly said. "I'll know for sure in just a little while. I have an appointment with the doctor. At two o'clock."

She pulled her hand back from her friend's and brought it up to her face to wipe away the tears that were there.

"There," she said, "I've told you. What I've told nobody else . . . Are you surprised?"

Her friend nodded.

"I am," she said. "Yes."

Beverly smiled a little.

"It's funny," she said. "I'd thought it would be so different . . . I mean, here it is, the middle of the day, a bright and sunny day, in a restaurant, over lunch, a cold chicken salad, me in my black dress, my eyes still burning from all the crying, looking like I-don't-know-what because I haven't looked in a mirror for two weeks now—looking like I-don't-know-what and caring even less . . . and—"

She shook her head. The smile was gone from her lips already. The muscles in her slender white neck seemed to be pushing hard against her skin.

"And what, Bev?" her friend asked.

"And I'd just thought," Beverly went on, straining to get the words out, "that it would be so different . . . that's all."

She picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

She held up the glass for a long minute, looking into it, at the insipid and colorless water—silently, neither she nor her friend saying anything.

"I want this baby . . ."

And then, talking again, almost as if to herself, she said, "For two years I'd thought exactly how it would be, if and when this moment ever came, when it came time for me to tell . . . It would be night, I'd thought. I would be wearing something new, and special. I would be beautiful. And I'd joke with him for a while. And then I'd run into the kitchen, to the refrigerator, and grab hold of a bottle of champagne I'd had icing all that day, hidden, behind a big milk container or something. And I'd run back to where he was sitting and, holding the champagne up high, I'd say, 'It's time for a little celebration, my darling.' He'd ask why, of course—'And what is it we have to celebrate now, Woodnymph?' he'd ask. And I'd make him try to guess. Till he *did* guess. And then we'd both begin to laugh. And he'd get up and kiss me and hug me and squeeze me, hard, so hard that I'd have to remind him to be more gentle, that I was very fragile now, that I was different now and had to be treated very tenderly. And he'd stop. 'Yes, that's right,' he'd say, 'you're not a little girl any more, Woodsie, are you? You're the woman I'll be marrying someday soon, as soon as I get my divorce. You're the woman who will be my wife, and the mother of my child. Aren't you?' And as I would say yes, happily, he'd take me in his arms again, only much more gently this time, much more tenderly. And we would kiss. That minute. The next minute. All night. Kiss and hold each other and make love, forgetting all about the champagne, all about everything. Everything but us. . . .

"I had it all figured out, dreamed out, if and when," she said, putting down the water glass. "It would have been so wonderful. Except that he died, before I even knew about the baby myself, or had a chance to tell him."

She smiled again, a small and bitter smile this time.

"It's all what I guess some people would call ironic, isn't it?" she asked.

"Beverly," her girlfriend asked, "are you sure? About the baby?"

"Pretty sure," Beverly said. "I wake up sick. I hurt up here . . . I'm pretty sure."

"And do you feel all right about it?" her friend asked.

"Do you mean how do I feel about it in my heart, a young, husbandless, loverless, broken-up girl like me?" Beverly asked back. "Do you want to know if I'm happy or sad about this? Ashamed or proud? Is that what you mean? Honestly. Is that what you mean?"

Her girlfriend's face reddened and she tried to say something to explain.

"This baby—" Beverly said, after a moment, "—this is all I've got left of the only man who has ever meant anything to me, or ever will . . . I want this baby . . . More than anything else on earth."

A waiter came over to the table now, as she said this, and he asked the two girls if they would care for something else.

"A brandy, Beverly?" her girlfriend asked.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Coffee?"

"No," Beverly said. She looked down at her watch. "As a matter of fact," she said then, "it's about time for me to be going. Two o'clock, the doctor said. It's nearly that now . . . Do you mind if I go? Now?"

"No, not at all," said her friend.

Beverly rose from her chair and began to reach into her purse.

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■ The hotel detective raced for the elevator lobby.

"Woman just told me about three guys walking in here with tommy guns," he said. "Who were they?"

The elevator boy—new on the job—shrugged. "Don't know," he said. "I just took them where they told me—twelfth floor."

"Get me up there," the house dick said, "and quick!"

The corridor of the twelfth floor was quiet—for a moment.

Then the detective heard the voices, loud and lusty, from a room a few yards away.

It sounded like trouble, all right.

The detective rushed over to the door.

"Open up in there," he shouted. "Come on . . . *Open up!*"

Slowly, the door did open.

A pair of mischievous eyes looked up into the detective's.

"Hi," a voice said, softly.

"Paul Anka!" the detective said, recognizing the culprit, who happened to be drenched with water from head to toe. "What's going on here?"

Paul explained. "Sir," he said, pointing into the room, "my buddies and I, we're in town for a few days to cut some records . . . and because we had nothing to do, but nothing, we decided to have a li'l ole water fight . . . so we went out a little while ago to buy some water guns, and—"

He went on and on explaining, until the detective put up his hand and sighed.

"All right, Paul, all right," he said, "fool around a little bit more, if you have to . . . But please, try not to get too much of that juice on the walls or anything."

He turned and began to leave the room.

He was just about out, in fact, when he felt a dash of something—strangely water-like—hit him in the neck.

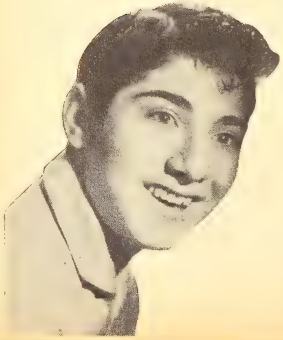
"Who did that?" he asked, turning back around.

The three boys stared at him, the picture of angels.

"What . . . who . . . how?" they asked, their guns planted firmly at their sides.

The detective couldn't help laughing.

And then he walked out—backwards, this time.



Paul Anka's Tommy Gun

friend said. "I told you I was only kidding. Lunch was on me."

"Thank you," Beverly said.

Then she bent and kissed her friend, quickly.

"Excuse me if I was—" she started to say.

"Never mind," her friend said. "I know how you must feel right now."

Beverly turned, and began to walk away.

And her girlfriend, watching her, thought: "God, protect this poor lost kid. . . ."

All that's left of the man she loved

The doctor was a busy man. He minced no words. "Miss Aadland," he said, after he'd completed his examination, "there is no way of telling immediately whether you're pregnant or not. We just don't know yet. It takes a laboratory report and that won't be back here in this office till tomorrow. Tomorrow morning at nine. Now why don't you go home and try to relax and give me a ring then? Tomorrow—nine o'clock. That's all I can say to you now. Good-bye, Miss Aadland. . . ."

Beverly stood at the door of Errol Flynn's house. She hadn't been here since that night, three weeks earlier, when they'd left for Vancouver, together. She'd thought, when he died, that she would never come back to this house. Not alone. Not without him.

But she did not feel alone now.

Inside her, she knew, somewhere deep inside her, lay the little germ of the baby that was hers and Errol's.

It didn't matter to her that the doctor she'd seen a few hours earlier had been evasive about the whole matter. Baby doctors, for all the humanity they tended, were men of science, she figured. They never said yes or no to anything, she knew, till they'd checked with their test tubes, their blood specimens, their rabbits and mice, their laboratory reports; till they'd scratched their graying heads and studied these reports and come to their 'conclusions.'

Well, she thought now, let the men of science do their scratching, their checking.

But she—she was a woman.

And women knew these things, instinctively.

As she knew now.

That inside her, somewhere, lay that child of hers and Errol's.

As she knew, too, that, though her lover and husband-to-be was dead and gone, she was no longer alone. . . .

She opened the door and entered the house.

She flicked a switch that turned on all the lights downstairs.

She walked through the foyer, past the living room to the right, past the raised dining room to the left, to the sunroom in the rear of the house—the room that had been their room, complete with shining checkered linoleum and well-stocked bar and big fat TV and view of the pool, and with the old soft couch.

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where they used to sit—so close, so much of the time—still there, just like always.

She walked over to the couch now, and she sat.

After a moment—the room was quiet, too quiet—she reached for the little TV switcher that sat on the end table to the right, blew off some of the dust that had gathered on it, and pressed a button.

The television, across from her, lit up.

A man said something to her about a 1960 car. "Big, beautiful and roomy; a totally new idea in automobile styling," he said. "Made for you!"

Beverly pressed another button.

A girl in a ruffled dress sat at a piano, playing something Schubert-like, candlelight playing on her face. She looked over at a man, who stood listening to her, watching her. He began to approach her—

Beverly pressed another button.

This time she got a Western, two men in big hats arguing, slurringly.

She pressed another button.

Another western.

Another button.

A cartoon lady, advertising bread.

Another button.

Another.

Another.

Till she rose from the couch, suddenly, the room quiet once more, the television off, and walked over to the bar, in the far corner of the room.

"My life won't be over . . ."

Among all the bottles there, a small split of champagne had caught her eye.

She reached for it and took it from its shelf.

She struggled for a moment with the wiring and silver foil around its neck, and finally she opened it.

"My darling," she said, aloud, as she reached for a glass and poured in some of the champagne, "—it's time for a little celebration."

She lifted the glass to her lips, and took a sip.

She shuddered.

"It's warm, much too warm," she said. "I *know* how you like it iced . . . but, you see, I've been so busy today, at the doctor's . . . because, you see, we're going to have a baby—Yes, yes, my darling—A baby. And it's certain. Oh yes, of course it's certain. . . ."

Her hand began to tremble.

She let the glass she was holding fall.

It crashed to the floor, the wine splashing against her ankles.

She walked back to the couch.

She sat once more.

She closed her eyes.

"Darling," she whispered, her voice breaking as she made her confession to the silent room, "—it's almost certain." She brought up her hand and ran it through her long blonde hair. "Only a phone call," she said. "I have only to phone the doctor, tomorrow, and he has only to say 'Yes, it's true' . . . And then everything will be all right with me again. And I'll know that my life isn't over."

She fell back on the couch.

"Our child," she said. "I'll have at least that . . . It will grow inside me, and then it will come. It will get big. I will take such care of it, such loving care. And one day I will tell our child about its father—about how good and glorious a man he was. And when I am finished telling our child, he will smile, proudly—and he will ask me to tell him even more about you, his father. And I will. And so you will always still be with us—with me, with our child."

She nodded.

She brought her hand up to her stomach.

"Little baby," she whispered, "I want you so much."

And then, desperately, she tried to fall asleep, so that the morning would come that much more quickly. . . .

Too hard from here on in

It was exactly 9:00 a.m.

Beverly picked up the receiver and dialed the doctor's office.

"Hello?" she heard the busy-sounding voice ask.

"This is Miss Aadland," she said. "Beverly Aadland . . . I wondered—" she started to say, nervously.

"The report, yes," the doctor said. "It should be here—among my papers."

She heard the rustle of the papers; the short silence that followed; then the doctor's impatient voice, calling out, "Nurse!"

Another silence followed.

Till, finally, the doctor spoke up again.

"Miss Aadland?"

"Yes," Beverly said.

"Now, the report," the doctor said, "yes. It's negative."

Beverly repeated the word after him.

"That's right," said the doctor. "You're not pregnant."

"That can't be," Beverly said. "There must be a mistake."

The doctor told her that the report was conclusive. "The nausea, the other symptoms that you told me about," he said, "are probably the result of the tension you've been undergoing these past few weeks."

"But that *can't* be," Beverly said again, her hand clutching hard at the receiver. "There must be a *mistake!*"

"Miss Aadland," the doctor said—there

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was a different tone to his voice now; softer, friendlier—"let me tell you something, please . . . I think I know most of the facts of this case, more than the medical facts. And I think I should tell you this. There is nothing more beautiful in life, for a woman, than to have a child by the man she loves. This I know. I have delivered many babies in my time, seen the expression on the faces of many new mothers right after the deliveries . . . But I have seen, too, the faces of mothers whose children arrived fatherless, girls who thought that this was what they had wanted—*thought*. And these girls—girls like you—they did not smile when the important moment came. For it was as if they had realized suddenly that it would be too hard from here on in—not for them—but for the little son or daughter they had just given birth to. As if they realized that from here on in it would be a life of continual explanations, of terrible incompleteness, of foisting a mother's memories on a child who knows only the present, and does not, never will, understand a distant and far-removed past. . . .

"Do you understand, Miss Aadland, what I am trying to say, to tell you?"

Beverly did not answer.

"Miss Aadland? Do you understand?"

"No," Beverly said, finally.

"I know, I know," the doctor said. "It doesn't make much sense to you now, does it? But someday it will. Believe me. . . ."

He said good-bye.



DIANE BAKER

I was once a model so I know that models work just as hard as gals in Hollywood do—maybe even harder. That's why I got such a kick out of that article in the new **INGENUE** *Magazine called "Beauty Tips From Top Teen Models." That every-hair-in-its place look is an around-the-clock job.*

And they hung up.

And Beverly, looking around the room she and Errol had shared, felt cold suddenly, and she rose, looked down at the wrinkled dress she had slept in, picked up her purse and walked, slowly, alone again, towards the door. **END**

Beverly stars in CUBAN REBEL GIRLS, *Exploit Films.*

Dick Clark, I Love You

(*Continued from page 45*)

the sun-porch of the house where she lives with her parents and her twenty-three-year-old brother, Marty. We were alone. Her mother, Essie, had just cleared the supper dishes and was in the living room, reading the *Evening Bulletin*. Her father, Samuel, a public relations man, was upstairs dressing, getting ready to go visit some relatives.

"When did I first meet Dick Clark?" Myrna said, in answer to our first question. "It all started on a Monday, I remember, during school lunch, two and a half years ago. I heard from somebody that Tab Hunter, my *then* most favorite of all the stars, was going to be on the *Dick Clark Bandstand* that coming Friday. I wanted to see him in person, so much, that that's all I thought about for the rest of the afternoon. Then after school I decided to go to the *Bandstand* studio, only four blocks from the school, to see if I could get a ticket in advance maybe. I went. I got on a line. And before I knew it, somehow, I was following the line right into the studio and up to Dick Clark who was saying hello to everyone as we passed, saying, 'Welcome to today's show. I hope you have a good time.' I thought to myself, 'My gosh, am I going to be seeing a real TV show? Oh my gosh!' "

The first thing Myrna did inside the studio was to look for a seat, a good place from which to watch the goings-on. She found one, and for the next few minutes she kept her eyes glued on Dick, busy now talking with his director, producer and a few of the technicians. Then she watched him as he walked up to his podium, called the crowd to order and gave his pre-show speech. "You know," Myrna says, "for the fellows to keep their jackets on, for everyone to look his pleasantest, directions as to how to get to the boys' and girls' rooms just in case, and things like that."

After the speech, Myrna was surprised to see Dick step down from the podium and walk over to her.

She was nervous, so nervous that she found herself speaking even before he did.

"Hi," she said, "this is my first time here."

"I know," Dick said, "I just wanted to check . . . to see if you'd signed the guest book. Everybody does that the first time they come on the show."

Myrna shook her head. "I didn't even see the book," she said. "Is it in the lobby?"

"That's right," Dick said.

Myrna started to rise.

"Never mind," Dick said. "You can do it later, on your way out."

As Myrna sat again, he said, "I hope you enjoy the show this afternoon."

"I'm sure I will," Myrna said.

"You know," Dick said, "most of the fun for our kids is the dancing—"

"Oh yes," Myrna said. "I've seen the show . . . and I think that's the best part, too, watching the kids dance and have fun."

"You going to dance, Myrna?" Dick asked.

She shrugged. "Gee, I don't know," she said.

"Do you like to dance?" Dick asked.

"I guess," Myrna said. "I've danced a few times at school. But, gee, I don't know. Here. On television and everything . . . I really don't think so, Mr. Clark."

"Well," Dick said, after a moment, "I'm not going to ask you to do what you don't really want to do. But let's just say one of the fellows here comes over to you later and asks you to take a few turns around the floor—will you think it over before you say no to him?"

Again, Myrna shrugged.

"Please?" Dick asked.

He smiled now.

And then he walked away. . . .

A few minutes later—at exactly 3:30—the show began. And it wasn't long after that, in the middle of a swingin' R&R number, that a boy did come over to Myrna and ask her to be his partner.

Myrna took a deep breath.

"Gee, I—" she started to say, looking

Intimate Thoughts of a Bride-to-Be

(*Continued from page 33*)

share her joyful plans. "I have to keep all the excitement to myself," Evy complains wistfully—but only to herself. She does not want to tell Jimmy. "I want to be *everything* for him," she says to herself, "everything *good* . . . I do not want to bring him any sadness . . . Because of Jimmy, I am happier than I ever dreamed possible. I want him to be as happy because of me."

Then Evy smiles, looking forward to the wonderful honeymoon they will have in Europe soon, and that very special day when her husband will meet her family.

These are the intimate thoughts of a bride-to-be. **END**

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away from the boy. Her eyes shot over to the podium.

She hoped that Dick wasn't watching this.

But he was.

She tried to smile at him.

He grinned a big grin, and he winked.

Myrna's head felt hot, suddenly. *I don't want to,* she thought. *No, I don't want to . . . But he's been so nice to me—*

She looked back at the boy. "I thought it over," she said, rising. "And yes, I'd like very much to dance. . . ."

It was fun after all . . .

At the end of the show, Dick came over to her. He put his arm around her shoulder. "How was it, Myrna—fun?" he asked.

"I felt a little shaky at first, I've got to admit," Myrna said. She nodded. "But it was fun—at least, soon as I got over thinking that there were a couple of thousand people watching me on their sets."

"A couple of thousand?" Dick asked. He stepped back from her and gave her that famous mock-shocked look of his. "Miss Horowitz," he said, "don't you realize that at last count there were eighteen million people who—"

"Eighteen million?" Myrna interrupted him. She closed her eyes. "Oh no," she said, moaning, as if she had a sudden stomach ache.

"If it was *that* bad—well, you don't have to come back any more, you know," Dick said.

Myrna opened her eyes, quickly.

"Or do you think," Dick asked, "that maybe you'd *like* to come back?"

"Oh I would," Myrna said. "You see . . . the reason I came in the first place was so I could come Friday. I wanted to make sure I'd see Tab Hunter, I mean. And he's going to be here Friday."

Dick reached into his pocket and handed Myrna a ticket. "This'll get you in Friday," he said. "—Matter of fact," he said, "this ticket will get you in tomorrow, too, if you decide you'd like to come then . . . Would you?"

"I wasn't so sure at that exact moment," Myrna recalls. "But the next morning, soon as I woke up, I found myself thinking how much I really would like to go back that afternoon. And so I went. And I went the next day. And the next. And each day I'd find myself having a better and better time, and dancing more and more, too. I went so much, in fact, that after a while one of my teachers at school stopped calling me Myrna and started referring to me as 'Bandstand.'

"Boy, things really got funny like that. So *many* people began to recognize me from the show. I remember once I was in Atlantic City, walking down the boardwalk, and an old lady came rushing over to me and pinched my cheek and said, 'I watch you on TV—you're so cute.' And there was the time I was sitting in the trolley and two little kids saw me and asked me for my autograph. That was the first time that happened. It's happened lots of times since. Oh I've had the time of my life ever since I've been going on the show.

"Like the people I've met, for instance.

"Friends first. Other Philadelphia girls who come to the show all the time. Joyce Shafer and Carole Higbee and Mary Ann Cuff and Lois and Barbara Trott, the twins. You should hear the phone ringing all the time in our house now. My father says it sounds like a Bell Telephone Exchange office.

How life has changed

"And stars! I've met Roger Smith on the show—he's so cute, such a doll. And Pat Boone. Annette Funicello. Johnny Mathis. Connie Francis. James Garner. The Teddy Bears—Phil, Marshall and Annette. And Fabian. I even *danced* with Fabian.

"And, of course, there's Dick.

"And how can I tell how great I think he is, all that he's done for me?

"Like the time I went to the hospital, for instance. . . ."

The time was December, 1958. Myrna's bad leg was beginning to bother her. A doctor recommended corrective surgery on the knee-cap. Myrna's first question was, "How long will I have to be in bed?" The doctor told her, "A few weeks in the hospital—then a few months at home, two, maybe even three."

That afternoon, after the show, Myrna told Dick about the operation.

He took her into his office, behind the studio, and closed the door.

"When's the operation?" he asked her.

"Day after tomorrow," Myrna said. "I go to the hospital tomorrow, and then, the next morning, the doctor operates."

Dick took her hand. "I guess this is the time for a nice speech from me," he said, softly. "Well . . . I'm not good at making speeches, Myrna. But let me tell you this: I wish you all the luck in the world. I know you'll come through with everything all right. I have faith. I want you to have faith, too."

He leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Good luck," he said, again, "—and hurry back to us."

The next day, on the air, Dick told a nationwide audience about Myrna and the operation.

"She'll be away from us for a little while," he said, "but if you'd like to keep in touch with her, just drop her a postcard every once in a while. I think she'd appreciate that. . . ."

"And do you know what happened, just

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED ERROL FLYNN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

2. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE GLENN FORD:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

4. I LIKE CRASH CRADDOCK:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

5. I LIKE CATHY CROSBY:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

6. I LIKE EVY NORLUND:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

7. I LIKE GIA SCALA:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

8. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE STEWART GRANGER:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot

from what Dick said?" Myrna asked us. "I didn't only get postcards, hundreds and hundreds of them, from people all over the country. But I got fancy cards, bought and homemade. And I got things like bracelets and necklaces. And handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs—I don't know how many of those I got.

"I was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. Then, on Christmas Eve, I was sent home. I was home, recuperating, for fourteen more weeks. I watched the show on TV every day. Boy, came 3:30 and you knew what I was doing—it was stop everything and turn on the set . . . All of the shows were great, I thought. But there was a best show for me, a special show. That was on February 25. It was after five o'clock and nearly the end of the show. All of a sudden—I'll never forget it—Dick stopped everything and reached for a cake somebody was holding. It was a beautiful cake, all lit with candles. 'Today,' Dick said, 'is Myrna Horowitz' birthday.' Then he looked straight into the camera and said, 'Happy Birthday, Myrna.' I felt kind of funny, lying there in my bed, having Dick talk to me. I even felt kind of funny crying in a room, all alone. But as I kept looking at that cake, and at Dick, I didn't care. I just sat up in my bed and, as if I were right there in the middle of the studio, I said, 'Thank you, Dick'—just like that.

Dick's been wonderful

"Another time I'll never forget," Myrna goes on, "was the party Dick and the kids gave for me the first day I was allowed to get out of bed. It was at Palumbo's restaurant. It was a surprise. There was dinner at Palumbo's. And then, later, Dick took us all to the movies, to see Ricky Nelson in *Rio Bravo* . . . At first, at Palumbo's, I thought it was just the kids who were giving the party for me. But then, through the main door, in walked Dick. He made believe he didn't see me at first. 'What's this all about,' he asked, keeping a straight face, 'who's here?' One of the girls said, 'Oh, you know—Myrna Horowitz.' 'Myrna Horowitz,' Dick said, 'who's that? There's no such person?' And then he looked over at me and he started to laugh and to say something like, 'Myrna, it's so good to see you again—.' And I started to cry—I cry very easily, you see; at the movies and on TV, in plays, I even cry at happy endings. And there was such emotion between us that night."

Myrna paused for a moment as she remembered that night.

"There are so many other things I can tell you about Dick," she said then. "Things he's done for me, reasons I love him so much . . . I just wouldn't know where to begin."

Her father walked into the sun-porch now.

"Phone call, Myrna," he said.

He watched his daughter as she rose to leave.

"I tell you," he said, "just like the Telephone Exchange, this house."

Then he turned to us and smiled.

"Dick Clark, Dick Clark," he said. "He's become like another member of the family these past couple of years . . . I guess you could tell by now that our daughter is crazy about him. And, you know, I like him, too, very much, very much. To me, he's what I'd call a moral therapist. He keeps morality in the kids. He speaks softly to them, kindly. But, from what I understand, he's a hard taskmaster when he doesn't like something the kids might do. I hear, for instance, that he won't put up with kids cutting school just to come to the show. Some of the kids tried to get away with this. But when he found out he banned them from the show, for good. He means business. He's like a good teacher. Well, you remember a good teacher long after you've graduated and grown up and got married and had kids of your own. And that's the way I feel it's going to be with Dick Clark and the children of the present generation who have got to know him . . . Like Myrna."

Myrna returned to the sun-porch now.

"That was Joyce Shafer, one of the girls I told you about, from the show," she said. "We're going to the movies together in a little while."

She sat again.

"You know," she said, "on the way to the phone, and back, I was thinking that everything I've been saying so far is to make people who read this story know what I think of Dick.

"And I thought: There's Dick himself now, probably sitting at home and looking through some newspapers right now, reading more of the things they've been writing about him these past few days, and feeling just awful.

"And I thought I'd like to say something to *him*, while I'm talking; something to maybe make *him* feel better.

"I'd say it to him in person, at the studio, except I guess I'm too shy that way, still.

"But, anyway, I'd like to tell him now that I, for one, am behind Dick Clark, no matter what. And I'd like to tell him the same thing he told me when I went to the hospital last December: *I wish you all the luck in the world. I know you'll come through with everything all right. I have faith. I want you to have faith, too.*

"All right?" Myrna asked. "Would you please print that in your magazine?"

We promised that we would. **END**

Dick stars in BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG. *Columbia.*

---

3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

9. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

10. I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

11. I LIKE JAMES ARNESS:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

12. I LIKE DICK CLARK:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

13. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

14. I LIKE EVELYN RUDIE:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

15. I LIKE TROY DONAHUE:
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

---

16. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE . . . . **NAME** . . . . .

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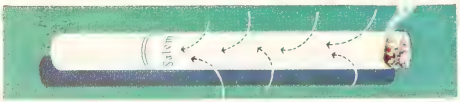
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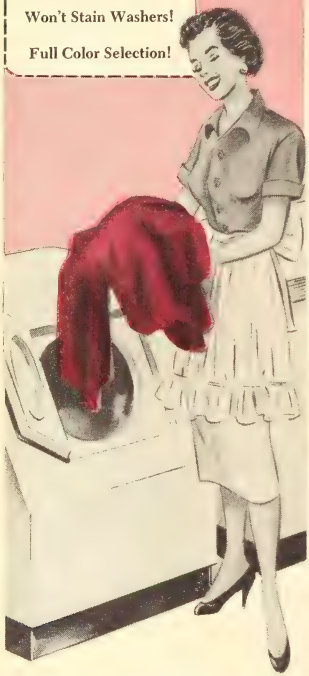
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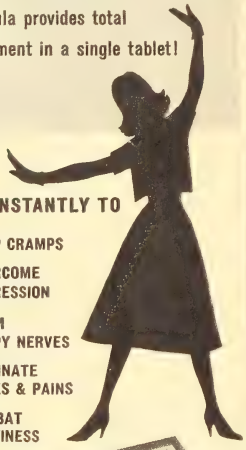
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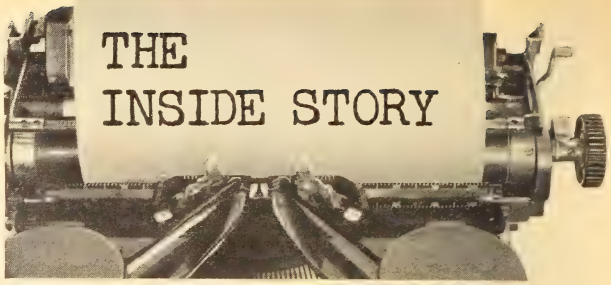
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Aside from the comedians and the older character actors, are there any *top* male stars in Hollywood who have stayed married to the first and only woman in their life for more than ten years—and without any separations either?
—T. R., Staten Island, N. Y.

A *Not too many. But* **Bill Holden, Gordon MacRae, Joel McCrea, Richard Widmark, James Stewart, James Cagney, Gene Barry, Van Johnson, Burt Lancaster, Van Heflin, Louis Jourdan, Arthur Kennedy, Robert Ryan, Wendell Corey, MacDonald Carey, Jerry Lewis, Lloyd Bridges** *and* **Clint Walker** *fit into this category. Other old marrieds like* **Gary Cooper, Danny Kaye, Ray Milland, Spencer Tracy** *and* **Bob Mitchum**—*have stayed married but skirted the divorce courts on several occasions.*

Q Could you tell me **Zsa Zsa Gabor**'s secret of having such beautifully groomed hair? I've never seen her with a wisp out of place. —R. P., Odessa, Texas

A *Wigs. Zsa Zsa has a dozen.*

Q Who hold Hollywood's record for the most husbands and/or wives?
—A. S., Reno, Nev.

A **Martha Raye** *has said "I do" six times.* **Clark Gable** *leads the men with 5 marriages to his credit.*

Q Will you tell me who is the wealthier —**Liz Taylor** or **Debbie Reynolds**?
—E. F., Cincinnati, Ohio

A *Liz—by virtue of her share of the late Mike Todd's estate.*

Q Is it serious between **Frank Sinatra** and dancer **Juliette Prowse**? Is there any possibility they will marry?
—G. A., Birmingham, Ala.

A *As with all Frank's romances—serious at the moment, but Frank's moments are all short lived.*

Q Is **Lee Farr**, co-star of **Robert Taylor**'s *The Detectives*, any relation to actress **Felicia Farr**?
—L. J., Encino, Calif.

A *He's the father of her nine year old daughter. Felicia divorced Lee when she got her first film break.*

Q If **Esther Williams** is dating that Doctor LaScola as reported—where does this leave Jeff Chandler?
—M. N., Tacoma, Wash.

A *Sitting at home nights.*

Q Is **Bob Hope** completely cured of that eye-ailment that bothered him most of last year—or is it a permanent condition?
—B. S., Scranton, Pa.

A *Bob's eye has improved—but doctors feel it could be a permanent malady unless he follows their orders and slows down.*

Q I read that **Gary Merrill** left the tour he was on with **Bette Davis** because he had a picture commitment. Is this really so—or are there other reasons?
—D. D., Sioux City, Iowa

A *Gary who had to report for* The Pleasure of His Company *was reportedly not enjoying the pleasure of his wife's company. The marriage is shaky again.*

Q Is it true that 20th Century-Fox wouldn't give **Stephen Boyd** the lead opposite **Marilyn Monroe** in *Let's Make Love* because they were so furious at him for walking out on *The Story of Ruth*?
—R. K., Muncie, Ind.

A *Partially.*

Q Could you tell me which movie stars have made the list of the ten best-dressed women in America this year?
—B. T., Albany, N. Y.

A *None.*

Q How are such stars as **Henry Fonda, June Allyson, Robert Taylor, Betty Hutton, Dennis O'Keefe,** etc., doing on TV? Popularity-wise?
—P. D., Washington, D. C.

A *Fine on the Late Show. Their series have failed to recapture their golden days on the big screen.*

Q What makes a movie or TV star fight with his studio for a new contract and more money the minute he achieves any kind of popularity—when, just a year ago, he'd have given his right arm for any kind of a break?
—S. B., Hardy, Ark.

A *Short memories—big heads!*

Q It's been a whole year since **Rock Hudson** made *Pillow Talk*. Since he's the most popular star in Hollywood—what's keeping him from working?
—P. G., Oak Ridge, Tenn.

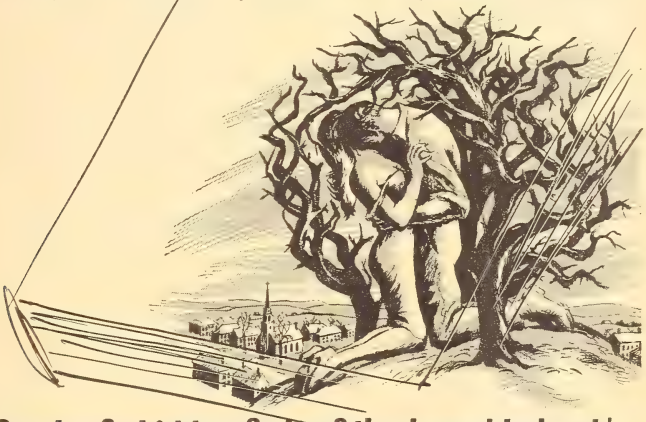
A *A difference of opinion with Universal-International. They won't allow him to leave the lot for the pictures and plays he wants to do—he doesn't like the scripts they want him to do.*

Q Now that **Ava Gardner** has gotten such good reviews for *On The Beach*, has she softened her hostile attitude toward the press? —P. K. D., Trenton, N. J.

A *Only toward the critics that gave her the fine notices. Interviews and photographers are still on her "get lost" list.*

The Bramble Bush

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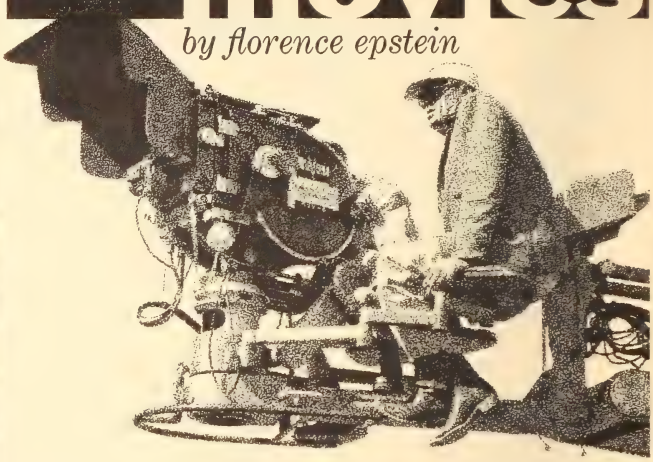


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new movies

by florence epstein



ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING

music and madness

Yul Brynner
Kay Kendall
Gregory Ratoff
Geoffrey Toone
Maxwell Shaw

▪ Yul Brynner is a marvelous symphony conductor, but he is an impossible person. If it weren't for his wife (the late Kay Kendall) his temper tantrums would have ruined his career long ago. She smooths the way, faints at appropriate moments, is unfailingly charming. One day while she and Yul's manager, Gregory Ratoff, are out managing his career, Yul prepares to hear a 12-year-old child prodigy (Shirley Ann Field). Shirley, it seems, was the victim of a typographical error. She's 21. This delights Yul, who knows how to turn a private concert into a personal conquest. Unfortunately, when Kay comes home she kicks him out of the house. His career plunges while Kay is falling in love with a college president (she's teaching music at the college). A rich music lover, and orchestra sponsor (Grace Newcombe) agrees to sign Yul to a contract if he can prove that he and Kay have reconciled. Kay arrives at the right time and place (Yul's house) but for the wrong reason. She announces that she wants a divorce. The catch is, they were never legally married. Now Kay wants to get married so that she can get a divorce so that she can marry the president without having to seem like a fallen woman. Zany's what you call this film, and fun, too.—TECHNICOLOR-COLUMBIA.

WHO WAS THAT LADY?

how to save your marriage

Tony Curtis
Janet Leigh
Dean Martin
Barbara Nichols
James Whitmore

▪ When Janet Leigh sees Tony Curtis kissing another girl she's off to Reno—or says she is. And all this time she thought she was married to a simple college professor! Tony calls on his old college pal, Dean Martin, now a TV writer, to save him. He convinces Janet that Tony is an undercover FBI agent. Furthermore, says Dean, Tony knows the names of all professors working on secret projects. And, of course, he was kissing that girl in the line of duty. Didn't enjoy it a bit. Janet swallows this whole; particularly since Dean has provided Tony with a revolver and an FBI card (props from CBS). But, the prop man unwisely notifies the FBI. Now that Tony's in Dean's power, Dean ropes him into spending an evening with a couple of chorus girls (Barbara Nichols, Joi Lansing). Loyal Janet runs after Tony (into a Chinese restaurant) to give him his revolver. Janet is accompanied by FBI agent James Whitmore who plays it cool. In the powder room Janet hears what she considers a plot to assassinate her husband (it's the chorus girls discussing one of Dean's 'proposals') and starts a scuffle with the revolver. A cruising TV-news-unit truck drifts by and Janet tells the world about her brave husband. In the world are some real foreign agents who come after him in the morning. Well, that's marriage for you.—COLUMBIA.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE

if looks could kill . . .

Jacques Bergerac
Allison Hayes
Marcia Henderson
Merry Anders
Joe Patridge

▪ One would think that Jacques Bergerac didn't have to use any hocus-pocus to hypnotize the ladies, but here he is as the Great Desmond who has an eyeball throbbing with light (not *his* eyeball but a prop he uses on stage). Ladies come to see the show and then they go home and do all kinds of terrible things to themselves. (One girl went home and washed her hair in a gas burner—the burner was lit.) Detective Joe Patridge takes his girl, Marcia Henderson, and her friend, Merry Anders, to a Bergerac performance. It looks harmless; Merry volunteers to be hypnotized on stage and Bergerac's beautiful assistant, Allison Hayes, assists her. That night Merry douses herself with acid. Next night Marcia goes back to the theater and pretends to be hypnotized. Bergerac isn't fooled. Anyway, there's a monster in this picture who hates beautiful girls. Is it Bergerac?—ALLIED ARTISTS.

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER

Katharine Hepburn
Elizabeth Taylor
Montgomery Clift
Albert Dekker
Mercedes MacCambridge

violent death abroad

▪ Grief has turned Katharine Hepburn into an elegant recluse. She lives in a mansion in New Orleans surrounded by memories of her brilliant son, Sebastian, who died suddenly last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor. Now Elizabeth is in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn has asked young psychiatrist, Montgomery Clift, to perform a frontal lobotomy on Elizabeth in a last attempt to relieve her misery (a lobotomy is a brain operation that kills the disease but renders the patient more or less infantile). As payment Miss Hepburn offers to build a hospital for Clift and his superior, Albert Dekker. It's not that a lobotomy is illegal, it's that the patient must be really *hopeless* to undergo it. Clift, being an ethical physician, wants to be sure. The trouble is that Elizabeth, despite the fact that she was badly shocked by her cousin Sebastian's death and overwrought by being confined to a sanitarium, is more or less sane. However, Miss Hepburn is insistent, Albert Dekker wants his hospital and Montgomery Clift must make up his mind. As the mystery of Sebastian's horrible death unfolds, it's much easier for Clift to separate the insane from the merely neurotic. The movie is beautifully written, exotically imaginative, and essentially the story of a twisted relationship between a mother and her son.—COLUMBIA.



NEVER SO FEW

Frank Sinatra
Gina Lollobrigida
Peter Lawford
Steve McQueen
Paul Henreid

in the Burmese hills . . .

▪ Captain Frank Sinatra's men do more with less than any other troops in World War II. They are a small group of Allied soldiers, stationed in the hills of Burma.

No medical supplies, no doctor (until Peter Lawford is drafted), no artillery support, not even orders. They just keep killing Japanese who nightly raid the camp.

Well, Sinatra, being a rugged individualist, is very successful at the sport. However, he must necessarily take a great deal into his own hands and this is what gets him into trouble with the higher-ups. When one of his Burmese soldiers is mortally wounded Sinatra kills him rather than prolong his death agony. When a Chinese convoy is slaughtered by *other* Chinese (working for War Lords) Sinatra leads an unauthorized raid into bandit headquarters. This provokes an international incident and Sinatra faces hanging by his own government (us).

Also, in Burma proper, is Gina Lollobrigida, looking luscious as the constant companion and houseguest of rich Paul Henreid. She gives Sinatra the cold shoulder (once she gives it to him from the bathtub) but it's obviously love. They come from different worlds, she keeps telling him. Never mind. Sinatra is an old hand at making it all *one* world. This movie hops rapidly along to its exciting climax. METROCOLOR, MGM.



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new movies (*Continued from page 7*)

THE GENE KRUPA STORY

Sal Mineo at the drums

Sal Mineo
Susan Kohner
James Darren
Susan Oliver
Yvonne Craig

▪ Well, it begins in Chicago in the '20's. Gene (Sal Mineo) wants to be a drummer, but when he brings home a set of drums his father destroys them; his father wants him to be a priest. Sal rebels, plays in a jazz band organized by his friend James Darren and is much admired by girls (especially Yvonne Craig and Susan Kohner). When his father dies, dutiful Sal enters a seminary. It isn't for him. Despite the bitterness and disappointment of his mother (Celia Lovsky), he takes his drums to New York and, with driving ambition, works his way up to the big-time. Success ruins his romance with Susan Kohner and, temporarily ruins him (girls, girls, girls—parties, parties, parties)! And one day policemen find marijuana in his overcoat pocket. After ninety days in jail and months without work, Sal makes a comeback—looking startlingly unchanged. You'll hear some good music, and swinging singing by songstress Anita O'Day.—COLUMBIA.

THE GAZEBO

corpse in the house

Debbie Reynolds
Glenn Ford
Carl Reiner
John McGiver
Mabel Albertson

▪ Broadway star Debbie Reynolds once made the mistake of posing for photos in the nude. Now her husband, TV director Glenn Ford, is paying for it. Blackmail. Ford would do anything to protect his wife's reputation; he'd even commit murder. That's where the gazebo comes in and where the high-pitched hilarity of this movie goes distinctly off-key. A gazebo is a round open-air platform with a high roof. Ladies like to put one in the garden and serve tea there. Ford would drink tea there if he weren't upset by the fact that a corpse is buried under it. *He* buried it. This whole movie revolves around Glenn's nitwit attempts first to pay off the blackmailer without making Debbie suspicious, and secondly to turn that blackmailer into the aforementioned corpse. Everybody's so gay about it you'd think murder was almost as good a game as Monopoly.—MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

BEN-HUR (MGM): The magnificent spectacle of Ben-Hur opens with a prologue of dazzling beauty—scenes of the birth of Christ—and moves into the conflict between the Judean prince Ben-Hur (Charlton Heston) and Roman Tribune Messala (Stephen Boyd). Boyd finally condemns Heston to galley slavery, puts his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Jack Hawkins, as a Roman Commander who rescues Heston, and Haya Harareet, an ex-slave who loves him, figure prominently in this story of the triumph of the new kind of love taught by Christ.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY (United Artists): David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor are successful, chic, proud parents (of Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) and happily married. Happily, that is, until David's in-laws give them a 13th anniversary present—a TV set. An enraged David tells how it all really began in a happily *unmarried* state *fourteen* years ago. Well! All that follows is complicated but good fun.

HOUND-DOG MAN (Cinemascope, 20th-Fox): Fabian wants to go hunting with hound-dog man Stuart Whitman. Fabian's folks, Arthur O'Connell and Betty Field, finally let him go, with misgivings. The hunters meet Carol Lynley (bachelor Whitman likes her), find a pal, on the trail, with a broken leg. After the leg-setting, there's a barn party where Fabe's father proves to everybody he's pretty brave, and to Fabian that home isn't such a bad place, after all. This is Fabian's first picture.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Party for Liz' new film

Glenn talks about Debbie

Audrey and Mel disagree



Sam Spiegel (standing), producer of Suddenly, Last Summer, *stops to congratulate Liz Taylor (center) on her wonderful performance. Louella, Jimmy McHugh, Liz' mother, and Eddie Fisher also consider it a triumph.*

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Though they seldom go to Hollywood parties, the Clark Gables attended the one for Suddenly.



That charmer, Rock Hudson, was attentive to Doris Vidor, widow of the late Charles Vidor.



So in love, Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund, will wed soon.



Comedians Milton Berle and Danny Kaye amuse Mrs. Kaye.



Although Liz was still weak from her recent pneumonia, she gave off a wonderful radiance.

Liz Taylor's Happiest Night

The most star-glittery night of the Hollywood holiday season was the turn-out of big names for the 'dressy' showing of *Suddenly, Last Summer* at the Screen Directors Guild, followed by supper at Chasen's.

Although she had been a very sick girl in New York with pneumonia, **Elizabeth Taylor** was able to fly out for her picture, with **Eddie Fisher**, of course.

And what a radiance Liz gave off, arrayed in a cloth-of-gold gown sprinkled with rhinestones and with real diamonds around her neck and wrists.

At Chasen's, we sat with Elizabeth's mother and father and later Liz and Eddie joined Jimmy McHugh, Joseph Levine, myself and her parents.

On closer look, Liz was still very pale from her serious illness and it was hardly a surprise that she also had her doctor, Dr. Rex Kennamer, with her. But she was very gracious and pleased at the compliments she received on her really wonderful performance. (Right here I'd like to say the Tennessee Williams' story, *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which Sam Spiegel produced, is one of the best-acted films I've ever seen, a triumph for Liz, **Katharine Hepburn** and **Monty Clift**—but *oh, oh, oh*—the subject matter! It's a shocker!)

Elizabeth said to me, "I can hardly wait to get to Palm Springs and sit in the sun and rest. I feel quite weak. But as soon as I get my strength back, Eddie and I will return to New York for *Butterfield 8*." This is the movie in which Eddie has a big role with his wife.

At both the showing and the supper I saw **Rosalind Russell**, that always effervescent stunner—wearing the latest fashion, a real dog-collar choker of pearls and diamonds—and having a ball greeting old friends after several months in New York.

Two other 'returnees,' Kay and **Clark Gable**, just back from Rome, were very much present—although The King and his Queen seldom show up for social affairs.

Had quite a chat with **Rock Hudson** (he was with Doris Vidor, widow of the late director Charles Vidor) and Rock told me he was a very disappointed boy that his studio, Universal-International, wouldn't let him co-star with **Marilyn Monroe** in *Let's Fall in Love*. He said, "Of course I wanted to do this picture with Marilyn—and I am so sorry I can't get permission."

Mary Benny looked like a fashion plate in a stunning red dress, and she was with Sylvia and **Danny Kaye**. **Gary Cooper** and Rocky, with their daughter Maria, dropped by Chasen's just long enough to congratulate Elizabeth, as they were planing out at the crack of dawn the following morning for the debut of the Henry Fords' daughter at Grosse Pointe.

The **Milton Berles,** the Mervyn Le Roys—oh, just everybody was there for what must have been Elizabeth Taylor's happiest night in Hollywood in a long time.



Why was Mickey Rooney ever permitted to go on if he was 'loaded?'

The TV Mess of Mickey Rooney

And, I'm on sort of a sub-Soap Box about the **Mickey Rooney-Jack Paar** TV show debacle. Don't think I'm taking Mickey's part. He had no business showing up when he'd been 'celebrating' a marriage anniversary—or anything else—to make a public appearance.

But if he was as 'loaded' as Paar insists—for heavens sake, why was Mickey ever permitted to step in front of a camera? It was certainly 'careless' on someone's part to let Mickey go on.

My final thought is that the whole thing was a *mess*—which might have been avoided with just an iota of common sense on *somebody's* part. And if that shoe fits, Mr. Paar, you can wear it.



Debbie's a dear where Glenn Ford is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand. To him, she's the 'little girl next door.'

Hard-to-Kill Rumor

Don't get excited because **Debbie Reynolds** and **Glenn Ford** walked into a Thalian club meeting at the Beverly Hills Hotel arm in arm. They met accidentally in the lobby, Debbie having driven herself from her home alone—and ditto Glenn.

He has steadfastly refused to discuss either his divorce from **Eleanor Powell** (for which I admire him) or all the rumors which have linked his name with Debbie's.

But not long ago, Glenn, feeling that he was speaking off the record said, "Debbie seems like a little girl to me. There's never been even the slightest romantic flare between us. I would feel foolish. Like getting romantic ideas about the little girl next door whom you've watched grow up from grade school to high school."

In other words, Debbie's a dear where Glenn is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand.

Debbie, as well, has persistently denied any flame between herself and her co-star of several gay comedies.

But it's really one of the hardest-to-kill rumors that ever cropped up in our town.

OPEN LETTER

to Tony Franciosa

Take it easy. Slow down—Stop—Look—and Listen:

You are at a stage in your screen career, with two hits in release, *Career* and *Story on Page One*—which could see you as *the* new big movie rage of 1960. After a slow start, you are now breathing the rarefied air.

It is also a very dangerous and unsettling spot to be in. Important things in your life—for instance your marriage to Shelley Winters—are sure to be affected. In fact, I have heard disturbing rumors about you and Shelley which I hope are not true. Or, if true, that you will evaluate what may seem today like big problems.

Frankly, Tony, you have always been a bit of a problem boy since your advent into Hollywood from a successful stage career. You have had several headlined fights (literally) with the press—one that had serious consequences. You are not given to easy friendships or to understanding the other fellow's point of view.

But, believe me, you are a fine actor. From here on in you are sure to reap all the good things that come with success. It's just important to not reap too many of the bad ones.

People who know you well are a bit afraid you may be becoming a little off balance in your perspective. Taking it big, in other words.

But please forget that chip on your shoulder and make sure your hat band still fits that handsome head of yours. You have so very much to give in the line of talent—don't give yourself a personal clip on the chin.

In the most friendly feeling may I repeat—take it easy—*stop—look—and listen.*



That chip on Tony's shoulder may affect his marriage to Shelley Winters.



I nominate for STARDOM

James Shigeta

. . . which may come as a bit of a surprise. But not since the days when the young Sessue Hayakawa completely charmed American movie fans has a Japanese actor registered as compellingly as this tall, dark and handsome Japanese.

I caught Jimmy first when he was appearing in Las Vegas in the revue **Shirley MacLaine's** husband, Steve Parker, imported from Honolulu to the New Frontier. I was amazed at the way Shigeta scored as a singer and dancer but I was even more amazed when I saw his Columbia picture *The Crimson Kimono* to see what a fine dramatic actor he is. His second Hollywood picture will be *Walk Like a Dragon* for Paramount and he will be starred.

Personally, he is a most gracious and polite young man with excellent manners. After I had written a glowing tribute to him in my newspaper column, he called to ask if he might drop by to thank me.

Even more handsome off-stage than on, Jimmy arrived bearing a beautiful bouquet of gardenias and violets from his native Hawaii. "These are inadequate to express my appreciation," he said, "but I am deeply grateful for the interest you have shown in my career—and in me."

Oh, what a charmer this boy is!

As we talked, I discovered he has a wonderful sense of humor in addition to his other assets. He also loves music, American variety, and plays the piano as though he had been born in a band.

"I want to make my home in Hollywood," he told me before he left, "everyone here is so kind and helpful." He'll have to go traveling, however, after he finishes at Paramount, for he has a big role with **Marlon Brando** coming up in *The Ugly American* to be shot in the Near East. Look out, Brando, you'll have your work cut out for you.



A Name for Audrey and Mel's Baby

If you can think of a name for a baby that goes well with Ferrer, **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** will be glad to listen! I was very amused when the Ferrers came calling on me so happy and excited about that long-desired baby that they're having one of the few disagreements of their married life over a name.

These two who are known as a couple of love birds who never argue (as a matter of fact, Mel treats Audrey like a treasured child or a delicate piece of Dresden China) are pretty definite about this name business—and pretty far apart.

If 'it' is a girl, Audrey is holding out for Kathleen (her middle name). Mel's solid for Maria. If 'it' is a boy—Audrey wants Ian—for her brother.

"I don't like Kathleen—and I don't like Ian," laughed Mel. "This is getting serious.'

"Well, I don't like Maria," kidded Audrey, so slender she looked like anything but an expectant mother in a bright red suit from Paris.

But one point the Ferrers meet on is they want this baby more than anything else in the world. Audrey particularly, as Mel has four children by two previous marriages.

Audrey was brokenhearted last year when she lost an expected baby. She and Mel were in Switzerland at the time and when **Deborah Kerr** returned to Hollywood she told me, "I've never seen anyone cry as Audrey did when she lost that baby. My home in Switzerland is near hers and I went to be with her during this difficult time. She tried so hard to be brave, but unexpectedly, she would just burst into tears. And this went on for days until the doctor told her that there was no physical reason that she might not again expect a baby."

The Ferrer baby will be born in the USA although Mel and Audrey will go to Europe first where Mel will direct *Blood and the Rose* in Italy.



PARTY *of the month*

There's one department in which the former glamour queens of the screen have it all over the present day crop—and that is in giving parties. Proof of this was brought vividly to mind when **Sonja Henie** returned to Hollywood after a year in Europe and gave one of those all-out parties for which she, and other movie queens of several years past, used to be famous.

We don't hardly 'git them kind' no more, no more.

For the cocktail party (from six to nine), Sonja opened her beautiful Beverly Hills home and gardens.

The home is so luxurious and the landscaping so beautiful, it's more of a minor palace than a residence.

And what a day and evening Sonja had for her fete. Although it was mid-winter, the weather was so warm that roses were blooming everywhere, mingling with the December poinsettias. As late as 8:30, the beautifully gowned feminine guests were sitting around the swimming pool without wraps.

Sonja's jewels, of course, are famous and fabulous—but on this occasion she was much more proud of the new paintings she has acquired. On exhibition were a Rouault, several by Picasso, and others of the modern school, which she and her handsome husband Niels Omstad just recently purchased.

Against the musical background of a strumming Hawaiian orchestra, I chatted with **Ronald Reagan** and his wife, **Nancy Davis,** who confided the music made them homesick for Honolulu where they had recently vacationed. **Norma Shearer** looked as beautiful as when she herself was a top screen star, in a bright red dress. Mildred and **Harold Lloyd** were there from their neighboring show place.

Virginia Mayo, whom I've not seen in ages, looked lovely in a green cocktail dress. **Jeanne Crain** (Mrs. Paul Brinkman), who is again expecting, wore a blue maternity suit.

Although there were about 150 guests present, Sonja wailed, "Everybody changes his telephone number all the time. I didn't get half the people I wanted."



Norma Shearer (left) wore a glamorous satin dress and hostess Sonja Henie displayed her famous jewels.



Reginald Gardiner's 'deadpan' story-telling found a really receptive audience in Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan.



Jeanne Crain and her husband Paul Brinkman are happily expecting their sixth child!



Russ Tamblyn was thrilled at being able to play a role in Cimarron, *even though it means serving three extra weeks of his Army duty.*

I'm on my SOAP BOX

I'm really burning over these criticisms of some people who haven't bothered to get the facts straight—or to get *facts* at all—over **Russ Tamblyn's** 'getting out of the Army' to play a role in *Cimarron*.

One woman, who states she is speaking for six mothers, writes that their indignation knows no bounds that a movie star can get out of the service for a mere motion picture, when their sons can't. And some TV commentators who should know better have popped off along the same lines.

Now here are the *facts*: Russ is *not* out of the Army. Nor has he received preferential treatment. The three weeks he was given off to make the MGM picture with **Glenn Ford** and **Maria Schell** will be added to his discharge date—meaning Russ will serve three weeks at the end of his term of Army duty.

Secondly, if any young boy deserves a hand for the way he has overcome initial difficulties in the service, it is Russ. When he was first inducted, it is no secret that the discipline and hard training was rough on him. He became ill on several occasions. It was feared for a time that he might have a nervous breakdown.

But Russ, himself, insisted on remaining in the service and doing his stint of duty just as other young men in his age bracket were doing.

As time went along, he was no longer troubled with nervousness or bad health. His commanding officers expressed themselves as very pleased with his conduct and his effort to serve.

If anything—Russ deserves commendation and praise for the extra effort he made—not snide criticism from those who do not know the truth.

Love in Capital Letters

How quickly these youngsters grow up to marriageable age! But it still comes as a shock to me when one of these 'little girls' calls to tell me she's getting married.

Pretty **Luana Patten,** cavorting in pigtails such a short time ago, sounded so grown up and happy when she telephoned that she and young actor **John Smith** were tying the knot within a few weeks.

John Smith's real name is Robert Van Orden and I've never been able to riddle why he changed such a high-sounding name (and a very good one for an actor) to plain John Smith. When I commented on this in my newspaper column, John called to say, "I did it because 'John Smith' is so plain it's almost startling for an actor."

So I kidded Luana when I asked her, "Will you call yourself Mrs. Van Orden or Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," she laughed. "John has changed his name legally."

Both these young people are doing very well in their careers, John on the *Laramie* TV show and Luana working with Harriet and Ozzie Nelson.

"I'll remember this as one of the most wonderful years of my life," Luana enthused. "Everything good has happened in my work—and then along came *love*," and believe me she put that word "love" in capital letters in her happy voice.



It was not long ago that pretty Luana Patten was cavorting around in pigtails. Now she's engaged to John Smith.



Even though Katharine Hepburn didn't like the script, she may get an Award.

Sandra, Tony, and the Diet

No high school freshman co-ed was ever as thrilled as **Sandra Dee** over her 'blind date' with **Tony Perkins.** "We've never met," the pretty blonde Sandra confided, "and, well, what girl wouldn't be excited about going out with Tony?" In Sandra's set, I guess Mr. Perkins rates as an 'older man.'

I didn't happen to catch them out on this date, but Tony must have liked Sandra. I saw them on a 'repeat' at **Kathryn Grayson's** opening at the Moulin Rouge and Tony looked quite smitten.

P.S.—Sandra told me that never, never again would she over-dose herself with Epsom Salts to keep her figure. I scolded her about that—and she agreed with me that she was wrong.



Sandra Dee was thrilled when Tony Perkins phoned her for a 'blind date.'



Superstitious Kim Novak may not be sure of it herself, but the odds are that she'll marry Dick Quine in 1960.



Sid Luft says that his wife Judy Garland is going to come out of her current illness a 'very slender girl again.'

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Don't get the idea that it was **Rock Hudson** who turned down *Let's Fall in Love* with **Marilyn Monroe**. Rock was very upset—he told me so—when his U-I bosses nixed the picture at 20th even though Marilyn had promised to make a movie for Rock's company if she could get him. . . .

What a bit of irony it will be if **Katharine Hepburn** is up for an Oscar for her outstanding performance in *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Katharine didn't like Tennessee Williams' story, didn't like working with the other actors (**Elizabeth Taylor** and **Montgomery Clift**), nor being directed by Joe Mankiewicz. Wonder why she ever accepted the part—which jolly well may win her the Academy Award. . . .

Shelley Winters is an unhappy girl. Not only is she having her problems with **Tony Franciosa**, but she deeply misses her little girl who remained in school in the East while Shelley was making *Reach for Tomorrow* (formerly *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*) in Hollywood. On top of everything she fell very ill with a near attack of pneumonia. . . .

What a lot of illnesses! **Elizabeth Taylor's** personal physician, Dr. Rex Kennamer, who flew East when Liz was hospitalized with pneumonia, told me that this was one of the most critical illnesses of her life. . . .

Judy Garland is another victim of sickness. She and Sid Luft planed East to see some shows and have a good time when Judy was unexpectedly stricken with a bad case of hepatitis and was in a hospital for two months. One favorable thing about it—Sid says Judy is going to come out of this illness a "very slender girl again. . . ."

Kim Novak, a very, very superstitious girl, lost two 'prop' wedding rings making *Strangers When We Meet* and worried that this might be a "subconscious resistance to marriage"! Even so, I bet she marries Dick Quine in 1960. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Even when Mickey Rooney asks, Zsa Zsa isn't telling her age.



Millie Perkins doesn't like publicity, especially concerning her Dean Stockwell.





The Fabian-Elvis controversy rages. Who's cutest?









A thirty-nine-year-old fan from Switzerland believes she speaks for people in her age bracket when she makes a request to hear about (left to right) Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda, Fred Astaire.

LETTER BOX

How can Hollywood be so careless of real talent? asks ROY HERBERGER, WILLIAMSVILLE, NEW YORK. *What has happened to* ***George Nader****? Is he on a 'black list'?* Where ever did you get *that* idea? George is busy on TV these days having gone into a new series *Man and the Challenge* following *Ellery Queen*. But where movies are concerned, George is holding out for an important picture. No more potboilers. . . .

Your glasses must have been smudged with smog when you said that Fabian is more handsome than ***Elvis Presley****, snaps* VIRGINIA MINGER, POTTSTOWN, PA., (and at least ten other fans made a similar complaint!) MRS. ROY PINE, CHESAPEAKE, OHIO, is even more indignant: *Presley is Prince, the others just Phonies—including Phabian!* All right, I agree that Elvis looks great with his new army hair cut in his photos from Germany. . . .

From ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, comes a most intelligent letter in excellent English (and typewritten) from LENI EGLI: *Both you, Miss Parsons, and* MODERN SCREEN *make a big mistake in catering so much to the preferences of teenagers. I am 39 years old and there are many fans in the world in my age bracket. We want so much to read about* ***Fred Astaire, Eli Wallach, Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda.*** *But all we get are* ***Debbie*** *and* ***Liz*** *and* ***Eddie*** *and* ***Ricky Nelson*** *and some character named* ***'Kookie.'*** *Why not a department in the magazine devoted to actors—not rock n' rollers?* How about it, David Myers . . . ?

Never was I more ashamed and shocked than I was at ANATOMY OF A MURDER, writes MRS. J. J. BROWN, SAN DIEGO. *Nothing but sex, sex, sex!* I don't agree with you. While I grant there was some ultra frank dialogue, I do not think this picture catered to sensationalism. Its approach was almost clinical. Hollywood films cannot stay forever in swaddling clothes. . . .

I'm sick of the names ***Liz*** *and* ***Debbie,*** snaps THERESA TOWNES, CHICAGO, ILL. *Let's hear about the talent.* Don't be quite so snippy, Theresa. You may be sick of Elizabeth Taylor and Debbie Reynolds—but don't sell them short on talent. Liz was up for an Oscar in *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* and *Giant* (and may be up for another in *Suddenly, Last Summer*). And Debbie is proving herself a deft light comedienne in all her films or haven't you read the critics . . . ?

CONNIE VAN DER VOORS, DULUTH, asks: *Last year* ***Millie Perkins*** *was receiving more publicity than any newcomer in Hollywood. In* DIARY OF ANNE FRANK *she proved she rated all the fuss. Now nothing about Millie? What's happened? Is she being temperamental?* No. Millie is a shy girl and doesn't like the spotlight, particularly where her romance with **Dean Stockwell** is concerned. But 20th is biding its time about her next picture, feeling Millie is a future big star and must have just the right story. . . .

How old is ***Zsa Zsa Gabor****?* is MRS. VERA SESSION'S loaded question from DALLAS. Even if I knew (which I don't) I wouldn't answer that one, Mrs. S. Zsa Zsa is really in the 'ageless' bracket. . . .

A cute letter from "MISSY" TANGIER, DETROIT, who wants to know if movie stars spank their children. (I gather from the printing that Missy is about seven to ten years of age). Well, Missy—all I can say is that some stars spank their children (but never too hard) and some don't. But on the whole, the stars insist on discipline and well-behaved youngsters around the house. . . .

That's all for this month.

Louella O Parsons

Michael Landon's TALE



OF THE CAT

Dodie and I met on a blind date. All I knew about her was that she was a widow with a young son, and that I wanted to see her again. When I arrived for the date, I got my first shock—Dodie likes cats.

At that moment she had six. They ranged from a large elderly Siamese named Pogo through various half-breeds to a stray named Dormouse. As cats go, they were nice: well-bred, friendly. But I detested cats.

I did like Dodie, though, so I kept my sentiments to myself at first. Later on it became a terrible problem—because I wanted to marry her. I never was able to get up the courage to tell her I didn't like cats, so we drifted along having dates and falling in love. Finally, we had a terrible argument over something (quite unconnected with cats), and we split up.

I was dreadfully unhappy, and as it turned out, so was Dodie. She stood it for a week. Then when it began to seem that I wasn't going to give in, she took action. I got a telegram saying POGO VERY ILL COME AT ONCE, signed *Dormouse*.

Of course, I thought it was only a gag, but my pride had been saved by her making the first move, so I hustled over at once—and you know what? Pogo really was ill! He was in the Small Animal Hospital and not allowed any visitors!

Once Dodie got me back by a clever excuse, she never let me go again. Pogo was pronounced 'convalescent'—so we piled the rest of the cats into the car and took them to the kennels, sent Dodie's son to stay with friends, and we took off for Mexico where we were married.

We got back, Pogo was well. What miracles love can work: and I was glad to have him. I complicated things more, gave Dodie a new Siamese for a wedding gift, and bought a puppy for my new son.

Today we have eleven cats, plus the puppy, and a look in Dodie's eye that says no end is in sight!

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?



Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is *this* kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and *stop* offensive stains and odor. And now it's here . . . a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion . . . during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It's wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop,* the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor . . . stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in . . . you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in . . . rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So . . . to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop* stops perspiration stains . . . stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop* to be sure. Try it today. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.



BEFORE TRUSHAY—
Photograph, skin untouched, October 26, 1959

hard-worked hands

heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY® with silicones



AFTER TRUSHAY—
Same hands, skin untouched, October 30, 1959



Kitchen tests prove it...with women just like you! Hard-worked hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay. What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay helps protect your hands against detergents and through every single chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the **heavy-duty** lotion for hard-worked hands

■ Glamorous Joan Crawford often likes to do her own housework, and when she does, she dispenses with make-up and puts on an inexpensive house dress.

One day when she was cleaning the sink in her palatial Hollywood home, the doorbell rang. She was alone so she answered it herself. A neatly dressed young man stood there, smiled timidly at the besmudged woman before him and said, "I know it's presumptuous of me, but for ten years I've had just one ambition: to meet Miss Crawford." He hesitated, "Uh, do you think she would just say hello to me . . . ?"

"I'm sorry, but she's in New York on business," said the lady in the house dress.

The visitor's face fell. "Darn it, just my luck," he said. "Probably the only time in my life I'll ever be in Los Angeles and she's away."

Joan Crawford:



The Visitor

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically and started to close the door.

He smiled again. "Sorry enough to do me a favor? If she's not around—do you think I could possibly just look around her house? Just see how she lives . . . I mean, if it wouldn't get you in any trouble. . . ."

Joan Crawford hesitated. Then, smiling. "I've been her housekeeper for many years. She won't mind whatever I do. Come in."

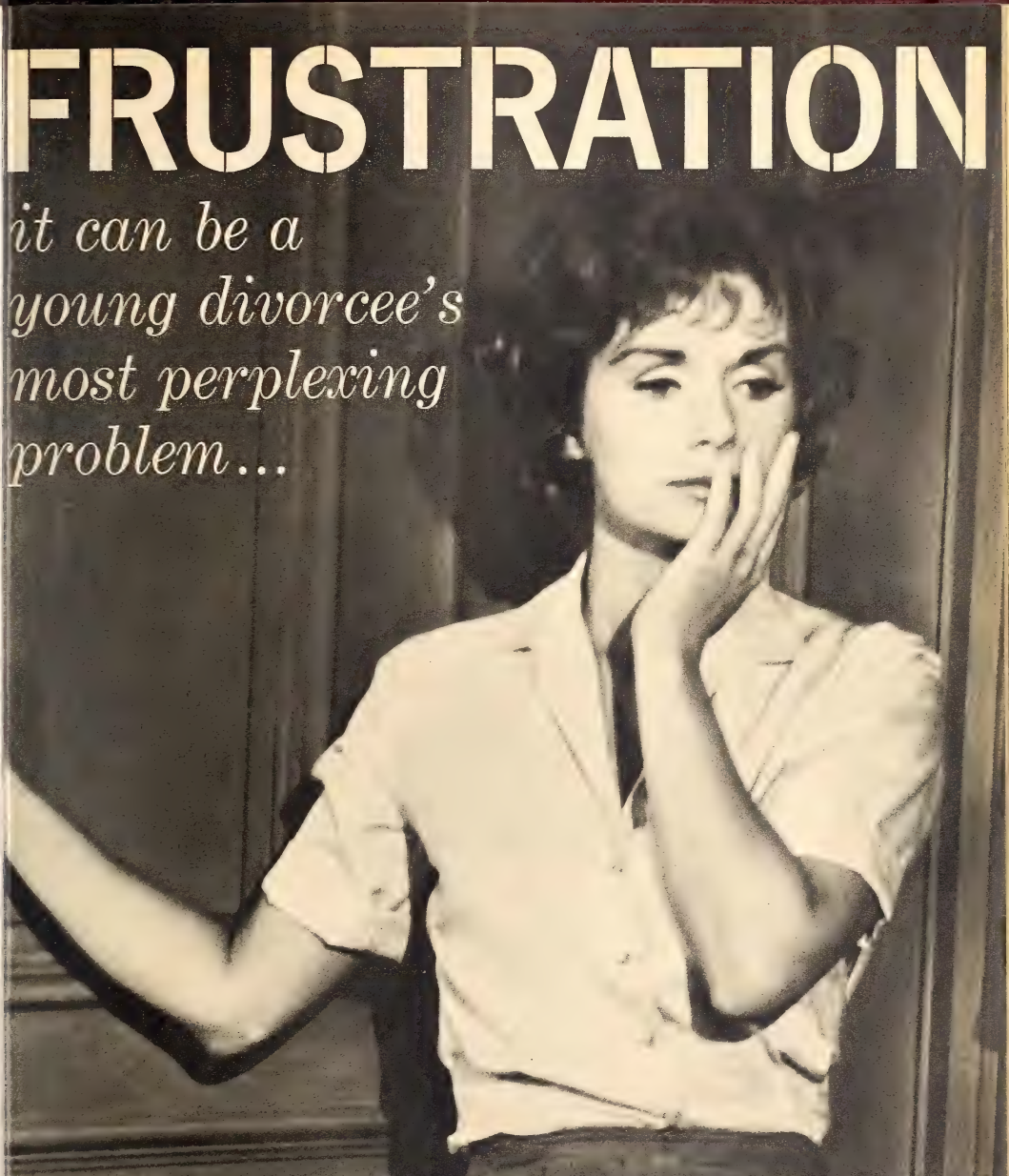
For an hour, they explored the house. In the kitchen they had a companionable cup of coffee. The young man sighed happily. "This has been the greatest day of my life. I hope one day I'll meet Miss Crawford in person, but you've been the most wonderful hostess. I can't thank you enough."

"That's perfectly all right," she told him. "I—I'm glad you like Miss Crawford so much. She'll be happy to hear it."

The caller got up and said, "I must go now." She accompanied him to the front door. Suddenly he grinned and said, "Thanks for everything—*Miss Crawford.*"

FRUSTRATION

it can be a young divorcee's most perplexing problem...



Turn the page for Debbie Reynolds' explanation of how and why she is able to live a life without frustration - - - without the need for romance . . . . . .

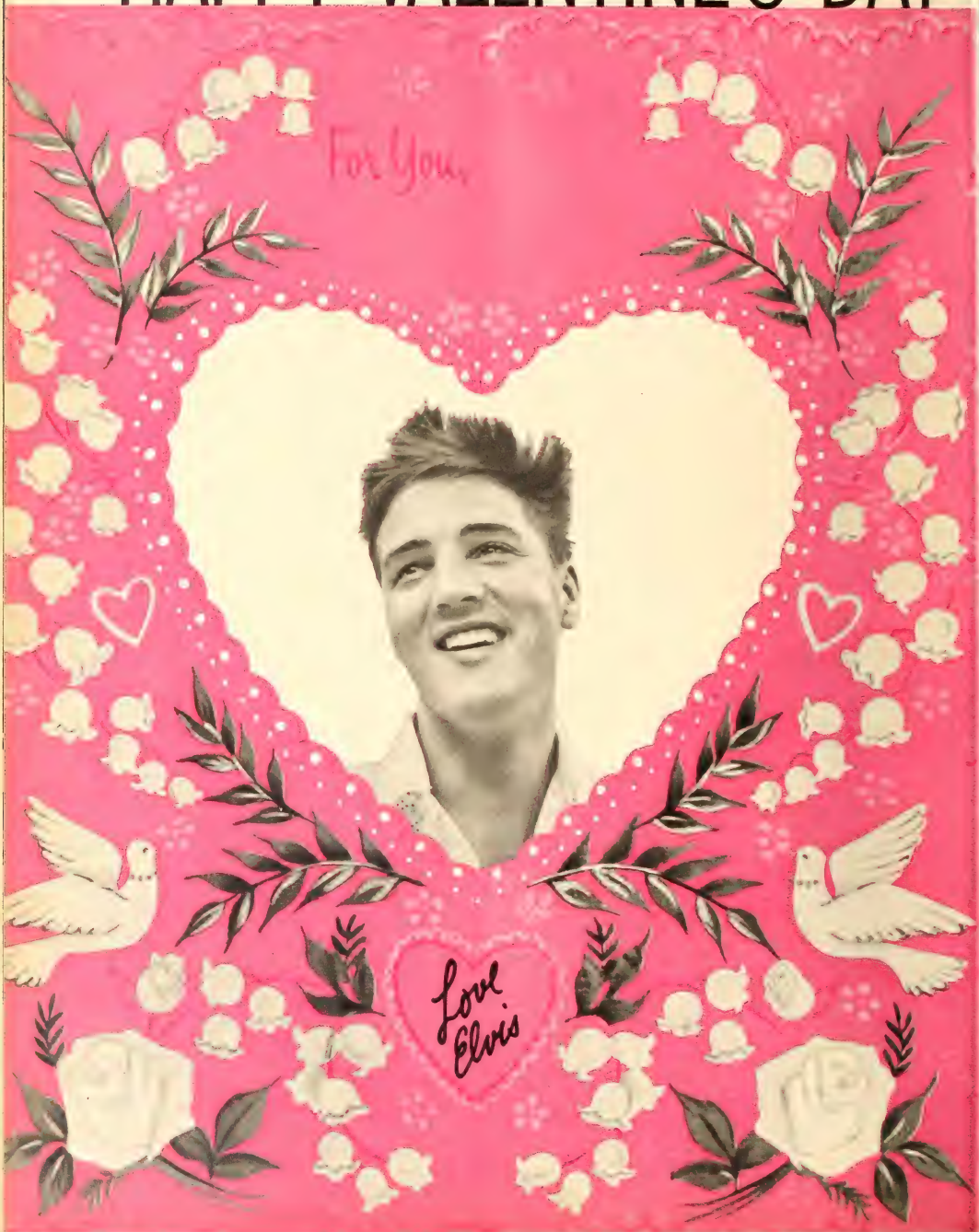


. . . . . Can a woman live without love — the love of a man? Debbie Reynolds thinks so, and that is what she admitted to me in a private heart-to-heart we had recently in her dressing room. She and I* have been having heart-to-hearts for several years. We can speak directly and honestly with each other---so, I started off right at the heart of the problem: "Is the breakneck schedule you've been leading a substitute for love?" "Perhaps so," she admitted, "if you mean romantic love. I don't think I'm ready for that. I'm not interested in romantic love right now. I don't have time for it, and I don't care about it. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't do any steady dating. I leave the house at six in the morning, work all day at the studio and return home at seven-thirty. By the time I get cleaned up, have dinner and play with the kids, it's nine o'clock and I have to go to bed. I'm an eight-hour sleep girl; and I can't

*Bob Thomas Associated Press

(Continued on page 67)

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY



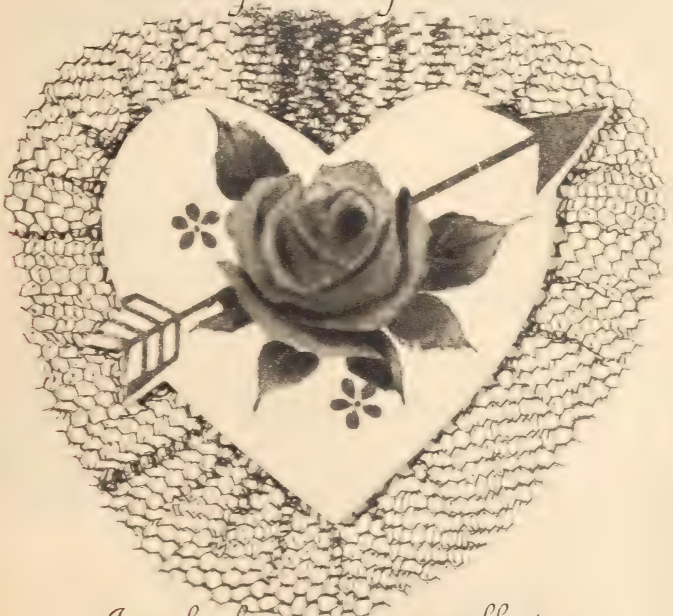
FROM ELVIS!

I like the French girls very well

I think the German girls are swell

The girls throughout the world are fine

But only one's my valentine



A girl who evermore will stay

beside me in the U.S.A.

The girl to whom I will be true

*I wish I knew if she were you.**

.....

*(P.S. Why not give Elvis a chance to find out? Send him your own valentine picture % Modern Screen)

I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU, EDDIE

When Elizabeth Taylor resisted going to the hospital a few weeks ago, even though she got double pneumonia as the result of her delay, people psychiatrically inclined claimed this was more than just a beautiful wife being stubborn.

They maintained that Liz was determined not to leave Eddie Fisher alone while he was fighting his comeback battle; that he was now her man and that she wasn't going to leave him for love, money—or pneumonia.

Too vividly in her mind was engraved (the amateur psychologists and philosophers believed) the memory of the time she permitted Mike Todd to board an (*Continued on page 56*)

EARL WILSON'S exclusive report of LIZ TAYLOR'S fight for her life





Introducing Diane Baker

The Nice Girl

DIANE BAKER clutched the suitcase and looked over at the small house. Her plane had been delayed, it was late and she'd wondered till now if anyone would still be up. There was, she noticed, a light on downstairs, in the parlor. She didn't know whether to be glad or sad about this, whether it wouldn't have been better just to be able to sneak up to her room now and face the family in the morning —her mother, her dad, her sisters Cheryl and Patricia. She sighed. Well, someone was still up, and there was nothing she could do about it. And, nervously, she began to walk towards the house.

Reaching the front door, she knocked, lightly.

Her mother answered.

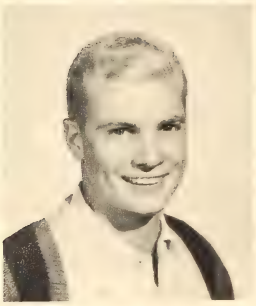
"Diane," Mrs. Baker called out, stunned. "Diane, what on earth—?"

She stared at her daughter for a moment, and then she began to laugh and she threw her arms around the girl.

"This is (*Continued on page 64*)









Maynard
(Daddy-O) *Krebs*

Dobie
(Girl-Crazy) *Gillis*

and Judi
(Best-Friend) *Meredith*

THROW A REAL

■ "It's so wonderful to be engaged," sighed Pamela dreamily. "And a long one—well, I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I wouldn't have given up those ten months Darryl and I were formally engaged for anything. We figured if marriage is for a lifetime, why not an engagement of at least a few months . . .? Why rush into marriage? It's something you do only once."

"And," Pamela added with a twinkle in her eye, "one of the nicest things about being engaged is that you give your friends (*Continued on page 32*)



Silver—Young Love in Heirloom Sterling by Oneida; China—Kingsley by Lenox; Fry Pan—a Toastmaster Automatic; Luggage—a Silhouette Beauty Case by Samsonite; Clock Radio—from Westinghouse; Ekco Kitchen Appliances.



SWINGING SHOWER

for Dobie's lovely new
sister-in-law
Pamela (I'm-Old-Fashioned) *Lincoln*





But on the big day, poor Maynard (I-forgot-to-wear-my-tie) *Krebs couldn't*
Anyhow, he was happy for he knew that a

HAVE THE DREAMIEST



Above) Dwayne, his sister Dierdre, his mother, Darryl, Pamela, her parents. (Below) That's some kiss for a new brother-in-law!



(*Continued from page 30*) a chance to toss a shower for you, like Judi Meredith did for me . . .!"

Pamela Lincoln and Darryl Hickman's closest friends are Judi, and Darryl's brother Dwayne—he plays the girl-crazy Dobie in *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis* on CBS-TV, and Bob Denver, the boy who plays the beatnik, Maynard Krebs, in the same series. The three friends got together and decided to throw a real swinging shower for the bride-to-be—only Judi made the boys promise they wouldn't show up at the party, at least not until it was over.

The way it worked out, it really was an honest-to-goodness surprise for Pam. Judi phoned her one day and suggested they have lunch on Saturday at the Sheraton West Hotel and then go shopping together.

When Pamela got there (*Continued on page 53*)

get into the church or the reception afterwards.

real Daddy-O and Mommy-O wanted Pamela and Darryl to

OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING

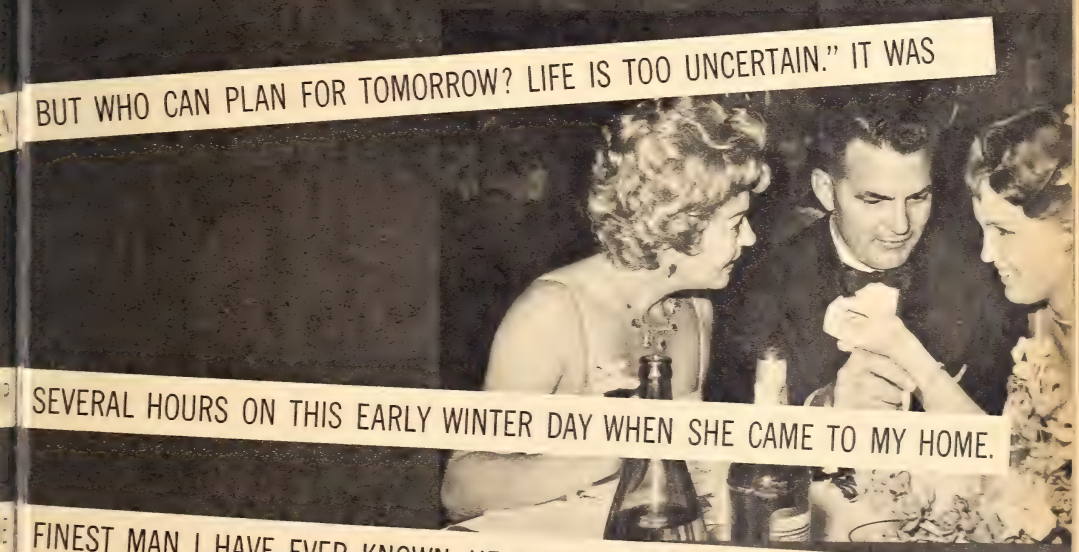



"IF I HAD MET FRED MAY EARLIER, HOW DIFFERENT MY LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
LANA TURNER SPEAKING AND SHE AND I HAD BEEN TALKING INTIMATELY FOR
"IS THIS MARRIAGE, LANA?" I ASKED HER. "I DON'T KNOW. I DO KNOW HE IS THE

A Louella Parsons' Scoop

LANA IN LOVE!

BUT WHO CAN PLAN FOR TOMORROW? LIFE IS TOO UNCERTAIN." IT WAS



SEVERAL HOURS ON THIS EARLY WINTER DAY WHEN SHE CAME TO MY HOME.

FINEST MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN. HE IS SELF-MADE, (Continued on page 60)



■ This is a story about Pat and Shirley Boone. But it's more than just a story: it's a plea . . . a plea for understanding from Pat Boone to you. And it's a chance to tune in on the wave-lengths of Pat and Shirley's hearts, and to hear how they *really* feel about the stars who have not been as lucky as they have; the stars who have been overtaken by the tragedy of separation and divorce. . . .

It starts a little while ago when Pat and Shirley did something they rarely have a chance to do any more. They took a weekend trip, alone, like a couple of newlyweds without kids or any responsibilities at all. Pat was to race in the annual Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio, in the special 'celebrity' part of the event. And so, their hearts

Pat Boone confides:

"I never feel sure about my marriage"

pounding with the fun and excitement of a week-end stolen from a busy life full of work and responsibilities, they ran off, as free and as gay as birds.

It was a golden weekend . . . at first. It started off with a glow. Pat won the Derby against a field of such stalwarts as Jimmy Stewart and Guy Madison. At the end of the race there was a ceremony before the seventy-five thousand people in the stands, who had come from fifteen countries to watch the ramshackle, careening soap-box cars.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Pat ran to Shirley and held up the trophy award: a big, chromium plated oil can. Shirley embraced him and said, laughingly but with pride: "I'll bet the kids will try to drink out of it."

"How about that?" Pat said, pleased in spite of himself, at (*Continued on page 66*)

Strangers think she owns the big white house, but Diane lives in the little annex on the right.



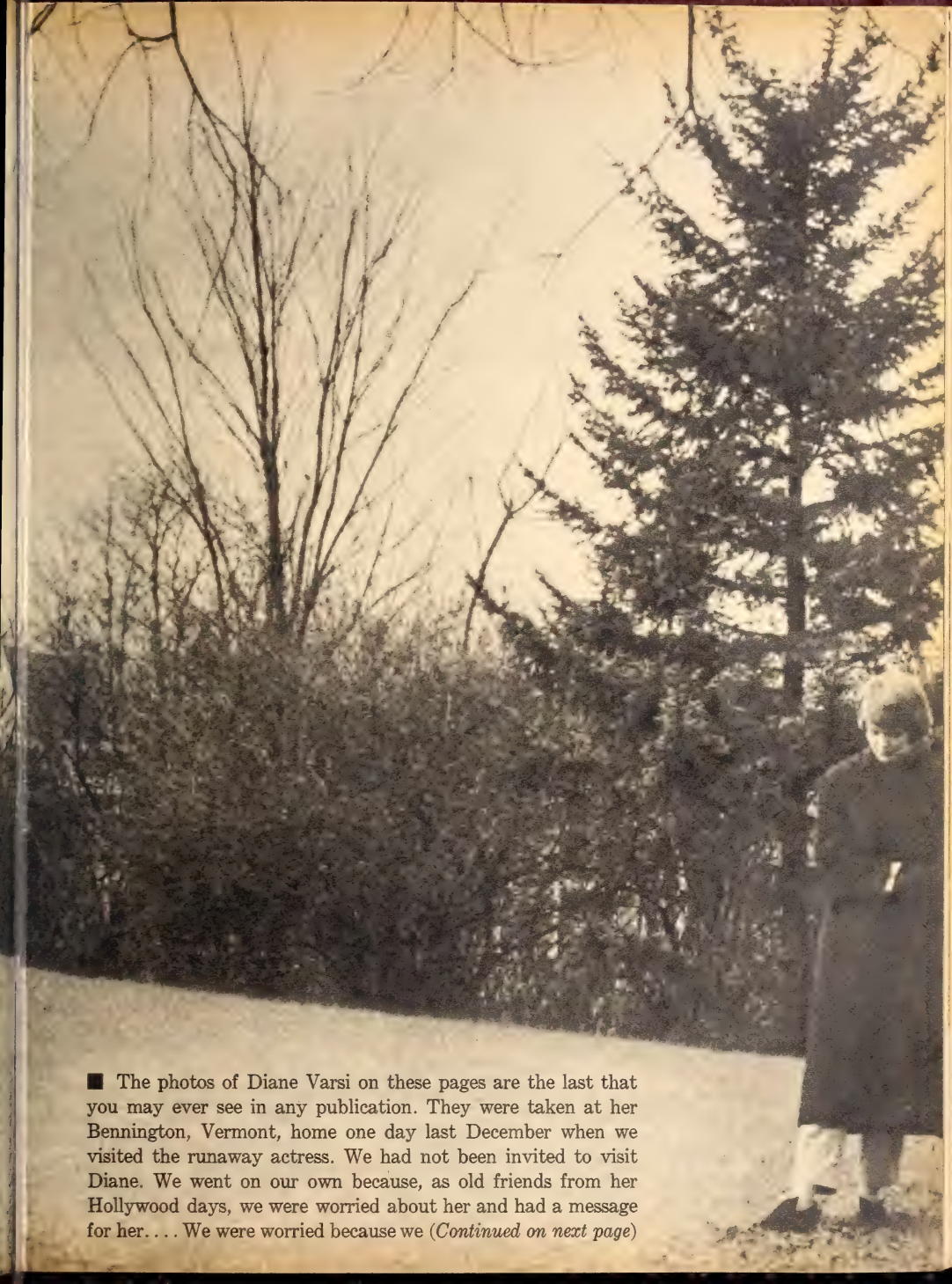
LAST PHOTOS OF DIANE VARSI



Diane showed us the countryside where she'd found peace.



The living room had little besides a couch, a chair.



■ The photos of Diane Varsi on these pages are the last that you may ever see in any publication. They were taken at her Bennington, Vermont, home one day last December when we visited the runaway actress. We had not been invited to visit Diane. We went on our own because, as old friends from her Hollywood days, we were worried about her and had a message for her.... We were worried because we (*Continued on next page*)

Though she is poor and lonely in Vermont, Diane will probably never go back to Hollywood



Last Photos of Diane Varsi continued

felt, in our hearts, that Diane—one of the saddest and most confused girls in all movie history—was not happy in Vermont. The message we took with us was this: *If, Diane, it is true and you are not happy, don't be too proud to admit it. Come back to Hollywood, to work. There are producers who still want you, fans who still want you. You left our town a year ago. You said some pretty nasty things about our town in leaving. Well, all that is forgotten now. So forget your own pride, Diane—and come on home.*

Our fears for the girl. Our message.

With these two bits of baggage —and one light suitcase and a camera—we took off by plane one day for Bennington.

We arrived there late in the afternoon.

We had no idea about the kind of reception we would get.

In fact, the first indication we had that the reception might not be too pleasant came from a cabdriver, a small and old and bony Vermonter, whom we approached outside the airport. . . .

"Yup," he said, removing a toothpick from his mouth, looking us over, "sure I know where she lives. But before you get in that cab, maybe I can save you your fare . . . You happen to be from the newspapers or the magazines?"

We worked for a magazine, we told him.

"Well," he said. "I know for a fact that that actress don't talk to nobody from the press. Some big magazine came up here little while ago. Offered her $20,000, just to talk to them and pose for some pictures. But she said no and she said git-and-skedaddle to both of them, that's what she said."

We told the old man we were friends of Diane's, as well as being from the press.

"Well," he said, eyeing us suspiciously, "that's what some of the others said. But I seen what happened to them when they got to her door. It was git-and-skedaddle and—"

He interrupted himself, when he saw us begin to shiver from the unaccustomed cold.

"All right, all right," he said, "get in the cab 'fore you freeze to death. But just mark my words—"

He was silent throughout the rest of the trip, as he drove from the station through the town—a pretty town, larger than we'd thought it would be, and warm-looking, many of its store windows festooned with Christmas lights—and then as he drove out into the countryside, the countryside that must have been pretty in the summer, we knew, but that was cold now, gray, all frosted earth and chill-swept sky and sleeping trees and, here and there, silent houses.

And it was only when he pulled up a long roadway leading to one of the houses that the cabdriver spoke again.

"See that big place ahead?" he asked. "Well, that ain't her place —not *all* of it. Big house to the left belongs to a professor at our college here. And she, the actress, she lives *(Continued on page 70)*

SHOULD I GO STEADY?

If you're a teen-ager you've asked that question. In fact, you've probably been haunted by that question... possibly even worried sick by it. It's one of the hardest questions in the world to answer, and no one can answer it for you but yourself. Nevertheless, it has been answered... by other people... for themselves. We went to see 20 top male vocalists, all of whom are young, all of whom have wrestled with the problems of young love. We put the going steady question to them. We found their conclusions both surprising and important. If you think you can profit by someone else's experience and mistakes, turn the page. →



P.S. Next month 20 girls get their chance to answer back.

SHOULD I GO STEADY?


Jimmy Clanton


Dick Caruso


Neil Sedaka


Rod Lauren


Dion

YES

Jimmy Clanton: I went steady when I was seventeen with a home-town girl, and I wanted to marry her. In fact, we rented a two-room apartment for $65 a month, furnished, and we had planned to elope because my parents did not like her and did not want me to marry.

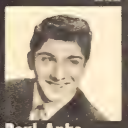
We broke up when she objected to my pushing my career as a musician and singer. When I told my father about the bust-up of our year-long romance, he said he was glad and reminded me, "You've got a career in music at stake, and you've got plenty of time for marriage."

I'll be twenty next June 20th, and I'm glad I went steady, but I'm even more glad I didn't marry then. Now I'm dating a nineteen-year-old brunette who looks like Diana Dors. A great gal.

Dick Caruso: Yes, I've steady dated, but with poor results. When I was five, I was in love with Roberta, also five, who lived next door until we were nine. And then my family moved away. Then there was Barbara, my steady when I was fourteen. She left me for another guy, and I was so bitter I ate too much and got fat, and refused to talk to my friends. I sulked and practiced piano and wrote love songs, one of them being *I'll Tell You* (*Continued on page 62*)

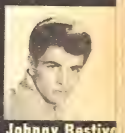
NO!


Edd Byrnes


Paul Anka


Kimm Charney


Andy Williams


Johnny Restivo


Johnny Mathis


Dick Roman


Bobby Darin

Edd Byrnes: I steady-dated once for about a year, back in 1952, and she told me that she had fallen in love with another fellow. Well, it took me about half a year to get over it. I kept busy by working in a defense plant and driving an ambulance, while fiddling around, on the side, with acting.

When she called me again, hinting she'd like to resume with me, I had become interested in acting too deeply and didn't want to steady date any more. I'm glad I didn't marry when I was a teenager . . . and I'm glad I had a broken heart early in life.

For me, steady dating was unpleasant. (*Continued on page 62*)


Frankie Avalon


Bobby Rydell


Michael Callan


Johnny Nash


Danny Valentino


Elvis Presley


bian

MAYBE

Fabian: Who am I to say that going steady is right or wrong? I don't think I have the right to make a statement either way.

Going steady has many advantages and disadvantages.

Advantages include: You are always going to be with the person you want to be with. You never have to worry about getting a date for this or for that. You're pretty sure of being remembered on your birthday or on (*Continued on page 62*)

THE TRUTH ABOUT BRIGITTE BARDOT'S MARRIAGE

on the following pages modern screen presents what is perhaps the most unusual and bizarre tale of real-life marriage ever published in an American magazine





Story starts on next page →



To Brigitte, the newest mouth tasted sweetest.



So she moved Jacques Charrier into her villa.



Getting married was part of the game.



They ran away from people who didn't know their rules.



Life was a frolic; beautiful clothes and careless love.

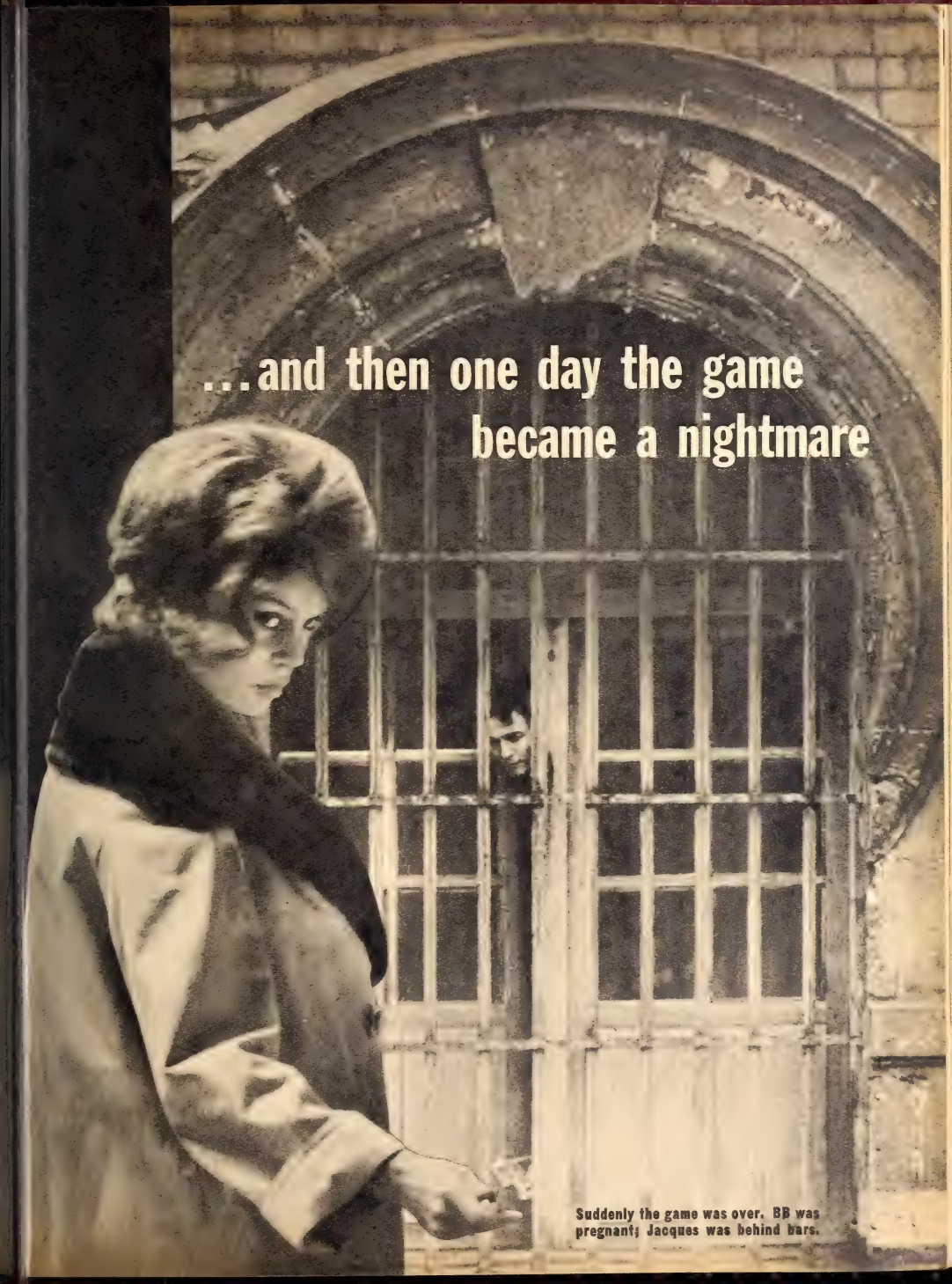
Two lawless children played a game of love...

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole-shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

Their affair had started like a game, played by two lawless children. Stung by his blue eyes, she kissed the lips of a gangly 22-year-old named Jacques Charrier, and Brigitte was off again. To her, the newest mouth tasted sweetest, and unknown eyes shined the best.

By the time she and Jacques had finished making *Babette Goes to War*, Brigitte had ditched her nominal fiance, Sacha Distel, and moved Jacques into her Saint Tropez villa.

They lay in the sun without too (*Continued on page 58*)



Suddenly the game was over. BB was pregnant; Jacques was behind bars.

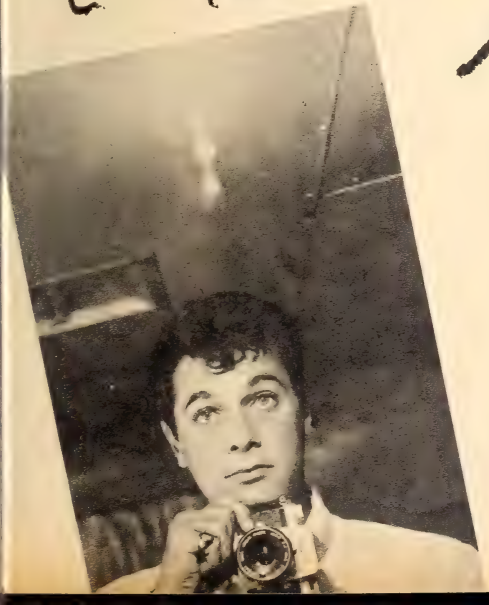
The story of the private Curtis' family album... by Janet Leig







"I love you"



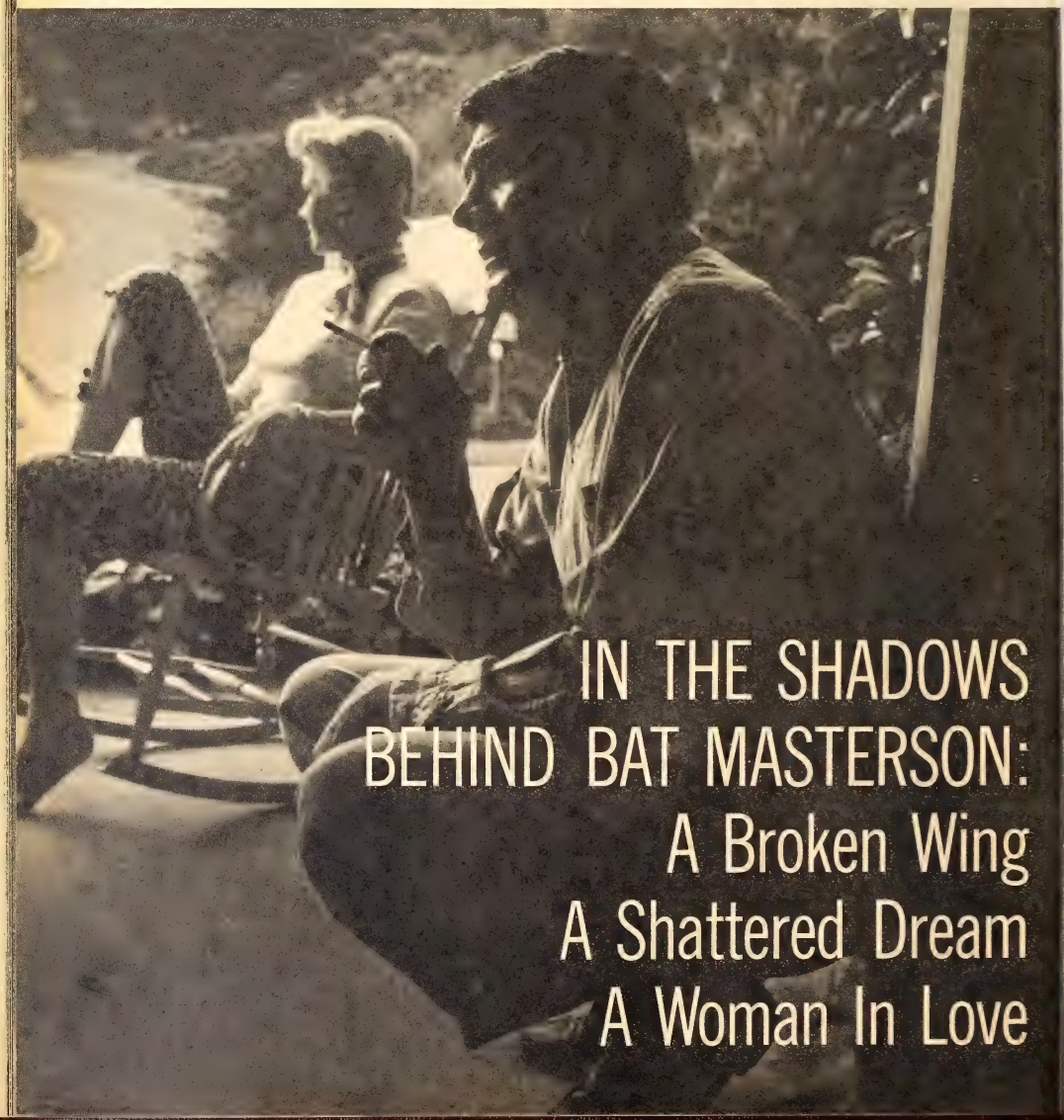
■ Quite a few people seem to be under the impression that we moved to a larger house because the family was expanding. That is not entirely true. The real reason is that my camera-happy husband refuses to stop taking pictures of the children, and we had to make room for the hundreds of photo albums that kept piling up.

I exaggerate not. We have without doubt one of the greatest—if not the greatest—collections of father-taken photographs in the world. If Tony doesn't have three or four cameras hanging from his neck, he feels positively naked. Around our house we call him Tony, the Picture Taker.

In most homes I know of when the husband arrives in the evening, the first thing he wants to know is what time dinner will be ready. Tony no sooner sets foot in the door than he casts hungry eyes around for something warm or unusual—(*Continued on page 68*)

GENE BARRY came to, lying on the field. The crowd was roaring his name, shrieking his praise, but all he noticed was that his right arm had another elbow.

He looked at the football there on the green grass of the field and wondered how it had happened. Seconds before, he had been carrying that ball. Then a ton of bodies fell on him and the lights went out. How long he had been unconscious he did not (*Continued on page 51*)



IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND BAT MASTERSON: A Broken Wing A Shattered Dream A Woman In Love

know. But it had been enough time for his teammates to circle around him and stare at him with grim faces as he lay sprawled on the ground.

Now a doctor pushed his way through the ring of players. He took one look at the youth's arm and, with a professional sight, said, "You are not only out of the game, lad, you are out of the season."

Suddenly a surge of vicious, excruciating pain shot up the boy's arm like a bolt of lightning. He gasped, groaned inaudibly and gritted his teeth.

A broken wing

"Go ahead and holler, son," the doctor said lifting the arm gently, "not even a man should keep your kind of agony inside."

The seventeen-year-old boy looked up at the faces of his team and knew it was the one thing he could not do, no matter how much he wanted to. So instead of screaming, he fainted.

Only vaguely did he hear the wild young voices from the bleachers shouting, in unison, "Yay! Barry! . . . Yay! Barry!"

When he came to he was in the locker room on a table. The doctor was in the midst of wrapping his throbbing arm in a splint.

"We're taking you to the hospital," the doctor said, "where we'll put on a cast." The physician looked at the boy, half in sympathy, half in admiration. "You're all right," he said, with a faint smile. "I've seen tougher men than you wail their heads off with broken arms like yours."

Gene closed his eyes. If only the pain would go away.

"By the way," continued the doctor, "as we carried you off the field you mumbled something about a violin. Isn't that strange talk for a young man just hurt in a football game?"

Oh, God, thought Gene, *the violin! My arm! What if—?* He swallowed hard and slowly turned his head.

"Doctor, I play the violin. Will I be able to after—?"

"Oh sure," the doctor replied lightly, "you'll play. Good hobby, too. Relaxing, music. 'Course if you'd been planning to be a concert violinist you'd never—" The doctor needed only to see the look on Barry's face to realize what he had said. "I'm sorry, Gene, I didn't know it was that serious with you. But you might as well know now. Your arm will heal, but it will never stand seven hours' practice every day. Believe me, Gene, don't hope."

Ten years of learning. The ragging he had taken from the kids, as only Brooklyn kids can rag! Gene thought bitterly of all the money his parents had hoarded for the lessons and the best violin they could buy for him. Their dreams and his, cracked into eternity by a hard-charging left tackle on a teen-age football team.

A shattered dream

"Don't hope," Gene repeated to himself bitterly. But what do you do instead?

Gene's depression over his broken arm and his lost dream of being a concert violinist, however, lasted only as long as it took for him to get well. His parents, familiar with the uncertainties of life, were disappointed, but the unfortunate incident was dismissed by Gene's dad with, "As long as young men play football, young men will break their arms."

Gene soon discovered that he had a hangover from his hard study of music. And:

"One morning while exhaling," says Gene, "my breath got caught in my larynx. The whole family looked at me in surprise. I was singing! I asked a teacher if she thought I had enough mellow vibrato to think about a singing career. She thought I might make it with study. Well, I was off to out-Caruso Caruso."

By the end of his senior year Gene was good enough to win a scholarship at the Chatham Square School of Music in New York City.

But it was Gene himself who soon realized that although he was surprisingly good as a pop and operetta vocalist, he didn't want a career as a singer of serious music.

Still, his appealing voice got him a weekly radio show, followed by a short go as a band vocalist in nightclubs.

And then, prophetically perhaps, he auditioned and was chosen to play *The Bat* in a Broadway musical *Rosalinda.* The show ran two years. By then Gene knew he wanted to be an actor. But the best he could get was a character part in a White Way production of *The Merry Widow.*

"I was sittin' pretty," Gene remembers. "I wasn't shooting to stardom, but I was working and getting good pay, getting better parts. I played around a lot, dated the prettiest girls I could find, learned what made women happy and what made them angry.

"And then one night I went out with Mae West!

"Not a date exactly. I was in her show and the cast decided to have an evening at the Copacabana after the performance. Some of the guys brought dates. I didn't. Mae was the hostess, and I was her unofficial escort.

"It was pretty crowded at the Copa and we bunched up around two tables. Suddenly I found myself squeezed in between Mae and a girl I'd never seen before. I learned later she was another guy's date. But after what you'd call a very unexpected, but intimate association, I

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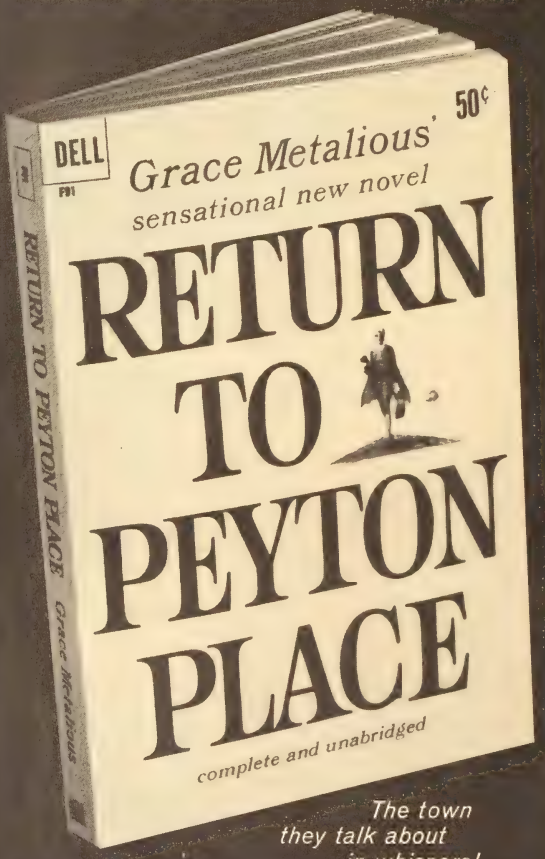
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discovered her name was Betty Kalb. And for the next few days I just couldn't get her out of my mind. That's when I discovered I had to see her again. It wasn't easy, but after a lot of double talk I think I confused Betty into a date.

"I sometimes think I didn't know as much as I thought about women, because now that I recall, Betty *never did* say no. She just didn't say yes. I've asked Betty about it a couple of times, but she just smiles and looks very wise.

"Well, we got to dating pretty steadily and one night after leaving her at the door I walked home in one of those woozy trances. As the lady says, I wasn't sick, I was in love.

"Lucky for me, Betty felt the same way.

"Marriage? Why not? I had it made. There were plenty of parts around. And I was in love.

"We were married.

"Three days later I lost my job, as the show closed suddenly. I didn't work on the stage for a year.

"A month later I was desperate. Our money was gone. I used to wonder how a man could love a woman so much and yet provide her with nothing but failure. You see, auditioning, for an actor, is both expensive and time-consuming. If he tries-out during the day and works nights he looks like hell the next morning from lack of sleep. Casting directors want you fresh, clear-eyed and full of energy. And you can't fool them. They know all the angles.

"Finally I gave up auditioning and took a job selling jewelry in a store. The boss decided I was no diamond in the rough. Then, odds-and-ends salesman in a department store. The floorwalker just didn't understand actors. Then I sold stove-oil from a truck. I swear I don't know how our marriage managed to survive. It wasn't the sad state of our finances—and let me tell you they were really sorrowful. But it was the frustration that was eating my insides. I was nothing unless I was up there making an entrance from stage left. And I knew it. That's what was tearing at me. And Betty knew it.

"I discovered it was tearing at her, too.

A woman in love

"One morning I woke up and it was 10:00 a.m.

"'For crying out loud,' I bellowed at Betty, 'I'm two hours late for work. Why the devil didn't you get me up?'"

It was at this moment that Gene Barry discovered what a wise and wonderful woman he had taken for a wife.

Betty sat down next to him. She looked positively grim.

"Gene," she began, "you're going to be angry when I tell you. But please, hear me out before you splash all over the ceiling.

"I've taken a job. (*Sit down!*) I've got the hatcheck stand at the Copa. (*Honey, let me finish.*) We've got to accept one thing about you because you are the kind of man you are. You don't belong in a store and you don't belong on an oil truck. You belong on the stage, you belong before an audience. Any audience, even if you only carry a spear. I've watched the last few months. If you could see what's happening to you, you'd agree with me. What I want to do is this. I intend to work for about four months. We can live on my salary somehow. Maybe even save a little. But more important, you'll have the days. You can sleep at night and look the way you're supposed to look at auditions, well-rested and eager for the part. Don't argue, Gene, please. I've made up my mind."

"But my mind's made up too," Gene exploded. "What kind of oaf do you think I am? Why do you insist?"

"I'll tell you why I insist," Betty said evenly. "Because I love you. And I know you love me. And because it is that way between us I want to do something for you.

"Don't deny me a chance I may never have again. For the rest of my life I'll need you, Gene. And I'll like that. But right now I can help. Please, let me do it."

Gene looked at his wife and knew that she meant every word she had spoken. Suddenly he put his arms around her and for a moment they hugged all the happiness, love and sadness that a man and a woman can have for each other.

"Besides," Betty said with the hint of sniffle, "you may have a son this Fall—or a daughter."

In the next few weeks Gene tried harder than ever. He took any job he could get as long as it was before an audience. He emceed programs in theaters and nightclubs. He performed in New York towns where they still had vaudeville shows. He sang at State fairs. He took small-paying parts in off-Broadway plays.

"Once," said Gene, "I toyed with the idea of becoming an auctioneer. But Betty put her foot down.

A man named Mike Todd

"Finally Betty had to quit her job. You'd think that a man as desperate as I was at that time would stumble onto something, anything. It didn't happen. I don't know. Somehow we made it. Because the day my son was born I got a call from a man named Mike Todd. He had a job for me. My son's name is Michael. And from that moment on things improved. Nothing sensational. But I did a number of plays and finally got a bid from Paramount where I did *Red Garters* and a couple of other pictures. In between I did a lot of TV work, about a hundred shows.

"Still, Betty and I played our dollar bills close to the vest.

"One day my agent called me and asked if I'd like to do a Western TV series.

"'Me? A cowboy? Not on your life,'" I said.

"It may sound strange, but I've always wanted to be a super-actor. What this actually is I don't know. But I used to think about getting a chance at an Academy Award. Winning an Oscar. It was a big dream with me. Then one day I thought it over and asked myself, 'Barry, just suppose for a moment that you *never do* win an Oscar? What then?' It's funny, but after all that yearning, the only answer I could think of was a brilliant 'So what?'

"I guess a little of that longing was still in me when the agent asked me about the Western. It's why I said no. I felt there was nothing grand about a Western.

"But then he asked, 'Is it still *no* if I tell you that the character you play wears a derby hat and carries a gold-headed cane?'

"'It is now *yes*,' I said, very distinctly. That sounded elegant. 'I'll do it. What's the character's name?'"

"Bat Masterson."

Today, Gene Barry, as the famous well-dressed Western play-boy marshal, is easily one of the best-known personalities on television.

Gene and Betty have built a house in Hollywood's semi-exclusive Benedict Canyon. It is a big house, 4,500 square feet. It is exactly the kind of house the Barrys wanted, principally because Gene built most of it himself. They have another son now, Frederic, age five. Betty needs Gene, just as she said she would—and she likes it, just as she said she would. And they are a warm, wonderful, happily married couple because they still like to do things for each other.

But Gene's life is not quite complete.

"There's just one thing I wish Bat Masterson did. But I've checked and he never got around to it."

What was that?

"He never played the violin," Gene says with a long soft look back at the past. . . .

END



A Real Swinging Shower

(Continued from page 32)

—but let her tell it: "When I walked in and found my girlfriends there, I thought I'd keel over! I was just flabbergasted. When I saw them there, all dressed up, Elinor Donahue, Gigi Perreau, Jennifer West, Danny Thomas' daughter Margaret, calling out '*Surprise, Surprise*,' and saw all those pretty packages . . . I don't know why, but suddenly I found myself kind of choked up and for a moment I couldn't say anything. I tried to cover my confusion and say something off-hand and brilliant, like 'Oh, you shouldn't have—' but I found there were some tears in my eyes that got in the way."

"But Judi hurried over to me and put her arms around me and teased me, "Come on in, Pamela; this is going to be a *happy* party, honestly it is."

"And we did have fun. Lots of girl talk—and lots of teasing too. . . .

"Judi was a riot. She said she'd been engaged three times so far but never had a shower like this. 'Next time I get engaged,' she said, 'I'd like one of you girls to arrange a shower like this for me. Then I'll just *have* to marry the guy!'

"Everyone wanted me to tell (again) how Darryl and I met, when we were 'finally' getting married, what 'that apartment' of ours was like. . . .

"All the girls knew the story but they also knew I loved telling it. How Darryl and I met when we were both doing a play in a little theater in Hollywood. How our romance grew when we were in *The Tingler* together.

"And how, once we knew we were in love and wanted to get married, we sat down one evening and talked it over. We believe that couples who *rush* into marriage are missing an experience they'll never be able to recapture. Darryl and I had all the fun, the parties and the special kind of excitement that only engaged cou-

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the "Babe" and the batboy



■ About thirty years ago, when Babe Ruth was at the height of his glory, a chunky little boy named Billy was batboy for the New York Yankees.

Billy grew to love Babe Ruth with a fierce loyalty. He was almost a slave to all the great man's wants. That batboy followed Babe Ruth wherever he went. He ran errands for him. He shined his shoes. He was his messenger boy, his servant; he was the keeper of Babe Ruth's bats. When Babe Ruth had a good day in a ballgame, Billy would be the happiest youngster in the world. When Ruth had one of those bad days on the field, he would feel worse than the Babe himself.

That chunky little batboy wanted to be just like Babe Ruth. He would say to Ruth, "Babe, would you teach me to play ball? There's nothing I want more than to become a major-league ballplayer like you."

Babe Ruth would put his arm around him and say,

"Son, you can be anything you want, if you want it bad enough, and try hard enough."

Ruth encouraged him to stick around and learn all the baseball he could. He told him to practice, practice, and then practice again.

"Stick to the training rules," Ruth would advise, "and live a clean life."

But there were times when Ruth, himself, did not follow his own advice. He stayed up late at nights. He stuffed himself with food at all hours of the day without any regard for training rules. Many of his foolish acts made newspaper headlines, as did his home runs. But to that batboy, the great Babe Ruth could do no wrong.

One afternoon, before a ballgame, Babe Ruth decided to have a little snack. He told his loyal batboy to go fetch him a couple of hot dogs and some soda pop. Billy rushed away to do Babe Ruth's bidding. He brought back a dozen hot dogs and a dozen bottles of soda pop. And Babe Ruth ate all those hot dogs and drank all that soda pop. Of course, no one knew about this except Babe and the batboy.

That afternoon the million-dollar ballplayer came down with a bellyache heard 'round the world.

He collapsed, and had to be rushed to a hospital.

Newspaper headlines all over the world blazed with the shocking news that Babe Ruth was dying. When the Yankees' manager found out who had fed the Babe, he promptly fired that unhappy batboy.

Very soon Babe Ruth became well again and went on to even greater glory. Billy never did become a big league ballplayer. Being fired from his job and not being near his idol, crushed him.

His baseball dreams were dead.

His whole world crashed about him.

As the years drifted by, that chunky little batboy looked back upon his baseball dreams and considered himself a failure. But he did go on to become famous, though not in baseball. He followed Babe Ruth's advice, and, in time, went on to become a famous motion picture and television actor. You know him now as William Bendix.

However, the strangest part of the story is that William Bendix was the actor chosen to play the part of Babe Ruth in the motion picture story of his fabulous life—*The Babe Ruth Story.*

ples can share. And we had a chance to know each other as we really are, to iron out problems so that there wouldn't be any unpleasant surprises or disillusioning discoveries after we're Mr. and Mrs. . . .

"We took our time about planning all the details of our wedding and it was the most wonderful kind of planning. We decided on a formal wedding at an early nuptial mass with Dwayne as best man.

"In those months we had together, planning our future together, I made an important decision—to give up my career and be a full-time wife. Our engagement period made me know that what I wanted most out of life was to be Mrs. Darryl Hickman, wife, homemaker, mother.

"And because there was no particular rush, we could take all the time we wanted finding our first home. That was so much fun, looking at model rooms, model homes, dreaming and planning. We looked at houses and apartments both and finally agreed that we'd rent an apartment. Then when children arrived, we'd buy a house.

"Furniture shopping took us to antique shops, quaint out-of-the-way stores, exciting auctions where we'd bid for just the right piece. What a thrill it was to go to the apartment that would soon be our very own and rearrange the furniture each time something new was delivered. We were going to have a lovely place that was truly our home, furnished leisurely just the way we both wanted it, to move into right after our honeymoon. . . ."

In between the questions and the teasing, Pamela did manage to open all her gifts. Then Judi stood up and made a little speech:

"We hope the gifts we gave you are just what you need, Pam, but there is something that every bride-to-be needs *most*—and I'm afraid it hasn't arrived yet."

"What's that?" Pamela asked innocently.

"A husband!" Judi laughed. At that moment the door opened and in came Darryl, followed by 'Dobie' and 'Maynard.'

Pam's husband-to-be was just as delighted with the gifts as she was, which is a good thing since the loot got piled in *his* strong arms, and he left the party loaded down with all their packages. . . .

Not long after the shower, Pamela had a luncheon party for her bridesmaids—Darryl's sister Dierdre, Judi (Mrs. Martin) Milner, Anna Lou Kent, and Diane Miller—and her matron of honor, Ruth (Mrs. Jerry) Paris. Pam had her heart set on an all white wedding, but she wanted the girls to have a say in what style their gowns would be. They decided on something that would look lovely and appropriate for the wedding and yet could be worn later on for parties. They chose a simply-cut white dress with a scoop neckline, bell skirt and three-quarter sleeves, and with it they'd carry deep red American Beauty roses.

Pamela's mother was flying to Hollywood from Connecticut for the wedding, but she couldn't get there in time to be with her daughter for that crucial time of getting ready for the ceremony and easing pre-ceremony jitters. But her landlady, Mrs. Brown, was a kind and motherly woman and offered her own home for the bridal party to dress in. When the girls arrived, at 8:00 in the morning, Mrs. Brown had fruit cake and coffee waiting.

Pamela was too trembly to button buttons properly; however with the help of her bridesmaids and her landlady, she managed to get into something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. An old lace handkerchief of her mother's, a borrowed hoop petticoat, a blue garter—and her new wedding gown. She looked very sweet in her beautiful wedding gown, but she kept asking the girls nervously, "Do I look all right. Do I look all right?"

Somehow they got to the church, in plenty of time and all in one piece. It

wasn't yet 10:00, and the church was cool and hushed, and the heavy scent of the flowers and the candles hung in the air. The organ was playing softly and the guests were already beginning to arrive.

But Darryl wasn't there! Ruth Paris' husband Jerry was supposed to drive him to the church, and now Ruth groaned, "Oh dear, Jerry is *always* late. He's always getting lost. He was two hours late at his *own* wedding." Poor Pam, she was nervous enough as it was—

They showed up, however, before Pam collapsed, Jerry muttering vaguely something about getting West Hollywood confused with West Los Angeles. . . .

At last everyone was in place and ready. The organist waited, poised for the cue to begin the wedding march. Suddenly the little flower girl, five-year-old Tina Hillie, became involved with a butterfly that had flown into the waiting room. She just couldn't be persuaded to walk out like a good girl and strew the rose petals along the aisle. Finally one of the bridesmaids promised to help her find *another* butterfly *after* the wedding and Tina consented.

Pamela is a very sentimental girl. The excitement of the Most Important Day in her life and the strain of all the delays were too much for her, and as she walked down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Ed Hillie, her smile was very tremulous—when she managed to smile at all.

Deirdre and Dwayne knelt with Pamela and Darryl before the altar as the vows were recited. By now Pam was a little weepy. It affected everyone, in fact, except Father O'Donnell (who had seen many a weepy but happy bride). The bridesmaids' eyes were wet, and even Darryl began fishing for his handkerchief. Pam's hands were shaking so she could hardly put the ring on Darryl's finger, but Father O'Donnell leaned over, smiled encouragement, and helped her.

Pam may have been terribly nervous at the church, but at the reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel she was like a new woman. Well, she was—she was the brand new Mrs. Darryl Hickman, and a radiant bride. She laughed and chatted with the guests and thoroughly enjoyed herself. She tossed her bouquet. Deirdre caught it. She handed her blue garter to Darryl to toss to the ushers. Dwayne caught it.

Said Pam's new sister-in-law: "I think I'll put that bouquet to work and get married." Said Pam's new brother-in-law: "So I'm supposed to be next. Hmm, we'll see."

Said Pam's new father- and mother-in-law: "Let's get over the excitement of *this* wedding before we have another one in the family!" END

Gigi Perreau is in CBS-TV's BETTY HUTTON SHOW; *Elinor Donahue is in CBS-TV's* FATHER KNOWS BEST; *Dwayne Hickman and Bob Denver are in CBS-TV's* THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS.

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Let's talk frankly about *internal cleanliness*

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating *"the delicate zone."*

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I Don't Want to Leave You, Eddie

(*Continued from page 26*)

airplane one fatal day without her. . . .

"When I opened at the Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room in November," Eddie explained to me recently, "Elizabeth already had temperature and a cruel hacking cough. But she knew how important this opening was to my career, and wouldn't hear of going to the hospital.

"Elizabeth just hates hospitals," he added, shaking his head to indicate puzzlement, as we rode up to Doctors Hospital —where Liz had finally been forced to go on Thanksgiving day.

"Elizabeth's been in so many hospitals, —about fifteen in all," Eddie continued, reeling off mentions of her back ailment that had kept her in a cast . . . her throat operations . . . and the birth of her daughter Liza when she was married to Michael Todd.

"Elizabeth"—that's what Eddie always calls her—"had that Caesarean against the advice of twelve doctors," he said.

"And to make it worse, she resists anesthetics—they can't seem to knock her out. She sleeps two hours and she's conscious again."

I asked Eddie how her attack of pneumonia had come about, and he, knowing Liz' revulsion to discussing details of her illness, replied, "You're not going to get medical, are you?"

Eddie let himself get 'medical' enough to say, "Actually, all we know is that for a long time she's had spasms of coughing that she can't control—accompanied by very painful headaches."

Eddie was especially bothered because no one seems to know what caused the coughing. "I'm sure it's not due to smoking," he said. "Elizabeth's not a heavy smoker. She never starts smoking until 5:00 in the afternoon. She says she doesn't like the taste of cigarettes in the daytime."

Those six-month presents

When I had interviewed the Fishers in their five-bedroom apartment at the Waldorf shortly before Eddie's Empire Room opening, Liz had been less concerned about her illness than about keeping her husband's spirit up—and being a dutiful mother.

Eddie was holding hands with Liz, who was watching the two dogs, and Do-do the Siamese cat which was on my lap biting my pencil, and baby Liza, who was on my lap biting Do-do.

It was the six-month anniversary of their wedding, and Liz had brightened the occasion by giving him a gift of diamond-studded cufflinks, the diamonds in X's, and engraved with some very personal (and unprintable) endearment. (They wouldn't even let me peek.)

Eddie's reaction was, "Oh, they're beautiful . . . marvelous."

"Tell him," Liz directed Eddie, "what you got me!"

"A mink sweater," Eddie smiled bashfully.

"Something every girl needs," Liz said.

Regarding their future plans, Eddie announced, "We plan to live here permanently. The kids are going to school here."

"Michael was sick and stayed home the other day—and actually did his homework in bed," Liz added. "I don't see how he could be a child of mine."

Eddie was tickled as a little boy when he revealed that Liz had helped him get a part in her new movie, *Butterfield 8*.

"I'm gonna play a piano player named Eddie. Elizabeth plays a . . . a . . . a lady of the evening. I never acted before."

Eddie seemed to say this emphatically.

I asked, "Didn't you act in *Bundle of Joy*?" (which you'll remember he did with Debbie Reynolds).

"No! I looked like a gook. Now I'm in the hands of a very good director—and directress—my wife." He smiled little-boyishly at the pretty Mrs. Fisher.

Eddie was also joyous about his new recording arrangement—heading his own company, with Liz also heading it—if you can straighten that out.

I couldn't get clear from them who is president and who is vice president. Each said the other was president. Regardless, the moneybags, the angel, is Canadian multimillionaire Lou Chesler, of General Development fame.

"Why don't you do a TV spec together?" I asked.

"What would Elizabeth do?" Eddie asked. "She can't. . . ."

"Don't knock her," I warned him. "I happen to like her."

Eddie laughed. "She can't sing. She started as a singer. She's *terrible*."

"That's right," Liz nodded. "I can't even croak."

Eddie was hurt about a few stories in the papers—especially one that implied that his engagement at the Las Vegas Desert Inn had been a failure.

"That's as true as we're not sitting here," he said. "It was a wonderful engagement. In fact, we're going to work there eight weeks a year."

Liz and that baby

"By the way," I suddenly burst in, "are you expecting?"

"Expecting what?" Liz shot back, playing it innocently.

"To become a mother," I exclaimed.

"I *am* a mother," she reminded me.

Then laughingly, she stood up and showed how lean she was in her sky-blue slacks.

"No, we're not expecting—and if we were, we'd be delighted to tell the whole world."

As for Eddie's engagement at the Waldorf, Liz did her wifely duty doubly, quadruply! Eddie's opening night in the Empire Room was the most glamorous I've seen this decade in New York—I'm not sure that even Frank Sinatra attracted more big names when he opened there.

It was Liz, the promoter, the public relations wizard, who made it all possible.

Word spread around midtown New York that Liz was in the Empire Room for both the dinner and supper shows, and the Waldorf lobby soon had more people in it than when Khrushchev was there.

Aly Khan squeezed through, along with Jack Benny, Edie Adams, Mrs. Milton Berle, Composer Jule Styne, Ethel Merman, Sandra Church, Gloria Vanderbilt, Audrey Meadows, Phil Silvers, Red Buttons, Ingemar Johansson, Arthur Loew Jr., and Johnny Mathis.

A famous columnist left muttering that he'd forgotten to make a reservation and they were going to seat him behind the orchestra. They dragged him back and gave him a table right in front of the other front tables.

The *maitre d'hotel*, Louis, was retaining his equanimity as well as he could under fire.

And at the side of Aly Khan, surveying it all, was Liz Taylor wearing quarts and quarts of diamonds and a long chinchilla wrap.

One table of twelve which had seen Eddie at dinner wouldn't go, so Liz had to pay their $450 tab to get them to depart.

At first we of the press wondered just how it happened that there was such a fabulous outpouring of celebrities—and then the truth came out.

Liz had invited them as her guests, meaning that they had, of course, paid no checks. She had literally invited seventy people—her excuse being that in addition to it being Eddie's opening, it was their first anniversary—six months married.

Some buttinsky asked Liz about her generosity. She bristled a little.

"Can't a girl invite a few guests in if she wants to?" she demanded.

The Waldorf figures about $20 a throw for a party in the Empire Room, so Liz' tab for her "few guests" came to around $1500.

It was worthwhile, however, for never has there been such a discussed, written-about and photographed opening . . . and Eddie's vital engagement was off to a smashing start.

Eddie sang many love songs that seemed personally aimed at Liz, and in a closing speech said, "This wouldn't have been possible without the greatest little lady in the world.

"I'd like to have her take a little bow —not too big a one—she really is Mrs. Eddie Fisher."

Another party

Afterward, Liz gave Eddie another party—for all the same V.I.P.'s—at Leone's restaurant. That started at 2:00 a.m.

The champagne was plentiful. It was still going strong when I arrived—about 4:00 a.m.

"Do you know," somebody said, "that there's probably only one other person in recent show business history who would have thought of such promotion for an opening?"

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Who *was* that?" the party commented, correcting me. "Mike Todd!"

Maybe Liz had learned it from him. . . .

Liz appeared in good health at the Waldorf opening, but as Eddie later told me, her cough had been getting worse and her temperature rising, and by delaying her trip to the hospital, she was making herself sicker.

A week later she was in Doctors Hospital, with two doctors in attendance diagnosing her condition as double pneumonia.

And the lavish Thanksgiving dinner she had arranged was left uneaten.

Liz' hospitalization was a trial for Eddie because people were always asking him how she was—and she wasn't good.

"Somebody even stopped me and said they'd seen her on the street—right while she was at her sickest," Eddie said.

"Who was it they saw on the street who looked like her?" I asked.

"I doubt if there's anybody who really looks like her," he said loyally.

Her first visitor when she began to recover was playwright Tennessee Williams, who wrote *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* —the movie that won her an Academy Award nomination—and followed it up with *Suddenly, Last Summer*.

Her second visitor was director Joseph Manckiewicz, who claims she's due to win an Oscar, long delayed, for her role in that new film.

Eddie said, "I didn't count as a visitor."

At first Eddie had a room at the hospital, adjoining Liz'—"but the hospital needed the room, and I got dispossessed," he explained.

He raced uptown to see her in a cab between shows—toting some pizza.

"Every night, pizza she's got to have," laughed Eddie. "We try different res-

taurants, hunting the best pizza for her. She really keeps me on my bicycle. Last year after her throat operation—and she had a tough throat operation—she had to have chile con carne. Real hot chile con carne!" Eddie held his throat thinking about it.

Eddie considered her rapid recovery quite remarkable.

"She was hardly coughing at all, and was talking about going out to the desert to get some rest, and some sun," he said.

Eddie managed to obtain delivery of the mink sweater while Liz was hospitalized.

"Did it measure up to expectations?" I asked Eddie.

"Yes—and it's pretty hard for anything to measure up to Elizabeth," Eddie answered. . . .

What Liz has done for Eddie

The mutual adoration of Eddie and the girl sometimes called the most beautiful one of the world seems to have given Eddie some confidence.

For instance, one night he appeared at a Waldorf benefit for Mayor Robert Wagner and Mrs. Wagner. Former President Harry S. Truman made a surprise appearance there and played the piano.

Eddie came on the dais just as Truman left, with his accompanist, Eddie Samuels, coming along with him.

The toastmaster, Harry Hershfield, after introducing Eddie, said, "What's the name of your accompanist?"

"Harry Truman," joked Eddie. After the first song, Eddie told Eddie Samuels, "Harry would have played it in a better key than that."

The audience gave him a tremendous ovation when he sang, *You Gotta Have Heart*. Eddie told the crowd that he was always easy to get out for such events.

"All they had to do was ask me," he said. "I'm available. I have a tuxedo—and I have another tuxedo. . . ."

To close observers, it seemed that Eddie was unmindful of some lingering criticism of his romance with Liz. Columnists and other feelers-of-the-public-pulse are aware that some of this feeling still exists.

Any mention of either of them by a columnist is sure to bring a trickle of protest mail—some of it bitter—often anonymous. But those who protest don't have much to say except that they think Debbie Reynolds was made unhappy. To those who have watched Debbie lately, she seems very, very much the opposite.

Eddie and Liz seem to have licked most of the complaints, but as Eddie says in the song, *You Gotta Have Heart*. **END**

See Liz now in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER, *for Columbia, and soon in* CLEOPATRA, *for 20th-Fox, Liz and Eddie later in* BUTTERFIELD 8, *for MGM.*

Special Report From Liz' White Prison

At Harkness Pavilion, Elizabeth Taylor was only a fair patient. For years Liz had been in and out of hospitals and had built up a resentment against them. She thinks of hospitals as "white prisons."

She instructed nurses and doctors on where to place strategic needles and demanded to know every other half-hour when she would be able to leave, leave, leave.

Eddie took an adjoining suite. He showed the harrowing effects of worry and sleepless nights. His eyes had dark circles. He was losing weight. He read to her, watched television with her between his own shows and after midnight. He tried to keep her spirit up by talking about what they would do on her release.

On the third day of Liz' hospitalization, the doctors called him up and said: "Eddie, your wife has the worst case of double pneumonia we've seen in the past ten years. Both of her lungs are virtually filled, her general condition is not strong and the fever and cough have taken their toll of whatever reserve she may have had to battle this. She is a stoic and seems unperturbed over the seriousness of her condition, but she will need constant care and a minimum of four weeks here."

To break the bad news gently, Eddie ordered some of Liz' favorite foods from Lindy's. He called her on the phone from the Waldorf and asked her for a date. She played along and said, "Wonderful, darling. Why don't we just stay here at my place and we'll have a cozy dinner for two?"

Eddie arrived, stopped in the hospital florist shop for a moment, then went right up to the fifth floor. He helped the nurse prepare the tray of Lindy's goodies, stuck a velvety red rose in a paper cup and wrote a little note on the paper place mat. On the edge of the tray he propped a little doll, a gift from Liza.

Liz, propped up on pillows, in a white hospital gown, broke into a wide smile and sniffed hungrily. She did her best to eat but barely managed to nibble as Eddie passed each plate to her. She made an effort to chat between coughs. Eddie hushed her by touching a kiss from his lips to hers.

At 2:00 a.m. he was back. Liz' nurse said the doctor had just been there and her fever had gone down one degree. She had also slept in snatches without the racking cough. The nurse said that there was a definite improvement in her attitude.

Eddie sat in the chair till she awakened and greeted her: "I came to give you a good-night kiss; now it's good morning."

She asked about the children, recalled their sad voices on the phone. ("Mommy, we miss you." "When are you coming home, Mommy?" "Mommy, I'm making a get-well present for you in school. All the children are helping me.")

"Tell them," she whispered to Eddie, "that I'm coming home sooner than anybody thinks." On December 13th, Elizabeth Taylor, smiling, leaning gently on the arm of her husband, walked out of her "white prison," a free woman again. **END**



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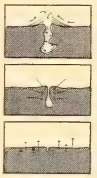
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The Truth About Brigitte Bardot's Marriage

(*Continued from page 46*)

many clothes on, and they told reporters they were married when they weren't married, and then they looked at each other, suddenly charmed by the whole idea. Why not *get* married?

The wedding was part of the game, too, no rules, no penalties, just two golden movie stars imitating life. Brigitte giggled in Jacques' arms, and Brigitte's father fought with a photographer, and it was more a comic opera than a sacred ceremony.

"Do you want me to bash your face in?" Brigitte's father asked a cameraman, biting the fellow's hand to prove he wasn't just empty threats, and the Mayor, attacked by Monsieur Bardot for not having provided more police, nearly walked off in a huff. "I'm not going to act like a prizefighter," bellowed Mayor Guillaume, nervously stroking his tri-colored sash.

"Let's do it quickly," said Brigitte, and there in the Mayor's private office, under a dangling electric bulb, Brigitte Bardot Vadim became Mme. Jacques Charrier.

The reception was private, with the guests drinking champagne, while Jacques nibbled on Brigitte's bare toes.

And so the languorous summer months drifted by, with love, oh, love, oh, careless love, and no end to the wine and the kisses, and music and dancing and shopping sprees, and buying twenty-five cashmere sweaters at a clip— "You like them all? Let's take them all"—and crazy nights at the beach with Jacques trying to abash nosy neighbors by brandishing a toy pistol.

Minor annoyances marred the idyll, from time to time. Pregnancy rumors started a week after the wedding, and separation rumors started almost as soon, and Jacques had appendicitis and lost twelve pounds, and then it was Fall.

The game was ending

Cold weather and cold facts descended on the Charriers. Brigitte was dunned for back taxes by her government—one of France's biggest assets was now being treated like a step-child. She developed skin trouble, and hid in the house, unwilling to show her blemished face to the public. Then it turned out, she *was* pregnant, and she was afraid to have a baby—can a baby have a baby?—and to top it off, Jacques was drafted.

All at once, the game wasn't fun any more. The Charriers regarded each other anxiously. Only a little time ago, they'd frolicked in the sun, the world's most beautiful irresponsibles, and now suddenly the sun had gone in, and they were here in this grey place wondering how to cope.

What would she do without him? Jacques Charrier must have asked himself, glancing from the army orders to his frightened wife. She, who'd never been able to stay alone, who used screaming rock 'n' roll records to fill the void of silence, who fondled stuffed teddy bears when no human being was near.

Even her career was cut off now, until the baby should arrive. Jacques Charrier shook his head, a boy who needed to become, overnight, a mature man. He took his bride on his lap, and smoothed the wild hair, the frowning forehead. "I'll be very good," she said seriously, like a five-year-old promising to remember to use his handkerchief. "I'll stay home and be quiet and think of names for the baby."

And then she kissed him, trembling. "Will you phone? Will you phone?"

On November 6th, not five months after their marriage, Brigitte saw Jacques off on the train to the induction center. At the station she cried, and he turned away so he wouldn't see his pregnant little girl-wife who couldn't understand where all her good times had gone.

You wonder what Jacques Charrier thought when he learned that Brigitte had gone to the theater the evening of that very first day he'd left. Their Paris apartment had seemed so bare, so full of shadows and echoes, and her father had called, and she'd grasped at his invitation.

A man could be only grateful to his father-in-law for looking after his lonely wife. But what about the next night? And the next? Who would companion Brigitte through all the nights of the twenty-seven and a half months Jacques would be gone?

A man beside her

You remember—and surely Jacques remembers—when Brigitte was in love with actor Jean-Louis Trintignant. She'd left her first husband, Roger Vadim, for Jean-Louis, and she'd even turned domestic for him—decorating, cooking—but when he'd been called up for military service, the romance had not survived.

She'd told the press about it later, in a sad little voice. "I don't hold anything against Jean-Louis," she'd said. "He was no longer beside me, that's all. And I need a man beside me all the time . . . to console me."

Were these words ringing in Jacques Charrier's ears as he approached the army post at Orange? It's hard to know.

With his commanding officer, Jacques behaved very well. "I expect to be treated just like everyone else," he said, but that was before he walked into the barracks and saw a pinup of his wife over almost every bunk. Jacques had been willing to share the other soldiers' work, but he hadn't figured on the other soldiers sharing Brigitte. "It's bad enough to leave her to join the army," he's reported to have moaned, "but to see her like that above every bed—it's just a nightmare!"

Less than a week after induction, Jacques was hospitalized with "a bad case of nerves," though army doctors said Charrier was having his "eyes checked."

Three days later he was back in Paris with Brigitte (he'd been given an emergency leave) and, when it was printed that he'd spent some of this leave shooting his latest movie, all hell broke loose.

Jacques returned, not to his barracks, but to the military hospital of Val de Grace for psychiatric treatment of his "nervous depression," and a member of Parliament took exception to what he felt were the unusual goings-on.

"What I want to know," cried Deputy Roland Boudet, "is whether all recruits are submitted to the same obligations when they enter their regiments, even if they come from the arms of a movie star!"

Other deputies chimed in, yelling "Very good!" and "Bravo!" and the army minister looked pained, and within a matter of hours, the Bardot-Charrier family doctor had got into the act.

He—one Dr. Duprouy—wrote to the newspaper *Paris Jour*, condemning stories about the couple. He said Brigitte and Jacques were both ill, and that *putting forward doubts on the importance and gravity* of Charrier's health had become *so excessive that it is grotesque.*

Because this is also doubting the honesty of the doctor who is taking care of him, Duprouy went on, *and whose name you put in your articles. I sent a telegram to Jacques Charrier's colonel. It was because his wife was in bad shape. If I have sent Jacques Charrier to the hospital, it was because his health was also alarming . . . I am disgusted that someone, anyone, can be that partial, that unjust and that hateful, and do so much harm to those who have only one thing against them, that they have succeeded too well.*

Brigitte followed the doctor's letter with a message of her own to the same *Paris Jour: My husband is really sick and is now under treatment at Val de Grace,* she wrote. *He has only one desire, which I share with him; that is, that as soon as he gets well, he will go back to do his military service as anyone else. Never would he accept special treatment, nor would his family.* (Jacques has a father and two brothers in the French army.) *If I can formulate one wish,* Brigitte wound up, *it is that the public consider him as a soldier among the others and stop being ironic toward him when misfortune causes him to fall sick. . . .*

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

What did he know, after all, about the woman he had married? Try to sort the truth from the fiction, try to understand the future by examining the past . . .

"Bribri," that was what her sister Mijanou had called Brigitte. "We were both very romantic as children," Mijanou had said. "And the stories Brigitte would write always had a Prince Charming who never failed to love and marry the heroine."

During the war, it was Brigitte who clung to her fuzzy bears, her dolls when the air raid sirens sounded, because the real world was too scary, but in an imaginary world, peopled with soft velvet animals, a little girl didn't have to be afraid.

At twenty-three, Brigitte still sucked her thumb, and ate too much chocolate, and was terrified of airplanes, and hated the cold, and admitted she owed everything she was to Roger Vadim.

She'd met him when she was sixteen, and he was an ambitious assistant director in French movies, and he invented her, the professional her. The tousled hair, the nakedness, the sex-kitten label, all were Vadim's ideas.

He even made publicity out of their marriage, but his hard work boomeranged when Brigitte, herself beginning to believe the stories about how she was just a child of nature, proceeded to fall in love with her leading man.

Instructions from a husband

There are film technicians who remember the day it happened, on the set of *And God Created Woman.* It was hot, and Jean-Louis Trintignant hovered over a bedded Bardot, covered only by a thin sheet.

"Caress her hair," called Brigitte's husband, Vadim. "Softly. That's it, very softly. Closer, Jean-Louis. Get closer. And now you can't stand it any more. You grab her, you squeeze her, you kiss her. Stronger, more violently!"

Jean-Louis kissed Brigitte. The long, passionate embrace went on in the quiet until finally Vadim stirred in his canvas chair, raising his hand. "Cut!" he called.

The cameras stopped, but, on the bed, the kiss continued.

It was the end of a marriage which had lasted four years. Vadim had succeeded in fulfilling his ambitions for himself and Brigitte, but he had also succeeded in destroying their life together.

"Why don't you at least wait until we finish the picture?" he asked Brigitte that night. "Afterward, you can do what you like—"

"Thanks for your permission," Brigitte

said sharply. "I'll use it."

"Jean-Louis is a nice guy," Vadim said.

"That's right, said Brigitte. "So long."

There's been plenty of criticism leveled at Brigitte for her airy disregard of her marriage vows; there's been plenty of sympathy for Vadim, who's always been a glib talker. "I suppose I should have slapped her when she looked at another fellow," he's said breezily, "but how could I? She has always had such an innocent look."

Still, perhaps Brigitte was more to be pitied than scorned. Picture a gawky adolescent in a pleated skirt, a heavy sweater, soft brown hair, being transformed by a brilliant promotor into a sex symbol—"the unattainable dream of every married man."

And she loved the promoter. "I used to wake up at night just so I could look at him." But Vadim was a sophisticate who cared more about her as a property than a wife. "He wasn't even jealous," Brigitte said wistfully. "How could he have loved me if he wasn't even jealous?"

With Jean-Louis (though he was already married), Brigitte moved into a duplex, furnished it with Empire-style couches, and hi-fi sets and animal-skin rugs. She gave Jean-Louis an allowance, and he gave her a few insights into herself.

"The first scene we shot together," he said, "I thought to myself, *What's the matter with that little mouse there?* At first. I felt pity for you. You must forgive me, but I said to myself, *This girl is lost. They have put a mask on her face and told her it is her face, and now, without realizing it, she is trying to live up to the mask.*"

"Say you love me," said Brigitte.

"I love you," said Jean-Louis. "And your caprices, your bad side, all that is not really you. At heart, you are afraid of being judged as you are. You are afraid someone will find beneath that vamp exterior a silly little girl who is ashamed at being a silly little girl."

For a while, Brigitte and Jean-Louis were happy. Vadim had been aloof, Jean-Louis was warm, and Brigitte felt safe.

As though a desperate old woman . . .

But Jean-Louis was called into military service, and Brigitte, ever-needing, unable to be satisfied by long-distance phone calls, took up with a Spaniard called Gustavo Rojo who had movie ambitions and saw Brigitte as a logical means to his end.

Rojo announced they'd marry, and Brigitte, outraged, promptly announced she was going to marry Jean-Louis, which surprised Jean-Louis' wife, who had refused him a divorce.

In the end, it didn't matter. Jean-Louis, home on leave, found Brigitte in the arms of a singer named Gilbert Becaud, and made his final exit, after throwing a salad bowl at his love and her new friend.

Becaud also had a wife, and gave Brigitte up when the going got public. Brigitte took sleeping pills, collapsed briefly, but recovered as soon as she met Italian actor Raf Valone. Raf liked her fine. The only trouble was he liked his wife and children even better, and soon *that* amour was fini.

She seemed defeated. The most desirable girl in the world, reduced to picking up pretty boys as though she'd been a desperate old woman.

In 1958, she had a mild fancy for a youth named Lhote, and she got him an extra's job in her picture, *The Woman and the Puppet*, and after the movie was finished, she moved him into the villa at St. Tropez. Dressed in a bikini, seated in Lhote's lap, occasionally kissing him, she received visitors. Asked about her new love, she reacted with a male kind of frankness. "He's not my love," she said. "He's my flirt." Cruelly, she gestured toward him. "He's cute, no? But oh, how stupid. . . ."

One writer, calling her a bad little bad girl, saw Brigitte destined to continue down *the long road Vadim set her on, without guidance, without loyalty, without love.*

Brigitte might have been the first to agree with that writer. Shifting between fits of elation and dejection, sometimes kind, sometimes mean, she cared more for her dog Froufrou than for anyone in the world until, late in 1958, she met Sacha Distel in St. Tropez.

"I had known him slightly before that," she said, "and hadn't found him particularly interesting. He felt the same way about me. We were on vacation, and I was tired, depressed and a little sad."

Brigitte hired Sacha to teach her the guitar, and the first afternoon he came over, she asked him to stay for dinner. He said no, she said yes. And he was undone by the anxiety in her voice. "I want to eat dinner with someone, I'm so alone here—"

He stayed, and he believed her when she said the thing she most wanted was to be a wife "To bear children, to raise a loving family in the eyes of God—"

With newspaper columnists, however, Brigitte waxed nowhere near so maternal. "I'm in love with Sacha," she said, "but I live from day to day. Maybe one day I will just decide to get married. Not now."

Sacha and Brigitte got along famously, though they didn't agree on everything. "He can spend a whole day listening to Frank Sinatra," Brigitte once complained. "I like Sinatra too, but there's no need to exaggerate it—"

Sacha enjoyed saying he'd fallen in love with Brigitte's piano before he'd fallen in love with Brigitte— "It's the best piano in Saint Tropez"—and on September 8th, Brigitte announced their engagement, and said they'd be married next spring. "Marriage," she commented, "is decidedly beautiful."

What did Sacha most admire in his fiancee? Her youth, he said. And her frankness. "When she thinks something, she says it. When she wants something, she gets it."

Even when that something was Jacques Charrier, as it turned out. Jacques appeared to co-star in Brigitte's picture, and stayed on to co-star in her life, but the very knowledge that he pushed Sacha aside must make Jacques nervous.

After all, can't he be pushed aside too?

And now Brigitte's gone on record as saying her first child will be her last. She doesn't want any more, she doesn't find pregnancy "much of a joke," she's alarmed by the coming birth, "but I'm afraid I cannot find any way of avoiding it."

Restless, cooped up awaiting her confinement in February, Brigitte complains that she misses doing "hundred of things," but "I'll make up for it afterwards."

There must be a threat in her words for Jacques, who can't kid himself into cherishing the picture of a contented little woman playing with a rosy baby while waiting for her husband's discharge.

And it isn't just Brigitte's *new* words that threaten. So many of her old words could come back to haunt the troubled man.

"When Jean-Louis was doing his military service, how I wanted him near me!" she said once. "I always need someone near me . . . I need real affection. I need to feel it and to give it. The other day a contractor who was working on my house said to me: 'You know, you're really very nice.' That made me melt. I could have thrown my arms around him—"

A wife who hates being pregnant, who falls in love too easily, who can't bear solitude, who's vulnerable to the kindness of any stranger . . .

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

END

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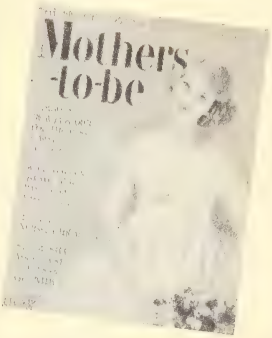
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Lana in Love!

(Continued from page 35)

brilliant, sensitive, intelligent and with a real sense of humor. Moreover, he is honorable and good. And so handsome!" she enthused. "Six feet tall, dark hair—and the most amazing hazel eyes I have ever seen.

"But to answer your question—Fred isn't free until February—and this time, with me, it has to be right. Oh, how *right* it has to be this time. We are not discussing marriage until the day we have the right to discuss it. He has not asked me to marry him."

I persisted, "And when he does?"

She made an almost imperceptible gesture of the shoulders as though she had already given that answer when she said, "Who can plan for tomorrow? Life is so uncertain."

"And how does Cheryl feel about Fred?" I went on.

"She likes him and respects him as I do. I know now," Lana said, "that love, the real thing, isn't a wild passion. It's based on companionship and respect and mutual interests and an admiration for the man in your life.

"Fred talks to me and advises me and what he says is always so sane. He always wants me to do what is expected of me—even to small things like being on time and keeping appointments. If I make a promise he insists that I keep it.

"He has three children, two girls, one twelve—one, eight, and a boy of five. Fred is devoted to them and naturally feels a deep sense of responsibility—just as I feel for Cheryl. I couldn't feel as I do about him if he felt less deeply about his children."

I thought, *Lana, my friend, these are the words of a woman in love and I mean a woman, not the girl I have talked with so many times over the long years I have known you, a girl who was in love with love.*

The difference

At thirty-eight, Lana is as beautiful and as much the glamorous movie star as she was at sixteen. But with—oh—what a difference! Maturity, and a new serenity set on her shoulders as tangibly as the decorations on a soldier who has been brave in a dangerous battle.

I, who have known her so long, realized that this Lana, who has suffered and known the bitterness of tragedy and almost unbearable heartaches and heartbreaks through sorrows that would have broken a less strong woman, is a much finer person at this point in her life than she has ever been.

I couldn't take my eyes off her when she entered the room overlooking my garden where I have interviewed her so many times in the past. I couldn't believe she was the same woman who was so crushed at the time her daughter Cheryl had ended the life of the late, unlamented Johnny Stompanato in an effort to save her adored mother. Then, Lana had looked her age, with sadness etched deep into her face.

But this day she looked so glamorous, so poised, so chic, so in possession of herself. Lana was wearing a Jean Louis dress and short coat of beige with a matching mink collar, the whole ensemble melting into the shades of her hair.

After we had greeted each other, both of us interrupting, trying to cover all the ground since we had last met and talking, talking, talking as women do who haven't recently seen each other, I said, "Oh, how different you look, Lana."

"Maybe it's my hair," she laughed. "It's called the 'frosted' look. It's several shades darker than my natural color and is just streaked with blonde." She wears it in a bouffant style that frames her face in a soft and becoming effect.

"Could be part of it," I agreed, "but there is something more than a mere external change. You have an inner glow."

She was quiet a moment, looking out over the garden at the lovely roses still in bloom, and the greens so verdant after our long Indian summer, even though this was the first afternoon with winter nip in the air.

Lana seemed to be measuring her words before she spoke. "Perhaps that's because I have found faith, a faith I never knew before." Her voice was low and soft as she went on, "I have found God and I have placed myself in his hands. I no longer worry about tomorrow. I meet my problems as they come up day by day—knowing that He will take care of me."

She was silent a minute but I didn't interrupt. She said, "You know perhaps better than anyone that I used to *live* as well as work in a make-believe world. I didn't particularly want to face reality. My trouble was that I existed in a sort of fairyland, believing that everything and everyone was good and never realizing that this beautiful dream world was surrounded by a deep and dreadful jungle."

I assumed Lana meant Stompanato, but she mentioned no names and neither did I. I had promised not to go into that closed chapter in her life. Besides, we had other things to discuss.

Lana and Fred May

I particularly wanted to know about this Fred May in her life, this brilliant young business executive in the manufacturing field with whom Lana's name is linked exclusively these days.

When I mentioned his name, Lana's mood brightened. Those old dimples sprang back into her smile as she said, "You know—I nearly brought Fred with me this evening. I so very much want you to know him and like him—and for him to know you, my friend."

It was at this point that we had the conversation which opens this story and naturally I was eager to learn more about this man whom Lana describes so—shall we say—affectionately.

"How and where did you meet Fred?" I asked.

She said, "I was invited to a party at the beach. I hadn't been going out socially at all and I dreaded to accept. I almost backed out at the last moment I so dreaded being in a large group of people again. But I went. The jump had to be made sometime.

"I was sitting with a group of casual acquaintances wondering again why I had come—when suddenly a man, a stranger, walked down the stairs from the entrance hall.

"I liked his looks, he was different. Later, we were introduced and after we chatted a while, I thought—how easy he was to talk to. No strain. No fencing. I really laughed when he told me confidentially that he very nearly had not accepted the invitation either!

"We talked about so many things—and he made them sound so interesting—even those topics far removed from my usual spheres. Horses, for instance. Fred owns a stable of race horses, among other interests."

Lana didn't need any prodding from me to continue telling about this (perhaps) fateful night in her life. "When the evening was over, he asked for my telephone number. I was surprised to find this made me very glad. I gave it to him, of course.

"Then, three days went by without a

word. I thought, *Well, that's that.* It seemed obvious he didn't intend to follow up our pleasant evening, or that's what I thought.

"I told myself when he did call—I'd be quite aloof. So when that phone finally rang and he asked me out to dinner, what did I do? I accepted," Lana laughed. "From that time on, we started seeing each other four or five times a week—and now it's every night."

The kind of man she needs

"Lana," I said, "from the way you are talking I have a feeling Fred is just the kind of a man you need."

"I need a strong man and he needs a strong woman—and I guess this is it," she said with startling honesty.

I can state with equal honesty from the front row seat I have occupied during other loves and marriages in her life, that Lana has not made a habit of falling in love with strong men—at least strong enough for her to lean on.

Of all of the loves of her life, I know she most deeply cared for Tyrone Power, and she admits it. As dark as she was blonde, as handsome as she was beautiful, passionately in love at the height of their fame and youth, I have always felt that if Ty and Lana had married, how different both their lives might have been.

I remember attending that lavish party they gave together just before Tyrone left for Italy—and subsequently (and sadly) Linda Christian!

How sentimental and naive Lana and Ty were in their love story. The decorations at the party were hearts and flowers entwined! And, during the entire evening they were never more than a handclasp apart.

Who will ever know what happened to break up this idyll? Lana believes that someone poisoned Ty's mind and heart against her. Others think that Linda Christian, the original 'Lola' who gets what she wants, decided she wanted Ty—and got him. Whatever the reason, the marriage turned out to be a bad mistake for Tyrone and a shattering heartbreak for Lana.

Her marriage to millionaire Bob Topping was definitely on the rebound from Ty. In trying to forget him, Lana rushed into marriage with the millionaire-sportsman with whom she had little in common. She admits she was never in love with him. In addition, most of the time of their marriage she was quite ill, once from a dangerous miscarriage.

I mention Topping in Lana's life ahead of her first husband, Artie Shaw, and her second, Steve Crane, to explain why she rushed so impulsively into a union she knew from the start couldn't be happy. But, just as Topping was an antidote to a heartache, both Shaw and Crane had the misfortune to be married to Lana before she had really grown up, while she was still living in that 'make-believe' world she had spoken of.

Of that long ago first marriage to Artie Shaw when she was just a girl, the less remembered the better. Lana was just starting out in her career and also in her love life. I've always thought she was more impressed with Artie's fame as a musician and his highly touted 'culture' than she ever was with him as a human being. She was flattered by his attention in the beginning—and that's about all. She has said, "When I eloped with Artie it was like running away with a stranger I had just read about."

Cheryl's father

Shaw did very little to become more than just a stranger in her life. His main concern seemed to be to improve the mind of his new bride—a little habit he carried over to his next wife, Ava Gardner.

Husband Number Two, Steve Crane, was something else again. A handsome and sympathetic young man, he was far more in love with Lana than she with him. He was devoted and tender with her and out of this union came great happiness when Lana's only child was born, their daughter Cheryl. To this day—and all through the shattering nightmare of Cheryl's tragedy, Lana and Steve have remained friends.

As for Lex Barker, that typical matinee idol who became Lana's third husband. this was another romance that Lana built out of all proportion to reality. Lex was not, and is not, a temperamental person nor a mean one.

But he was a typical actor on the make for stardom, involved to the hilt in his own career, looking and acting the role of the movie idol away from the camera as well as in front of it. Lana and Lex were bound to break up. There was nothing substantial to hold them together.

No. Lana has never had a man in her life like Fred May—removed from her world of show business, substantial, not blinded by her glittering fame as a movie queen.

Not too long ago Lana had told me, over the telephone, before we met for this more detailed talk, "From here on, I want the quiet life. I've had the headlines, the heartaches and the hectic pace. I want peace of mind and the solid things. I want this more than anything else in life. I want to understand people—as I pray they will understand me."

This is no idle talk on her part. Everything about Lana's 'new' life bears out this philosophy. Even to the house she lives in. No longer does she live in a typical movie-star mansion manned by a staff of servants and costing a small fortune to maintain, the way she lived with Lex.

"As soon as you can, I want you to come up and see my 'happy' house," said Lana continuing our interview. "It's not a big place. It's atop a mountain, each window looking out on the most beautiful view of all of Los Angeles. I suppose you would describe it as Hawaiian in design, all on one floor. and there's not a room the sunshine doesn't pour into many hours of each day. I was so glad when Cheryl said the same thing I had thought about the place—it is a happy house."

Of her daughter growing tall and mature and beautiful and getting such fine marks in high school, Lana speaks with the most touching devotion.

She said with such pride in her voice, "Cheryl and I are closer today than we have ever been. Our troubles have brought us closer together. Tragedy either brings on a complete estrangement between the people involved—or else it brings you into each other's arms. Thank God, with us, it has been the latter.

"I don't suppose I ever really had to come into Cheryl's arms," Lana went on. "We have always loved each other very much. But somehow my concern for her after the tragedy and hers for me, has made us more conscious of this love."

Cheryl continues to live with Lana's mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, under the terms imposed by the Juvenile Court authorities. But she is free to come and see Lana whenever she wishes and Lana is free to visit her. A few weeks ago, Cheryl was ill with the flu and as her grandmother had to be out of town for a few days, Lana brought Cheryl back to her home and nursed her back to health.

She said, "I can't tell you how precious those days of closeness were to both of us."

Career excitement

Another vital point in Lana's newly opening door of life—is that her career

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is winging again. She agreed with me when I mentioned it. "I seem to have hit another peak, and I'm grateful indeed." She admitted she really hadn't known what would happen when she signed for *Imitation of Life* at U-I, her first movie following the tragedy.

"Thank heavens, *Imitation of Life* won me a new place in the sun. When I first hit the big time at MGM those many years ago, those golden years of first stardom, I thought nothing could ever again be so exciting in my career.

"But there is excitement and interest and intensity in these days, too," Lana said. "Again, I feel I must keep building. I have implicit faith in Ross Hunter, who produced *Imitation*. That is why I am so glad to do this second picture for him, *Portrait in Black*. I just hope *Portrait* will be as good. I just have to pray that it will be—and not worry. I can't afford to make a bad picture."

Now it was growing late in the evening, and time for Lana to leave. She was meeting Fred at her home and they were going on to dinner from her 'happy' house.

"Why don't you buy that place and make it your honeymoon house?" I laughed as we tarried at the doorway.

"I'd buy it in a minute if the owners would sell it," she said. "But I'm afraid they love it too much to give it up. Anyway, when I got rid of that mansion Lex and I lived in I swore I'd never own another house."

"Not even a *honeymoon* house?" I repeated. She laughingly refused to rise to that bait.

"I'm going to bring him to see you," she repeated. "Fred wanted to come today—but I thought another time might be better. You and I always talk 'girl talk.'"

And as I watched her leave, I thought to myself how much I wanted to meet this man who sounds so right for Lana. I've known all the men in her life—and if you ask me—this sounds very much like *the* one.

END

Lana stars in PORTRAIT IN BLACK, *20th-Fox.*

Should I Go Steady?

YES

(*Continued from page 42*)

In This Song, which later became my first record for MGM.

Between steady girls, I always felt frustrated, always overate. So maybe I'm the type who should go steady and keep thin!

Anyway, going steady is okay, if you don't let it frustrate you when the romance collapses. And at my age, eighteen, they usually do.

Neil Sedaka: There's nothing wrong with going steady. I usually went steady every summer, at camp, and the romance always ended in tender promises to write each other. Then we'd forget each other.

I always enjoyed a summer better because I went steady. Summer romances are good because they prepare you for the real big romance that usually comes later in life. They teach you to be considerate of the other person, to be attentive, to be sensitive to the other's needs, to share.

I rarely go steady during the winter because then I'm too busy with school and my songwriting and singing jobs. But, oh, those summers!

Rod Lauren: I'm steady dating a girl in Fresno, California, and I met her last summer in a swimming pool, introduced by a mutual friend. She's still in high school, and I'm in Hollywood or on the road mostly; but I'm not seeing any other girl.

Now about steady dating, it's a funny deal. When a boy and a girl go steady, they get tied up with each other, and that's bad. They don't get a chance to enjoy all the school activities because they get jealous of each other and that spoils the fun. It's better to meet other boys and girls, and have fun. It's better to be able to meet other kids without feeling you're betraying your steady.

It's okay to go steady only if you can still see others and be part of the crowd. As for me, I've told my steady to see other boys, and she says I can see other girls; but I admit I haven't felt like seeing other girls.

Dion, of Dion and the Belmonts: My parents think I'm too young for marriage, and I agree with them. I've told them I don't intend to marry now or in the near future. I've got a career to worry about.

But that doesn't mean I'm against steady dating. I've gone steady myself, and enjoyed it. But I admit I've also liked the periods when I was not steady dating. When I was steady dating, I liked the idea of having the girl available for dating when I felt like it. But, sometimes, when she came around, I was sort of bored. Still, I don't see any harm in it.

Everybody to his taste, I say.

MAYBE

(*Continued from page 43*)

holidays by someone who's really special.

The disadvantages include: It limits your meeting other people and enjoying their company. It can create many emotional problems. It seems to cause parents undue worry because they fear your going steady may curtail your interest in getting a good education, etc.

Speaking for myself, going steady would not be the wise thing to do now, because of my career. I feel that it is up to you, and you alone, to make this decision.

NO

(*Continued from page 43*)

Paul Anka: I went steady only once when I was still living in my home town, Ottawa, Canada. I gave her my class ring and she wore it on a string around her neck.

She was planning marriage for us for five years later.

Personally, I am not in favor of steady dating for young fellows. The girls want to know where you are and they write your name all over their books, and everybody knows it. They're always calling you on the phone, wanting to know what you're doing and what you are going to do next. You can't get any work done.

The girls are always chasing you, and you just can't stop them. I don't think of marriage. I'm too young. I want to stay single for a long time.

Kimm Charney: I'm only fourteen. I won't be fifteen until August 2nd, and I'm no expert on steady dating. In fact, I haven't started to date yet. When I go out, it's with a bunch of fellows in the neighborhood and we go to each other's house, where we often meet bunches of girls, and we sit around and joke and spin the new records.

I'm too young to even think of steady dating, although I admit some fellows my age are already going steady. It seems to me steady dating is too serious to think about when you're fourteen or fifteen. I'm talking about the fellows. Girls are different; they seem to like going steady at an early age.

Andy Williams: I've dated, and I'm dating now, but I never went in for steady dating.

I see value in going steady: learning how to get along with the opposite sex, learning how to fit in with the moods of somebody you see often, learning to hold back jealousy, learning how to communicate without saying a word, learning how to anticipate another's wishes. It's the closest you can get to marriage without a formal engagement. It's a sort of practice run for the real big romance that leads to marriage. It's okay for teenagers, if they don't take it too seriously . . . but as I said, it's not for me.

Johnny Restivo: I'm not much for steady dating. I'm shy, and not too talkative, and I don't like a girl to be loud, so the girl has to start the conversation.

I had my eye on a beautiful blonde girl I met on the beach, but when my career with RCA Victor started, I agreed with my dad and managers that I shouldn't date any girl steady. So I stopped seeing this girl.

Since my career picked up, I have had only a few dates with girls I already knew. I'm being cautious about girls. My dad says I ought to watch out for girls who get you into trouble, who maneuver into a position to blackmail you. He says I should never get too serious with a girl at my age, sixteen. I'm sure he's right.

Johnny Mathis: I've never really steady dated. Sure, there was one chick who always wanted me to be her close friend; but she lived differently and talked differently than I expected. We became half romantic, after we decided we could not really make it romantic. Then she decided we should be close friends, anyway; but it did not work out.

I'm not the type to go steady. I can't stand having any one person around me all the time. When I marry, this may be a problem.

Six months is the most I ever knew one girl, and it annoyed me when everybody took it for granted we were engaged. So I ended that 'engagement' quickly!

Dick Roman: I've never gone steady and I've never been engaged, and if I can help it, I don't intend to go steady in the near future.

I've gone out with Millie Perkins, Molly Bee and Jill Corey when I was in Hollywood, and I've dated plenty of young singers in New York, my home town—but nothing steady. I want to get my career set first.

I'm twenty-two, and don't want to get married until I'm twenty-seven or twenty-eight. I want to have career security before I add to my problems by marrying. Remember, I'm not against romance. I'm just suspicious of steady dating. I feel it sort of sneaks you into marriage and when you snap out of your happy daze, you're a married man! I don't feel I'm good marriage material yet, and don't want to be sneaked into marriage.

Bobby Darin: I've gone steady, but each time the romance turned out to be wrong and I was glad to get out when I did. Going steady just didn't work out for me.

When I was a teenager I always had a lot of freedom at home and I like to follow my impulses—so strict steady dating always made me nervous. In fact, I hope to do the same things when married as I do now that I'm single—which means I'll need a very understanding wife.

My dating a lot gave me a chance to learn a lot about girls, and I know what is the best in girls, and I've enjoyed finding out what makes a girl happy. For me, informal dating has been more fun than steady dating.

Elvis Presley: I like girls, and I've dated many girls, but I guess I travel too much to ever steady date. I've been on the road almost continuously since I was eighteen, and I'm twenty-five now, so how could I ever steady date with anybody?

Of course, when I was in Germany with the U. S. Army, I could have steady dated. But, although I did date certain girls several times, I did not really consider myself going steady with any one.

I guess I'll marry late in life. I'm just too busy now. My Army buddies kid me that I'll be fifty before I marry, and maybe they're right.

Danny Valentino: I never went out much. Shy, I guess. Besides, I was always so busy practicing up on my music: drums, xylophone, singing. Since finishing my first year at Hofstra College in Hempstead, Long Island, I've been appearing nightly at a night club in East Rockaway and going into New York for recording sessions and to see my manager.

I have no time to date, and I wouldn't even consider steady dating. That just doesn't fit in with my life, at the moment. As for marriage, I don't want even to think about it now. Let the other guys go steady; not me. I've got too much to do before I'll let myself concentrate on one girl. It wouldn't be fair to let myself tie a girl down when I have so little to offer her now.

Johnny Nash: Steady dating? Not me!

I know lots of fellows who go steady only because most of the girls they know are booked solid and they're scared there will be no girls left.

I think most fellows my age, eighteen, don't know their own minds yet about girls. Girls are still too mysterious for us, and there's so much we ought to know before we try steady dating. I'd like to date more girls before I feel secure enough to concentrate on one.

Michael Callan: When I was a teenager I went steady with a girl who worked in shows with me; but we broke up and now she's married and we won't have to waste any more time wondering if we had made a mistake. We're friends now, and I know her husband. Before that, I went steady with another girl, after she broke up her engagement to another fellow. Then I got engaged to the second girl, and we'd fight. It was quite complicated, too complicated for me.

So now I'm not steady dating anybody. I just date. Sometimes I double date with Tommy Sands or Steve Rowland. Since I don't want to get serious with any girl, the best thing to do is not go steady.

Bobby Rydell: Going steady is for the birds! For teenagers, that is. I don't want to sound harsh, but how can a guy, or a gal, ever really know whether his steady is the right person if he hasn't played the field first?

I read in a magazine article the other day that one out of three marriages end in divorce—and that, of these divorces, over fifty per cent are teenage marriages. Boy! . . . That really makes you think, doesn't it?

I'm for free-lance dating for teenagers.

Frankie Avalon: I do not feel that boys and girls, especially in their early teens, should go steady.

This is the time in life when we have a chance to meet lots of people and get to know what makes them tick, so that when we reach maturity we'll have some idea what type of person we want as our partner in life.

To me, the teens are our best learning years, and I feel we should not hinder ourselves by limiting our activities by going steady. **END**

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The Nice Girl

(Continued from page 28)

such a surprise, Diane," she said. "Such a wonderful surprise."

She drew back her head, suddenly. "Darling, there's nothing wrong, is there?" she asked.

Diane forced a smile. "Of course not, Mother," she said. She shook her head. "I was just lonesome," she said, "and I missed you all and . . . well, I still had the money I'd saved and I decided to come back. That's all. There's nothing wrong."

"Well," her mother said, taking her hand now, "you just come inside and I'll go upstairs and wake up Daddy and the girls and we'll all—"

"No, Mom," Diane said, interrupting her, "don't wake them. Not now. It's so late. . . . I'd rather you didn't wake them."

Her mother looked at her, then shrugged.

"Well then," she said, "you just come inside and I'll turn off the TV and you'll talk to *me* at least. It's been a long time, Diane. Six months. And New York's a far away place, three thousand miles from California. And you haven't exactly written us every week, you know." She laughed again. "Come on," she said, "and tell me all about it. . . .

Life in the big city

"Has it been fun, Diane?" she asked, when they were seated on the couch.

"Yes, Mom, it's been great fun," she said. She tried to be very airy about this, very gay. "It's a little harder in New York than I thought. But I've been taking my acting lessons, and I've been modeling. I made three-hundred dollars on my last job alone, Mom—three hundred dollars. And I wrote you I was moving. . . . Well, this new apartment is divine. It's on Riverside Drive, looking out on the Hudson River, the river down below and the New Jersey Palisades on the other side—you know, and there are four other girls, airplane stewardesses, real swell girls. And between the five of us girls there are fellows over all the time. And I go out quite a bit, to restaurants for dinner, to movies on Broadway, to the theater—the theater! It's fabulous in New York, Mom, just like everybody says. Golly, I don't know how many plays I've seen since I've been there."

She stood up, suddenly, and ran over to the suitcase she'd brought in with her.

"I nearly forgot," she said, opening the suitcase. "I brought something home. Something I want you to hear."

She pulled an L-P out from under some clothing and held it up.

"What's that, Diane?" her mother asked, squinting a little.

"A record, the whole musical score from one of the shows I saw," Diane said. "It's got a song in it I want you to hear . . . It's kind of special."

She walked towards the phonograph, in a corner of the room.

She placed the record on the turntable. A voice, Ethel Merman's, began to sing.

"Gee, but it's great to be here! . . ."

"I bought this," Diane said, looking over at her mother, "because the words in this song—they say what I feel."

She smiled again, and threw out her arms, musical-comedy style, and she began to sing along with the record.

"Gee, but it's great to be here!" she sang. *"Gee, but it's great to be—"*

Suddenly, she lowered her head. And she stopped singing. And she began to cry.

"Oh Mom, oh Mom," she sobbed, rushing back to the couch.

"Diane," her mother asked, taking her hand, "what *is* wrong? What *is* wrong, honey?"

Failure

"Mom," Diane said, "I've been lying to you. I've been happy in New York in one way—yes. But when I think of all the hurt I caused you and Daddy, when I left, running off like that . . . When I think that. fun or no fun, I really did the wrong thing in hurting you—when I realize this. . . ."

"Diane," her mother started to say, "what's past is past. Over . . . You shouldn't get upset this way."

"But, Mom, I *ran out* on you and Dad," Diane said. "I thought I was going to prove so much by doing what *I* wanted to do. And all I've proved is that . . . that I've taken some acting lessons and—"

The tears came rolling down her cheeks now.

"And," she said, "—that I'm such a failure . . . As a daughter."

Her mother squeezed her hand. "Now you can talk and talk, Diane, and get whatever you want out of your system, and I'll listen to you," Mrs. Baker said. gently. "—But don't let me hear you saying bad things about yourself."

"I'm not much good," Diane said. "I'm not."

Again, her mother squeezed her hand.

"You *are*," she said. "You're a good girl, a good daughter. And we're all very proud of you, always, no matter what. You should know that. . . .

"Now really," her mother went on, after clearing her throat and letting go of her daughter's hand, "what's all this fuss about, anyway, Diane? You went to New York and you made a mistake by doing that? Well, you were trying to do the right thing."

Diane said nothing.

"A person makes mistakes, I always say, and that person learns by those mistakes," her mother said. "You've made mistakes before in your lifetime, haven't you? And learned by them."

She stopped, and she took a deep breath.

"You're tired, Diane," she said, suddenly. "And you must be hungry after that long trip . . . Can I go inside and make you some tea?"

Diane nodded.

"Yes, some hot tea," her mother said. getting up. "A cup for you, and a cup for me. It'll set nice with us both, and make us both feel better."

And, with that, she left the room.

And Diane, sitting there alone now. wiped some of the tears from her face. And, as she did, she thought of what her mother had said to her a few minutes back:

"You've made mistakes before in your life, haven't you? And learned by them."

Diane remembered now.

Such a nice girl . . .

She was fifteen, a sophomore in high school. She was a popular girl. She went around with a group of girls whom she liked, and who liked her. Except that one day Diane realized that this group was more-than-a-little on the snobbish side, that they made a point of 'outlawing' girls of any religion different from theirs, girls whose fathers didn't earn as much as theirs, girls who just weren't quite up to standard.

Diane objected to this one day.

But she didn't get very far in her objection.

"Oh, Diane," the other girls started to say, "you're such a nice girl—so goshdarned *nice*—"

The sarcasm in their voices wasn't lost on her.

Diane knew she was being made fun of. She didn't like being made fun of. And

so she said no more about this to them.

Now it happened that a few weeks after this incident, Diane was chosen to represent her school's YWCA chapter at a two-week international convention at a camp called Asilomar, in Monterey, a few hundred miles away.

At Asilomar, Diane found herself rooming in a large barrack with some forty other girls, girls from all over the world: Negro girls, blonde-haired, girls with almond-shaped eyes; rich girls, poor girls: all sorts of girls.

"They're such a terrific group," she wrote home one day, "and we're having the best time. We swim and hike and play croquet and checkers and things. And we go to Chapel every night right after supper and then all sit and talk about better understanding among the people of the world. And it's so interesting and wonderful I hope it never ends."

The two weeks passed quickly, however. And finally one night, the night before all the girls were to say good-bye to one another and leave for their homes, a last service, candle-lit and beautiful, was held in the Chapel.

And it was after this service that a truth,

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a revelation of a kind, came to Diane.

Too sad to join the other girls in a farewell meeting at the main hall of the camp, she went off alone that night, down to the beach, to walk, and to pray again—privately this time.

She prayed, first, that each of the girls would have a safe journey home. "They'll be traveling all different ways, to all different places . . . So please keep the skies clear and the oceans calm and, please, keep the railroad engineers and bus-drivers wide awake."

Next she prayed that two of the girls—"Babette, from France, with her terrible cold from too much swimming; and Yukiko, from Japan, with that swelling on her big left toe from the crab that bit it"—recover, quickly.

And then she prayed for herself.

"Please," she said, "from all that I have experienced here I know that there is something I should have learned, something to keep with me for the rest of my life—but honestly, honestly, I don't know what that is exactly. And if You could just—"

It was at this point that Diane stopped as she noticed, ahead of her, a bench, right there, in the middle of the beach—and a wooden plaque behind the bench.

She looked up at the plaque and tried to make out the words that were carved on it.

From a Sermon of John Donne, 1624, she read. And then she read the words below:

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.

Diane read the words again, and again. And, finally, she sat and she looked out at the water, the ocean, dark and endless.

And, thinking about the words she had just read, she said to herself: "That's it—isn't it? That's what I've learned here, being with all these girls, girls from all corners of the world—girls of different colorings, religions, backgrounds—was that people *can* live together, get along together, love one another, if only they try—that none of us can live alone, either individually or in cliques, and exist as islands, entire of ourselves?"

She could feel her face flush as the word *cliques* repeated in her mind.

She remembered her group back home, the cliquishness of it, how she had once objected mildly to this cliquishness, how she'd kept silent about the matter after she'd been called "nice girl—oh so *nice* girl."

"Well," Diane murmured to herself now, "I was wrong. I made a mistake not talking up. I made a terrible mistake acting so weak, so cowardly . . . But I tell you this. That come tomorrow and I'm back home I'm—I'm going to have a talk with every girlfriend of mine and tell them exactly what I think about their attitudes. And no matter what they call me—let them call me anything they want—I'm going to tell them about Asilomar. About girls living *together* the way we did here. About the complete absence of any kind of prejudice here. About the *real good* friends we all became here . . . Yes sir. I'm going to tell them all about it. Exactly what I should have said *that other time*!"

And she nodded.

As she nodded now, this night years later, remembering her thoughts on that bench that night—remembering, too, her mother's questions, the questions that had prompted all this:

"You've made mistakes before in your life, Diane, haven't you? And learned by those mistakes, too—didn't you?"

"But this mistake, this mistake," Diane asked herself, suddenly, "—have I learned anything from this? Running off and going to New York, leaving my home, my family, the life I knew. Running out on everything. My home, my family . . . Denny."

She closed her eyes as the name came to her mind.

Denny—so tall, so handsome, so good, so loving.

Denny—so concerned that night, six long months ago, when they'd sat together at the hamburger joint, over a couple of cups of coffee, and Diane had told him she'd decided to go away.

"How long have we been going together?" Denny had asked after he'd heard the news.

"Four years, going on five," Diane had said.

"And in that time," Denny had asked, "have I ever told you you were doing the wrong thing? About something big? Something important?"

"I guess not." Diane had said.

"Well I'm telling you now, that you're doing the wrong thing, and about a *big* thing," he'd said. "Why, Diane, just tell me why in the world do you have to go to New York?"

"Because, Denny," she'd said, "for the tenth time—I want to be an actress. And to be a good actress you've got to have training on the stage. And there are very

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few stages around here, and lots of them in New York. New York, Denny, that's where the breaks are. That's where I want to go to get my chance."

"And you think it'll be easy there?" Denny had asked.

"I do."

"Do you think it's going to be the same as the last time you were there, last year? A celebrity. A princess. One of the Miss Rheingold finalists, living in the fancy Ambassador Hotel, with lots of pampering, nothing to pay for, nothing to do but stand around and look pretty?"

"Not exactly, no," Diane had said. "But New York, big as it is, happens to be a wonderfully warm and big-hearted town. I know, Denny. I've been there, happy there. And I'm sure I'll be happy there again. And no, no, I don't think I'm making any mistake, or doing anything wrong. And I'm going, Denny," she'd said. "I am going!"

She opened her eyes now, as her mother re-entered the living room, carrying a tray and tea.

"Feeling better?" Mrs. Baker asked her daughter, as she walked towards the couch.

"A little," Diane said.

"Well, take my word, a few tastes of this magnificent brew of mine and you'll be feeling lots better," Mrs. Baker said, laying down the tray, pouring the tea.

She handed a cup to Diane.

"You still look so serious . . . and pale, darling," Mrs. Baker said, after a little while. "What've you been thinking?"

"Just now, about New York again," Diane said. "About the mistake that it was. About how tired I am of making mistakes. About—"

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"About how I'm going to rectify *this* mistake, Mom," Diane said. She brought her cup up to her lips. Her hand trembled a little, as she did. She took a sip of her tea. "I've decided to give up the whole acting thing," she said then. "It's no good for me. I'm going to give it up."

"Now wait a minute—" her mother started.

"Give it up," Diane interrupted, softly, "forget about it. And stay here, at home, where I belong. With you. With daddy. The girls. Denny."

"Now wait a *minute*," Mrs. Baker repeated, more sharply this time. "Staying at home. Yes. That's fine, Diane. But giving up your acting, your ambitions, all those dreams you used to have as a little girl. That, Diane, that I don't like.

"Look," she went on, "I said it before, and I'll say it again. You made a mistake? You learned something from it? Fine. That's what mistakes are for.

"But to become defeated by a mistake?" She shook her head. "No. No. That's no good. And I, as your mother, won't hear of it. Not from any daughter of mine!

"Now listen," she said. "Sherman Oaks here isn't so very far from Hollywood, is it? And in Hollywood they've got the biggest movie studios in the world, don't they? And all sorts of producers on the watch for talent? And agents? And drama schools? And everything you could want?

"Well," she said, "in a couple of weeks, after you've had a nice rest, after you've gotten to know your family again, gotten to know your Denny again, you hie on down to that town called Hollywood and you might just be surprised to find it waiting for you. Right here!

"How about it, Diane," her mother asked, "—does that sound reasonable to you?"

"Yes, Mama," she said. "Yes."

Mrs. Baker sighed.

"And Diane, Diane," she said, "please don't go crying *again* now, with that cup up there in front of your face. . . . It's sugar you're supposed to put in your tea. Not salt."

And after she'd said that, they both looked at one another and began to smile —Diane through her tears, Mrs. Baker through a few tears of her own. . . . **END**

Editor's Note: *Within a year after this evening, Diane Baker, who'd since enrolled in a drama class with coach Estelle Harman, was spotted by a talent scout, given a test at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and signed to play the role of Margot in* The Diary of Anne Frank. *Following this came star billing in* The Best of Everything *and the just-released* Journey To The Center Of The Earth, *with Pat Boone and James Mason. The word around Fox is that this is only the beginning . . . It couldn't happen to a nicer girl!*

"I Never Feel Sure About My Marriage"

(*Continued from page 37*)

having won this borrowed-from-kids race.

Then, surrounded by press agents, managers, and a swarm of fans, they went back to the hotel to dress for dinner. Even though the afternoon had been busy and they had been surrounded by strangers all day, Pat didn't mind, because this evening they were going to have a quiet dinner with two friends, a couple from Hollywood who were coming down especially for the race.

When they were alone at the hotel Shirley told Pat the bad news. Their friends wouldn't be joining them.

"Nobody sick, is there?" Pat asked worriedly.

Shirley shook her head. Then she took a deep breath and told him. Their friends were getting a divorce. As swiftly and as suddenly as that.

"But everything was fine when we left," Pat said in amazement. "He'd finished his picture and they were coming down here to have some fun with us. I just can't believe it."

"I didn't want to tell you before," Shirley said. "I didn't want to spoil winning the race for you, darling."

Pat gave her a grateful kiss. Then, shaking his head in disbelief, he repeated: "I still can't believe it."

But the newspapers they glimpsed on the way out to dinner confirmed the sad story, in glaring headlines, of another "idyllic" Hollywood marriage that had hit the rocks. They had dinner alone at a small, dimly lit, romantic restaurant. Trying to forget, for a few hours, the unhappiness of their friends, they joked, held hands and whispered to each other as if the years had rolled away.

"Pat," Shirley said, "I'm so glad we came. Even if it is only a weekend."

Pat grinned and squeezed her hand. But, he couldn't get his mind off his friends' divorce . . . They'd had plenty of money . . . fame, too . . . and yet, in the midst of the terrific pressures of the life of fame that stars in Hollywood lead, something had gone wrong with their marriage . . . it was too easy to throw stones at people for this, Pat knew . . . most people see only the bright, glittering exterior, not the day to day tug-of-war which anyone has who wants to remain a simple human being in the middle of the most glamorous life in the world. And one thing Pat was sure of: *that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind. . . .*

Be vigilant, always

"Penny for your thoughts," Shirley was saying.

"Oh, I was thinking; wondering how many stars will be taking that sad divorce road this coming year. It's kind of a sobering thought."

"I was thinking kind of the same thing," she replied sympathetically.

"Remember that magazine reporter in the hotel this morning?" Pat said. "Well, he asked me: 'Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain of your marriage?' . . . I said, 'I'm not!' Boy, did he jump. But then I told him what I really believe: As soon as you're sure, you're in danger." Pat glanced at Shirley to see her reaction to this.

"I think you're right, Pat," she said.

Good news for Pat Boone fans. On March 1, his best-selling book, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty" will come within allowance range. After selling close to half a million copies at $2.95 per, it's being published in a paperback edition priced at just 35¢!

Pat laughed. "I figured and hoped you would. After all, I've always called you the pessimist of the family."

"I'm not," Shirley rebelled, "I'm just a realist. That's an important difference. If more people in Hollywood were my kind of realists, things might turn out a lot better for some of them. I've done a lot of thinking about it. So often you see a young couple come to Hollywood. They're happy with each other and all's well. Then the guy makes it . . . makes it big. There are a million demands on him, on his time, on his mind and feelings. It's not easy to keep things on an even keel any more.

"When they were struggling, they never knew where the next pork chop was coming from; and they had fun just watering the lawn, or window shopping. Now, when things are big, the people change . . . and somehow nothing's fun any more. It's not simple to insure yourself against that. That's why it's best to be a realist before that happens."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, slipping her arm through his. "You've got to be vigilant, always . . . you've got to safeguard your marriage."

He sighed and it was a sigh of double meaning. It was full of happiness and also tinged with sadness . . . sadness for all those who, like his friends and all other unhappy stars, couldn't make it . . . who couldn't hold on to each other in the stormy seas of Hollywood marriage . . . and for all those who, in the coming year, would be dragged away from each other by the relentless undertow of success and stardom. . . .

He thought then of the people, all over America, who loved these stars and wished them well. He wished there was some way he could tell them about the problems, the difficulties of being a star, as well as just a human being . . . and ask them to have patience and compassion. . . .

Probably, Pat Boone thought, *if I had that chance I could only say to all of them: "Please try to understand. That's all . . . Before you ever judge or condemn . . . try to understand!"*

Pat stars in Journey To The Center Of The Earth. *20th-Fox.*

Debbie Reynolds: Frustration

(Continued from page 21)

survive on any less. I do some dating on the weekend, when I don't have to work. But, sometimes I'd just as soon go out with friends, as I went to the Dean Martin testimonial dinner with the Buddy Adlers. It's comfortable to go out with old friends, and then I can leave and go home any time I want.

"Even though my life has no romance, I'm not without love. I have a great deal of love in my life. The love of my children. When you have two young children like mine, your house is full of love and there is plenty to do, just picking up after them.

"I also have the love of my family and of my friends. I have friends I have known for years and years, and I can't say merely that I like them. They are so close to me that I love them."

Millionaires and a gas station attendant

But what about recurrent rumors of new romances for Debbie? One columnist even boldly predicted that she would become the new Mrs. Harry Karl as soon as he was free of Joan Cohn. Debbie laughed over that one.

"I don't even date him now," she said. "I don't believe in dating someone who is not free of his marriage. When he is divorced, I'll probably go out with him again. Harry is one of the nicest people I know; he's kind and generous and has done a great deal of good for many persons. But there's no question of a romance."

Nor is there any romantic attachment involved in her dates with Bob Neal, she said. "I've known Robert for nine years—almost since I started in the business," she explained. "We have fun on a date and we're excellent friends. That's all."

The same goes for Leon Tyler, she added. He is an old buddy and they like to go dancing together—when she isn't tied up in a picture and he isn't working at his father's gas station. It somehow seemed quite like Debbie to number as her dates two millionaires and an actor who pumps gas in a service station.

I asked her if she shared Kim Novak's complaint about the scarcity of males in Hollywood. For that and other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie said. "You have a more stable community there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are fewer men, and many of those lack stability.

"But the lack of eligible males doesn't concern me right now. And I'm different from Kim, anyway. When I go home after work, my two children are there, and the house is lively and full of love. There's no chance to be lonely.

"When you work all day and then go home to an empty house, it can be awfully lonely. No matter how many servants you have, it's still a lonely house."

She conceded that in Hollywood her dates are likely to be actors, and she's not so sure that is a good idea.

"I think it's a good idea to date men who are in the industry or understand it," she said. "It's a lot easier when they know what you have to face. A lot of men wouldn't understand when you said you had to leave the party at ten because you had to work the next day. Or they would resent it when you stopped to talk to fans in a public place.

"But though I feel an actress needs a man who understands her problems, I'm not so sure of the actor-actress relationship. There is bound to be some competition present, and that's bad for a marriage.

"In some cases, the actor-actress relationship has worked. Take Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. They had their problems, but they have worked them out and they're very happy together. But one of the main reasons is that Janet has subordinated her career to Tony's. She doesn't make many pictures any more. That's the way most marriages of actors and actresses succeed."

Filling the vacuum in her life

But isn't it difficult for an actress to loosen her grip on a career she has fought so hard for?

"It wasn't for me," Debbie replied. "I did it when I was married to Eddie. I made only three pictures in a three-year period. I didn't mind. I felt my home and family were more important."

The bust-up with Eddie changed all that. She is devoted to her children and spends more time with them than many working mothers. But the vacuum in her life caused by the end of her marriage has been filled by work, work and more work.

Debbie has been on a schedule that would make a stevedore tired. She has gone from one picture to another with scarcely a day off between. *Say One for Me . . . It Started with a Kiss . . . The Gazebo . . . The Rat Race . . . The Pleasure of His Company.* . . . All of them big, important pictures. All of them hard work for Debbie.

"The only thing that saved me was going to Hawaii for a month," she said. "I took all my family along, so I could really rest; I wouldn't be able to relax if they were back here. I slept most of the time. I got up late, sat on the beach and then took a nap with the children. I was back in bed by nine o'clock at night."

Besides making movies, Debbie has served as president of The Thalians, the charity organization of young people of Hollywood.

"It has been a big job, but well worth it," she said. "We put on two big dinners this year. Our last one raised $100,000. Deducting expenses, that means $80,000 will go toward helping mentally disturbed children."

Debbie is no mere figurehead in the organization. She pitches right in and helps with plans and projects, playing a major part in the entertainment at the dinners. She is not a girl to do anything half-way, and that helps to explain the tremendous leaps her career has taken.

Until recently, she has been tied to MGM, for whom she has labored ten years. But now she has only one more picture to make for the old home lot and she will be her own master. She has the future well planned.

Already Debbie has made a dream deal for several films with Perlberg-Seaton, which will bring her a healthy salary, plus ten per cent of the gross income. That means for every dollar that comes into the box office, Debbie gets a dime. Only a dozen top stars in Hollywood can exact that kind of deal.

"Then I've got my own company, Harman Productions," she said. "It's named after my grandmother—it's my mother's maiden name and a lucky one. I've already bought a story that I'd like to do, and the company would make pictures that I didn't appear in, too.

"This doesn't mean that I'm going to blossom out as the girl producer. I'd be out of my head to try that. I'll hire a producer who knows what he's doing, and I'll sit in on the preparations. But I'm not going



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to worry about all the business matters. It doesn't appeal to me, and I don't think I'd be any good at it."

Marching to the bigtime

Harman Productions will also produce Debbie's TV spectaculars. That's the latest development in her march to the big-time. She signed a million-dollar deal to produce three specials for ABC in the next three years. As with the rest of her career, she is going about it with careful thought.

"I've been around TV shows (Eddie's) so it's not entirely new to me," she said. "I know that you can't get any quality unless you take pains. A lot of stars just throw together a show, collect the money and get out.

"I can't do that. I was schooled in movies done by craftsmen like Gene Kelly. Gene and Fred Astaire have pointed the way on how to do TV well. They take their time and rehearse until they get the quality they're looking for. I hope I can do the same. I plan to devote two months to preparations."

All this activity makes it sound as if Debbie is working herself to a frazzle. She admitted that the pace has been too great for her. And the untimely deaths of figures like Mario Lanza, Errol Flynn and Wayne Morris have given her pause.

"It made me stop and think," she said seriously. "Maybe this pace we lead has something to do with stars dying early. Perhaps it doesn't show up when you are young. But in later years the hectic life may take its toll.

"I like it here. I hope to be around for a long, long time. So I'm going to try to plan my career so I will have long periods between pictures when I can spend time with the children and get away from the frantic life."

I asked her if she wasn't worried about getting ulcers as girl president of a big production company.

"Me get ulcers? Never!" she said flatly. "Nor do I give them. There is nothing in the world important enough for that."

That gave me a chance to ask about the printed report that she had shut down the set of *The Rat Race* because of her arguments with the young director, Robert Mulligan.

"I don't know how that one got started," she said. "I've never closed a set in my life; I wouldn't know how to go about doing it or even if I could.

"Actually, the set was closed by Bill Perlberg, the producer, because I had a lot of dramatic work to do. Crying and all that. Dramatic stuff doesn't come easily to me; I'd much rather do comedy. I guess Bill was trying to make things easier for me.

"I don't argue with directors. I might discuss things with them, but I always accept their judgment. Their job is to direct, mine is to act. If we have a difference of opinion, I'll do it their way. If the scene comes out badly, we'll do it over. If it's good, the picture is helped and I'll admit I was wrong."

Try as you may, you can't find a shred of neurosis in this girl. Her attitude is so deucedly normal that it's catching. She told of another actress on *The Rat Race* who was in a bit of a snit about something that had happened on the picture. Debbie stopped her ranting with this logic:

"Three days from now, you will have forgotten what you were so upset about. And if they push the bomb button, you won't have anything to remember, anyway."

Who knows? Maybe a level-headed girl like Debbie Reynolds can confound the experts and be able to live without the love of a man.

For a while, at least. **END**

Debbie can be seen in THE RAT RACE, *and* THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, *both Paramount, and right now in* THE GAZEBO, *MGM.*

Daddy's Pictures Always Say "I Love You"

(Continued from page 49)

most likely both—over which he can exclaim, "Gee, that will make a great picture!"

People who don't know us too well can and frequently do get the wrong idea. It is not very often that a visitor finds my husband in a vertical position. They are just as apt to encounter Tony on his back, hands and feet waving like an overturned beetle, crawling on all fours sneaking up on some deathless moment, hanging from the chandeliers or practically climbing up a wall.

I remember one time a flustered middle-aged woman was at the house on business, and I overheard her whisper to her husband, who had accompanied her:

"Good Lord, I would have thought he would be more dignified than that."

It's not that Tony lacks dignity, or even that he's in his second childhood. It's simply that he's exercising, with an exuberance that only he is capable of, the time-honored paternal privilege of enjoying the first childhood of his children.

I doubt that there is a mood or gesture either of our four-year-old daughter, Kelly Lee, or one-year-old Jamie that Tony has not captured on film. He's taken pictures from every conceivable position, and from many positions not previously conceived of—including shots that he's ricocheted off mirrors to be sure that the subjects were unaware that his camera was eavesdropping.

"Great shot, great shot . . ."

Wherever Tony and I go, the babies go, and wherever the babies go, Tony's cameras go, too. Kelly and Jamie are never safe from his image grabbers—whether peeking out of their carriages as infants, waking up from a sound sleep, raiding the candy jar, or being wheeled by me—as Kelly was—on the streets of Paris, London and Berlin, with Tony walking backwards, oblivious of the gaping crowds, and yelling like a crazy American tourist, "Great shot! Great shot!"

Yet in all the thousands upon thousands of pictures that Tony has taken of the children I don't think there's a single stereotyped pose. In fact there just isn't anything posed. Pose is a dirty word to Tony. If a situation is stilted, artificial or prosaic he wouldn't think of contaminating his film with it.

Tony never takes a picture because it's a special occasion, a holiday, a birthday party or anything like that. He just takes pictures when it comes on him, and believe me, it comes on him often. With him, there's no such thing as blowing the dust off the cameras to photograph the children at six months, one year and eighteen months. He does it when the spirit moves him.

He hates it when I forget myself and say, "Tony, I think we ought to take some pictures because grandma and grandpa are here today," or if I have a similar lapse and remark, "Gee, this is the first day the sun's come out in a long time. Don't you think it would be nice to take pictures?"

Tony is absolutely insulted when I make a suggestion like that. He feels I should know better, and I do—when I think about it. Tony despises the idea of taking ordinary pictures. To him it isn't enough that he's taking pictures of Kelly and Jamie. Our little girls must be doing something he feels would be worth putting on film even if they weren't related to us. Long before all the quiz and 'payola' scandals, Tony never would think of taking a rigged picture.

If he's shooting Kelly and Jamie, what he tries to do is let them do what they're going to do anyhow. He shoots very fast. He may take thirty pictures in just a few minutes, and he catches wonderful expressions that way.

The exclusive pictures accompanying this story are examples of unforgettable moments Tony has preserved on film. This is the very first time he has allowed any of his pictures to be published. Tony never took them with anything like that in mind. But I feel they're so wonderful, that looking at them has brought us such pleasure, that it would be nice to share them.

I couldn't even begin to describe Tony's equipment. The only way I can take a picture is to push down a Brownie button. With Tony, it's a science—a challenge. He's always making sure of the lighting, taking readings on the light meter, figuring out composition. He's always spinning dials and making settings. He switches like a juggler from one camera to another, from his thirty-five millimeter to his Polaroid—for a fast sixty-second burst of enthusiasm or groan of disappointment—or the home movie camera. He's a real expert with his camera gear, but shall I tell you something?

I'm convinced that the real secret of Tony's gift for picture taking is that he photographs with his heart. He doesn't take pictures with film alone. He weaves some kind of magic with his love and enthusiasm. There isn't a picture he's ever taken of the children that doesn't have "I love you" written all over it. Every snapshot is a valentine from their daddy. Waves of mutual adoration go back and forth between them and somehow—not because of all the intricate gadgets, but in spite of them—that exquisite affection gets on film. All Tony's rejoicing in the children, all his tenderness for them is transmuted when Tony clicks the camera.

It simply would be impossible to say that any set of pictures are the five or ten best Tony has ever taken. But those published with this article certainly have those wonderful, intangible qualities that only so loving a father could imprison in the split second it takes for an insight into human personality to dart across a room.

Tony shot most of them week ends, afternoons at the pool or evenings in the house, while we were playing man and wife, of all things, in *Who Was That Lady?* If I may be pardoned a slight family bias, I think they're priceless.

Take that precious picture where Kelly is laughing so hard, so joyously, that she just can't contain herself. That's the shot in which she's got her little terrycloth robe over her sunsuit. Let's admit that Kelly is a ham—which she most assuredly is. Still, in a hundred years no one could purposely pose a picture like that. Of course while her daddy insists on spontaneity at all costs, he is not beyond *inducing* spontaneity. And if there's one thing Tony knows, it's where Kelly's funnybone is located. There's nothing in the world Tony enjoys more than the laughter of the

children, and there seems to be nothing they enjoy more than to have their daddy make them laugh.

When Tony took this particular picture, Kelly had been swimming all afternoon and she was awfully tired. But Tony is a big tease and he felt like playing with her. Pretty soon Kelly was laughing and laughing, and poor Tony was frantically flying off for the cameras. By the time he returned to the scene of the hilarity, Kelly was limp with exhaustion. She'd laughed herself dry. But Tony had no intention of letting that moment get away. He aimed his camera, made funny faces and kept threatening, "I'm gonna tickle you! I'm gonna tickle you!"

It doesn't take too much to give Kelly the giggles, anyhow. Pretty soon the giggles developed into rolling laughter. And with Tony goading her on, there was no stopping Kelly. She got to laughing so hard that she had to hold herself. She almost couldn't stand it. To Tony, who drinks of Kelly's laughter as nectar from the gods, this was something worth photographing.

Tony's assistant

There have been times, I must hasten to add, when Tony has been similarly moved by moods of the children, but has been unable to get them to sustain or turn on these moods again. Somehow, in many cases like that, I seem to wind up in the middle. When Tony is after a picture of the children he simply takes the impossible for granted. He's such a bug for trapping the unexpected that he sees no reason why I shouldn't be able to freeze spontaneity dead in its tracks until he can get film into the camera.

Jamie or Kelly might suddenly be doing something he'd like to photograph. He'll turn to *me*, and shout, "Hold that now! Hold that, Janet! Keep her there and don't let her change that expression!"

It's nice that Tony should credit me with such occult powers, but somehow I always let him down, and he never seems quite able to understand my mortal failings.

"Why did you let her move?" he asks, completely crushed. "I told you to keep her that way."

But if Tony seems a trifle unreasonable at such moments, I never really mind. It is such a small price to pay for the pictures that he doesn't miss, and that he'd never get if he wasn't just a little bit hysterical about the whole thing.

In another of the accompanying pictures, Tony caught Kelly as she took it into her pixie head to play with the little golf stool that Tony was using while convalescing from the injury to his leg. What he caught in that picture, which is so darling to both of us, is not merely Kelly in a playful mood, but the serenity, the wistfulness that is so much a part of her personality. And he took such sensitive advantage of the luminous light coming in through the windows that he had her emerge pictorially as she is in his heart—an angel.

In another moment that I think is perfectly breathtaking, Tony captured that absolutely divine image of Kelly cupping her face in her hands and being a positive riot of coyness. Her coyness was prompted by the fact that she was wearing her frilly baby-doll pajamas for the first time, and was showing them off for her daddy as she came down to say good night.

Weather willing—and it pretty nearly is the year round— I take little Jamie in the water almost every day I'm not working. She just loves it. She splashes, kicks and purrs. I'm sure she'll grow up to be a wonderful swimmer. Usually I don't even bother to put anything on Jamie when it's swim-time. One day, when I didn't realize Tony was home, I decided to show my little birthday-suit-girl how to float on her back. As I started to put her in position, I heard a roar of approval from the sidelines.

"Wonderful!" Tony yelled as he dangled like a spider from a ladder rail and kept taking pictures. "Just beautiful, Janet. Beautiful!"

Considering how the pictures came out, I wouldn't even say that Tony was carried away with his enthusiasm.

Spontaneity—sometimes induced

Tony's own zest for living and his sensitivity to beauty are always the determining factors. The shot he took of Kelly going for that toy is, in my opinion, a cameo. I'd go so far as to say that another masterpiece of its kind was the picture Tony took of Kelly as she was poised to leap off the diving board. He caught the expression on her face so vividly as her little toes left the board that looking at the picture you practically can hear her counting off, "One —two—*fee*—jump!"

As you might know, Kelly doesn't always feel like sitting—or standing—still for daddy's hobby. It is during such spells of reluctance that Tony is forced to fall back on his induced spontaneity. Once when all other conditions were perfect but Kelly wasn't in the mood, Tony charmed her into cooperating by giving her a camera and saying, "All right, you take a picture of Daddy."

Sitting on the floor like a trading post Indian, Tony got this hauntingly lovely study of Kelly with the hall seeming to unreel behind her.

Most of Tony's pictures are gems, but as I mentioned before, sometimes even the master misses. I remember when Kelly was starting to walk. Oh, poor Tony was so anxious to get home movies of that. He was so excited! He went to such trouble to set up the whole thing in her room. The afternoon light spilling through the curtains was just right. As far as Tony was concerned, he couldn't ask for more ideal conditions under which to photograph this imperishable moment in Kelly's development.

Everything was under control—but Kelly. Not that she stopped walking the minute Tony trained the home movie camera on her. She walked a blue streak—only out of camera range, out of the light, and out of sight. Tony almost went out of his mind. He cooed and crooned to her. Ordinarily, she'd be spellbound at the sound of his blandishments. This time, wouldn't you know, she was aloof. She turned her back on Tony as if he wasn't in the room. She climbed up a chair. She did everything but get within camera range.

Tony waited and waited and waited, tried and tried and tried. Finally, he was so exasperated that he reached for his handkerchief and wiped his face. Somehow the sight of the kerchief as Tony mopped his furrowed brow intrigued Kelly and she made a beeline for him—right in camera range!

The trouble was that Tony was operating the handkerchief instead of the camera, and he never did get pictures of Kelly's first steps.

Tony, the Picture Taker, is not infallible, I grant. However, considering the pictures he has come up with, and considering that every last one of them is so fresh and natural and uncontrived, I'd venture that my husband has the smallest margin of error of any picture-taking father in captivity. And he has that rarest of talents—the ability to put "I love you" on film. **END**

Tony and Janet are seen in WHO WAS THAT LADY?, *Columbia; Janet stars in* PSYCHO, *Paramount, and Tony in* THE RAT RACE, *Paramount,* SPARTACUS, *Universal-International.*

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David Niven

March 2— **Jennifer Jones**
Desi Arnaz

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March 16— **Cornell Borchers**
Jerry Lewis

March 17— **Michael O'Shea**

March 18— **Marjorie Hellen**

March 19— **Louis Hayward**

March 20— **Wendell Corey**

March 22— **Karl Malden**

March 23— **Joan Crawford**

March 24— **Richard Conte**
Gene Nelson

March 26— **Sterling Hayden**

March 28— **Frank Lovejoy**

March 29— **Dennis O'Keefe**

March 31— **Diane Jergens**
Shirley Jones
Richard Kiley



Jay C. Flippen
March 6



John Smith
March 6



Gordon MacRae
March 12



MacDonald Carey
March 15

Last Photos of Diane Varsi

(Continued from page 40)

in that tiny annex right next door to it. It's got two rooms upstairs. Two rooms down . . . Fools lots of curious folks who drive by Sundays to take a look and who think that maybe they'll get to see her and that little son of hers." He turned his head slightly. "She's been divorced twice, you know," he said. "Son's from the first marriage . . . Twenty-two years old and divorced twice. What do you think of that?" He looked back at the road. "Yup," he said, "that's it, up ahead, the small place. And it sure fools folks who drive by Sundays to take a look. Most of 'em think she's still got all that California money and lives in the *big* house."

He stopped the cab, with a jolt, in front of the little place.

"I better wait," he said, as we paid him and got out. "You're liable to be right back in here, you know."

We felt him watching us as we walked to the door and knocked; as—after a few moments—the door opened and Diane stood there looking at us; as she whispered something, surprised, at first; and then as she began to smile a little and said how nice it was to see us and asked us if we wouldn't come inside.

"You stayin'?" we heard the cabdriver call out, at that point.

We said we were, for a little while.

"Humph," he said. Then he said, "Well, let's make it a hour-and-a-half, if that's all right with you. 'Cause you can't phone me when you want me to come. She ain't even got a *phone* in there!"

Diane today

And, with that, he drove away. . . .

Diane closed the front door and led us into the living room of her house. As we walked along with her, we noticed that she looked lovely, and relaxed—more lovely, more relaxed than we had ever known her to look. She was dressed in slacks, light blue, and a white blouse. Her hair was longer than she had usually worn it, softer-looking, it seemed. Her blue eyes were bright. Her skin was clear, her cheeks rosy, minus the blemishes that had marred them at the time she left Hollywood.

The living room we entered now was a smallish room, no larger than eight-by-twenty; sparsely-furnished—with one couch, one chair, a phonograph, some records, a bookcase—half-filled, a Picasso print on one of the walls, a pair of neat but ancient-looking curtains on the window.

We both sat.

And Diane spoke first.

She asked us nothing about why we had come to see her (a subject we ourselves didn't intend to bring up immediately). Instead, she said, very simply, "Nobody has ever come to visit here before. You're the first company I've had in this house. It feels nice. Very, very nice."

Then, quickly, she began to ask about the few good friends she'd had in Hollywood the three years she was there, people we mutually knew.

She asked about Diane Baker, Dick Sargent, Dean Stockwell.

She'd worked with Dean in *Compulsion*, her last picture. They'd been very close. "Has he done any directing?" she asked. "I remember the last time I talked to him he said how anxious he was to do that."

We told Diane that as far as we knew he hadn't directed anything yet, but that he was doing lots of television. Had she seen him, we asked, in the Ernest Hemingway story, *The Killers*, a few months back?

Diane shook her head.

"Like the taxi man told you, I don't own a phone," she said, "and I don't own a TV either.

"Maybe when Shawn is a little older—maybe then I'll get one," she went on. "I mean, he'll want to see things like cartoons, the Disney things. And the way he's so crazy about cowboys—" She nodded. "Yes, I guess I'll have to get one then, when he's older . . . But not before."

We asked about Shawn, how he was.

"Sweet," Diane said. "A good boy." He went upstairs now, she said. He'd had his nap a little while earlier and he was upstairs getting dressed. "My mother's here for a while, with us, and she's helping. They get along very well. They're very *simpatico*, my mother and my son. They can spend hour after hour together and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Time passes very quickly for them."

And how was time passing for herself? we asked.

"It passes well," Diane said, smiling a little again. She brought her hands up behind her head. Taking care of her son—of her house—that made time pass, she said. Fooling around with her jeep when something went wrong with it—that made time pass. Taking classes at the college a few times a week—mostly in poetry—studying, reading, writing poetry of her own—that made time pass.

We asked Diane if we could read one of her poems, hear one.

"Never," she said, bringing down her hands and clapping them together, laughingly. "Nobody read Emily Dickinson's poems till she was dead. And nobody's going to read mine—ever." She winked. "Unless maybe one, someday, maybe, if I feel it's good enough."

She got up, suddenly.

"Coffee," she said, "—I should have asked you earlier. Would you like some? Good and hot and with rich brown sugar?"

We said we would.

Souvenirs

Diane headed for a door that led to the kitchen, stopped midway and walked over to the phonograph instead. She picked up the few records that lay on the floor, underneath the phonograph, and examined them. "Just so you won't get bored waiting," she said, "how about a little music?"

We noticed that one of the records was a capriccio by Saints-Saens. One was Bach—toccatas and fugues. One was the *Surprise Symphony* by Haydn. One was Kurt Weill's *Berlin Songs* . . . We remembered, silently, that these were the same few records Diane had had when she was back in Hollywood, in her home in Topanga Canyon. And we wondered, silently, if Diane kept these records, and only these records, as a link to the past, a past she somehow missed. Despite her relaxed look. Despite her smiles. Her laughter. . . .

We brought up the subject of returning to Hollywood, finally, a little while later, as we were having our coffee.

We brought it up suddenly, in order to get an immediate and true reaction.

And a reaction we got.

Before Diane said a word the coloring in her cheeks vanished, we saw. The brightness in her eyes dimmed. Her lips pursed momentarily. And then she sighed and, her voice tight-sounding, tense, she said, "I couldn't ever go back. It's not for me. It never was and it never will be. Know that . . . please. Please know that."

She was silent for a moment.

"Do you know what living out there did to me?" she asked, then. "When I got sick—you remember that, don't you? How the studio said I was just a little tired, nervous, needed a couple of weeks in the hospital? How they didn't say that for five days of those two weeks I was blacked out, completely blacked out, sick and tired and completely blacked out?

"The opposition . . . Maybe the right word is jealousy, competition—I don't know. But the first word that comes to my mind is opposition. I felt it there, in that town, Hollywood. All the time. All over . . . I could never take opposition. Even as a little girl, playing a game, children opposing one another. I couldn't take it then, when I was small. I can't ever take it. Other people can. But not me."

She turned away from us, towards the window.

"Here it's different," she said. "There's nothing to fight here. For the first time in my life I'm somewhere where there's nothing to fight. There's only beauty here. Only nature. Things change—they are not stagnant here. Things change, and in their changing there is . . . peace. The peace of a snowfall, the peace of a bird in spring, the peace of the summer sun, of an autumn leaf, that turns color and withers but does not die, not really. There's quiet here . . . but there's life here, too, nonetheless. To me, it's the most real kind of life. It's seeing things grow, and die, and then become reborn again. There's no destruction here. There's only peace. And quiet. And the most beautiful kind of strength."

Shawn

She rose again, suddenly, at the sound of a noise on the staircase.

"And there's *him,* my son," she said, walking toward the doorway. "I have him all the time here. He's *mine* here. No maids, no nannys, no baby-sitters sitting by while I am off in the world of make-believe. I have him, in this, my real world. And, believe me, I need nobody except my baby."

Shawn, a handsome, blond-haired boy—three-and-a-half years old now—rushed into the room at this point, and over to Diane. He wore a fancy little cowboy suit. He held a small object in his hand.

"Mommy," he asked, holding up the object, "What's this?"

"A Brillo pad," Diane said. "That is called a Brillo pad."

"And what's that?" Shawn asked.

"A pad—for cleaning—that I use for cleaning the kitchen. and the bathroom." Diane said.

Shawn nodded.

"Oh, I see," he said.

Then he asked. "And what are *you,* Mommy?"

Diane looked down at her son for a moment. And then she knelt and took him in her arms and she hugged him, very tight.

"I am a person, Shawn," she said. "And more and more and more, as I live, I hope to become a better person. . . ."

A message from Diane

The cabdriver removed the toothpick from his mouth as he drove away from the house.

"Well," he asked, "you get what you came for?"

No, we told him.

"Too bad," he said. "Not even any pictures with that camera you lugged?"

A few pictures, yes, a few pictures we got, we said. But they were the last pictures that would ever be taken of Diane Varsi, we added. Because nobody was ever going to come bother her again. We had come with a message. Now we would return with one. *Leave her alone,* we would say to the world outside. *She is happy. She is very happy. And what is more important than that?*

The old cabdriver shrugged.

"Humph," he said, "and why shouldn't she be happy here? This is a friendly place we have here, ain't it?"

As he said that, a very light snow began to fall. And we thought of what Diane had said about her snowfalls here, of her bird in spring, of her summer sun, her turning leaves, of the joy these things brought her, the new-found love she felt for them.

And we said, "Yes, it is. A very friendly place you have here." **END**

Biography of a Beatnik Boy

(*Continued from page 23*)

Joannie, then at his son Jim. "Didn't we, Mike, hah?—Didn't we get it?" he asked, squeezing the hand he was holding.

The small boy looked at the others, too, and nodded.

"The MGM," Papa Gubitoni said, "—the biggest studio in all Hollywood. They gave our baby a test today and before we could leave they said they want him for the *Our Gang.* The big, famous *Our Gang* comedies. He's a movie star, our Mike, our little boy. Everybody, get up from your chair and come kiss him."

The others did, obediently.

And as they did, Papa Gubitoni closed his eyes. "They laughed," he said, "they made faces, they whispered things behind my back, those people in Nutley, New Jers', when I told them: 'Yes, yes, it's true. I only got seventy-five dollar to my name, but I sick of this Depression and this WPA and I gonna pack my family in the car and take them to Hollywood, California, and make my Mike a movie star. Because he's got talent, my Mike. You just gotta hear him sing, a kid his age, to know that, how much talent he got!' . . . They laughed, and whispered. And, *San Rocco, mio,* what they would have done when they see us arrive here last month, all dirty and with only thirty-eight dollar left out of the seventy-five, and having to move into this place, two tiny room and a lousy tiny bathroom, worse than anything even in Nutley, New Jers', hah?"

He opened his eyes, quickly.

"Hah? What they would have said?" he asked.

The others, all standing now, nodded.

"Well," Papa Gubitoni went on, "the next things they're all gonna say, I can tell you what those are gonna be. They're gonna say, 'That Gubitoni, did you hear about his kid? He's in the *Our Gang,* in Hollywood, the movies, honest to God!' And ten years from now they're gonna say, 'That Gubitoni, you remember? Well, his kid's still in the movies, better all the time, working all the time, making we don't know how much money by now. *San Rocco mio,* and how we used to laugh at the old man. And just look at him and his kid today!"

He looked down at his son.

"*Mi fai felice, Michele,*" he said. "You make me very proud and happy, Mike, by what happen today."

"That's good," the boy said, shrugging.

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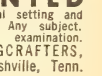
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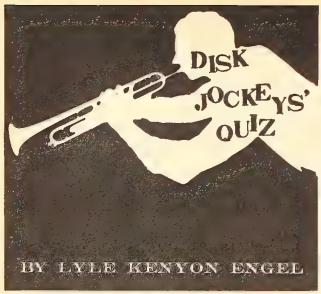
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Fred Allen, WIRK, West Palm Beach, Fla.

1. *He has attained phenomenal success as a vocalist in rather short time. He's married to Eydie Gorme, records for ABC-Paramount, was featured on the Steve Allen show.*

2. *This trio records for Capitol. The boys had a hit in* Tom Dooley; *their latest single is* Coo Coo U. *Their hobbies are songwriting, surfing, sports car racing, and water-skiing.*



Ken Gaughran, WREB, Holyoke, Mass.

3. *This composer, arranger, conductor has long scored music for spectacular-type movies. His latest music is for the film* Ben-Hur, *and was released as an album by Lion Records.*

4. *This gal vocalist gained fame singing with Benny Goodman's band. She's appeared in movies, night clubs, on TV. She had million-record sellers* Manana, I've Got You Under My Skin. *Latest album is* Beauty And The Beat, *with George Shearing.*



Johnny Fairchild, KEZY, Anaheim, Calif.

5. *This young vocalist came to America's notice with his recording of* Venus. *First movie was* Guns Of The Timberland, *latest is* The Alamo. *He records for Chancellor.*

6. *This maestro-arranger is known for his lush arrangements. One of his own songs is* Holiday For Strings. *Lion has issued an album titled* The Magic Melodies Of —— ——.



Norm Stevens, WMGM, New York City, N. Y.

7. *This orchestra leader's famous for comedy song-renditions, is married to vocalist Keely Smith. Latest album's* Hey Boy, Hey Girl; *latest single's* My Cucuzza, *backed by* Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop, *Dot Label.*



Joe Knight, WFBR, Baltimore, Md.

1. *Steve Lawrence*
2. *Kingston Trio*
3. *Mikhlos Rozsa*
4. *Peggy Lee*
5. *Frankie Avalon*
6. *David Rose*
7. *Louis Prima*

"And all of us, the family," Papa Gubitoni said, looking back at the others, "all of us should be very proud of our baby."

"We are," his wife said.

"We are," said Joannie, then Jim.

"Now," said Papa Gubitoni, walking over to the table, still holding his young son by the hand, "for tonight you sit here, at my place, Mike. And you eat in the place of honor. And as long as you live you will remember this night, and the happiness that you bring to all of us."

He let go of the boy's hand.

The boy stood there, motionless momentarily, confused.

"Go 'head, sit," Papa Gubitoni said.

And as the boy did, finally, Papa Gubitoni picked up the plate in front of him and walked to the stove to serve him himself. . . .

Hard work and pampering

"I played in the *Our Gang* series for five years, till I was ten," Robert Blake (formerly Michael Gubitoni) says today. "I don't remember much about those years except that it was a lot of hard work and that I got a lot of pampering, from my father at home and from producers and directors at the studio. But then, when I was ten, the series was dropped, I was released from my contract and the misery began. At first it centered around school. I was sent to a public school for the first time in my life and I found out right away what people on the outside thought of child stars. They hated them. The teachers figured I had to be snotty, because of my background, and so that's what they were to me. Snotty. The kids—they were even worse; the same kids who used to run to see me on the screen on Saturday afternoons. Well, I found out the movies were one thing and real life was another. And now that these kids had me in their midst, in real life, I was like some crippled monster to them. They'd pass jokes and push me around and a couple of times a few of them sneaked up on me and pulled off my pants and threw them out the window. As time went on, things got worse. I got beat up more than once and I guess the only reason I never fought back was that I figured once I started throwing my fists around I would never stop. Anyway, that was school, the misery there. Then there was the misery at home. My father, he was like a broken man when I wasn't working. He'd had this big dream about me going places, and now nothing was happening. He was broken, defeated. And always complaining. Twice he got happy again. Once was when I was about twelve and Republic Pictures signed me to play Little Beaver, the Indian boy, in the *Red Ryder* series. That was a big success. And Pop was happy. While it lasted. Then, when I was fifteen, I was signed to play in *Black Rose*, with Tyrone Power. Pop was *real* happy this time. His son was off to Europe to make a big-time picture with a big-time star for a big-time studio. This was going to be it. The beginning of the real big stuff. But when Pop's son—when I got back from Europe that week end and went back to school that Monday morning and got beat up by a couple of tough guys and then got a paddling on the behind by the vice-principal who said it was me who started the whole thing, well, I went home and told my father I didn't care what, but the hell with movies, and I wasn't ever going to make another one again. We had a big fight. I don't want to say too much about it, because it's about my family and I don't want them to be hurt by this. But things came up during the fight like me asking what happened to all the money I'd made all these years and why didn't we ever seem to have a cent, nothing, nothing except for this new house I'd bought, and I started hearing from my father about some bad investments he'd made with the money—bad investments—bad property—bad land—bad this—bad that—and I stopped my father right in the middle and told him I was getting out, leaving, that I didn't want to live in this place anymore. I went upstairs to pack a suitcase. When I came back down I could hear my parents talking in the other room. My mother was crying and saying, 'He shouldn't break up the family like this.' My father was saying, 'That boy belongs in the house, with us. What does he mean by wanting to leave? What does that ungrateful boy mean? That ungrateful boy!' My sister Joannie was standing there, near the front door, as I came down the stairs. She didn't say anything but I could tell from her expression that she understood why I had to go. I was sick and miserable from everything and I couldn't take it anymore. She understood, a little at least. So I walked past her and out the door. For a while, I just walked down the street, lugging my suitcase. I didn't know where to go. I didn't really have enough money to go anyplace. And then, suddenly, it came to me. There was this couple, parents of this guy I knew who was away in the Marines. I'd visited them a few times. They were pretty poor, so I didn't know if they could take me on. They were pretty drunk, too, those few times I'd seen them—I'd even heard they were alcoholics—so I didn't know if they'd *want* to take me on. But they were good people. And they'd been nice to me. I remembered that. And I thought I'd go to them and see what they'd say. . . ."

Cure for the woes

"Hello there, son," the man, all bleary-eyed, said when he opened the door and saw Bob. "Sure, sure I remember you. And how've you been? Going someplace with that valise? Wanna stay *here*? Sure. Sure. Now come in and talk to Mama first. And tell me, how've you been?"

"Wanna stay *here*?" the woman was asking Bob a few minutes later. "Well, now, I'm not gonna pry into why. Ain't none of my business. But I'm gonna tell you this. If you do stay with us, we want you to be happy. We don't want you feelin' formal about things or addressin' us Sir and Ma'am, like you been doing. Pop there—he's Unc. And me—I'm Aunt. That's the only condition we lay down with you. We want you to feel like part of the family. And if you don't like *that*, you can git." (They all laughed.) "You'll stay?" (Bob nodded.) "Well, good. Now let me show you where you'll sleep and then let's all keep quiet and watch TV!"

It was a little after eleven that night—they were sitting in the parlor, watching the News—when Unc passed Bob the bottle he and Aunt had been drinking from, and a glass.

"Help yourself. It's Four Roses—not that cheap stuff. It'll do you good," he said.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't drink hard—" he started to say.

"Hard?" Unc asked, interrupting, his eyes still glued on the screen. "Why, boy, that what you have in your hands, that is the softest and the gentlest stuff in the whole world. It's warm. Clean. Alcohol kills any impurities. You should know that. And it'll make you feel better, if it's woes you got. It's made me and Mama feel better a long time now. Contented's what we are now. Contented, not woeful no longer. . . You got woes, boy?"

Bob nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Then help yourself to that stuff. Not too much. But not too little, either, if'n you want to get the proper effect."

Bob looked at the bottle and the glass in his hands. Then he looked over at Aunt

and Unc, sitting there, holding their glasses. They both seemed very contented.

And so, after a moment, he found himself pouring a drink. . . .

"I went to bed dead drunk that night," he recalls, "and I was relaxed and happy for the first time I could remember, and glad I'd gone there to stay. I stayed two years, in fact, until about a year after I graduated from high school. Practically every night of those two years I got drunk. Not rowdy. Not out in bars. But home, just me and Aunt and Unc together, real quietly, slowly, friendly-like, watching our TV till the moment came when I just went to bed and forgot everything that had happened in my past and didn't care what happened in my future. Drunk. Happy. Glad I'd come to stay . . . The one thing I didn't count on, though, was getting sick. After high school, I'd taken on some jobs. Construction gangs, lifting crates in a TV factory, stuff like that. Heavy work. Sweat work. Almost like self-punishment work. Well, after a while, between the work and the drink, I got sick. I dropped about twenty pounds, to 115. I had headaches all the time, stomachaches, aches in the neck, the arms, everyplace. . . . Then one night Aunt and Unc had a talk with me. They said they didn't want to butt into my personal affairs, but that maybe what I needed was to get back to acting. We talked a long time, me saying that it was the last thing I wanted to do, ever, and them saying maybe now that I'd been away from it two years I would find it different to go back to, better. While they talked, I began to realize something. That these people had been carrying me for a long time now, that I was becoming a broken arm to them, that I'd never given them more than a few bucks a week and that maybe it was about time I did something to pay them back. So I said okay. And a few days later I got myself an agent . . . I'd never had an agent before. Pop had always handled everything for me. But I signed with this fellow Carlos Alvarado now and I went back to work. There was plenty of work, mostly TV, some movies. And I started making plenty of money. The checks really came flying in and for the first time they were addressed to *me* and came to *me*. The money felt good. I payed back Aunt and Unc every cent I owed them. I bought a car, too, an old Ford jalopy, yeah, but the first thing I'd ever actually owned. It felt great sometimes at night to sit back and think I was paying my debts and had a car and that if I stuck with this acting thing I'd never have a debt again and own lots more things.

Beatnik

But in the morning, mornings I had to go to work, back to the studio, the feeling was different—lousy and sick again, as if getting out of bed and knowing that in a little while I'd be walking through that studio gate was like knowing I'd be walking right into my own coffin. The memories were still with me. My father. The *big* star I was supposed to be to him. School. The teachers calling me Snotty. The kids laughing, pushing, hitting, hating. The brand of Outcast, my label to the outside world. Me, me myself, running away from home and taking to drink and practically turning into a vegetable. And why? I knew why. That it was because of studios like this one I had to get up and go to that all this had happened to me. Because of that great industry known as the movies, TV, acting. Because of the big swell glamorous life you were supposed to get out of all this and never, except in few rare cases, did . . . So one morning, waking up, thinking, I decided the hell with it all again, and I stayed in bed. I'd be a vegetable again, I figured. Nobody'll be hurt but me, so what difference did it make. I hung around. I didn't work—not at construction, not at acting, not at anything. I became a bum. I became a Beatnik bum, the worst kind. I didn't want any friends, but I couldn't take being alone either, so I joined the Hollywood coffee house herd, the weirdos in sandals and jeans, the phonies, the people who had settled for their misery. I wallowed in their company, in the stink of their life. And when, after about six months, I got my letter from Uncle Sam, telling me he wanted me to come serve in this man's Army, I couldn't have cared less. Even when, after basic training, they sent me up to Alaska and stationed me at Anchorage and I met a girl, a beautiful girl named Gloria Cross, a ballerina, and we thought we were in love, me for the first time in my life, and then her father forbade her to see me—he didn't like soldiers, he said; we were all a bunch of no-goods out for no good, he said—I didn't care. Even when, after Anchorage, they sent me up to the north part of Alaska and put me into a guinea-pig experimental outfit that had to live in fifty degree-below weather, I didn't care. I didn't care about anything anymore. I didn't care the day that sergeant with the big fat face, the one who used to roar with laughter every time he saw me and called me *Little Beaver—Hollywood's Answer to the United States Army*, the day he came and told me I was going to be court-martialed. I just didn't care about anything anymore. . . ."

"I was caught stealing . . ."

The Chaplain, a big Irishman, a Catholic priest, asked Bob to have a seat.

"I've sent for you, Private," he said, smiling a little, "so that we could have a talk about this court-martial. A private talk."

"There's nothing much to talk about,"

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE ROBERT BLAKE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE DIANE BAKER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE PAMELA LINCOLN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DARRYL HICKMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

Bob said. "I committed a crime, I was caught and now they're going to get me."

"This crime," the Chaplain asked, "what was it?"

"I told you I stole," Bob said.

"And you stole what—a jeep, a truck, an airplane?" the Chaplain asked.

"Aw, come on. You know what I stole," Bob said. "You've read the reports. I stole a can of gasoline."

"And why, Private?" the Chaplain asked.

Bob shrugged. "It's not important," he said.

"But it is," the Chaplain said. "If you're convicted of this charge it could mean years, long years, in prison."

"So what?" Bob asked.

"I want you to tell me *why*," the priest said, raising his voice now, the smile gone from his face. "I want you to stop being a wise guy and tell me why, so that maybe I can help you."

"Well," said Bob, "at night when you and all the other officers are sleeping in your barracks, we guys—"

He looked down.

"You guys what?" asked the Chaplain.

"We guys," said Bob "—we're out in those tents of ours."

"Yes," the Chaplain said, breathing deeply, "yes, I know."

"Father," Bob went on, staring down at his shoes, "the last few nights . . . it's been murder. Fifty-five below. Fifty-eight below. Four nights ago one of our guys, while he was sleeping, his ears froze and turned black on him. The next morning the medics came and took him away. That afternoon they cut off one of his ears. A big guy. A healthy guy. They took off one of his ears."

"Yes," the Chaplain said.

"And two nights ago," Bob said, "I woke up. It was in the middle of the night. And I saw this guy who sleeps next to me. He'd been mumbling something about his fingers beginning to turn color and freeze. He was afraid they were going to freeze but good in a few hours and that they'd have to be cut off, too. And so he was standing there now, trying to make a fire out of two lousy post-cards he'd received from home. He was crying and shivering and afraid, and his hands were so frozen he couldn't even strike the match. . . .

"Well," Bob said. He paused. "Well, our stove had gone out. We'd used up all the gasoline we had for the night. We needed more. I knew, too, where the gasoline was stored. So I left the tent and went there and stole a can and came back and filled up our stove. It was a little warmer after that. It wasn't as cold as it had been before."

He looked up.

"That's it," he said. "That's what happened."

"And you were caught," the Chaplain said.

"This sergeant," Bob said, "in the morning, he followed my footprints from the storehouse to the tent. I was caught, all right."

The Chaplain offered Bob a cigarette now, and took one for himself.

For a while neither of them, the priest nor the private, spoke.

And then the priest said, "Blake, I'm going to see what I can do for you, see if I can get you out of this mess."

Bob shook his head. "Father, I don't want to sound like that wise guy you were talking about before. But I say what I think. And I think that if you're doing this for me to be grateful, so that I start coming to Chapel on Sundays or do any of those things I don't do any more—well, I just don't want you to go wasting your time then. I'm not the kind of guy who goes to church or anything like that."

"You mean you don't want me bugging you about God?" the Chaplain asked.

"If that's the way you want to put it," Bob said.

The Chaplain shook his head. "I'm not going to bug you, Blake," he said. "I'm going to try to help you, period, no strings attached, because I think you did the right thing, because I don't want you to be punished for something you felt you had to do . . . About God—" He sighed. "God will help you in His own way, in a way and at a time He deems best, when you're most alone, when you need His help most. For God, you see, Private, God—"

He shook his head again and put out his cigarette.

"I'll try to help you, son," he said, then, "—period, no strings attached. All right? . . . That's all."

"I got out of the court-martial, thanks to the priest," Bob remembers. "And after a while my Army hitch was over and I got out of that. And I found myself back in L.A., in Hollywood. And I found that things seemed somehow different about me, my life. I wanted to work, really wanted to work, for the first time. I wanted friends, too, people to like and to like me. It wasn't easy at the beginning. But as time passed, things worked out. I started getting the jobs, good jobs. And I started having friends. And I was closer to any kind of happiness than I'd ever been before. Like I am now . . . Sometimes I wonder how it happened. Why it happened. I honestly don't know. But sometimes I find myself thinking that maybe it has to do with what that big Irish priest told me that day, about God, God helping you when you're most alone, when you need that help. And I find myself thinking, *Well, maybe. . . .*" **END**

Robert is in THE PURPLE GANG. *Allied Artists.*

---

7. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

8. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

9. I LIKE DIANE VARSI:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

10. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

11. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

12. I LIKE GENE BARRY:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



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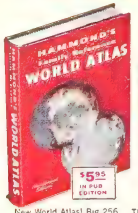
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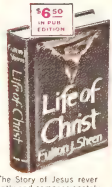
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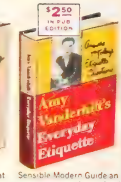
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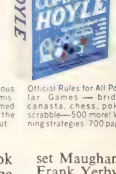
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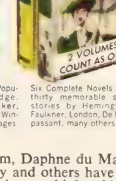
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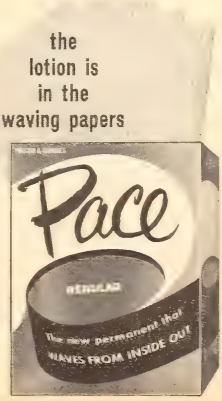


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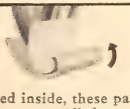
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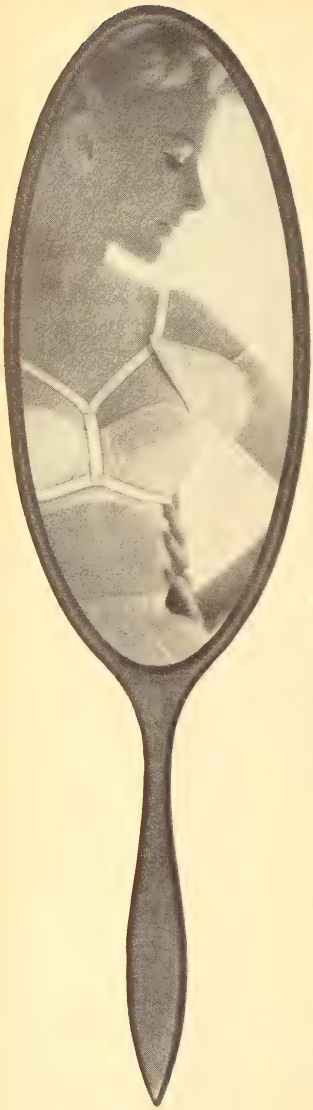
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Will you tell me if it is true—as reported—that **Eleanor Powell** has relented and given custody of their son Peter to **Glenn Ford?**
—D. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *Only for the month that Glenn will be in Paris making* THE IMAGE MAKERS. *Glenn has visitation rights, however, at other times.*

Q I read that **Betsy Drake** and **Cary Grant** have been seeing a lot of each other. What does this mean?
—M. M., PRINCETON, N. J.

A *It means they still like each other—and enjoy each other's company on double dates. Cary takes his girl of the moment, Betsy her current beau, and they have a jolly foursome.*

Q **Rock Hudson** hasn't made a movie for over a year. Has he been sick or is he just plain lazy?
—G. P., DARIEN, CONN.

A *He's sick—and tired of his studio's refusal to loan him out. The* **Marilyn Monroe** *picture was just one example. There have been others. However, Rock's starting work this month on a new Western,* DAY OF THE GUN.

Q Can you tell me what the mystery malady was that felled **Marilyn Monroe** during the filming of her latest picture? Is she pregnant again?
—T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A *No—just allergic to the miracle drugs she took to stifle a cold.*

Q I read that after a year **Kirk Douglas** put *Spartacus* back before the cameras for added scenes. Is the picture *that* bad?
—D. D., MUNCIE, IND.

A *Kirk Douglas is making every attempt to see that it is* that *good. So far he is not completely satisfied with the results.*

Q What is the problem that's been bothering **Sophia Loren** and her husband Carlo Ponti—and I'm not talking of the fact that their marriage can't be recognized in Italy?
—B. D., BOISE, IDAHO

A *The problem was a handsome top star who kept insisting that he was madly in love with Sophia and she was really in love with him. He's finally stopped insisting—and Sophia and Carlo have laughed the whole thing off.*

Q Now that **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado** have finally wed—after all their pre-marital fussing and fuming—what chance does Hollywood give this marriage?
—J. R., TRENTON, N. J.

A *The chance of a lot of post-marital fussing and fuming.*

Q Any truth to the rumor that **Nick Adams** and his bride are planning to split-up as soon as their baby is a decent age?
—N. W., ATLANTA, GA.

A *No.*

Q What's the story about **Pier Angeli** being in love with **Buddy Bregman,** who has been so much in the public eye lately?
—D. V., KANSAS CITY, KAN.

A *Pier's in love—but not with Buddy nor anyone else who is in the public eye.*

Q What is **Hope Lange** going to do now that her husband **Don Murray** has been dropped by 20th Century-Fox?
—W. S., MONTPELIER, VT.

A *Hope will continue at the studio. Don wanted his release since he felt his talents weren't being properly used.*

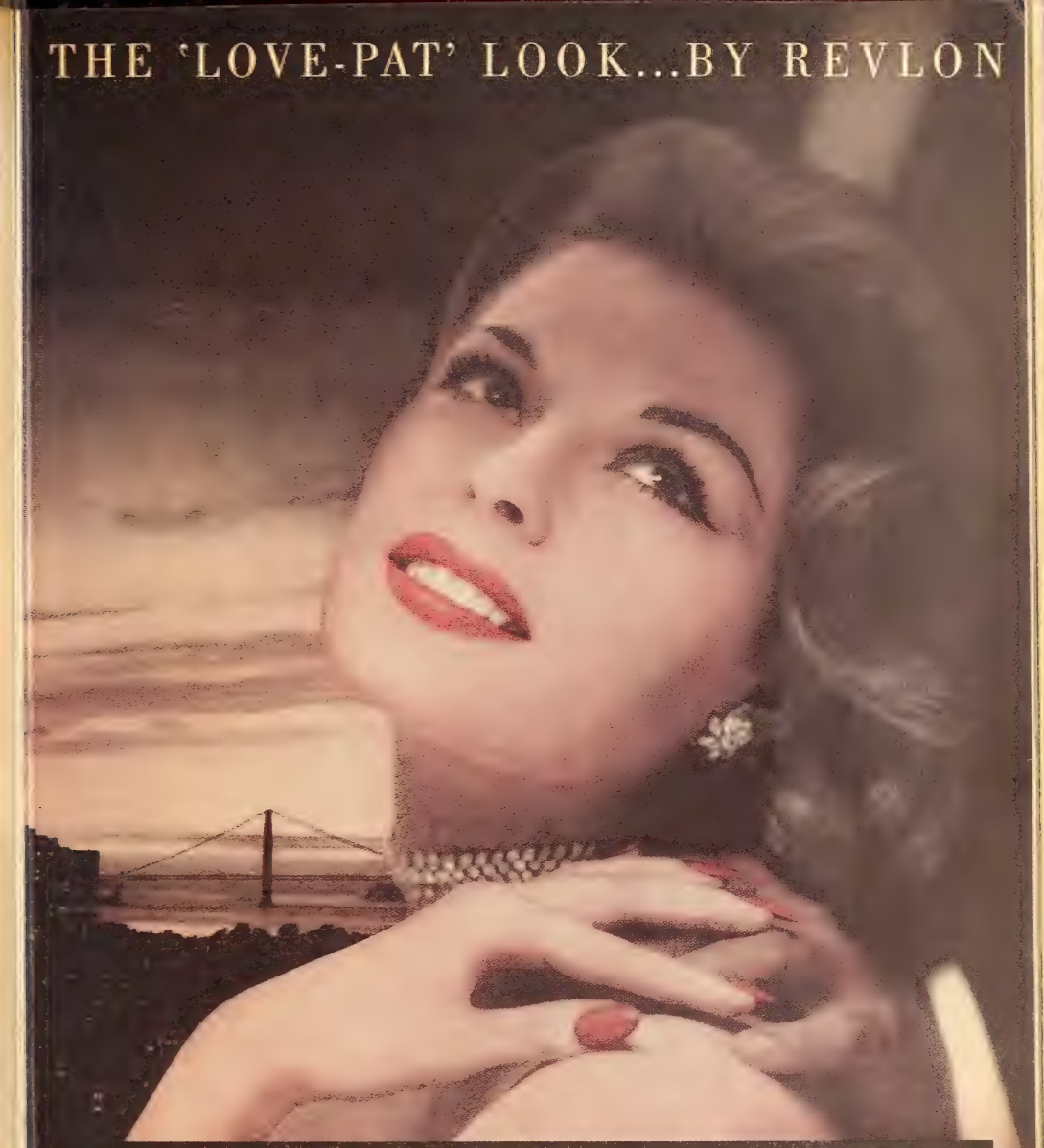
Q Is is true that **Anna Kashfi** will reinstitute legal action in keeping **Marlon Brando** from their son because he is now running around with a girl with a police record?
—B. I., ORLANDO, FLA.

A *Anna will fight Marlon again if he continues to prevent her from leaving the country with her son. A girl Marlon has been seeing hasn't a police record per se—but was picked up for allegedly possessing marijuana.*

Q Why was **Debbie Reynolds** in New York—and at the same night clubs and plays **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** were, at certain times? Is she trying to irritate her ex-husband with her presence, or is she so anxious to see Eddie again—even from afar?
—J. F., BEVERLY, MASS.

A *Since Debbie has no guarantee of being able to avoid Eddie and Liz in Hollywood—she felt there was no reason to change her own traveling plans because of a vague chance of an embarrassing situation.*

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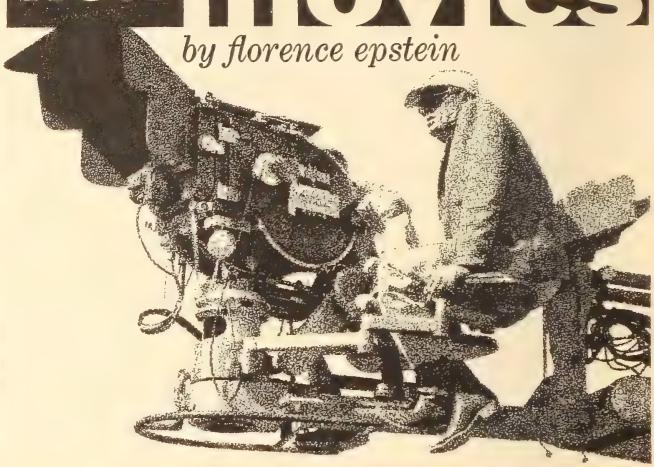
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SOLOMON AND SHEBA

Yul Brynner, Gina Lollobrigida, George Sanders, Marisa Pavan, John Crawford

Old Testament spectacle

■ This is a spectacle—if not quite as lavish—in the DeMille tradition. It takes us way back to when Solomon was King of Israel, Sheba was Gina Lollobrigida and orgies took place in the open air.

Before Sheba came to Jerusalem, Solomon (Yul Brynner) was doing fine. His jealous older brother, George Sanders, plotted against him, but otherwise the nation was unified. Brynner had asked God for wisdom and got it; he promised to build a beautiful temple and built it; he was a peace-loving man.

The prosperity and unity of Israel worried the Egyptian Pharaoh. Enter Sheba (Gina). Quit worrying, she tells the Pharaoh. Make me a present of a seaport and I'll destroy Solomon. The Pharaoh says okay. Next thing you know Sheba's slinking into Jerusalem to make eyes at Solomon and invite him to midnight suppers. That's allowed.

But when she sets up her pagan statues in the holy city, that's blasphemy.

It takes a while for Yul's loyal following to turn against him, but they can't help themselves.

Just as he can't help himself and permits Gina to hold a 'sacred' orgy practically in his back yard. At that point lightning destroys the temple.

It also destroys Marisa Pavan who'd been praying for Yul there.

Gina, overwhelmed by guilt, confesses all to Brynner who, wise man, suspected her from the start. Now he has even more to worry about. Pharaoh, at George Sanders' suggestion, decides to march on Israel.

There aren't many people left who'll fight by Yul's side.

But these are the days of visions and, one night, Brynner sees the way to destroy the enemy. Gina, meanwhile, sees the way to atone for what she has come to realize were her sins.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS.

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET

Jerry Lewis, Joan Blackman, Earl Holliman, Fred Clark, Lee Patrick

from outer space

■ Jerry Lewis lives way up in another galaxy. He's mad about the earth; studying earth people (from afar) is his hobby. One day he just can't control himself any more and flies down in his disc. He's all dressed up like a Confederate general (no scholar he, he miscalculated the century). He lands on the lawn of a TV commentator (Fred Clark) who is preparing to make an ass of himself by telling the nation that there are no such things as flying saucers. He doesn't believe there is such a thing as Jerry Lewis, either, until Jerry shows him a trick or two. Clark has a pretty daughter (Joan Blackman) who is being courted by madly jealous Earl Holliman. Earl really has nothing to be jealous about because Jerry doesn't even know what it's like to be in love (where he comes from they did away with it). But before Jerry goes back to where he comes from he has a few moments of feeling like an earth man (that's why he wants to go back). Best thing in the movie is a visit to a beatnik saloon where Barbara Lawson dances.—PARAMOUNT.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND

Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain, Gilbert Roland, Frankie Avalon, Lyle Bettger

up a tree with Alan Ladd

■ Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. They don't know from nothing but cutting down trees to build up railroads. Imagine their surprise when they come to this town and discover that everybody hates them—and all their men. What's everybody so mad about, Alan Ladd wants to know? Rancher Jeanne Crain tells him. If Alan chops down all the trees on the mountain there won't be any town left in the valley—floods, you see. Jeanne, who owns the biggest ranch in the valley, is maddest of all. No. Wait a minute. Her foreman, Lyle Bettger, is maddest. (He

was born in a town that had a watery death.) Well, Alan having a legal paper, he sets his lips and starts chopping. Lyle, having a vengeful mind, he sets dynamite on the one road open to the loggers, and then he lights the wick. Alan gets another legal paper giving him access to Jeanne's road. Lyle gets some woodchoppers of his own and has some trees cut to fall on and block Jeanne's road. Meanwhile Alan and Jeanne, who have just fallen in love, start hating each other. If it weren't for likeable Frankie Avalon the problem in this movie could never be resolved.

—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

HOME FROM THE HILL

on the edge of manhood

Robert Mitchum
Eleanor Parker
George Hamilton
George Peppard
Luana Patten

▪ In a little Southern town Robert Mitchum is big man. He owns everything; he gets anything he wants, except his wife's love. She (Eleanor Parker) turned cold after the honeymoon when she discovered that Mitchum had an illegitimate (and unacknowledged) son. Their own son (George Hamilton) has been her exclusive property. But now Mitchum takes over to make a man of him. With the help of George Peppard, Hamilton becomes a first-rate hunter and also gets his first date (with Luana Patten). He loses his 'sheltered child' ideas in a couple of hard blows. When he discovers that Peppard is his half brother, Hamilton wants him to be treated like a son instead of a hired hand and to share the family fortune. Mitchum won't budge—so Hamilton leaves home, only to come back when his mother has a 'heart attack.' His parents' problems are so disturbing to him that Hamilton can't handle any of his own. He isn't even told when his girl (Luana) discovers she's pregnant. Never mind, the ever-faithful Peppard is there to make up for the family's mistakes. This film has the elements of soap opera but it rises above them.

—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

THE GALLANT HOURS

tribute to an admiral

James Cagney
Dennis Weaver
Ward Costello
Richard Jaeckel
Vaughn Taylor

▪ War movies usually can't help mixing glamour with gore, giving the stay-at-homes a very distorted picture. This movie's different. It's a kind of dramatized documentary (much of it narrated by Robert Montgomery); it has the solidity of truth behind it. Based on only a few weeks of Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career it's a tribute to him and also a stirring account of war from the 'top.' Halsey (beautifully played by James Cagney) took over command of the South Pacific area on a day in 1942 and proceeded to save Guadalcanal from the hands of the Japanese. Weighted down by responsibility, Cagney as the admiral is always decisive, daring—and usually right. That's why his staff (among them Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson) revere him. He and the Japanese admiral (who planned the attack on Pearl Harbor) study each other's moves like crafty poker players, always aware of the incredibly high stakes. When Cagney takes over, the Japanese are already planning to accept our surrender terms. Our side obviously lacks the men, the arms, the morale to hang on to Guadalcanal. Cagney's coming changes everything because he is a leader in the real sense of the word. What makes a leader? Nothing phony or arrogant. Mostly brains, experience, inexhaustible energy and the courage to stick out one's neck. Go see this one!

—UNITED ARTISTS.



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Robert Lowery

▪ They used to say that if you had enough ambition you could get anywhere. Legs Diamond wanted to get to the top of the underworld (he had a sick brother, Warren Oates, who needed medicine).

This was in the 1920's and 30's when there was a lot of room for expansion. As Legs Diamond (he was a good dancer) Ray Danton gives an electric performance. He starts off as a very clever, even amusing thief. To meet reigning czar Arnold Rothstein (Robert Lowery) Legs flies down to Miami, buys $5,000 worth of personal apparel and charges it to Rothstein. Rothstein appreciates his nerve, hires him as a 'collector' (Rothstein sells 'protection') and eventually makes him a rich man. When Legs is rich enough he jilts Rothstein's girl (Elaine Stewart) and arranges to have Rothstein murdered. Then Legs becomes czar. Of course it isn't that easy. There are all these famous racketeers he has to convince, and all the racketeers have bodyguards (from Chicago). But there isn't a better man with a gun than Legs; he shoots two guns at a time, sometimes hitting three men. The only one who loves him is his wife (Karen Steele) and he married her to keep her from testifying against him. This movie really zips along. It's fast, violent, gruesomely comical. You certainly won't be bored.

—WARNERS.

(*Continued on page 8*)



It's you—with slimmer hips, a flatter derrière, a tauter tummy. No diet! No exercise! Simply this airy, boneless wonder. Yes, boneless. Three inner bands do all the smoothing—and keep you comfortable, too. Doesn't design like this come dear? Nonsense! The cost's a mere $8.95. So why gamble? Get **FASCINATION** by

BRA SHOWN: HOLD-UP $3.95

BESTFORM

new movies (*Continued from page 7*)

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

the wrong man

Audie Murphy
Jan Merlin
Felicia Farr
Stephen McNally
Robert Middleton

■ All Audie Murphy has to do is walk into town and everybody panics. It's embarrassing because he's just a nice fellow passing through. Trouble is he's carrying a rifle that belongs to an escaped murderer (Jan Merlin). Merlin attacked him on the trail and stole his horse. The town's sheriff, Stephen McNally, is crazy to capture this murderer and he figures that Audie will make just as convincing a corpse to the townspeople. Getting away from McNally isn't easy. Luckily, Audie runs into Felicia Farr who knows how to climb mountains. She takes him straight up a cliff (with the sheriff and posse hot on their heels) and down the other side. Felicia believes in Audie's innocence but Audie has an urge to clear his name. Off he and Felicia head for the town of Paradise where the killer is. The sheriff and posse are still hot on their heels and by this time the sheriff is nearly out of his mind. He'll kill *anybody*. In Paradise Audie finds the real murderer who heads for the hills. Audie heads after him. Guess who heads after Audie? Now that everybody's caught up with each other, justice can triumph.—UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL.

SWAN LAKE

Russian ballet

Maya Plisetskaya
Nicolai Fadeychev
Bolshoi Theater Ballet

■ In 1958 we and the Russians agreed to exchange motion pictures so that we'd all understand each other. That may be why the camera is always moving from the stage of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow to the audience. If it had stayed on the stage (or even backstage) *Swan Lake* would have been a much better picture. As it is, the dancing of Maya Plisetskaya is wonderful to behold, and the rest of the ballet company are no slouches, either. The dancing is great although it might have been shown to better advantage.—EASTMAN COLOR, COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

WHO WAS THAT LADY? (Columbia): Janet Leigh is off to Reno when she sees her college-professor husband Tony Curtis kissing another girl. Dean Martin—a TV writer and Tony's friend—convinces Janet that her husband is really an undercover FBI agent, and that the kiss was in the line of duty. Chorus girls Barbara Nichols, Joi Lansing, real FBI agent James Whitmore, realer foreign agents, and some CBS props thicken the plot until Janet tells a cruising TV-news-unit truck (and the world) about her husband's bravery!

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (Columbia): Katharine Hepburn is a wealthy elegant recluse, who grieves constantly over the memory of her son Sebastian who died suddenly, last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor, now in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn asks young psychiatrist Montgomery Clift to perform a crucial operation on Elizabeth, promising to build Clift and his superior Albert Dekker a new hospital. Clift's problem is to make sure that Elizabeth is hopeless enough to need the operation. It gets easier to separate the sane from the insane as this strange story unfolds to its chilling end.

NEVER SO FEW (MGM): Captain Frank Sinatra is stationed in the Burmese Hills with a small group of Allied soldiers. What they do mainly is kill Japanese soldiers who raid camp at night. Sinatra's daring provokes an international incident: he faces hanging. At other times he faces Gina Lollobrigida (rich Paul Henreid's lovely and permanent houseguest). It all moves fast and has an exciting climax.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Harry Karl's long wait for Debbie

Marilyn today

A new Crosby marriage



At MGM's party in honor of top feminine singer Connie Francis: (left to right) Barbara Rush, Louella, Connie, Jimmy Boyd, Diane McBain, Jimmy McHugh.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Louella's not saying Karl won't win Debbie.



Lindsay Crosby's 'heart' is Barbara Fredrickson, and Papa Bing approves.

Lindsay's Doing It Too

Well, my pet among the **Crosby** boys, **Lindsay**, is going to follow in the footsteps of his twin brothers and marry a former Las Vegas show-girl beauty, Barbara Diane Fredrickson. And I mean she's a beauty.

Ran into Linny and Barbara at the reception honoring **Johnny Mathis** after Johnny's opening at the Cocoanut Grove—and a brilliant opening it was! Everyone was there—but I'll tell you more about that later.

After Linny introduced me to Barbara, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "We are going to be married. Haven't set the date yet—but I wanted you to know first." He told me that until they marry, Barbara will continue her present career as a dress and photographic model. Papa Bing thoroughly approves of Linny's choice.

"Dad gave me a wonderful birthday party," Linny said. "We're all the best of friends again—and I know you'll be happy to hear that."

Harry Karl Will Have To Be Patient

Millionaire Harry Karl is very much in love with **Debbie Reynolds**—there's no doubt in anyone's mind about that. And he's going to do everything in his power to get her to marry him. (*See full-length story on page 20.*)

Harry's Christmas gift to Debbie was an emerald necklace, emerald earrings and a matching bracelet and ring—the cost of these trinkets being $40,000!

Not long ago, the Karl Shoes tycoon purchased a $200,000 home in the exclusive Truesdale Estates district (where **Dinah Shore** lives) and Harry admits to his pals that he hopes it will be a honeymoon home for himself and Debbie.

But I don't know. I don't know. . . .

Harry is a handsome and personable man in those interesting (for a man) middle years—and he's rich, which never hurt any suitor. It's happened before and it will happen again that a young woman, hurt by an unhappy first young love, turns to an older, more mature man, and finds happiness in a second marriage.

And, if there had not been an unusual factor in Debbie's life, the same thing might have happened here.

But that unusual factor *did* happen—I mean the extraordinary zooming of her career. When she was married to **Eddie Fisher** she was doing well. But she was not the sensation she has become since the Debbie-Eddie-**Liz Taylor** triangle hit headlines.

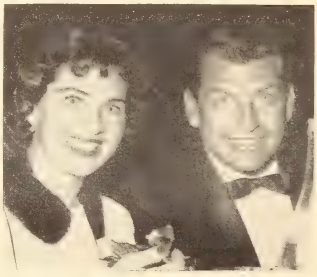
Few women in the world ever hit such world-wide headline publicity as Debbie did in this marital rift. Rightly or wrongly she received almost hysterical sympathy. Witness her trip to Spain during the filming of *It Started with a Kiss* which was covered by national 'news' magazines because of the adulation the Spaniards heaped on her—even to carrying Debbie on their shoulders through the streets.

She is a very talented young comedienne, singer, and performer, and I'm not saying that her unhappiness is the sole reason for the rise of her career.

But rise it has—to astounding proportions, including a million-dollar contract for four TV shows! She is one of the most 'in demand' stars for pictures (she has done four in a row) and during 1959, for the first time, she made the elite circle of the ten stars who have brought in the most money at the box offices.

Debbie's career has become Big Business. As she told me, "I never dreamed that I ever would be making this much money." Next to her two healthy, happy children, her work is the greatest thing in Debbie's life—and I believe it will be for the next several years.

This is why I believe that Harry Karl will have to be a very patient man. I'm not saying he won't win the girl of his heart. But I don't think it will be any time soon.



Dick says baby's beautiful like mama.

That Egan Girl

At last—a *girl* in the Egan family—and no one in the world could have been happier than **Richard Egan** was when he called me to report that his beautiful wife Patricia had given birth to a daughter (5 pounds, 4 ounces) at St. John's Hospital.

"My parents and my brother (Father Willis Egan) are so happy to have a girl in the family," Dick enthused. "Like the Crosbys, we've been mostly a family of males."

Because the new arrival was a bit underweight, having arrived a month early, she was put in an incubator.

"But she's beautiful," said the proud father, "the most beautiful girl I ever saw—except her mother."



The Dean Martins put the seal of approval on Harvey's party.



Frank Sinatra applauded George Burns' dance.



Simone Signoret was never far from husband Yves Montand.



And here's Laurence Harvey—the party was for him.

More Room at the Top for Laurence Harvey

Frank Sinatra, who cavorts only with his handpicked 'clan' (The **Peter Lawfords**, the **Dean Martins**, **Shirley MacLaine**, his songwriters and a few other annointeds) put the seal of social approval on **Laurence Harvey** by attending Minna Wallis' invitational preview and party for Larry's new movie, *Espresso Bongo*.

Frankie couldn't make it to the preview, but he showed up early and stayed late at the supper-and-dancing party that followed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Frank was flanked by Jimmy Van Heusen and Shirley MacLaine, who was all dolled up in a red dress.

I've always said that movie stars are bigger fans than—fans. And they certainly demonstrated it the way the 'names' turned out for the good-looking Harvey, who has become an 'actor's actor' since *Room At the Top*.

There had been some gossip that Larry and **John Wayne** did a bit of feuding during the making of *The Alamo*, but there was no evidence of it this evening. John and Pilar were the first to arrive at the 20th projection room for the preview and later, Larry spent most of the evening with Duke and his wife at their table. Pilar dazzled everyone in the most gorgeous coat of the season, full-length sable.

Janet Leigh and Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** came 'stag,' saying their husbands were working on *Spartacus*. Janet wore a stunning black cocktail dress with absolutely no jewelry.

On the other hand **Roz Russell** was ablaze with rubies, topped by a ruby-red turban, and as always Roz had a ball. The dance she put on with **George Burns** had the ringsiders holding their sides—so funny all the other dancers got off the floor to applaud Roz and George.

The good-looking French singer **Yves Montand** with his wife **Simone Signoret** (the other half of *Room at the Top*) was receiving congratulations on that day being awarded the role of **Marilyn Monroe**'s co-star in *Let's Make Love*. By the way, Simone Signoret is never very far away from her attractive young husband!

Zsa Zsa Gabor was the height of luxury in a gold brocade suit and sporting a new beau, wealthy Sid Barton of New York.

Cliff Robertson devoted himself exclusively to Nancy Sinatra. (She and Frank are very friendly when they meet socially.) And among others who had a good time were the **Peter Ustinovs**, **Barbara Rush** (so pretty in red satin) and the **Milton Berles**.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

The Cash Kings —and Queens

Once again **Rock Hudson** is back in No. 1 spot as the star who lured the most paying customers to the box office during 1959. Rock had been on top in '57, slipped to No. 5 spot during 1958, then boomed back in '59 on the strength of *This Earth is Mine* and *Pillow Talk*. Only five other actors in the 28-year-old history of the Motion Picture Herald's poll of the nation's exhibitors, have bounded back to number one position after slipping. They are **John Wayne**, **Bing Crosby**, **Mickey Rooney**, **Shirley Temple** and **Marie Dressler**. Nice going, Rock.

Now to get back to the others who rated as box-office bonanzas during '59. After Rock came: **Cary Grant**, **James Stewart**, **Doris Day**, **Debbie Reynolds**, **Glenn Ford**, **Frank Sinatra**, **John Wayne**, **Jerry Lewis**, **Susan Hayward**.

It's the first time Debbie Reynolds has made the sacred-money circle and the second year in a row Doris Day has led the women.

Again—male stars dominate as the top movie 'draws'—seven against three.

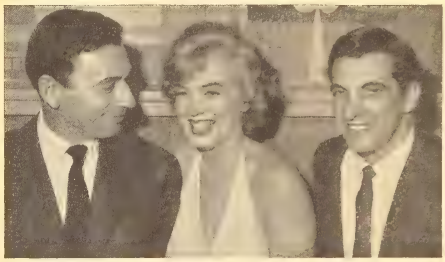
Jerry Lewis is the only out-and-out comedian to make it—although the films of Debbie and Glenn Ford were 'light'.

Only confirmed Western star is John Wayne.

The entire industry considers this poll very important as it reveals—in a cash-on-the-line way—what the public wants.



Doris and Rock were voted top box-office stars.



Marilyn gave a party to introduce co-stars Yves (left) and Frankie.

Visit from Marilyn

Of all times to be told that **Marilyn Monroe** has dropped in unexpectedly to say "Hello" and is downstairs—is just after a gal has shampooed her hair and her head is dripping wet! Yes, that's what happened to me. This visit of MM's couldn't have been more surprising, as it was on the same day she gave a party to introduce **Yves Montand** and her other co-star of *Let's Fall in Love*, **Frankie Vaughn**, at the 20th Century-Fox studio. I was unable to attend the party—and believe me, no visitor could have surprised me more than the hostess dropping in the day of her party.

Emily Post doesn't exactly cover this situation socially, so I just asked Marilyn to come up to my bedroom while my hair was pinned up to dry, and I finished dressing for a dinner engagement.

I hadn't seen Marilyn for quite awhile—and I had been told she has put on weight. But she looked very pretty in a beige cocktail dress she had worn to the party and quite slender, I thought. Marilyn admitted she had lost some weight, "as usual" before starting a picture.

"You couldn't come to the party," laughed Marilyn, "so I came to you. You are one of the first friends I ever had in Hollywood."

Marilyn seemed unusually happy and excited about starting a picture although she much prefers the original title of *The Billionaire* to the switch to *Let's Fall in Love*.

I asked her how she liked having two new co-stars, Yves and Frankie, the latter the singing idol of the British teenagers.

"Oh, Yves is an old friend," she explained. "He was in Arthur's (Arthur Miller, her husband) play, *The Citadel*, in Paris. It was just a question of his learning English quickly, which wasn't hard for him. Yves speaks several languages fluently—and it was not hard for him to pick up English." As for Frankie Vaughn, Marilyn thinks he will be every bit as popular with the American fans as he is with the English after her picture is released.

Let's Fall in Love has been a long time getting started following a series of delays. "But we get going next Monday," said Marilyn, "and I'm looking forward to it."

So what happens? On Monday our girl came down with the flu and the picture had to start without the star! All I can say is—I hope she didn't get the flu from my wet head!



I nominate for **STARDOM**

Peter Palmer—the genial giant ex-football star of the University of Illinois, who makes his screen debut as a full-fledged star in the title role *Li'l Abner*. Starting at the top is nothing new for Peter. His first appearance on the stage was as the star of *Li'l Abner* on Broadway. And when the show played Las Vegas for twelve weeks, Peter's name was up in electric lights in the gambling mecca.

Having started as a star—he's beginning to wonder where he goes from here?

"I owe my good start to a fluke," Pete tells you honestly. "When producers Norman Panama and Melvin Frank were getting ready to cast their Broadway version of Al Capp's cartoon, they happened to be looking at some TV shows hoping to get some new talent. They happened to turn the dial to Ed Sullivan's show just as I was doing my bit as one of the Army talent contest winners singing *Granada*. Later, they told me they made up their minds then and there that I was their 'Li'l Abner'."

However, it took Panama and Frank two weeks to locate Pete and make the necessary arrangements with the Army to fly him to New York for an audition.

"I had done a lot of singing at the University of Illinois and during my Army stint—but 'Abner' was my first professional engagement," Pete says.

Of the two mediums—the stage and the movies, he prefers motion pictures. He felt not a whit nervous before the cameras, because he had played the part so long on Broadway it was second nature to him.

Although his home town is Milwaukee, Pete attended the "U" of Illinois and played right tackle on the football team from '50 to '54. When he started singing the school wits dubbed him "Brawn 'n' Brahms." Now he hopes it will be "Pete 'n' Pictures."



It was a brand-new Tuesday Weld who appeared at Johnny Mathis' debut.

Johnny Mathis' Debut

Everybody but *everybody* turned out for the **Johnny Mathis** debut at the Cocoanut Grove. I take a great deal of pride in the success of this young singer who is such a rage. Two years ago, I attended Johnny's first opening night in Hollywood—at the Crescendo. He came over to the table and told me how grateful he was that I had come. Later, I predicted great things for him in my newspaper column. He has always said it was one of the things that helped put him over in a big way. If you ask me—he can take a bow on that because of his voice and the fine way he has conducted himself.

One look around the Cocoanut Grove—and it was obvious that Johnny has *arrived*. I saw:

Zsa Zsa Gabor in a brilliant red dress and pink shoes—"the latest color combination from Paris, dolling."

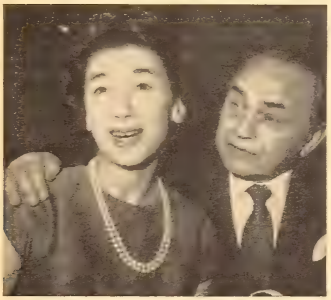
Shirley MacLaine was in the big party hosted by **Barbara Rush** and Warren Cowan that also included the **Edward G. Robinsons**, Jimmy McHugh and myself.

I could hardly take my eyes off **Simone Signoret** and her husband **Yves Montand**. She kept kissing the back of Yves' neck all evening long.

But even more of an eyeful was **Tuesday Weld** dressed to the teeth and a model of sartorial splendor in a formal gown. Even Tuesday's hair was carefully groomed! And, I assume she was wearing shoes—she was so dignified posing for the photographers as they snapped picture after picture. Little wonder. This was a *brand-new Tuesday*.

Also spotted **Norma Shearer** (as beautiful today as she was when she was a top MGM star) with her husband Marty Arrouge and her daughter Katherine; and another old and good friend of mine, **Frances Langford**, and her millionaire husband, Ralph Evinrude.

Do you wonder that Johnny Mathis sang his heart out to such a brilliant audience?



Jane and Edward G. Robinson were with Louella's party.



Eternal Norma Shearer, with husband.



That talented singer Johnny Mathis modestly disclaimed the lavish praise Shirley MacLaine heaped on him at his Cocoanut Grove opening.



Zsa Zsa Gabor arrived with her newest date, Sidney Barton, New York realtor.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



The big question for busy John Smith and fiancee, former child-star Luana Patten, is: "When are we going to have the time *to get married?"*



Despite many doubters, Ernest Borgnine and Katy Jurado did marry.

Love 'n' Marriage

It's been a big month for Cupid. When I received an invitation to **Julie London**'s new home for a New Year's Eve party—who could have suspected this was a cover-up for her wedding to Bobby Troup. Unfortunately, I had to regret because I was going to be out of town. And poor Julie's big surprise backfired in a way she had least expected. The day before New Year's Eve, she came down with the flu and a temperature of 103. It was too late to cancel out the party and Julie was just barely able to make it down stairs, say "I do" to her long time suitor, Bobby, and then return to her bed achin' and groaning. . . .

Same day, South of the Border, strong-willed **Katy Jurado** and the "man I love with a passion," **Ernie Borgnine,** were married in her home town Cuernevaca, Mexico, in a civil ceremony. There are many people who had doubted this romance would end in matrimony as there was a long drawn out hassle between the sweethearts over where they should live. Ernie was holding out for Hollywood because of his work and Katy was just as adamant for Mexico. The lady won the first round. . . .

Even the youngsters have been having premarriage problems. When former child star **Luana Patten** and **John Smith** lunched with me to tell me about their matrimonial plans—the first thing you know they were in an argument about Luana accepting a new film. "When are we going to have time to get married?" protested John—and he wasn't kidding. "Well, you just signed up for more *Laramie* TV chapters," countered Luana. "Maybe we can find a convenient week end," said John a bit sarcastically. I stepped in as peacemaker by suggesting we go on with our luncheon—and like most men, he began feeling better after a good meal. But seriously, these two attractive young people are much in love and I'm sure they will be happy.



Poor Julie London: Her wedding to Bobby Troup was marred by flu.

Fabian, Pat and Bing

Fabian's nose isn't at all out of joint because his co-star in *High Time*, **Bing Crosby**, proclaimed **Pat Boone** as the best of the young singers.

"Mr. Crosby sings well enough for *both* of us," said Fabian.

Touché,—eh, Bing?

Steve's Choice

Stephen (*Ben Hur*) **Boyd** can't seem to make up his mind between two fair charmers: **Anna Kashfi** or British actress **Elizabeth Mills**.

Bet **Marlon Brando** could help him decide!



Dorothy Provine came to Connie Francis' party with steady-date Buddy Bregman, Ann Maria's 'ex.'



That well-mannered young singer, Fabian, overwhelmed Connie Francis with compliments and congratulations.

Cocktails for Connie

If you've ever wanted to mingle with today's (and tomorrow's) stars you should have been with me at the cocktail party given for top feminine singer **Connie Francis** by MGM Records at The Cloister in Hollywood.

From the moment I walked in, **Fabian** parked himself by me and never left my side. He's a happy boy because **Bing Crosby** with whom he is working in *High Time* has been so kind and patient with him. He is so very young, this boy. He was just seventeen February 6th.

That gay young man around town and pal of the Crosby boys, **Jimmy Boyd**, joined our group, escorting pretty **Diane McBain** who makes her debut in *Ice Palace*.

I was surprised to see **Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes'** girl, **Asa Maynor**, with **Michael Callan**, young actor at Columbia. I don't believe Asa and 'Kookie' are seeing much of each other these days.

Troy Donahue, the boy Warners is building to stardom since *A Summer Place*, introduced me to Nan Morris, who was dressed in a severe tailored suit with her hair slicked back. "She is my best girl," said Troy. "I don't like to date actresses because they never pay any attention to anyone else's career but their own."

Dorothy Provine (the girl who gets a good role in *High Heels* at Warners and who is as blonde as **Anna Maria Alberghetti** is brunette) was with Buddy Bregman, Anna's ex-fiance. At this writing, Dorothy is steady-dating young composer-arranger Bregman.

Molly Bee, much thinner and looking very chic in a white suit, told me she had spent the Christmas holidays in the hospital. She introduced me to her escort, young attorney Dan Busby. **Alan Ladd's** pretty daughter **Alana** turned her smiles on Chris Seitz, son of director George Seitz.

Judi Meredith, once a good friend of **Frank Sinatra**, looked like a young caricature of Garbo wearing a slouch hat and wearing the proverbial trench-type coat.



Popular young-man-about-town Jimmy Boyd was very attentive to Diane McBain.



Look-alikes: Judi Meredith (with Jim Mitchum) and Garbo.



Asa Maynor was really having a ball dancing with Mickey Callan.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



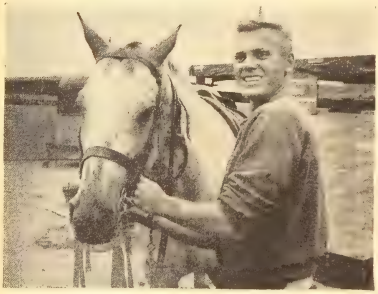
Would that all Jimmy Dean's fans could have seen his grave.



Many requests have come in for stories about David Niven.



The fans can hardly wait to see David Janssen in a movie.



A fan had the most unusual experience at the horse show with Tab and his horse.



Contrary to popular opinion, tempestuous Ava Gardner does not hate her fans; she's just a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person.

LETTER BOX

I agree with E. CUSSIN, (is this your right name?) CHULA VISTA, CALIF., that she had a most unusual experience with **Tab Hunter**! *My friends and I were at the Del Mar Horse Show and spotted Tab. We followed him to the stable where he kept his horse and watched him as he started rubbing the horse down. I asked him for an autograph and he said 'Write my studio.' Well, I was shocked—but not nearly as shocked as I was a moment later. Someone connected with the stable came up and asked me if I would like to walk the horse around and cool it off. Said he would pay me to do the job! So, I didn't get the autograph but I got a few of Tab's dollars for walking his nag!* Your letter gave me a real laugh—you seem to have a fine sense of humor. . . .

BEATRICE JOHNSON, WEST TOLEDO, OHIO, probably the most active fan of the **James Dean** Memorial Clubs, writes: *It only all of Jimmy's fans could have seen the flowers that bedecked his grave in Park Cemetery, Fairmont, Ind., on September 30th, anniversary of his death! But it is still shocking that nothing has been discovered about who stole the bronze James Dean head that marked the grave—a terrible thing and not done by a James Dean fan, I'm sure. . . .*

I live in Bennington, Vermont, and the other day I ran into ***Diane Varsi*** *in a market,* writes PENNY LA PLANTE. *I went up to her and asked her for her autograph and told her how much I wish she would come back to the screen. She thanked me politely but refused to give her autograph. Her exact words were, "It isn't worth anything. . . ."*

JAMES MCMASTERS, DETROIT, has an interesting point: *It would be wise if Hollywood clamped down on all the publicity about million dollar salaries such as* ***Liz Taylor*** *will receive for* CLEOPATRA *and* ***Debbie Reynolds*** *for four TV shows. Also all we read about* ***Bill Holden*** *and* ***John Wayne***, ***Bing Crosby***, ***Bob Hope*** *and* ***Cary Grant*** *is about how rich they are. Are these people artists or—financiers? If this keeps up we'll be reading about them all in the Wall Street Journal. Yes, you guessed it—my salary is $78.50 weekly. . . .*

David Janssen coming up fast in the fan mail! DAVID BRUCE, DALLAS; NANCY BRYANT, RICHLAND, MICH.; ELEANOR DAMIANO, RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J., all write to say they can hardly wait to see *Richard Diamond* in an important screen role. Eleanor opines that *David would be wonderful opposite* ***Elizabeth Taylor***, ***Doris Day*** or ***Debbie Reynolds***. Well, I've been beating the drums for David for months. . . .

I'd like to write to ***Ava Gardner*** *who has been my favorite for years. But from what I read I guess she hates fans almost as much as she hates the press,* says BONITA GARZIO, SAN DIEGO. I don't think Ava hates her fans, Bonita. She is a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person—but you sound very sincere. Why not try your luck and send her a letter to the MGM studio in Rome? No one of us is so bitter we hate a gesture of friendship and admiration. . . .

Is MODERN SCREEN *big enough to take some criticism?* asks MRS. THEO. BISSEL, KANSAS CITY. *Too much* ***Debbie***. *Too much* ***Liz*** *and* ***Eddie***. *Too much* ***Fabian***, ***Ricky***, ***Tuesday***, ***Sandra***. *Not enough* ***Rock Hudson*** *(he just won the exhibitors' vote as the actor who had brought the most money into the box office during 1959). Not enough* ***Doris Day*** *(the top money earning woman)—and certainly not enough* ***David Niven***, *who won last year's Oscar. Just what audience is* MODERN SCREEN *catering to?* Well, don't say we didn't print your quite intelligent plaint, MRS. B. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O. Parsons

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is the diamond and your flower is the sweet pea. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

April 1—**Debbie Reynolds**

April 2—**Alec Guinness**
Jack Webb

April 3—**Doris Day**
Jan Sterling
Marlon Brando

April 5—**Bette Davis**
Gale Storm
Gregory Peck
Spencer Tracy

April 8—**Ward Bond**

April 9—**Virginia Gibson**
Brandon DeWilde

April 13—**Mari Blanchard**

April 14—**Anthony Perkins**
Rod Steiger

April 15—**Elizabeth Montgomery**

April 16—**Barry Nelson**

April 17—**William Holden**

April 18—**Barbara Hale**

April 19—**Jayne Mansfield**
Hugh O'Brian

April 20—**Nina Foch**

April 22—**Eddie Albert**

April 24—**Shirley MacLaine**

April 29—**Celeste Holm**
Jeanmaire
Richard Carlson
Tom Ewell
Tom Noonan



Jane Powell
April 1



Ann Miller
April 12



Howard Keel
April 13



Anthony Quinn
April 21



hard-worked hands

heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY® with silicones





Kitchen tests prove it...with women just like you! Hard-worked hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay. What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay helps protect your hands against detergents and through every single chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the **heavy-duty** lotion for hard-worked hands

AT ACADEMY AWARD TIME . . .

Lustre-Creme Shampoo salutes these beautiful stars who have made this the greatest movie season ever!



SANDRA DEE, co-starring in **"Imitation of Life"**
A Universal-International Picture



LANA TURNER, starring in **"Imitation of Life"**
A Universal-International Picture



SUSAN KOHNER, co-starring in **"Imitation of Life"**
A Universal-International Picture



BARBARA RUSH, co-starring in **"The Young Philadelphians"**
A Warner Bros. Picture



MILLIE PERKINS, starring in **"The Diary of Anne Frank"**
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



MARTHA HYER, co-starring in **"The Big Fisherman"**
A Rowland V. Lee Production



SIMONE SIGNORET, starring in **"Room at the Top."** Released through Continental Distributing, Inc.



DORIS DAY, starring in **"Pillow Talk"**
An Arwin Production
A Universal-International Picture



AUDREY HEPBURN, starring in **"The Nun's Story"**
A Warner Bros. Picture



SHIRLEY MacLAINE, co-starring in **"Career"**
A Hal Wallis Production
A Paramount Picture



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, starring in Horizon-American Pictures' **"Suddenly Last Summer"**
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release



JOANNE WOODWARD, starring in **"The Sound and the Fury"**
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



LEE REMICK, co-starring in **"Anatomy of a Murder."** Carlyle Productions
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release



VERA MILES, co-starring in **"The FBI Story"**
A Warner Bros. Picture



DEBORAH KERR, starring in Jerry Wald's Production **"Beloved Infidel"**
Released by 20th Century-Fox



HAYA HARAREET, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's **"Ben-Hur"**

Watch the Academy Awards Show on TV April 4 and see which star wins the most honored award in the motion picture industry.

Glamorous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-manage, makes any hair style easy to set. Try Hollywood's favorite shampoo, New Lustre-Creme —now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!



For the most beautiful hair in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo!

Wedding Bells for Debbie and Harry?

Turn page for insider's report on what may be the most important romantic news of the year →



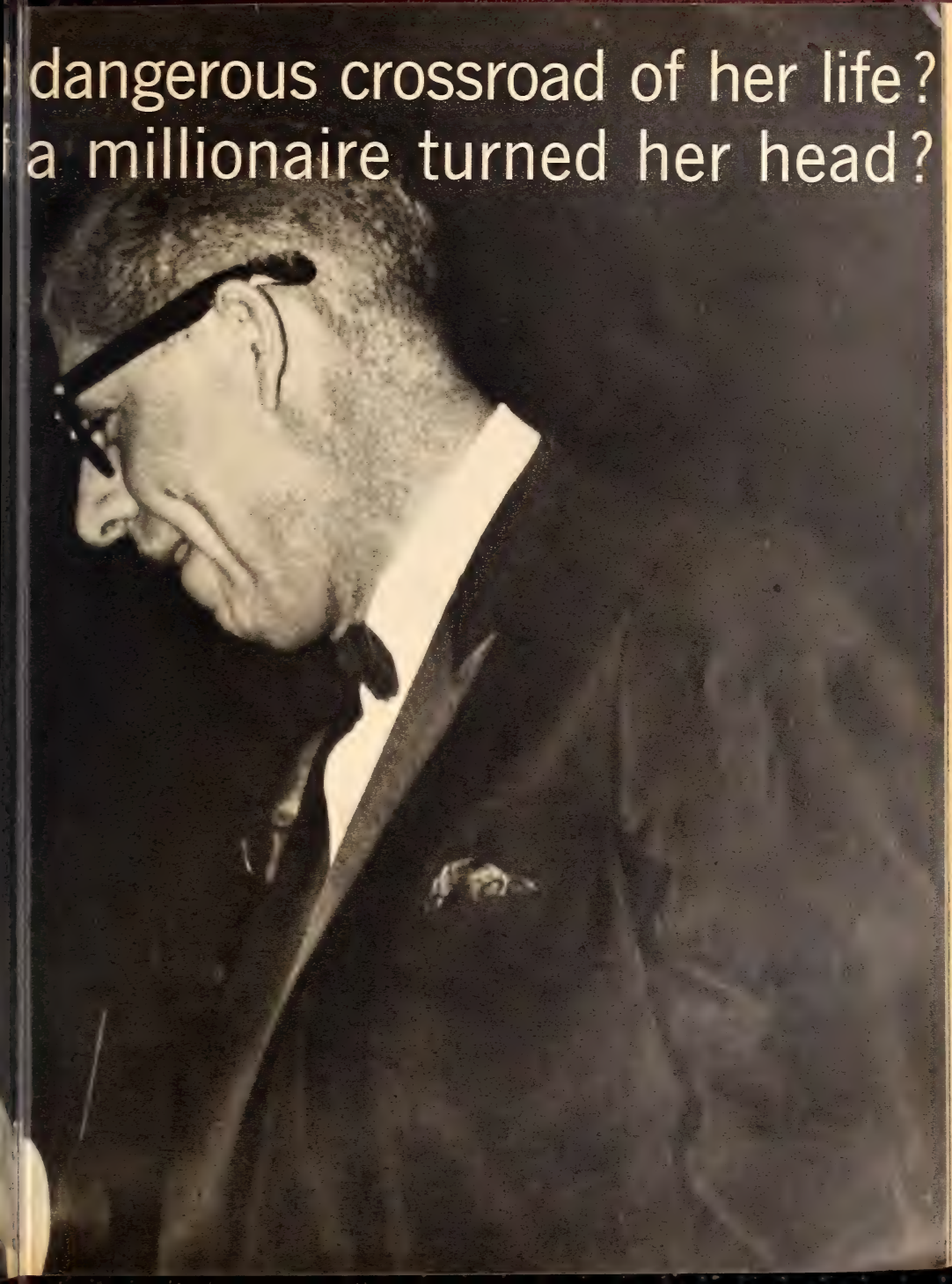
Has Debbie come to the 2nd
Have the expensive gifts of

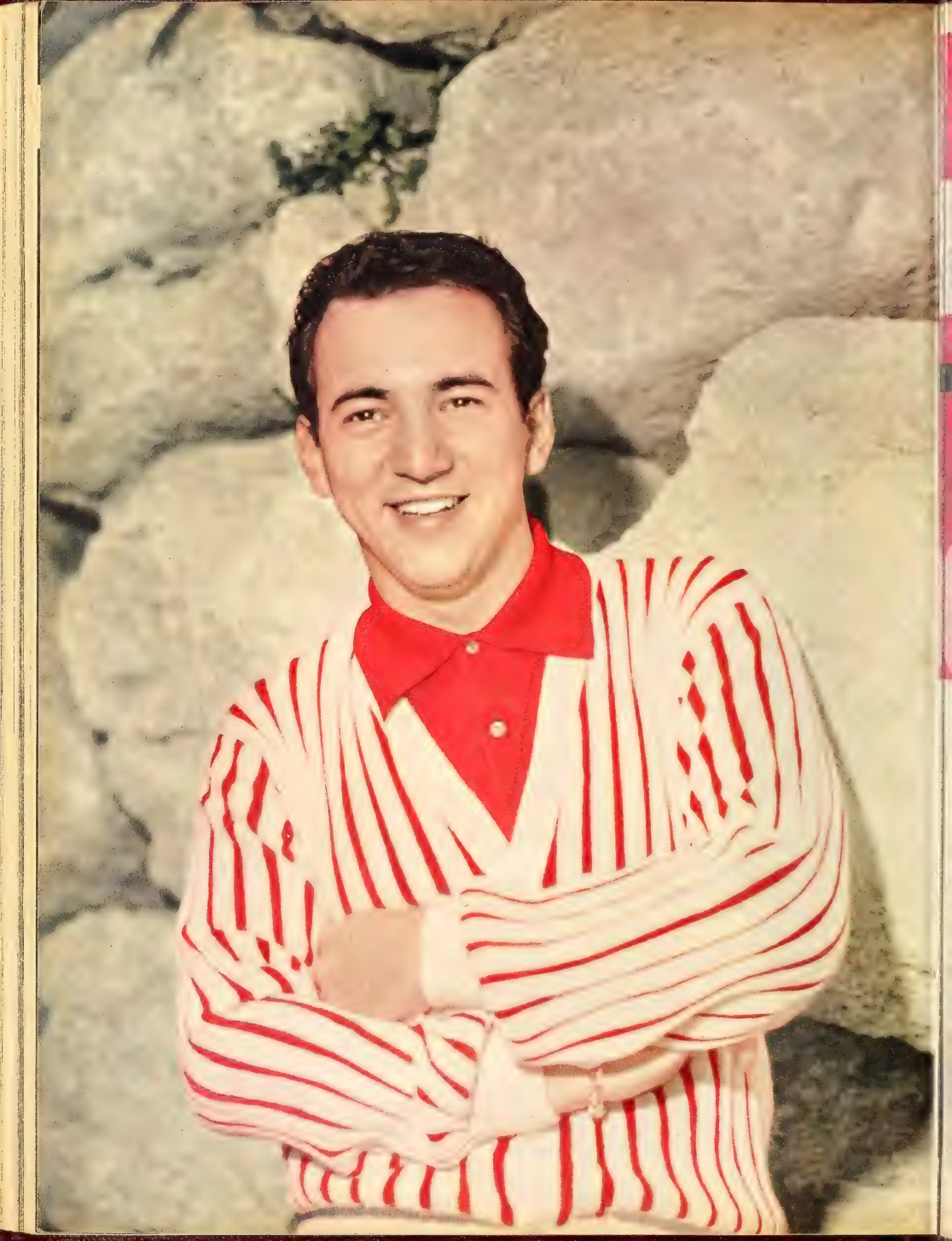
• When Hollywood learned that Liz and Eddie were going to be present at the elegant New Year's party hosted by Frank Sinatra at Romanoff's, whispers flew all over town: "What do you suppose Debbie will do? Did you know she and Harry Karl planned to be there? But I don't suppose they'll come now."

Many gasped with surprise when Debbie and Karl showed up. Theirs was no quiet, subdued entrance. Debbie was gowned in clinging white satin that made her look almost like a bride. Around her throat sparkled an (Continued on page 60)



dangerous crossroad of her life?
a millionaire turned her head?



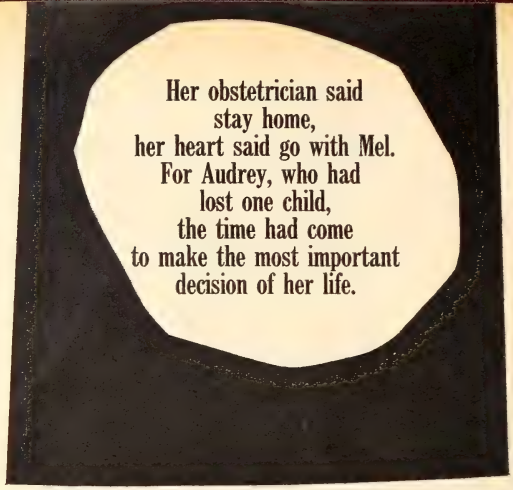


THE BAD BOY AND THE GOOD GIRL



The love story of Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell

■ "I'm Bobby Darin. Sometimes I'm glad of it. Sometimes I'm not, because I'm my own worst enemy. Girls, for example. For a while it must have looked as if I was out to hurt any girl who came near me. It kept happening the same way. I'd meet a girl, and I wouldn't deliberately lead her on . . . not exactly. I'd just be nice and unconcerned, and I suppose the ones who liked me got fond of me. Then when they began to get serious, I'd hurt them. I'd lay it right on the line. I'd tell them I was going with them just for kicks, that that was the only kind of girl I liked to date. . . .(*Continued on page 78*)



AN UNBORN LIFE AT STAKE

■ There was a three-quarter moon that night. Audrey remembered it very well, because for hours she had sat by the broad window of the living room in their Pacific Palisades home, staring out into the night, noting to herself the bluish reflection the moon made on the swimming pool.

She hadn't been able to sleep that night. Ever since she had become pregnant she hadn't always been able to sleep well, sometimes out of excitement, sometimes because she would suddenly feel hungry and just had to have something to eat that very instant. At those moments, Mel, with that instinctive bond, would begin to stir, hold out his hand to take hers and mumble, "Darling, what is it?" Then he'd be awake and they would whisper and laugh together softly, always talking about the coming baby. Or Audrey would make a funny face and say, "I guess I shouldn't, but isn't there some leftover lasagne in the refrigerator. . . ?" And Mel would pretend to be stern. "I should say not," he would reply. "Now darling, can't you have a craving for something sensible? Even ice cream and pickles would be better than the stuff you want to eat."

But tonight was different. Surprisingly, Mel hadn't even stirred when she slipped out of bed. It was almost as though she was meant to have this moment to think things out alone. Never before had she (Continued on page 76)



'I want you to share this day
THIS WAS THE HAPPIEST









with me because BIRTHDAY OF MY LIFE"

■ Liz and Eddie, late for the party, rushed from their room and down the hallway.

As they did, Eddie adjusted the zipper on the back of Liz' gown. And as he did, he asked The Husband's traditional last-minute questions:

"Got your bag?"

Liz nodded. "Yes, dear."

"Gloves?"

"Uh-huh."

"Kiss the children goodnight?"

"Yes," Liz said.

They were at the end of the hallway, near the staircase, when Liz stopped walking suddenly. "Just a second, Eddie," she said, noticing a light (Continued on page 58)







STEPHEN BOYD

INTRODUCING

THE

SENSATIONAL

STAR

OF

BEN-HUR

AND

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

■ The London fog of '52 was a killer. It rolled in from the sea, ghostly and poisonous, shrouding the city and choking the weak who breathed it. Thousands died before it blew away.

One who almost did was a sick and lonely youth from Belfast, Ireland, named Billy Millar. Shivering one minute and burning the next, Billy huddled in a drafty hall of a cheap rooming house. He'd come to London to act. Instead, he was bedded with a dangerous flu, flat broke and starving. All he'd had for a week was water.

In his delirium, Billy dreamed: He was standing over a deep, deep well. Inside it were all the emotions and feelings of the world. He could reach down at random, lift them up, take them in and give them out. When he dreamed that, Billy Millar didn't care if he ever got well.

But, of course, he did. Because today Billy Millar is Stephen

(*Continued on page 63*)

Warren Berlinger and Betty Lou Keim
invite you along on their

Perfect Honeymoon



■ "A lot of people think it's a big mistake for kids to go steady for a long time.

"But for Warren and me, going steady was the best thing that happened to us. We steady-dated for three years, and now we're sailing along on our perfect honeymoon.

"I don't think it would have been nearly as perfect," said Betty Lou Keim with a smile, "if we hadn't gone together all that time."

Watching the honeymooning young Warren Berlingers as they lazed under

(*Continued on page 32*)

Betty Lou's ensemble by Schrank; lace cap by Kleinert.











Win your own Modern Screen

Perfect Honeymoon

trip and wardrobe

by entering Columbia Pictures' big

Because They're Young

contest

See page 75 for contest details



White Wool Suit from Donnybrook



Top sail, Rose Marie Reid's elasticized orlon knit; Kleinert Cap; GE Transistor Radio

a palm tree, that first week end of their honeymoon at Balboa Isle, no one could doubt that they were made for each other.

"This is the honeymoon we'd dreamed of when we were going steady," Betty Lou said. "We think it's so much better than running off on a sudden elopement. Weddings are beautiful; a marriage should be for a lifetime. So why not give a few years to knowing each other first?

"I guess Warren and I could have eloped soon after we realized we were in love. But we would have been taking an awful chance if we had. And we'd have had such a humdrum start on married life; nothing as memorable as our honeymoon.

"There has been so much said against young people going steady. Even ministers preach against it from the pulpit. I can understand why. Warren and I agreed that aimless going steady, because it's the school custom, or because it gives a girl a secure feeling to know that good ole Joe is around to (*Continued on page 74*)





▼ *Nylon Make-up Cape by Kleinert*

White Stag's 3-piece Outfit

Lovable's Hawaiian Print Sun Top and Matching Shorts





▼ *Jantzen's "Late Late Show" Suit*

Cocktail Dress and Jacket, Jr. Theme

Vicky Vaughn's Gingham Dress
Brownie Automatic Movie Camera by Kodak
All Shoes from Joléne







Treasure of the deep for your fingertips

CUTEX® pearl polishes

Made with essence of pearl! Fathoms deep down in the ocean, Nature produces the precious nacre for Cutex pearl polishes. Along Fifth Avenue and the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré its pearly sheen gives a whole new look to smart hands. Because Cutex pearl polishes have a subtle excitement that makes other polishes seem dim and lifeless by comparison. Whether you prefer a vivid pink or an offbeat green or orchid, Cutex pearl colors have a special radiance all their own. Turn your fingertips into gleaming jewels...with Cutex long-lasting pearl polishes!



SHOULD I GO STEADY?

Each year for the past ten the custom of going steady has grown more and more popular among American teenagers; and each year more and more American parents worry about it. According to U.S. Government figures, "81,000 babies are born to unmarried teenage girls each year." Some authorities blame this troublesome statistic directly on *going steady*. We think that's overstating the case, but there's no question that going steady is fraught with both delights and dangers. Last month in Modern Screen 20 boys were asked if teenagers should go steady. And answering out of their own experience, 14 said no, 5 said yes and one said maybe. This month we asked 20 girls the same question. Maybe we can all learn from their experiences and mistakes.....→



Second of a series

SHOULD I GO STEADY?

YES

Kathy Nolan: There's nothing wrong with steady-dating. I've steady-dated with many boys, and I don't think it did me harm.

Once I steady-dated a New York actor who had a cousin abroad, and the actor's sisters thought they'd play Cupid and 'engage' me to the cousin. So they put a ring on my finger and phoned the cousin in Scotland to tell him he and I were engaged. So, not wanting to hurt anybody's feelings, I stayed 'engaged' for a week and returned the ring.

This was an odd incident, but for me steady-dating has been, generally, a pleasant experience. When I break up with a boy, we stay friends. All my ex-beaux are close to me.

I've got a goal: to make a bridge between career and marriage. If steady-dating is part of that bridge, I'm satisfied. The truth is that I never think of steady-dating; I just date.

(Kathy is a star of *The Real McCoys* on ABC-TV network.)

Asa Maynor: I think there's nothing that's more fun in the world than going steady with the right boy.

It's hard to go steady with one person in Hollywood, because people assume you're engaged (*Continued on page 55*)


Kathy Nolan


Asa Maynor


Jill Corey


Judi Meredith


Penney Parker

YES, BUT:


Gigi Perreau


Anita Bryant


Elana Eden


Diane Baker


Jeannie Thomas


Carol Lynley


Margo Moore

Gigi Perreau: I'm for steady-dating, with reservations.

Going steady means different things to different people. To the thirteen- or fourteen-year-olds, it is often nothing more than exchanging of ID bracelets. To fifteen-, sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds, it often means the security of having a definite date Saturday nights. To the older teenagers and young adults, it is generally more (*Continued on page 55*)

NO!


Dorothy Provine


Suzanne Storrs


Connie Francis


June Blair


Molly Bee


Cindy Robbins


Shelley Fabares


Ziva Rodann

Dorothy Provine: I am really against steady-dating for teenagers.

I sincerely believe it is unwise for teenagers to go steady. Steady-dating in high school frequently leads to marriage at too early an age when neither party is in a position to maturely consider the responsibilities they have to face in married life.

Furthermore, a person's outlook on life is apt to undergo a complete change during the formative years, and the boy we may have thought dashingly handsome, witty and debonair in our teens may not have the same appeal to more mature eyes.

(Dorothy is the femme lead in the Warner Bros. series, *The Alaskans*, on ABC-TV.) (*Continued on page 55*)

A fine actress who felt she was a failure

A wife and mother who thought nobody loved her

For Margaret Sullavan

Peace Comes At Last To A Tortured Soul

■ They found Margaret Sullavan unconscious in a New Haven hotel room, next door to the theater where she was to have played that night. The surroundings were queerly impersonal, as though she had collapsed in a railroad station, while waiting for a train.

On the bed, beside the slight figure (*Continued on page 40*)



At the peak of her career in Voice of The Turtle, *Maggie, exhausted physically and emotionally, began to live in the jagged shadow of a nervous breakdown.*



Maggie met Henry Fonda in 1928, wed him in 1930.



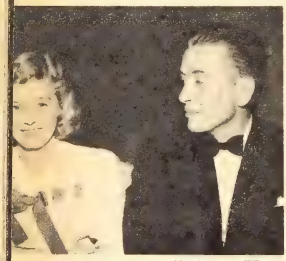
By 1933 they were both big Hollywood stars, but divorced.



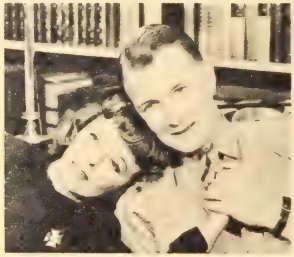
She next married and divorced William Wyler.



At the peak of her fame, she deserted Hollywood.



She married Leland Hayward, had three children.



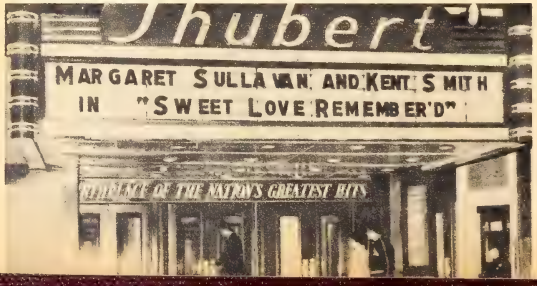
Voice of the Turtle was her big hit. But she said, "I'm cheating."



After Hayward, Maggie married Kenneth Wagg.



She told Wagg "this new show might kill me."



Margaret Sullavan

continued

in white pajamas, lay a script, and a copy of *The Adventures of Mark Twain.* Nearby, there were several half-empty bottles of pills.

There was no note, no indication that she had sought death, rather than sleep.

She had never appeared suicidal, but for a long time now, she had been very tired. At fifty, she still had fire, temperament, charm, wit, looks—qualities for which she was famous—but something had broken in her. Some zest was gone, some courage, lost with her youth and early dreams.

"Nervous exhaustion" they called what ailed her, and once before it had put her into a hospital for therapy. That time she had battled her way out of the dark, this time she seemed to have embraced it, drifting silently into its peace, its nothingness.

The official verdict was "barbiturate poisoning." Suicide? Accident? There is no final answer. There is only the blunt fact that a talented woman died because she could no longer cope with the problems of her world.

What were those problems?

Certainly not money. Only the week before, she had been joking (*Continued on page 72*)

By the time you read this, the best known, most derided, most admired young entertainer in the world may be home—home with his friends, his music, his memories. In response to the wide public enthusiasm on this occasion, and as our own personal tribute to Elvis Presley, Modern Screen has prepared 3 stories, each with its own special and, we believe, interesting slant.

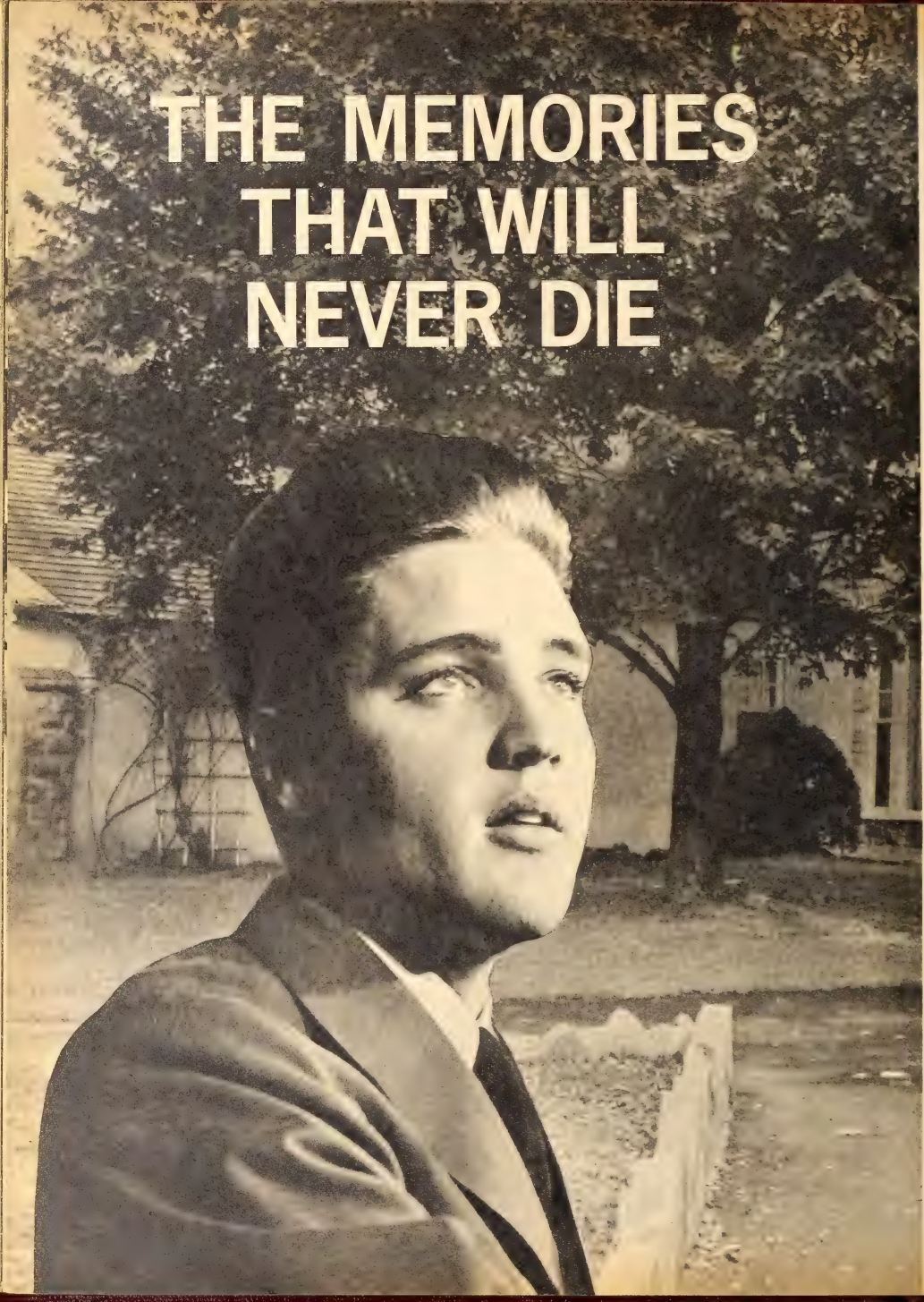


WELCOME HOME ELVIS

First, there's a direct impression of El by 3 American teenage girls who spent the best part of a week end with him very recently. Next, Hal Wallis, the famous Hollywood producer of, among others, Elvis' new picture *GI Blues*, talks about his star from a professional yet warmly human point of view. Finally, with the invaluable cooperation of the Presley's friends and neighbors in Memphis, Tennessee, we offer a glimpse of what for Elvis—returning to walk the street of memory, past the house of empty rooms, up the hill to the cemetery—will surely be the real story of his homecoming.....

→

THE MEMORIES THAT WILL NEVER DIE





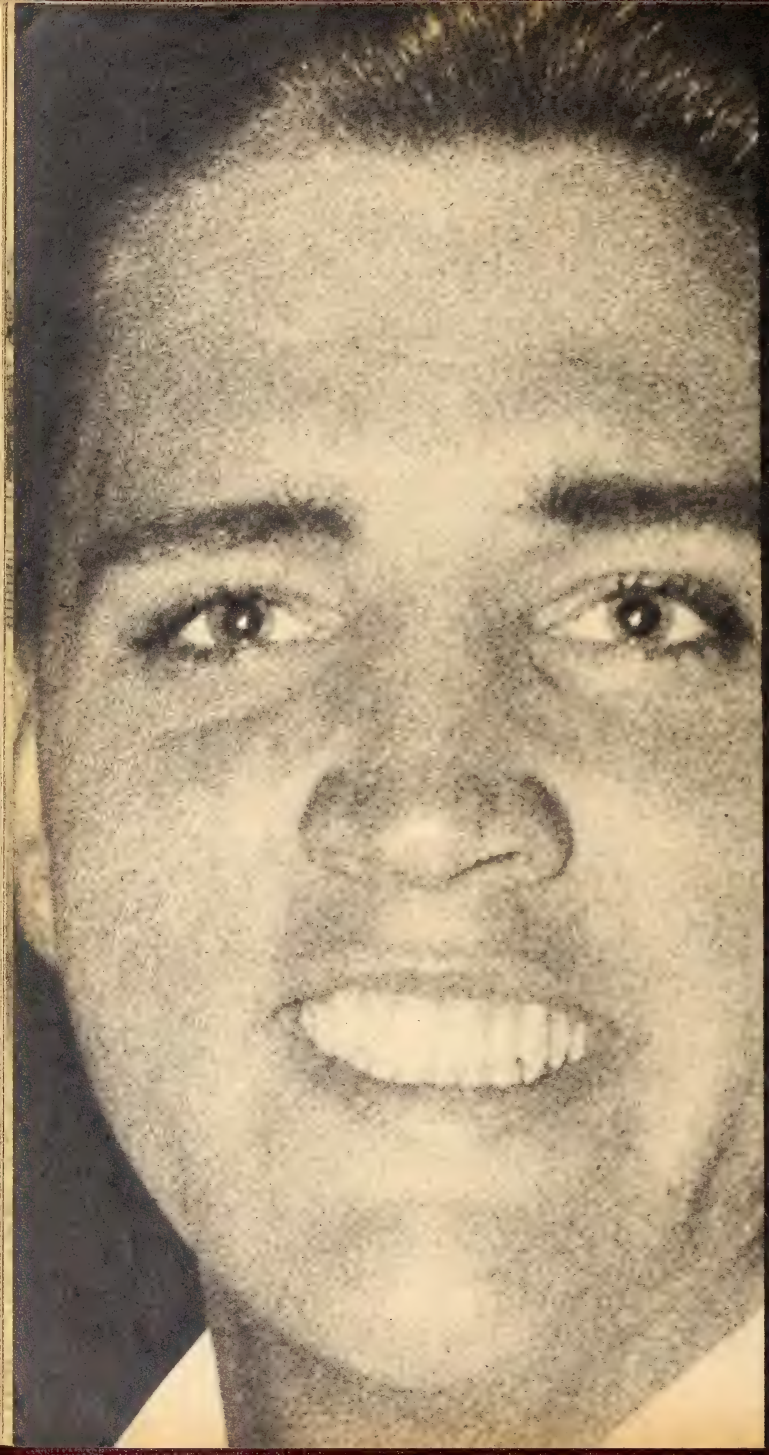
Elvis longed for the sight of Graceland, the mansion he bought his mother, and to kneel again at her grave.

by Ed DeBlasio

As we go to press, Elvis Presley is expected home. This is the story of that homecoming, by a newspaper-friend of the celebrated G.I.

■ A very few days from now, the soldier will be home from Germany. According to present plans, he will be handed his discharge papers in the same building where he was inducted two years ago, on March 20, 1958—a big and old and homely red-brick building some six miles outside of Memphis, Tennessee, a building called, simply, the Army General Depot. Papers in hand, his dad at his side, he will leave the building and begin to

(*Continued on page 52*)



THE NEW ELVIS



Three American teenagers (LaVerne Novak, Pattie McCabe and Toni Cistone) report on their recent exciting weekend with Elvis

his grown-up way with the girls

■ Probably one of the greatest thrills for any teenage girl in this twentieth century world is the opportunity to meet and talk to Elvis Presley. Recently three teenagers went abroad to Europe on a singing tour, and they not only had the chance to meet Elvis but they also were lucky enough to spend part of a weekend with him, talking, singing, getting to know what makes Elvis the great guy that he is.

Who were the girls? The Poni Tails, a young and exciting singing group (remember their fine harmony in *Born Too Late* and *I'll Be Seeing You*).

Of the three, Toni Cistone, who's brown-haired and brown-eyed, is the shortest, loves to sing while washing dishes. Blue-eyed Patti McCabe is chestnut-haired (*Continued on page 62*)

his plans, his projects & his dreams

■ When Modern Screen learned that Hal Wallis was going to Germany to start filming the new Elvis Presley picture, *G.I. Blues*, we asked him for news of Elvis. As the man who discovered and has carefully guided Elvis to stardom in pictures, not as a flashy singer, but as a substantial actor, we asked Mr. Wallis to bring us a candid report and the truth from Elvis himself. A report to separate the facts from the many conjectured rumors that have saturated Elvis' loyal fans these past two years.

And here in detail is Mr. Wallis' account of his meetings with Elvis, who will complete *G.I. Blues* in Hollywood on his release from the Army in March.

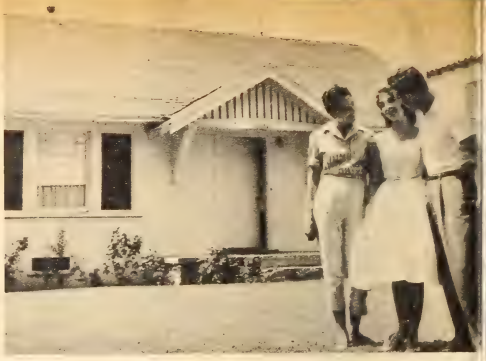
" 'I've sure been getting a lot of experience and local color to play (*Continued on page 76*)



Hal Wallis (producer of Elvis' upcoming GI Blues) reports on his star's immediate future

Young Girls in Hollywood
6th in a series
subject: DODIE STEVENS

"IM LIKE 13...





A pensive Dodie thinks that at thirteen there's not much a girl can do but dream, hope, and wait!





Dodie loves her folks and thinks they're wonderfu but *they* care more about homework than dating woe

and

it's LIKE AWFUL!"

Afternoon bike-rides with Kimm Charney, or sisterly TV sessions, are okay—but Dodie dreams of a night-time date.







Dodie hears it from all the boys right now: "Like I'll call you back in about three years."

■ Saturday night on Sunset Boulevard. And thirteen-year-old Dodie Stevens was doing a last run-through at a recording session. Crying her heart out into the studio microphone. Like she'd loved and lost a lifetime . . . .

With excited big brown eyes—just level with the glass in the sound-box—she watched Louis Prima gesturing from the control booth, supervising her first album session for Dot. She looked at the

(*Continued on page 68*)









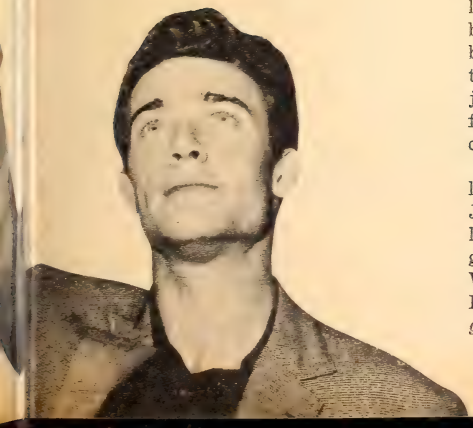


B B'S BÉBÉ









■ Here is a happy woman . . . oblivious to the camera, lost in the discovery of her new-born son, lost in the unbelievable joy of motherhood. Unbelievable to Brigitte, because this is the same girl who, not long ago, told the world that she didn't find pregnancy "much of a joke," that she was "alarmed" by the coming birth—in fact almost admitted that she really didn't want this child.

And the ecstatic-looking young man, toasting the little family with sparkling champagne. . . This is Jacques Charrier, the proud father, whose nerves, not long ago, were so frazzled, whose depression was so grave that he had to undergo psychiatric treatment. With the coming of little Nicolas, his sanity is restored, Brigitte is *delivered, and no longer remembers the anguish, for the joy that a child is born into the world.*

never before told
(and probably never again)

THE MAD, MAD ROMANCE OF TONY RANDALL

by Tony Randall



■ It seems like only yesterday that I was standing in line at the bank—making a withdrawal, of course.

It was my second day at Northwestern University, where I was taking summer courses. I had enrolled because all my friends were going there, and because I had heard everybody went there either to make up courses, or to indulge in the legendary summer romances on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Well, here I was at the bank . . . and three or four paces ahead of me was a beautiful, tall girl—making a deposit, no doubt!

I stared at her, and noticed her prematurely gray hair, her lovely figure, her freckles, her bank book . . . No, not her bank book.

I gaped, and I gulped, and my little heart pounded. I suspect all 115 pounds of me shook. My small brown eyes grew smaller as I squinted at this lovely girl. I clutched my withdrawal slip while she finished her business. Then she walked briskly out, and I lost her in the crowd of students pouring into the bank (to make withdrawals, of course).

I snapped out of my daze, forgot to withdraw the money, staggered out uncertainly, and wandered back to my room to inform my best friend: "I just saw the girl I am going to marry!"

He just yawned and went back to eating a potato chip sandwich.

When I got hold of myself, I scurried out to hunt down this girl.

Soon I discovered she was Florence Mitchell, a student at the same university, who, unfortunately, was not in any of my classes. So I managed to get up a list of her classes.

Since (*Continued on page 51*)

there was just 10 minutes between classes, I would run to the classroom where she was due, just to catch a glimpse of her.

I didn't have the nerve to talk to her.

At times, I would run into her quite accidentally in the corridors or on the campus (well, not *always* accidentally) and my heart would pound something terrible.

Of course, I never let on that her mere presence threw me into a tizzy. Being part of the clique of kids who did the school plays, I was quite an actor, and I knew how to conceal my true feelings.

She has always said she never, never did notice me. But she must be fibbing, for how could she have failed to notice me? After all, I was then about a half inch taller than I am now. I was a solid 115 pounds, including pimples and a pinch face. I had bushy hair, with a great big wave up front, which made my forehead look only one inch deep.

I had black rings under my eyes, and humped shoulders from always slumping because I didn't get enough sleep and was always napping in my chair.

I was 18 then, at the age when I felt it was real living to stay up all night and drink beer and talk and talk. I never went to bed, and I was always tired and sleepy, and I'm sure I had a charmingly idiotic look. Worse, I smoked a lot and drank coffee, and wasted my life away.

Of course, I felt that I was living a terribly romantic life. And the only reason I don't live this kind of life any more is that I cannot stand it! It would kill me!

Well, one bright day . . . no, it couldn't have been bright because I was carrying an umbrella . . . or maybe I was still in a daze . . I was walking along with some fellows when I realized (sigh! sigh!) that she was walking behind us.

Joe College wasn't chic

I don't know why I did it, but I suddenly started to show off badly. I exclaimed loudly, so she could hear, that, "This summer I'm going to be Joe College!" This meant that I would wave the banner and wear a racoon coat and wide bell-bottom trousers, and act like the movie version of a wild college student. And at our school, all students were trying desperately not to behave like students. It just wasn't chic that summer.

So, of course, I screamed and fussed and made an idiot of myself (which was not difficult) and presumed that She was impressed.

Several days later, I was again carrying an umbrella (it was a rainy summer, you know), when I saw her.

Don't ask me why, but on sheer impulse I went over to her and started beating her on the shoulders with my umbrella, and shouting.

(Poor girl, it seems I never had these impulses on a sunny day when I wasn't carrying an umbrella.)

Well, she did not kick me in the shins or call for the police, as she should have. Instead, she said, sweetly, "Stop Joe!"

(I guess she thought my name was really Joe College.)

Bless her heart, she wasn't mad at me. She thought I was very funny.

I realized at once that she was a girl of superior intelligence.

She laughed at everything I said or did, and I was shocked into sheer delight. No other girl had reacted so wholeheartedly to my alleged sense of humor.

We made a date to go swimming.

I will never forget the date: July 3. I joined her on the beach. There she was: a Venus in a beautiful blue bathing suit. And there I was: a sight in my yellow bathing trunks, my concave chest sagging, my shoulders sticking out like wings, my ribs sticking out like a set of old pipes,



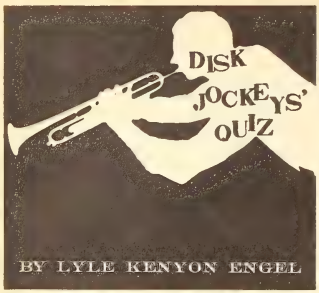
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The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Jim Martin, Station WSOC, Charlotte, N. C.

1. *His Calypso records were big hits. Perhaps the best folk-singer of the day, RCA-Victor issued a special album titled* —— —— AT CARNEGIE HALL. *He starred in the movie* ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW.

2. *The title of her new album, a Disneyland release, is her first name. She's eighteen, had hit singles such as* TALL PAUL, DANNY BOY. *An original member of the TV* MOUSKETEERS, *starred in* SHAGGY DOG.

3. *He records for Verve, Roulette, plays great piano with his orchestra: latest album is* CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD. *He's been in movies, TV, radio. Two hit singles were* SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL, *and* ONE MORE TIME.



Howie Leonard, Station WLOB, Portland, Me.



Jerry Grisham, Station KVIP, Redding, Calif.

4. *Before his first big hit, on Chess label, he worked as a hairdresser. The hit was* MAYBELLENE, *which he wrote: latest album is* —— ON TOP *and some of his hit singles were* SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN, TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS *and* ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN.

5. *These girls are a quartet known by one name. They sang for four years on the Arthur Godfrey Show: their latest single is* A GIRL'S WORK IS NEVER DONE. *Cadence label. A past hit was* MR. SANDMAN.



Bill "Total" Reck, Station WTRR, Sanford, Fla.

6. *A smooth-style singer; he's written an autobiography titled* TWIXT 12 AND 20: *stars in* JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, *had past hits* AIN'T THAT A SHAME, I AMOST LOST MY MIND.

7. *He's on the Atco Label, had the biggest single hit of the year,* MACK THE KNIFE. *Paramount Pictures just signed him.*



George E. LeZotte, Station WTRY, Troy, N. Y.

1. *Harry Belafonte*
2. *Annette Funicello*
3. *Count Basie*
4. *Chuck Berry*
5. *The Chordettes*
6. *Pat Boone*
7. *Bobby Darin*

my ears sticking out, my eyes ringed in dark circles.

She looked like a model for good health. I looked like the Before fellow in the before-and-after ads for vitamin pep pills!

I still don't know why she was not ashamed of being seen with me. I tried puffing out my chest, but this was impossible. I strutted a bit—this was easier, although a gruesome sight. Finally we ran briskly into the water.

We splashed around, and I had to struggle to hold my place when the waves receded and tugged at my legs. Yes, I know the waves of Lake Michigan are pretty weak, but so was I! Finally, we came out of the water and as we walked happily on the sand, she put a wet lily-white hand on my shoulder and whispered, "My Adonis!"

I looked around furtively, and asked, "Who . . . me?"

"Yes," she whispered back, evidently annoyed that I would doubt her.

"Not skinny me?" I protested, half heartedly.

But she insisted I was her Adonis. And to this day I periodically ask, "Did you really mean it when you said I was your Adonis?" And she keeps saying, "You were magnificent, dear."

Two weeks after I had hit her with the umbrella, we sneaked off to Worcester, Massachusetts, and got married. We were both 18, and we were mad for each other. We were laughing all the time. She was the greatest one-woman audience I've ever had.

She was laughing so much, we had to do something to stop that. We did . . . and to this day, I beg her to go back to those mad courtship days when she laughed and laughed.

(Sometimes I wonder if it's because I'm hooked now . . . and she doesn't have to . . . Well, it's a dark thought and we won't go into it.)

We did not tell our parents. In fact, we eloped without telling anybody! We sneaked back to college after our weekend in Worcester and, of course, started living together.

All our friends, naturally enough, suspected we were living together without benefit of clergy. We would not tell them. Why should we worry, we thought . . . let *them* worry!

When I recall our courtship, I just cannot remember how I proposed, if I did at all. I blank out on it. And nobody is going to trap me into saying I blank out because it was an unhappy experience. I'm too foxy for that.

Flo Flo, which is what I call her sometimes, won't tell me how I proposed. She says it's her secret.

It was while studying speech at Northwestern that I decided to become an actor. Before that I had only worked for three weeks as an office boy with an oil company, and the oil industry made it clear that it could survive my departure. Anyway, after our summer course at Northwestern, Flo Flo and I went to New York.

She notified her parents and I notified my parents that we were in New York for further studies, so they continued to send us our allowances. These allowances, plus what I could pick up as a struggling actor and what Flo Flo could get from modeling, kept us alive during our early years of marriage.

We didn't tell our parents that we were married until two or three years later, when we no longer needed our allowances.

I went into the U.S. Army for four years, serving in the Signal Corps, and Flo Flo traveled with me as much as possible. When I returned to Broadway, my career started to pick up and I've managed nicely, and now Flo Flo doesn't have to work at modeling any more. She just stays home and cooks.

Sometimes, in a desperate effort to get her laughing again, I call my wife Ivan Simpson, after an old actor with whom I worked in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. He wore his hair in bangs for the role, and my wife cut her hair short at that time and looked a bit like Ivan Simpson.

Unfortunately, she doesn't laugh at this.

She, in turn, calls me Idol of the Millions. After dinner, when I am washing the dishes, she sits (exhausted from the big meal, of course) and lights a cigarette. And while she blows smoke rings toward the chandelier, she says (somewhat sarcastically, I must say), "Well, well . . . everybody from the building across the way is looking over at the Idol of the Millions washing dishes!"

Unfortunately, I don't think this is funny . . . and I don't laugh.

So, you see, we have a few kinks to iron out.

And to think that it all started when I went to the bank—to make a withdrawal, of course. **END**

Tony co-stars in PILLOW TALK, *U.I., will be seen later in* LET'S MAKE LOVE *for 20th-Fox.*

The Memories That Will Never Die

(*Continued from page 43*)

head for his car, one of the two new Cadillacs that have already been ordered for him. He will walk out of the door, and onto the steps that lead down to the sidewalk. But he will not get far down these steps before the crowds, waiting for him since early that morning, will surround him. *Hi, Elvis,* they'll shout, *welcome home* . . . the kids, the grown-ups, the cops, even the MPs. A few babies, held high by their mothers, will wave haphazardly. A few young girls, blushing and brazen, will rush forward to touch him. And he will smile politely, warmly, and say *thank you ma'am, thank you sir, thank you sis, thank you* . . . And as he speaks he will look around and remember this same spot, that other morning, exactly two years ago, that chill and rain-swept morning when *she* stood there, in her plain black coat, the little black hat on her head, the handkerchief clutched tightly in her hand, in the midst of this same-type crowd, and how, smiling through her helpless tears, she said to him: *Good-bye, God bless you. Take care. And write so's I don't worry too much.*

And to himself, as he stands there this morning, two years later, remembering her, he will think: *Later, later, when darkness begins to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least.* . . .

Questions, answers

Once in the car, there'll be the usual delay. The motor warming, ready to go, he will lean out the window and, still smiling, he will wait while the photographers, popping away these past few minutes, call out for one more, a couple more, just a few more shots pu-leez; while the reporters—men from the *Commercial Appeal* and the *Press-Scimitar* and the big three wire

services—finally making their way through the crowd, call out their questions.

"Come on, 'fess up, did you get engaged to any of those frauleins over there?"—it's a cinch they'll ask this.

"Nope," Elvis will say.

"How long you going to be in Memphis before you head for Hollywood?" they'll ask.

"Two, three weeks—the longer, the better."

"Going to live it up?"

The smile widening: "I hope so."

Then:

"Is it true about the rumor, Elvis, that you're planning to sell *Graceland?*"

And Elvis will shake his head and he will say, "No. Not on your life. Never. . . ."

Stop on the hill

The ride home, down Airways Boulevard, will be as swift as Tennessee law allows. The tobacco fields, the farms, the factories, the patches of still-brown woodland, the schoolhouses, the motels, the billboards, the fruit stands, the turn-offs with their zigzag signposts, the new shopping center, the new housing developments, the used car lots, the empty lots, the circus site—all will pass by him quickly. The windows of the car will be down. The air, filled with the sweet clay smell of Southern earth, will whip against the sides of his face and up into his nostrils. The feeling will be a good feeling, familiar once but then half-forgotten and now, once more, familiar.

The car will continue to race on.

Till when it reaches the hill it will slow down momentarily, practically stop. For from the crest of the hill he will be able to look down, way down, and there, slightly to his right, three-quarters of a mile away, he will be able to see it—*Graceland.*

It will look as lovely as ever, this lovely house, with its white-pillared entranceway standing out bright and proud, with its big windows glistening, its acres of rolling lawn hugging all four sides of it, with its sleepiness, its majesty . . . its memories.

And as he looks down at it from the top of the hill this day, he will remember exactly how it was the first time *she* saw it, that morning back in '57. How, when he stopped the car in which they were riding at this exact same place and pointed to the house, she turned to him after a moment and she said, *That beautiful place? For us? So big? Oh my God. How much did it cost you, Elvis? Now come on. How much?* How, when he told her how much, she said, *Ohhhhhhhh*—breathless, unbelieving, thinking back, as she was to say later, to a two-room shack in Tupelo, Mississippi, a shack built by her husband's hands and hers, where the boy seated next to her once lay in a rough-hewn cradle while she and his father talked, sometimes-hopelessly, sometimes-dreamingly, about his future.

And he will remember her reaction this day, this moment—every bit of it, just as it was.

And he will think to himself: *Later, later, when darkness begins to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least. . . .*

He'll understand

Travis Smith, his uncle and head caretaker of *Graceland,* a lean and tall man, his hair just a little grayer now than it had been the last time, will be at the gate. He will grin as the big car pulls up. They will shake hands, he and his famous nephew. The nephew will ask a few questions about this and that—and then he will ask his uncle about the bad fall he took around Christmastime and about the condition of his back, which bore the brunt of the fall. *Fine now,* Travis will probably say. He will probably add: *And thanks for taking care of all those bills, the doctor's, the hospital.* He'll understand when his nephew makes light of this—*That boy,* he once told a reporter, *is one of those people who just doesn't like you to mention anything he's ever done to he'p you; embarrasses him, I guess.* And he'll understand, too, when the car pulls away after a few minutes' time. Because he'll know how much his nephew wants to get up to the house. . . .

The little french chair

He'd made it clear to her, from the beginning, that it was *her* house. But she could never, in that short year-and-a-half she lived there, get used to the idea. The idea of having a place with a swimming pool, no less, and five bedrooms—*five*—and *five* bathrooms—and with those what-they-calls, strange words, a solarium and a den and a library and a game room— This was too much for her to get to know really.

But there was a place in the house that she did know. A room with a chair. A very special chair . . . She'd seen the chair once at a charity auction—a very elegant little chair with shining wood handles and a petit-point design embroidered on its back, *A great little beauty from la belle France,* the auctioneer had said, *from the summer chateau of a real king.* It was so expensive a chair that that night she had mentioned its price over supper—*Can you believe it,* she'd asked, *what they want for some things?* But he had sensed, from the way she'd said that despite her shocked tones, that she loved the chair. And so he'd gone the next day and bought it. And surprised her with it. And it had become her pride and joy—*Not to be sat*



■ Kathy Nolan, a girl discovered by Hollywood, was in the hospital, suffering from a severe brain concussion. The room was filled with flowers, telegrams, baskets of fruit, and the visitor's chair was never empty.

Alyson, a girl who hadn't yet been discovered, was a visitor in tears. "I know I oughtn't to bother you," she sobbed, "but I'm frightened. My understudy role . . . I have to play it tonight, and don't know how."

"Of course you do," Kathy said firmly. "You're a good actress; all you have to do is go on stage and show them."

"But I relied on you," Alyson sighed, "and you can't come."

"I'll call my friends," Kathy assured her. "They'll all be there, and tomorrow you can tell me about it. . . ."

Much cheered, Alyson wiped her eyes and left bravely—while Kathy lay in her hospital bed, staring at the ceiling thoughtfully. She'd promised to call her friends, to pack the audience with people to applaud for Alyson—but sadly she realized it would be hard to keep that promise.

After an hour of phoning, only two people had agreed to go. Then the nurse came in and firmly removed the phone. "You'll have a relapse," she reproved, and began fussing about, clearing up the room while Kathy concentrated on what to do. And as firmly, the nurse said, "I'll just take the flowers out now, Miss Nolan. You know you can't have them in the room at night, and there'll be a lot more tomorrow."

"Flowers!" said Kathy excitedly. "Of course! Bring me some florist's cards, and bribe that clerk you're always flirting with to bring up wrapping paper." Blushing, the nurse hurried away, while Kathy giggled.

At 8:00 p.m., the stage entrance to a small Hollywood theater was electrified as two delivery boys hauled seventeen floral tributes to Dressing Room One. Miss Alyson Lewis was obviously a person to be



said with flowers...

respected, and the cast treated her accordingly. Alyson herself, jittery with first-night nerves, glanced hastily at the cards, gasped, and burst into happy tears.

Kathy had certainly kept her promise! It seemed that every important person in Hollywood wished Alyson Lewis the best of luck that night. Everybody had sent flowers, promising to be out front, wishing her success.

"I won't let her down," Alyson vowed, as she put on her make-up. "I'll show them Kathy Nolan was right!"

On stage, she gave her best performance—and won enthusiastic applause. Glowing with excitement, Alyson went back to her dressing room after the final curtain call. Happily, she took another peek at the cards on the flowers, saying proudly to herself, *I hope you're all impressed with Kathy's friend!*

She took a second look at the cards on the flowers, hastily gathered them together, spread them out on her dressing table and stared in bewilderment, and burst into laughter. She was still giggling when her fellow actors crowded into the room to congratulate her.

"But, I was playing to an audience of ghosts," she said. "Look!" Now, she realized the handwriting on all the cards was exactly the same—and *all* Kathy Nolan's.

on, please, she would say, *just to look at and enjoy that way.*

And now, standing in the room, he will look at the chair again after these two long years.

And he will remember how she had stood alongside it that last time they'd been together, when the Army had given him special leave so he could come be with her. How she'd sighed and said, *One thing I wish about this hospital where I'm going—that they'd let me take just this. But they won't . . . No, you know how hospitals are.*

And as he remembers, he will think to himself, *Later, later, when the darkness begins to come. . . .*

Busy afternoon

The afternoon of that first day, the homecoming, will be a busy one. After lunch, as now planned, he will drive into town. With what is described as "the most minor fanfare, as per the subject's request" he will go to the office of Memphis' mayor Henry Loeb to accept a key to the city. Following this, there will be a small reception at either the Peabody or Claridge hotels (not yet decided on), given by some of his old hometown buddies. And then, undoubtedly, there will be a quick drive over to radio station WHHM and a reunion with that station's, and probably the entire South's, prettiest disk jockey, blonde blue-eyed Anita Wood, his all-time favorite local girlfriend of years gone by (reminiscences here—and news: *Did you know that so-and-so married guess-who last year; that such and such owns his own taxicab now and that* he's *in college, and* she's *in New York trying to become a model*) . . . and then, a drive over to the First Assembly Church of God, and a talk with the minister there, his old friend, the Reverend James Hamill (reminiscences here, too—and laughter: *I remember you at thirteen, Elvis, when you always needed a haircut; and who can forget the time you tried out for my son Jim's Gospel quartette and lost out, because your voice just didn't have it, the others said. Eh?*)

And then, after all this, then finally, it will be late afternoon—nearly evening—and he will get into his car again.

And then, then finally, alone, he will drive out to that most important of all the places. . . .

Finally, nightfall

The gatekeeper at Forest Hill Cemetery may have a question or two.

"How you feelin'?"

"Fine, sir."

"How's civilian life treating you?"

"Fine."

"Been expectin' you . . . Fact, thought you'd be here first thing today, soon's you got your discharge papers."

"I waited for now so the others would go. I didn't want there to be anyone else here, spoiling anything."

"Sure . . . Well go on, son . . . Just one more thing, though, before you do go. I jus' want you to know that those flowers you been orderin'—that we been puttin' 'em on the grave every week, nice and fresh, jus' like you asked us to."

"Thank you," he will say, as he begins to walk away.

It will be a long walk he will have to make.

Not remembering exactly—for he has only been here once before, exactly nineteen months before—he may even lose his way somewhat.

But, eventually, he will reach the spot he has been looking for.

And, once there, he will stop and lower his head.

He will whisper something, too.

Softly, he will say, "Ma . . . I'm home."

END

Should I Go Steady?

(*Continued from page 36*)

YES

so darn fast. But when you like being with a certain person, it's kind of nice to know he's the one you'll be spending the time with. It's sort of a prelude to an engagement without any of the entanglements of an engagement.

I think it's reassuring for a girl to have a man to count on, once she starts dating. I do feel, though, that a girl should try to go steady with a lot of boys before she starts thinking of anything like an engagement. After all, there are loads of boys and girls, and it wouldn't be right if you felt you hadn't met enough to be really sure of the final choice for the matrimonial leap.

(*Asa just finished* TIGHTROPE *for CBS-TV and* NOT FOR HIRE *for WNEW-TV.*)

Jill Corey: When I was fifteen, back in my home town of Avonmore, Pennsylvania, all the boys and girls my age steady-dated, I steady-dated, and I liked it.

Most of us girls, from fifteen to about eighteen, went steady. But it didn't mean you were going to marry the guy. It just meant you liked one particular boy more than the others, so you hung around together. It was comfortable, and it got to be a habit.



Today, of course, I've got a career cooking and I can't steady-date any more. I'm on the road about twenty weeks a year, and even when I'm home (New York) my staying home is often interrupted by quick trips to Hollywood and back. So I'm not long enough in one place to get to build up a steady-dating habit.

As a result, I date a lot now but with various fellows. And that means each date involves dressing up, having a fancy dinner out, going to a show or maybe a night club, and coming home late. Each date becomes a production. But if I still had a steady, I could stay home and relax, have a home-cooked meal, watch TV and sit around listening to records. For me, steady dating is better. I'm in favor of it. I wish I could get back to it.

(*Jill is currently in the Columbia movie,* SENIOR PROM, *and records for Columbia.*)

Judi Meredith: I'm for going steady. The only reason I'm for it is because I'm practical. In Hollywood, when you've dated a man more than once, everyone assumes you're going steady. No actress has time to experiment with lots of dates with different fellows when she's working.

So, instead of dating all sorts of people, I go out with people I enjoy being with. It's natural that when you enjoy a man's company, and he enjoys yours, you end up spending lots of time together. I suppose this could be called going steady.

If a girl is planning on marrying at some point in her career (and what girl isn't?) then she's got to get to know whether she likes someone well enough to get engaged. This works out to a strong vote for going steady in my book. I felt this way in my teens, just as I do now. If you date a person often, at any age, let's face it, you're going steady!

(*Judi is in* HOTEL DE PAREE *and* RIVERBOAT *episodes on TV.*)

Penney Parker: I believe every girl should go steady with a fellow she enjoys.

Sometimes, simple companionship is taken as 'going steady' when this may not be the case at all . . . especially where the companionship is relative to mutual interests such as hobbies or careers. This is not going steady in its strictest sense since the mutual interests are not deep and lasting as perhaps those found in engaged couples.

However, going steady can many times aid a person in determining what he or she is looking for in a mate—what he or she dislikes in a mate.

I'm for it.

(*Penney, eighteen, is a feature of* THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW *on CBS-TV.*)

YES, BUT:

(*Continued from page 37*)

serious, and the first step to eventually becoming engaged.

To me, however, going steady is *very* serious and not something to be taken lightly or to do just because "everyone else is doing it."

I wouldn't condemn any teenager for going steady *if* he or she is mature enough to realize the responsibility that such a relationship holds.

We owe ourselves the right to develop as well-rounded persons—physically, socially, spiritually—and it is during the formative years between thirteen and twenty that we establish our basic principles and character. Therefore, by going out with only one person, we are limiting our own development, as well as coming up against many unnecessary problems.

So, have fun, date many different types, and pray that one day you will meet the right person *when you are ready.*

(*Gigi is a regular on* THE BETTY HUTTON SHOW, *on CBS-TV.*)

Anita Bryant: I've always felt it was important to have *many* friends.

If one goes steady only for reasons of security, to assure a prom date, or as insurance against being the only one without a Saturday night date, then I'm against steady-dating.

If one finds the company of one person more pleasant than any other, there must be an attraction, which is good reason to go steady.

The important thing is to know *why* you are taking either course.

(*Anita is a feature of* THE GEORGE GOBEL SHOW, *on CBS-TV.*)

Elana Eden: I am for steady-dating, if you are in love.

For example, if a girl likes a boy so much no other seems as interesting, and she realizes she loves him and he loves her—then all is wonderful. No need to date anyone else.

But if you are not in love, there is no reason to steady-date.

I was in love with a man whom I found so fascinating, I did not have the faintest interest in dating anyone else. Of course, I had other *friends* whom I loved, both men and girls; but there is a vast difference between loving people as friends and being in love with one person. We saw our friends together. We did everything together. We went for walks, we went to concerts, to the theater, to movies, to parties. We enjoyed everything and every-



Mr. Stubbs Rescues Toby Tyler



When Kevin Corcoran was on location during the filming of Walt Disney's *Toby Tyler*, he got to be very good friends with the monkey, Mr. Stubbs. The movie is the story of a young runaway boy (Toby Tyler, played by Kevin) who joins the circus. Toby and the circus monkey become inseparable pals—just as Kevin and Mr. Stubbs did in real life.

One day between scenes, Kevin got out a pint-sized milk bottle, and a needle and a razor blade. Then he picked up a piece of wood and began carving.

"What are you making?" the director asked.

"A ship in a bottle."

The director thought this was pretty delicate work and he was a little worried.

Mr. Stubbs thought this was *terribly* dangerous work for his friend to be attempting, and he was *very* worried. He began chattering and making frantic motions and trying the best he could to distract Kevin from playing with that razor blade.

Even the director asked if the boy weren't afraid of nicking himself.

"Nope," he said, "I'm not going to hurt myself. But just in case, I brought along a couple of band-aids, too!"

Well, Kevin finished his ship-in-a-bottle (a pretty good one, too) and he didn't cut himself. Mr. Stubbs was so relieved that his friend had finished his dangerous task safely that he threw his arms around Kevin and begged him (in monkey-talk, of course) not to take such a chance again!

one even more because we were together.

But when you are not in love, then you date many boys, because you are curious, and you wonder perhaps this one will be interesting, or that one will be fascinating.

Some people say you should not steady date when you are fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. But age has nothing to do with it. Some young people are more mature than others. True feelings count more than age. Of course, I am aware that feelings can change. But that is part of growing up, becoming more adult. But it is only by going steady with the person you think you love that you learn whether you really do.

(*Elana stars in the title role of* The Story of Ruth *for 20th Century-Fox.*)

Diane Baker: I am not against steady-dating. I've been steady-dating the past few years with Denny, an artist at Occidental College.

But I am against *possessive* steady-dating that cuts you off from the rest of the world, that means you see only one person all the time. Denny and I understand each other, and we see others on different levels. I can see one man because we're studying a script; and another man at drama classes; and another man for something else. Each man has something different to give.

When you love somebody you don't care what other people he sees.

Unfortunately, to many young people, steady-dating is a set of rules, and it means you must keep up with the rules and they become more important than the actual seeing of each other. The ritual of exchanging gifts, wearing each other's pin or ring, or seeing each other constantly, becomes the thing . . . rather than romance.

I'm for steady-dating, but without possessiveness or emphasis on ritual.

(*Diane's featured in* Journey to the Center of the Earth *for 20th Century-Fox.*)

Jeannie Thomas: I'm twenty-three now, and I started to date when I was about sixteen. My parents were very strict, and I felt I was lucky enough to be permitted to date, let alone steady-date. So I never steady-dated.

Of course, even then I was busy with music lessons and had less time for romance than my girlfriends. Now that I'm older and, I hope, wiser, I could steady-date but don't. That's one of the sacrifices a career girl makes. I just don't have the time now.

Personally, I'm for steady-dating—but only after a girl has dated a lot of boys. She should never steady-date with her first boyfriend. She should first go out with a lot of boys, so she can learn to differentiate between worthwhile boys and time-wasting boys. Then, after she has had this experience, she can concentrate on one boy at a time.

(*Jeannie, a former Miss Virginia, is with Seeco Records.*)

Carol Lynley: I believe in going steady only if people are in their late teens, eighteen and nineteen, and are mature.

I don't think it is wise for girls (or boys, either), just starting to date, to tie themselves down to one person. I think you benefit by meeting and getting to know a great many boys—and not until you have known many boys, should you settle down to dating just one person.

I think for older girls, eighteen or nineteen, who have met and dated lots of boys, steady dating is all right.

(*Carol, eighteen, is in* Hound Dog Man *for 20th Century-Fox.*)

Margo Moore: There is nearly as much to be said in favor of steady-dating, I believe, as there is against it. I am for it, if—

Now I can remember, as a teenager, that terrible left-out feeling that comes when every other girl had a date for the big dance or the big party, but me. Every girl has felt this, and often, rather than be left out, accepts a date with a boy she neither cares about nor wishes, really, to be with. Going steady eliminates this urgency about a 'must date.'

Also, going steady allows a young fellow and girl to enjoy and understand the niceties of a relaxed and companionable relationship.

However, the grave tendency in steady-dating is to get too serious at too early an age. Until a boy or girl is, at the very least, eighteen, he or she cannot have an intelligent idea of what sort of person they want to settle with seriously. One's needs change with maturity. Some of our very young marriages, so often doomed to early failure, are a result of serious steady dating at too early an age.

I did not go steady as a teenager. I approve of steady-dating if youngsters keep their good sense and don't look upon it as a preamble to marriage.

Most youngsters, I think, will find there's more fun and more to do in groups. A wide circle of friends, at any age, is worth having.

(*Margo is in* Wake Me When It's Over *for 20th Century-Fox.*)

NO!

(*Continued from page 37*)

Suzanne Storrs: Teen steady-dating, it seems to me, is often a business arrangement, a practical, lazy method to insure having a partner on dates. It provides for a second-rate kind of social life when you're a teenager, a period when you should be meeting a lot of people and learning to be more adept at social relationships. It brings teenagers together too often and too intimately, and this sometimes leads to sex-before-marriage and worse. It often leads to young, unhappy marriages.

Steady-dating in the early teen years doesn't seem a rewarding or a rich experience. But, in the early 20's, steady-dating leading to engagement and, in turn, to marriage, is all right. This kind of *mature* steady-dating happens when you meet the person you love and you want to be with them all the time.

(*Last seen in the* Naked City *series on TV, Suzanne appears on top TV dramatic shows.*)

Connie Francis: I went steady for about a year, when I was seventeen, and looking back on it now, I know it was a mistake.

To me, going steady means being engaged, and if you're not ready to be engaged then you should not get involved.

The trouble with going steady while you're still a school girl is that it shuts you off from variety in boys, and it takes you out of circulation, and you don't get to know enough people. During your high school years, you might *think* you know a lot about boys, but you usually don't, and it takes a few years of outside living to really know boys.

The divorce rate is higher among teen marriages, and it's due a lot to young people steady-dating and thinking they know a lot about each other and have a lot in common . . . and then marrying and finding out this was not so.

Too often, steady-dating during your high school years is only date-insurance. It's understandable when your crowd is doing it and you're afraid of being left out in the cold. But I still say that steady-dating for the sake of convenience and conforming with the crowd is all wrong.

(*Connie, with MGM Records, is top-*

selling girl recording artist in the world today.)

June Blair: I've gone steady, and I don't like it.

Maybe I'm too darned independent. As much as I've liked some of the boys I've dated steadily, I never enjoy the feeling that I've *got* to be out with that particular boy or I shouldn't be out.

Most of the boys I did date steadily were fair, I must admit. They didn't mind if I went out with someone else for a friendly date now and then. But their friends minded! Oh, did they! I've had people look at me as if I were a scarlet woman because I walked into a party with someone other than the boy I was supposed to be going steady with at the time. It didn't matter that my steady date was out of town, or that he himself had called and arranged for me to be taken to this party by his best friend. All these so-called 'friends' cared about was that I was out with someone else.

I think more romances are ruined by well-meaning friends who meddle than anything else.

Until I find the boy I want to marry, I'm going to date lots of boys. After all, like I said, I'm independent.

(*June Blair is in a new TV series,* TWO FACES WEST.)

Molly Bee: Steady-dating? I'm agin it!

Why should a girl limit herself to one fellow, or for that matter, try to limit an active young male to one girl? It doesn't make sense, at least not to me.

It's okay if you are on the way to the altar real soon; but I'm only twenty years old and I don't want to be tied down to one man yet. Think of all the others I'd never get to know! I don't like to be selfish with a man's time, and I sure don't like anyone else to be selfish with my time. Some day, when the right guy comes along, the natural process will be to end up going steady with him. But I don't think you decide these things in advance. They just work out that way. Pretty soon you look around and you're seeing just one fellow all the time. But, until that time, I'm going out with different fellows and enjoy doing it!

(*Molly stars in the movie* CHARTROOSE CABOOSE, *and on Capitol Records.*)

Cindy Robbins: I'm against steady-dating, the way it's practiced now. Too often, the girl who maneuvers a boy into steady-dating does it to rush into marriage. She's rushing into marriage not so much because she's in love but to get away from home and try 'adult living.'

I don't think a girl should even consider steady-dating until she's gone out with a lot of boys, and only after she's dated this particular boy for quite some time. Steady-dating should be the *result* of courting rather than a *method* of courting. And steady-dating should last a year at least before the girl should even consider marriage.

(*Cindy was Rock Hudson's leading lady in* THIS EARTH IS MINE.)

Shelley Fabares: During my junior high school years, I steady-dated with five boys because it was the thing to do.

I think it's a terrible thing for a girl to tie herself down to a steady boyfriend at that age. Like, for instance, if you go to a party with a boy and happen to meet another fellow who likes you and would like to date you.

A girl can't very well accept an invitation to go out with this new friend because of a so-called regular companionship with the other boy. It leads to all sorts of complications, keeps you tied down, and hurts your chances of making new friends.

It's always your fault if and when your steady gets mad, or jealous, and it's not worth it to be stuck this way. And I mean it works both ways—for a boy as well as a girl. At my age, sixteen, I feel we should all "play the field" and not be obligated to any one person. There's plenty of time to decide on a definite 'steady.'

A girl might begin going steady at about her college freshman year. By this time, she's maturing, especially in her emotional evaluations.

(*Shelley is a feature of* THE DONNA REED SHOW, *over ABC-TV, for Screen Gems.*)

Ziva Rodann: I don't believe in going steady, except when you're serious about a man.

For young boys and girls, not mature enough to know the one person they want to be with all the time, it is ridiculous to go steady just because it is the vogue.

I am aware that maturity does not depend on actual years, but going steady means you are engaged, are going to marry the person—otherwise why go steady?—and you've got to have judgment for it. You must know people.

The more people you know, the more your judgment develops so that you can recognize the right person when he comes along.

If you don't go out with a variety of members of the opposite sex, then you don't learn enough to judge them. We really never know our minds completely unless we are aware of knowing the minds and characters of many different individuals.

In knowing others, we learn to know ourselves.

So, really, "going steady" makes me smile. I have seen too many high-school boys and girls going steady just to avoid being considered unpopular. The phrase, "going steady," is juvenile. I doubt you ever hear it mentioned among college boys and girls. It is a junior phrase, not an adult one. Mature people don't use the phrase "steady-dating" because it represents constant dating *without good reason.*

I have been fortunate in that I have always been considered popular; but I have never been interested in going out a lot for the sake of being considered popular.

I have always enjoyed the company of just a few men. I like them, their intelligence, their companionship. I feel at home with them.

I don't believe in going steady as an institution (except when you're serious about a man). One doesn't have to wear a fraternity pin.

What you wear in your heart doesn't need a label or a phrase. **END**

(*Ziva portrays Orpah in* THE STORY OF RUTH *for 20th Century-Fox.*)

(*Advertisement*)



What some women don't know about *internal cleanliness*

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating *"the delicate zone."*

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or kitchen-type antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about *internal cleanliness.* Using anything that comes to hand . . ."working in the dark". . . is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

Here are the facts: tissues in *"the delicate zone"* are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far *more effective* in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far *safer* to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for *"the delicate zone."* It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

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The Happiest Birthday of My Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

on in the children's playroom, a few yards away.

She walked to the door, opened it and peered into the room.

There, in a corner, seated at a little table, she saw her son Michael Jr., seven years old.

"Hey there, young man—" she called.

The boy turned around suddenly.

Liz smiled. "—the last time I saw you, you were in bed."

"I know," the little voice piped up.

"And well on your way to sleep."

"I know."

"And what happened?"

"I don't know—not 'sactly," the little boy said.

Liz noticed that he crossed his pajama-ed legs as he said that (a sure sign that he was fibbing); that he sat very rigidly now; that his arms, spread-eagled on the table in front of him, seemed more and more to be covering something.

Liz turned to Eddie.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know," Liz whispered, "—not 'sactly. But I'm going to find out."

Michael's surprise

She asked Eddie if he'd go downstairs and wait for her—she would be down in a few minutes, she said. And then she turned towards the playroom again and walked inside and over to the little chair where Michael Jr. sat.

She put her hand on his head, and sat, on a little chair beside him.

"Mike, you know it's late, don't you?" she asked.

"You look awful pretty, Mommy," the boy said.

"Now don't go changing the subject—It's late, and you should be in bed," Liz said.

"You look soooooooo pretty," the boy tried again.

"Mike!" Liz said.

There was a moment of silence now. And Liz had a hard time keeping back a smile during this time.

"Now come on, Mike," she said, "what in the world are you doing up?"

"I was just finishing my surprise," the boy said, finally. He lifted his arms from the table. "See."

Liz looked down. Her eyes fixed on two small pieces of paper. On one of the papers she read the words, gayly crayoned:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
CHRISTOPHER

On the other:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
MY MOTHER,
MOMMY

"Today," Michael said, as Liz looked down at the papers, "Missy (the children's governess) said to me, 'You know, Michael, in not too long from now, on February the twenty-seventh of Nineteen Hundred and Sixty, this year, it's going to be both your Mommy's and your brother's birthdays.' And she said to me, 'Now that you're getting to be a big boy, you've got to think about giving them presents.' And we thought and we thought what those presents could be. And while we were thinking I said to Missy, 'Besides from presents, there have to be birthday cards, too.' And Missy said what a good idea, and why didn't I make them—my own cards to you. And I started. I made about ten of them. But none of them were good. And then Missy said, 'Tomorrow, Michael, we will continue to try. . . .'

"But tonight, Mommy, in bed, I thought I'd like to keep trying *now*, and not tomorrow . . . And so that's why I got up."

He shook his head.

"I guess I shouldn't have gotten up, should I have?" he asked. "Because now you've seen my surprise. And so it isn't a surprise any more . . . is it?"

Liz put her arms around her son, and she hugged him. "Oh yes it is," she said, "the most wonderful surprise I've ever gotten, Mike . . . for what's going to be the happiest birthday in my whole life. I know."

Some birthdays aren't happy

"Didn't you always have happy birthdays?" the boy cut in. "Like I always have?"

"Oh, when I was small . . . yes . . . I had very happy birthdays," Liz said. "My mommy—Grandma Taylor—she would invite all my friends over to the house, and then we'd play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, and other games. And we'd have a cake, and ice cream, and colored candies in those little paper baskets—"

"Just like *my* birthday," Michael said.

"Yes," said Liz, "just like yours . . . But then the years pass," she went on, "and we grow up, and—"

"And then the birthdays aren't happy anymore?" her son asked.

"They should be," Liz said. "For most people they are—always, every year, very happy."

"But not for you, Mommy, they weren't?"

Doris Day: People don't have to understand your words to know what you sing. The important thing is to feel what the lyrics say, not just to say them.
Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"No," Liz said, "not always, Mike."

"Why?" he asked.

The question hit Liz strangely. She was used to having her son ask "why" to this and to that—ingenuously, the way seven-year-olds almost invariably ask the question, after almost any statement of fact. She was used, too, to answering the "why's" quickly, not with annoyance, to be sure, but with a let's-see-how-quickly-we-can-get-this-settled attitude. But, somehow, this time, there was something about the way young Michael asked his question that prompted Liz not to rush her answer. But to talk to her son . . . really talk to him.

And so she started.

"When Mommy was just a little over being a little girl," she said, "her life became a very unusual one . . . Do you understand what the word 'unusual' means, Mike?"

"Sort of," he said.

"Well, in my case," Liz said, "it meant that suddenly I was in the movies, an actress, a very special person—*in* the movies at thirteen and fourteen, an age when most other girls get excited just at the thought of going *to* the movies."

"And this made you not happy?" the boy asked.

"At first, Mike," Liz said, "it made me very happy. As I said, I was suddenly very special. There were all sorts of people doing all sorts of things for me. I went to a special little school. I had my pick of the nicest, the most special clothes anybody could want. I made lots and lots of money—not fifty-cents-a-week allowance like you get, Mike . . . but hundreds of dollars, then even thousands."

"Wow," the boy said.

"Yes, wow," said Liz, sighing just a little. "Except that after a while I realized, young as I was, that there was a price I had to pay for all this specialness. I realized it, in fact, on one of my birthdays—on the day I became fifteen years."

"Was that one of the not happy birthdays, Mommy?" Michael asked.

Liz nodded.

Some promises must be broken

"Someday, Mike, when you're older," she said, "you might just find yourself looking through some of your Mommy's scrapbooks. And you might come across some pictures and some articles, from newspapers and magazines, showing your Mommy on her fifteenth birthday. And you'll see the big party her studio gave for her that night, and all the people who were there—oh, so many people, all looking so happy and festive. And you might say to yourself, 'I wonder why my Mommy said that was a not happy birthday. . . .'

"Well," she went on, "I'll tell you why, Mike. You see, at this studio where I worked, there was a lady called Helen. She was what they call a hairdresser—she used to fix my hair whenever I was making a picture. She was a very nice woman, always smiling, always so friendly. And she had a daughter, a girl called Lucille, who was just as nice as her mother—one of the nicest girls I ever knew."

"She was your friend?" Michael asked.

"My very good friend," Liz said, "my only friend really . . . Lots of times Lucille, my friend, would come to the studio and the two of us would find a quiet place and we would talk. We would talk for hours. For hours. About just about anything that came to our minds—about people and pets and parents and books and music and poetry and clothes and boys, sometimes, and oh about lots and lots of things . . . And then one day, just at about this time of the year, we started talking about birthdays and the fact that mine was coming around soon. And I said to her, 'Speaking of birthdays, Lucille, I just found out that I'm going to have a big party at a big hotel, a real special party, given just for me by the studio—and Lucille,' I said, 'I want you to come. More than anybody else.' "

Again, Liz sighed.

"What's the matter, Mommy?" Michael asked. "Couldn't Lucille come to your party?"

"She wasn't allowed to come, Mike," Liz said. "There was something—something very important—called a guest list, I found out. It was made up by one of the men at the studio. When I asked this man to put Lucille's name on, with the others—hundreds of other people, most of them people I didn't even know—he said, 'I'm sorry, Elizabeth, my child, but if we include this Lucille, there are other children, children of other studio employees, we'll have to include. And,' he said, 'I might add, children of much more important people than your hairdresser!'

" 'But I promised Lucille,' I started to say. I started to cry. 'I *promised*,' I said.

"And this man said to me, 'Some promises must be broken, Elizabeth. You'll find that out as you grow older. . . .' "

"So that's how Lucille wasn't allowed to come to the party?" Michael asked.

Liz nodded.

"Was she mad, Mommy," the boy asked then, "that you had to break your promise to her?"

"I don't know," Liz said. "I never found out. Because I felt so bad about the whole thing that the next time Lucille came to

the studio I—I avoided her. Turned and walked the other way. Just so I wouldn't have to talk to her. To tell her . . . And, as it turned out, Lucille stopped coming to the studio altogether a little while after that . . . And I never spoke to her, or saw her, again."

"Gee," Michael said. "Gee Mommy, that was *not* a very happy birthday, was it?"

"I'm afraid it wasn't," Liz said.

Birthdays in bed

Her son took her hand in his.

"But the other ones," he said, "the ones after that—they were happier, weren't they, Mommy?"

"Some were . . . yes," Liz said. "And some— Well, Mike, this Mom of yours can remember two birthdays after that she spent in bed. Sick. Sick with backaches and with doctors standing around and with a table next to her bed loaded with more medicine bottles than little Liza has blocks and dolls or you have soldiers or Chris has trucks and cowboy hats . . . Those were my presents those two birthdays. Medicine bottles."

"Some presents," Michael said, consolingly.

"And then . . . other birthdays," Liz started to go on. She paused suddenly, looking away from her son for a moment, then looking back at him.

"Last year, Mike," she said, "—I don't know if you remember. You probably don't. Not exactly. But that, that was the worst birthday I ever had."

"Why, Mommy?" the boy asked.

"Well," Liz said—the words came slowly now—"lots of things, strange things, almost bad things, were happening to your Mom last year this time. They're too involved to go into now. Honestly, Mike, you're not old enough to understand them yet, even if I did go into them. Someday, when you are older, when you read about them, or hear about them—as you probably will—well, then you'll know what I mean, by these things. But for now, just understand this—that your Mom was the most unhappy woman on this here earth. People, everywhere, were saying things about her, pointing their fingers at her, whispering, whispering, the most terrible things. And because your Mom didn't want to show these people that they were winning their point, that they were in any way bothering her—she acted very blasé about the whole thing . . . Do you know what *blasé* means, Mike?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said.

"It means unconcerned," Liz said, "not caring, not being the least bit interested. That's what blasé means."

"Oh," the boy said.

"But," Liz said, "I did care, Mike. I cared so much that I got sick. Not sick with my back again, like the other times I told you about. Not the kind of sickness that sent me to bed. Or that brought doctors running. Or that I had to take medicines for . . . But a sickness of the heart. A sickness that's called sadness. And sadness, Mike, that is the worst, the very worst kind of sickness."

"Sadness," the boy said. "Is that like when you lose something and you cry?"

"Sadness," said Liz, "is like . . . is like when you lose something, Mike, and you don't cry, but you force yourself to go on smiling still."

Difficult words and deep matters

The boy looked at her, and shrugged.

"I know, I know," Liz said, "I'm talking difficult words now, aren't I?"

"A little," the boy said.

"Well," Liz said, "no more difficult words. They're all too much for you to understand— And it's too late, too, to go into such deep, deep matters . . . But, Mike, just let me tell this—this one more thing before we finish talking.

"I said to you before, about birthdays, that this birthday of mine, the one coming up, was going to be the happiest ever. Remember?"

"Yes."

"I just want to tell you why," Liz said. "It's going to be the happiest birthday, Mike," she said, "because in this year that has passed, between my last birthday and this, I have become happy. More happy than I've ever been."

"Why?"

"One," Liz said, "selfish maybe, maybe the least important reason, but a real reason nonetheless—I've worked very hard this past year as an actress. I've worked in hope of the day when people would stop saying, 'That Elizabeth Taylor is pretty, yes; but what else does she do?'—in the hope that they would pause one day and say, 'She's been in this acting field for fifteen years now and do you know, gosh darn it, she really *is* an actress!' . . . Well, Mike, this year, finally, they've been saying it. That your Mom is a worthwhile member of her profession—a great profession. That she's more than just a face. A figure. A newspaper-and-magazine personality. They've been calling me an 'actress,' Mike. This has made me happy."

"I'm glad, Mommy," the boy said.

Liz reached over and took him in her arms and hugged him.

"And other things," she said, still holding him, "other things have made me happy.

"Liza, our baby, getting over her bad sickness of last year.

"You and Christopher growing up into such fine young boys, good boys, making me prouder and prouder of you both as each day passes.

"And then—"

She paused again.

"And then," she went on, after a moment, "there's a wonderful man who has made me happy. You call him Uncle Eddie. I call him my husband. He is the man I married last May . . . He's a fine man, Mike. And he's made life fine for me. And I love him very, very much. Just the same way he loves me, and you, and Chris and Liza. And—"

"And," a voice behind her interrupted, "you keep this up and you'll embarrass the heck out of me."

"Uncle Eddie," Michael said, as Liz began to turn around.

"Eddie," Liz whispered.

Eddie looked down at his watch.

"I hate to break this up," he said, "but, you know, I think it's about time for all young men named Michael to be tucked away in bed." He looked at the boy. "Huh —what do you say?" he asked.

"Okay," said Michael.

"And," Eddie said, "for all mothers named Elizabeth to stand by while I pick up Michael—" He scooped up the boy "—and take him to that bed of his . . . Huh, what do you say?"

"Okay," said Liz.

"'Night, Mommy," Michael called out to her as Eddie began to carry him away.

And then, as Eddie continued carrying him, she heard her son say. "Did you know, Uncle Eddie, that Mommy's going to have the happiest birthday in her whole life on February the twenty-seventh. Because, you know why? Because—"

And Liz smiled and closed her eyes as his little voice trailed off, farther and farther down the hallway. . . . END

Liz can be seen now in SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER, *Columbia; in a guest performance in* SCENT OF MYSTERY, *Mike Todd Jr. Prods.; later, Liz stars in* CLEOPATRA, *20th-Fox,* TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *U.A.; and Liz and Eddie are both in* BUTTERFIELD 8, *for MGM.*



Wedding Bells for Debbie and Harry?

(Continued from page 20)

emerald necklace which picked up the brilliance of her matching emerald earrings. Her hands looked dazzling, for she wore an emerald ring and bracelet. All of these had been Christmas gifts for which Harry Karl, her escort, had paid $40,000 only a few days previously. A look of radiance—almost triumph—shone on Debbie's face as Karl, suave and attentive, helped her off with her chinchilla.

A woman who knows Debbie fairly well leaned over and said to another woman at her table. "I'll bet she came tonight because she knew Eddie and Liz would be here. She wants them to see her with Harry. He's a big catch and she wants to show him off. I think that means Debbie's really getting serious."

All Hollywood is wondering: What does Debbie's intensified interest in Harry Karl mean? Could it possibly be a prelude to marriage?

Harry's divorce from Joan Cohn, Harry Cohn's beautiful widow, won't be final until November. Some of Debbie's closest friends believe that if she continues to feel about Harry the way she does right now, there may be wedding bells for Debbie and Harry when his divorce is final.

Who is Harry Karl? And why does he currently seem to be the leading contender for Debbie's hand?

Harry is 47, not handsome but distinguished looking, with horn-rimmed glasses, a serious mien and iron-grey hair around the temples. He dresses elegantly but conservatively, like the millionaire businessman that he is. He's a big money man and heads a large chain of shoe stores along the West Coast.

A friend says, "Harry's the most fabulous catch in town. He knows how to court a girl—and beautiful women who are used to the best will go out with him. He has dated the top glamour women in town, like Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hedy Lamarr."

Harry Karl is not only extremely rich, but extremely generous with his women friends. Only a few months before he began to steady-date Debbie, he took Audrey Meadows to the "SHARE" party which was held at the Moulin Rouge. A full-length mink coat was being auctioned off for charity. The bidding started at $1,000, but Harry rapidly brought the bidding up to $15,000. When no one could top his bid, Harry bought the mink for $15,000, and while the spotlight was on his table, he casually draped it around Audrey's shoulders and said, "It's yours."

Everyone in the room, accustomed though they were to lavish spending, gasped. Audrey was just a casual girlfriend of Harry's.

Mr. Charity

"He's the last of the big spenders," a friend who knows him well says. "Harry's the same type of big sport as Diamond Jim Brady was—only Harry's got a lot more class. Even a movie star as successful as Debbie is bound to be swept off her feet by his big spending."

But it isn't only Harry Karl's wealth and extravagance that impressed Debbie. She is also impressed by his kindness. In Hollywood Harry is also known as 'Mr. Charity.' He gives enormous sums to charities. He gives with his heart, because Harry Karl has heart. This, too, is what has endeared him to Debbie. Harry is deeply aware that if it hadn't been for the kindness of the two people who are the only parents he has ever known, he would have had a life of poverty himself.

When he was a baby his mother, a penniless widow, was forced to place him in an orphanage because she was unable to take care of him. With tears rolling down her face she placed her infant in the arms of the superintendent of a shabby little Home on New York's lower East Side, mumbled a Jewish prayer, and left.

He was not a pretty baby. He was thin and wan and sickly and cried a lot. To this Home one day came Rose and Pinches Karl, a middle-aged couple who had no children of their own but whose hearts yearned for a child. When they saw the sickly little baby who had recently been placed there, Rose Karl picked him up and cuddled him.

As Harry once told a friend, "They could have chosen a dozen other babies who looked a lot better. But they chose a baby who needed love and care, because that's the kind of people they are. I became their son, just as though I had been born to them. They gave me love, and, as my father's shoe business grew, every advantage that money can bring. But the kindness they showed in adopting the sickliest little baby in the orphanage was something I'll never forget. All through his life, my father gave to those who needed help. And this is something I hope I've learned from him."

> **Steve McQueen: I don't talk mumbly. People listen mumbly.**
> *Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

When Debbie's favorite charity, the Thalians, whose purpose is to help mentally disturbed children, put on a big campaign to raise money to add a new wing to Mt. Sinai Hospital Debbie discovered that the project would cost a fortune. Even the $100,000 raised by the Thalians' Christmas Ball was not enough. She decided to make a personal appeal for contributions to wealthy men about town, in order to reach the needed quota. She recalled that only recently Harry Karl had spent $110,000 building an entire floor at the City of Hope and dedicated it to his parents.

For years she had known Harry Karl casually. He had always been interested in theatrical personalities, and was a member of the Friars Club, which consists primarily of theatrical men, with a scattering of influential business men.

Debbie knew the many favorable comments in town about 'Mr. Charity.' She knew, also, that he had a weak spot for actresses, and that he had dated many of the most glamorous girls in pictures. She also remembered his heartbreaking marriage to Marie McDonald, and their headlined divorce which had been so humiliating to Karl. She had felt sorry for him when she had read about it, and she realized how he must have suffered when Marie had publicly proclaimed that she was "allergic" to him. Even after that, Debbie remembered, Harry had made up for a while with Marie, had forgiven her and tried to make a go of their marriage.

At this time—shortly after her interlocutory divorce decree—Debbie wasn't particularly interested in dating. She had suffered too much herself to want to go out on dates. But she was convinced that anyone as kind and sentimental as Harry would respond to her appeal for a contribution to the Thalians.

She phoned him and talked as only Debbie can talk—with sincerity and charm and enthusiasm. Harry said, "You know I won't turn down a good cause. Why don't you have dinner with me tomorrow night and we can talk about it?"

When Harry called for her the next night, he was driving his $22,000 gunmetal Rolls-Royce convertible. Later she was to learn that this is only one of the three sumptuous cars he uses; the other two being a black Ghia limousine, custom-built for him in Italy at a cost of $17,000, which is usually chauffeured, and a red convertible Cadillac.

Santa Claus and Prince Charming

Harry took Debbie to dinner at La-Rue's, a swank restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The maitre d', deferential to Harry, immediately ushered him to the best table. Everyone bowed and scraped for Harry. People waved to him. Debbie, used to being the big wheel when she went out on a date, was surprised to find so many people kowtowing to a man who is not a "name" in pictures.

Over the dinner table she began to tell him of the work the Thalians were doing for mentally disturbed children.

Harry's mind flashed back to his own childhood, and the thought came to him that perhaps if it hadn't been for the wonderful couple who had adopted him, he might have not only grown up in poverty but with warped emotions.

And he couldn't refuse this pretty movie star opposite him. He promised her a huge donation.

At that moment, Harry, to Debbie, seemed like Santa Claus and Prince Charming rolled into one. She must have realized that her personal charm had influenced him as much as the need of children for his help—and this, too, was balm for her bruised ego. Since her break-up, she had often wondered if she was lacking in that magic quality women like Liz have for men. In Harry's eyes she read the truth she wanted to discover—that she herself has the capability of being fascinating to men.

After dinner, Harry suggested going to an amusing night club, the Largo. At the Largo they were joined by another couple, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hal Hayes.

When he took her home, Harry didn't attempt, as so many men might have, to make love to Debbie. Only his eyes told her how desirable he thought her. Before her marriage, Debbie had been a good girl, almost puritanical, in fact. And underneath the more seductive exterior Debbie began to acquire, she is still a girl who keeps most men at a distance. She would resent a man who expected lovemaking in return for a kindness shown to her favorite charity. Harry showed no such crudeness.

Next day, one messenger after another arrived at Debbie's home bringing her long boxes of flowers. They were all from Harry Karl. He called that night. They arranged another date.

Even though they began to see each other frequently now, Debbie wasn't dating Harry exclusively. She was also seeing Bob Neal, the rich young coffee heir.

Harry decided to make himself indispensable to Debbie, to impress her more than any other man could. There wasn't a thing he wouldn't and didn't do for her. He deluged her with expensive gifts. When she was working in *The Rat Race* at Paramount, he sent her an $1800 electric golf cart so she could spin gaily around the big studio lot.

One day he went to Abe Lipsey, a well-known Beverly Hills furrier who makes up the finest furs for many of the movie stars. Abe is Elizabeth Taylor's favorite

furrier, so Harry went to see him and told him he wanted to knock Debbie's eyes out with something lavish.

"A stole?" suggested Abe Lipsey.

"No, something more unusual and original," said Harry. "Something impish and different for a girl who's different."

Together they figured out something that would surely amuse and impress Debbie—dozens of red roses, each stem wrapped in lustrous, dark mink.

Chuckling to himself at the thought of the surprise in store for Debbie, Harry ordered the lavish gift. Debbie was delighted and showed her mink-trimmed roses to everyone at Paramount.

When Debbie went to Palm Springs for a rest, Harry followed. He has a beautiful modern home in Palm Springs, as well as his $200,000 estate in Beverly Hills. During her week in Palm Springs, Debbie had to go to Las Vegas to appear at a benefit which Shirley MacLaine had arranged for the hurricane victims of Japan. Debbie didn't want to disappoint Shirley, but she realized she had to be there that very night. She told Harry her problem, and he chartered a plane and pilot, and flew to Vegas with her. After Debbie's performance, Harry tried to charter another plane for Debbie, but couldn't get one. So instead, he rented a limousine and chauffeur and drove back with her.

She has begun to lean on him and his generosity. But earlier in their friendship his generosity had boomeranged.

Debbie had to face the fact that Harry was in love with her, and that he was hoping to win her love.

She didn't want to lose her heart again; she was all wrapped up in her accelerated career, in her new freedom. She felt she could not return Harry's love. One night she told him that they must not see each other so much. She began to date Bob Neal more frequently—feeling sure that happy-go-lucky Bob, whom she'd known for years, would not become as serious as Harry Karl. She took a trip to New York and went night-clubbing with Walter Troutman, a millionaire realtor.

Harry was terribly lonely. He missed the gay, happy companionship of Debbie. Before he'd become so deeply interested in Debbie, he had courted Joan Cohn, the beautiful widow of Harry Cohn, the late head of Columbia Pictures. In her way, Joan is as big a catch as Harry. Beautiful, chic, she'd been left millions by Harry Cohn's death—but she was lonely and suspicious. She was afraid that when a man showed interest in her, he was really interested in her money. But when Harry started to shower attention on her, she was not apprehensive. She knew that he had millions of his own in the business which he headed after his father's death, and that through his business alertness, Harry made this chain of shoe stores even more successful.

Joan and Harry became engaged; then their engagement was mysteriously broken. To this day, no one knows why. But Joan's friends think that the day he discovered Debbie was the day he lost interest in Joan.

When Debbie told Harry that she could never become seriously interested in him, he went back to Joan. Joan Cohn had not found anyone she seriously cared for. In a moment of mutual loneliness Joan and Harry decided to marry.

Ten days later they faced the heartbreaking fact that they were not in love and never had been—that Harry had married her on the rebound.

He made up his mind to face the ridicule of the world if he had to, in order to break up the marriage that was meaningless. When he tried to date Debbie, she told him, "I won't date a married man."



It was only when Joan Cohn went to the divorce court—and was given $100,000 by Harry Karl for their ten-day marriage that Harry and Debbie started seeing each other again.

When Harry Karl pursues a woman, she really knows she's pursued. Since his interlocutory divorce from Joan, Harry has been even more attentive to Debbie.

A friend of Harry's, seeing how overboard he's gone for Debbie, asked him, "Harry, you've gone with the most beautiful women out here. What do you see in Debbie?" Harry replied, "She's the most wonderful girl I've ever known. I've never had so much fun with anyone."

One of Debbie's closest friends told me. "I don't think Debbie is in love with Harry, but she may not be looking only for love now. She once married for love—and got badly hurt. She figures now, 'In every marriage one person is more deeply in love than the other. I loved Eddie more than he loved me. Mightn't it work out better if I married a man who was more in love than I?' She respects Harry, and that may be enough."

There are still remnants of the puritanical girl in Debbie's personality. The gifts she has accepted from Harry are hardly tokens. Could a girl of Debbie's makeup accept such gifts—chinchilla, minks and $40,000 emeralds—from a man she has no intention of marrying?

Some in Hollywood feel that the difference in their ages is a great barrier.

"Actually, Harry is 47 years old—although he may look older," says a friend. "That's not too great a disparity for Debbie, who's about 30 now. (And Debbie does not feel that this is necessarily a handicap to a happy marriage. Eddie was about her own age, and that didn't work out. Debbie feels that perhaps a more mellow man—one whose mind and heart have been deepened by suffering—may be better for her than some good-looking, conceited young actor.

"In spite of the fact that Harry's a grandpa—his daughter by his first marriage has a baby son—Harry is young in spirit," this friend went on.

"And he supplies a vital need in Debbie's life—the feeling that she has a man around who is mature enough to advise her when she needs advice. I know the kind of girl Debbie is, and the kind of mother she is. She would never give her children a stepfather whom she felt would be too young to take the responsibility seriously."

Another friend of Debbie's thinks that Debbie may find Harry's three marriages and divorces a distinct handicap. "One marriage failure, Debbie feels, might be the woman's fault," explained this friend. But it is hard for Debbie to believe that if a man has failed at marriage three times, each time it was the woman's fault. Harry was married the first time when he was in his twenties, to a non-professional. They have a daughter, Judy, who is now married.

"Although Debbie is very sympathetic, she doesn't want to be a two-time loser in the marriage game. And she knows very well that the chances of a happy marriage are less with a man who has had three divorces. She's got that thought in her little noggin, too."

Between now and the day Harry gets his final decree of divorce, Debbie will have to face these problems and think about them.

Debbie has seven months in which to make up her mind. **END**

Debbie can be seen now in THE GAZEBO, *MGM; soon in* THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY *and* THE RAT RACE, *both Paramount.*

Elvis' Grown-up Way with Girls

(*Continued from page 45*)

and adores costume jewelry and red shoes. Hazel-eyed LaVerne Novak is auburn-haired, dreams someday of becoming a movie actress.

All three girls have bright, sunshiny personalities. They hail from Cleveland, Ohio, and confess they began singing during 'babysitting' nights.

Here are their individual reports on their unexpected meeting with Elvis. Isn't it interesting how each of them noticed different things?

TONI CISTONE: After we toured Ireland and England, we went to Germany where we sang at a hotel called the Von Steuben in Weisbaden. About forty-five minutes out of Weisbaden is Bad Nauheim where Elvis is stationed, and we never ever expected to meet him.

But through a friend of ours, Cliff Cleague, who knew Elvis' traveling companion, Lamar Fisk, we got to meet Elvis on a Friday night.

We drove out and stopped at a sign that said *11 Goethe Street—Autographs between 7:30 and 8:30 p.m.*

It was dark, and the house was dark because the windows were boarded up for Elvis' safety. There were hundreds of fans waiting outside, and Lamar pushed through the crowd to make room for us to go through the gate. The house was dark inside, too. There was only one lamp on, and I couldn't help thinking, "What a nice and soft romantic atmosphere."

We sat on a low couch and waited for Elvis.

We were all nervous. I could hear the other girls breathing, and I didn't know what to do with my hands so I fidgeted with my skirt.

All of a sudden Elvis barged in and he came right up to us, shook our hands and repeated our names back to us as we introduced ourselves.

That was a great thrill in itself, hearing Elvis say each of our names.

Then for a couple of minutes I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say or think. I remember I kept wishing I had my best dress on. Finally I pinched myself to snap out of my daze, and I found myself staring into Elvis' eyes. They're very blue, bluer than they look in pictures. They're like pools of clear blue lake water on a sunny summer day. I could look into them forever.

I was a little surprised by Elvis' haircut. It was a crewcut and it wasn't long. It was an in-between haircut I'd never seen in pictures before. Of course, I've always loved his sideburns and I hope he goes back to them when he gets out of the Army. He wore a sexy pink shirt and dark frontier pants.

Then, after our introduction, he did the most wonderful thing. He went over to his rack of single records and pulled out a 45 record, and he said, "I've got one of your songs here!"

And all three of us swooned.

We told him how we went to see him at the Cleveland Arena Auditorium and how we lost our purses in the mob. We talked about showbusiness, our marvelous trip through Europe, and he listened very attentively.

He was so easy to talk to that I told the other girls later, "Gee, El is a wonderful everyday kind of fellow." He didn't scare us off the way some stars can.

He walked out of the room for a moment then and came back with his big guitar and flashed a dreamy smile. When he smiled that dark living room lit up. Elvis has a big smile (it's a little crooked, goes way up the right side of his face) and it's so real, so beautiful, that you can't help but shiver when you first see it.

Elvis strummed his guitar and asked us to sing our hits—*I'll Keep Trying* and *I'll Be Seeing You*. Then he imitated a couple of old-style singers and sang *Good Golly Miss Molly*.

We clapped to the beat, and while I was listening to him I realized Elvis had lost a lot of weight. I've often thought back to how Elvis looked, and I believe Elvis is better-looking now than before, if that's possible. His face looks leaner, and you can see that wonderful bone structure very clearly.

We talked after we sang, and then we had to return to the club for our show. El came out to our blue Ford convertible and he said he'd join us at the Roman Gardens later if he could. The Roman Gardens is a pizza place.

But if he didn't get away, he made us promise to come back to a pizza party on Sunday.

He didn't come to the Roman Gardens that night—so we couldn't wait 'til Sunday.

PATTI McCABE: On Sunday we went to mass at a lovely old church, the Church of St. Augustine. Then we lunched at our hotel, and Mark Wildey, the tall, young, handsome blond manager of the Von Steuben, drove us out to Elvis'. The day was perfect with a bright sun and blue skies. When we arrived at 11 Goethe Street, there were thousands of fans crowding around the house.

Well, we went into Elvis' house by the backdoor because of the big mob out front. The house was a dark grey stucco, and there was a nice lawn around it. I remember there were fruit trees in the backyard: apple and plum and pear. And there were wasps and bumblebees, too, because a bumblebee almost stung me, and I couldn't help chuckling because Elvis has a song called *I Got Stung!*

That day El struck me as being different. He wasn't as shy; he seemed more relaxed; he talked more.

He was wearing an open-necked blue sport shirt, a grey Perry Como Sweater and navy blue pants, and he had a black pearl ring on his little finger. We talked about what hit records were popular in the U.S., and he told us he constantly reads movie magazines to keep up with everything.

Some GI's came from Elvis' camp then, and the jam session started. Al, the soldier who played piano for a while, told me how Elvis was the end. He made me promise not to tell, but he did tell me a couple of stories of how Elvis went out of his way to cover up for a couple of guys in his outfit who were eightballs.

In the middle of the jam session I went into the kitchen for a glass of water, and his grandmother was there.

She's a riot.

She's tall, almost six feet, nearly as tall as Elvis, and she's got a sense of humor that's a dilly. She started telling me what a big pain all the immunization shots were. When Elvis asked her to come over, she had to get lots of overseas shots. "They nearly killed me," she screamed, "and if they have to give them to me again when I go back to the States I'll stow away or something. Anything to avoid that needle!"

She said she cooks for Elvis, and that he won't eat just anybody else's food. He flips for juicy steaks and apple pies.

She also told me Elvis' dad was in the U. S. for a few weeks and that El missed him very much.

LAVERNE NOVAK: You know a guitar is what usually symbolizes Elvis Presley, and he does have a beautiful bass guitar made of black wood.

But we were all very surprised halfway through the afternoon to see Elvis put down his guitar and go to the piano. And do you know something? He's just as good a piano player, if not better, as a guitar player. He played dozens and dozens of songs and sang along with himself which is pretty hard.

Do you know what he sang? He sang mostly spirituals. I was so impressed. He's such a wonderful emotional singer that I just couldn't stop crying when he sang. His voice is so rich and full, and if you listen to him sing *I Understand* and *I Believe, The Lord's Prayer* and *I'll Never Walk Alone*—well, you just get goose-bumps from all the feeling he gives them.

After all those hours (four or five) of singing, we were all a little hungry, so El sent out for the pizzas, and I don't know how many he ordered but I've never seen so many pizzas in my life.

All kinds of pizzas—tomato and cheese, sausage, pepperoni, mushroom. Everybody ate and ate. Elvis himself had four or five huge pieces. He's got a wonderful appetite, and he eats as though he's enjoying every single bite.

I don't think I can ever forget the way Elvis' face glows when he smiles at a girl. He kept smiling at us and I kept wondering if I was in a dream. It was too unbelievable to be true, seeing and being with Elvis for all this time.

Something else that made a very deep impression with me: Elvis' gentlemanliness.

He never forgets his manners, ever, even with his fans. He went out to sign autographs, and we stood with him, and he was just as nice to the last person who asked as he was to the first.

Finally we had to get back to the hotel and we started to say good-bye and he leaned over and kissed Toni and Patti and myself, and said, "Gee, I hope I have a chance to see you all again real soon!"

There were lumps the size of apples in our throats.

We just couldn't talk. We left, happy tears in our eyes, unable to speak, choked up with admiration and emotion over our singing idol.

Of course, being in showbusiness it was an extra-special thrill for us to meet Elvis because we were able to share our singing with him, and I don't think I'll ever forget our week-end with Elvis as long as I'm alive. **END**

IN THE MAY ISSUE

Louella tells the facts about

MARILYN MONROE'S
marriage

The romance of
KIM NOVAK
and
RICHARD QUINE

LOOK FOR DORIS DAY ON THE COVER

Stephen Boyd

(Continued from page 29)

Boyd. He has a different name but often the same wonderful dream, asleep or awake. And he believes it as firmly as he believes in leprechauns. That is one big reason why Irish Steve Boyd is the hottest new he-man star in Hollywood.

Since his ruthless Messala lost the chariot race but captured the sympathy and sex-appeal of *Ben-Hur*, Steve has had to turn down eleven juicy offers that could make him rich—if he were a football squad instead of just one man. Steve missed starring with Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love* by a flick of her false eyelash—but he's up for *Marc Antony* with Liz Taylor's *Cleopatra*. After that they're talking Valentino's sexy part in *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* for Steve. Critics are already running out of five-dollar adjectives describing Steve's virile authority, and even tough-minded Willie Wyler, *Ben-Hur's* director, calls him a young Clark Gable. Wherever Steve goes, girls break out in goose pimples.

Some reasons why are obvious. Steve Boyd is a gorgeous broth of a boy with a wavy, red-glinted mop of hair, Celtic blue eyes and a rocky, deep-dimpled chin. He's loaded with genuine Irish wit and charm, and there's nothing wrong with his six-foot-plus, 180-pound hunk of muscle, either. But there the standard Hollywood hero portrait stops, and Steve's dream takes over. All he really cares about is acting.

For himself, handsome Steve Boyd has absolutely no admiration. "I'm not very fond of myself," he'll tell you, "but I'm all wrapped up in the people I play." Fame leaves him cold. He doesn't care about being a star. He can skip fun, too, and even money. "I'll work for nothing," he's offered, "if I like the part. But I'll go out of my mind if I don't."

Nothing besides his job

Steve has even less interest in sports, social life, politics, business or much of anything besides his job. If people ask him about them he has a stock answer: "I don't know. I'm an actor." Not long ago an interviewer dreamed up a fancy quote: "If I have one cause in life," he had Steve say grandly, "it is to fight for the freedom of Ireland!"

When that hit his home town, Belfast people who knew him laughed out loud, along with Steve Boyd. For one thing, they're all loyal subjects of the Queen. Corrected Steve, "The only cause I've had to fight for all my life is my own freedom. That's a battle that keeps on and on."

When fans mobbed Steve for his autograph recently in New York he was equally amazed. "Why should anybody want anything from me?" he puzzled. "What have I got to do with that guy in *Ben-Hur?*" To him Steve Boyd and Messala were two entirely different people.

A character like that can be hard to figure in a town where the first person, singular, is almost holy writ. Steve Boyd is hard to figure. You have to start all over again with each part he plays.

As long as two years ago, when Steve first came to Hollywood to play a 'bad guy' in *The Bravados*, the impact was baffling to all concerned. In fact, when Steve showed up at Twentieth Century-Fox to draw his wardrobe, Mickey Sherrard, in charge, took one look at him and exploded, "My God—they've gone out of their minds!" Steve's Savile Row clothes and London accent seemed about as right for a western heavy as David Niven's. Furthermore, Steve cheerfully admitted he didn't know how to strap on his guns, shoot them or straddle a horse. But he learned—and he was perfect in the picture. As for Steve's experiences—he took a walk from his hotel the first night and got stopped by the cops. "It's not safe to walk in Beverly Hills," they told him cryptically, escorting him back. When he got his hotel bill, each day nicked him for more than his dad earned in Ireland for a week's labor. The apartment he fled to promptly stuck him for six months' rent, even though almost all that time he was in Mexico and Rome! "I found it all pretty confusing," says Steve.

He could say the same thing today, because the truth is that Stephen Boyd doesn't fit the Hollywood pattern, or any pattern for that matter. He doesn't because with him reality always takes second place. Acting comes first and it always has. But it hasn't made things easy for Steve.

This kind of schizophrenia is nothing new to Steve Boyd. He's been dreaming as much as waking and, in one way or another, acting as often as living, ever since he was born on the Fourth of July, 1928, in Glen Gormley, outside of Belfast.

His mother, Martha Boyd, who traced back to the Bally Castle Boyds, was the youngest of thirteen children, and William Millar, as Steve was christened, was her last baby. "The last child of a last child," says Steve, "and they're always queer ones." Besides, Martha had "a poison in her stomach" most of the months she carried Billy and even the doctor didn't expect much of value to be delivered. "I'm inclined to think he was right," grins Steve today.

Billy was no prize

Stacked against his husky brothers, it's true, Billy was no prize. They took after their dad. James Millar, a mountain of a man who drove a truck for a living, who could down a mug of beer at a gulp and who, even today, Steve proudly claims, "can wipe up the floor with me any time he feels like it." The brothers, from James, twenty years older, to Alex next above, were buckos so famous for their brawn and red tempers that one was called "Blow" at school, because he blew his top and clobbered anyone who crossed him.

Billy wasn't like that. He was solid and strong enough, a "Billy Bunter" kid, as they said around Belfast. He could run like the wind, rough it up in soccer and hockey, but fighting, which was glorious sport for his brothers, made him feel cheap. But once, when an American boy named Eugene challenged him on the school grounds Billy fought desperately, "and I beat the tar out of him," says Steve. "But I was sorry afterward. The master bent us both over and whacked our bottoms with a paddle." Billy never hit anyone after that. Sometimes Billy Millar couldn't understand himself, but he didn't try too hard. He was too busy being something else.

He was a steamship, usually *the Queen Mary*, blowing foghorn blasts through his fingers and sailing up and down the sidewalk. He was a racing automobile, ripping down the hills in a skateboard, once clear under the wheels of a passing car. The driver only jumped angrily out at the bump, yelling "You little so-and-so!" and chased him up the street. He roamed the woods outside of town and up on the Cave Hill, alone—being whatever came to his imagination—Robin Hood, Brian Boru, a deer, fox, or even a tree. Later, when he grew up enough, he'd set out on solitary hikes through the Mourne Mountains, singing Irish ballads . . . "where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea . . ." and staying at youth hostels. "I was a dreamer," admits Steve. "And the things I liked best I liked to do alone."



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■ The distinguished-appearing man behind the wide mahogany desk looked at the signed contract with satisfaction. Then as his eyes surveyed the signer sitting opposite, his face grew troubled.

"You have three weeks before your first costume fitting," Y. Frank Freeman, the head of Paramount, said firmly to Bob Hope. "The clothes of that period were form-fitting, remember, so you better spend all your time on that golf course!"

"That's the nicest order I ever got," Hope said happily, and departed for the links. But two weeks later, he hadn't taken off an ounce, and studio officials were in despair.

The suits for the movie were to be made by Sy Devore, noted Hollywood stylist. The fittings for Bob Hope were cancelled several times, until Mr. Devore pointed out that time was getting short.

"We know it," the studio said sadly, "but the suits are to be size 32 and Mr. Hope's only down to 36. How's he to try them on?"

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Devore, "but send him in for a fitting."

Accordingly, Bob Hope arrived at Devore's—but he couldn't quite get into the suit. "I don't understand it," he commented blandly. "I've been losing weight steadily for three weeks."

"Oh, I can see that," Sy Devore told him, "but you'll need to take off just a *little* more. This is Monday; come in Thursday for the next fitting."

For three weeks thereafter Bob Hope still couldn't *quite* get into the suit. Sy Devore would say encouragingly, "You just need to take off a *little* bit more, Mr. Hope."

It was a great day when the suit fitted superbly. Bob Hope said delightedly, "That shows what golf will do for you!"

But, it was only when the picture was finished that Sy Devore revealed the secret.

"I never saw anybody need so many fittings for a suit," Bob remarked one day. "Why, you could have made four suits in the time it took you to fit that one!"

"I did," said Sy Devore with a chuckle. "That first suit was a 35; *you* were a 36. The next week when you'd lost a bit, I'd made a 34—and so on, until you finally got down to a 32."

Bob Hope's last words? "Now I know what they mean by 'Clothes make the man.' "

The picture was *Beau James*, in which Bob Hope portrayed the late svelte Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Today Bob's golf score is still in the low 80's—and his waistline is back in the high 30's!



PAR FOR THE COURSE

That was hard to manage the way the Millars lived in Glen Gormley. They rented a tiny house, smaller than the modest apartment Steve has in Hollywood today, for $1.10 a week. All eleven crowded inside, and a succession of cats who inevitably met sad ends. The main support for this brood was James Millar's salary of $18 a week. Sometimes Martha worked and each Millar kid, girl or boy, found a job as they grew up to help. Billy pulled potatoes on farms nearby. Once he tried a job in a garage, until a towed tractor he was steering tipped over on the slippery road to Belfast and almost killed him.

Ireland was poor and the Millars were poor Irish. The world-wide depression in Steve's boyhood didn't help, and then came the war to make things desperate. Food was scarce and the Nazis plastered the port of Belfast regularly, leaving incendiaries and delayed action bombs that blew up without warning and killed plenty of kids Billy knew. Some families moved out into the hills but the Millars stayed where they were, thinking themselves lucky compared to Jack, Billy's brother, who joined the Navy and stuck out the war on Malta, the heaviest bombed spot of all. Despite all this and his poverty, Steve Boyd calls himself lucky to have had the boyhood he had.

Nobody's impressed

He likes to go back home today. "In fact," says Steve, "I need to. It gets my feet back on the ground." When he does his mother tells him, "Now, there'll be none of that Stephen Boyd business around here, boy. You're still Billy." Sometimes she calls him "Poison," from the recollection of his birth. And his dad who, after thirty-two years, drives the same trucks for the same company and makes about the same pay, teases him roughly. "How's the head, Billy—swelling up? I'll get a bucket of water!" His brothers are all men who work with their hands. He has twenty-two nephews and nieces. Nobody's impressed.

Stephen Boyd prizes this and even envies them. "My father and mother," he believes, "are both remarkable people. At an early age they made and kept their happiness. If I could ever achieve what they have," he muses wistfully, "I'd be content."

Back then contentment didn't mix with Billy Millar's dreams any more than it does today. But he's grateful that some virtues and values of respectable poverty rubbed off and clung to him. "Life was a struggle," as he puts it. "But a cheerful struggle. We never had a shilling ahead but I don't remember any feeling of fear or insecurity. There was always life and excitement in our house, always love, always humor and always pride."

At school Billy Millar had a nickname, "Smiler." "I was a serious kid," he explains, "but happy serious." From the minute he trotted off to classes, at the age of four, he liked everything about school. But he was always speaking his mind. He'd argue until they shut him up. "I was sure hard to convince," says Steve.

At the Scottish Presbyterian church he even argued with the Reverend Nicholson about his sermons. "It amazed me," states Steve, "that a man could read a text from the Bible and then have the nerve to tell others what it meant. Why, it means something different to everyone who reads it!" He'd tell the good man this and they'd have word battles after church, to the preacher's delight. But later, when Billy Millar briefly thought he'd like to study theology and be a minister himself, Reverend Nicholson shook his head.

"I know your mind, Billy," he counseled. "And you won't do for organized religion. You'd never accept it."

By then Billy Millar was already a veteran in a profession where it didn't hurt a bit to have ideas of your own. But it did hurt to have your voice change. At fourteen, Billy was a has-been kid actor.

It had all begun when he was eight with a little school play in Glen Gormley, something about Scotland Yard, as Steve remembers. He played a policeman and he can still rattle off his opening lines, "Look—Maggie and Jim are comin' down the street. She's grumblin' like me grandmother's parrot—and he's gone all red in the face!" A scout from the British Broadcasting company was combing the schools for a kiddie talent and he snapped Billy right up for the Children's Hour program. A kid who was always being something else anyway found this a pushover. For most of the next six years Billy was either rehearsing or happily being everybody but himself over radio. This was good—but bad, too.

Into the family pot

The good part was the expressive outlet for imaginative Billy Millar—and maybe even more than that—the money. For a skit he collected the equivalent of $16, a decent week's wages for any grown working man in Ireland. For a play he got $25, more than his own dad earned. All of it went into the family pot, which could use it.

But it was bad being cut off from his age group at a time when Billy Millar, particularly, needed them. "Sometimes," glooms Steve Boyd today, "I still have the feeling I'm a bit of an adolescent."

He never had a chance to knock around and get the growing kinks out of his system. There wasn't time to do what the other guys did—play on soccer teams, dance, join a gang, mess around. All that time Billy never had a date. With all the chicks flipping around Stephen Boyd now it's hard to believe, but in those days he couldn't get to first base with the colleens. By North-of-Ireland standards, they figured him a kind of 'kook.'

Steve still winces remembering one who gave him a specially hard time. Audrey was a dainty blonde doll he worshiped hopelessly. His big brother, Alex, took her out whenever he wanted to. But when Billy tried she just swished her skirts and snapped, "No!"

"Lord knows I was persistent," grins Steve. "I kept asking her for six straight years and I got the same answer every time." Finally she told him, 'Billy, you're just too odd a one for me."

While Steve was still on BBC, but fading, he entered Hughes Academy in Belfast, a business school. His aim was a white-collar job in an office. University was out of the question for the likes of the Millar kids. Billy always knew that—there wasn't the money. But he didn't want to steer a truck, or swing a pick. He hit typing and shorthand hard and got pretty sharp.

He'd been there about a year when Martha Millar met him one day as he rolled in on his bike. "Let's take a little walk, Son," she said. And then she told him, "Things are bad with so many married and gone. We can't keep it up with you in school and all." Billy knew what she meant: That he had to start bringing in steady money. That's what an Irish family's son like Billy Millar had to do when it came time. He was fourteen.

So, Billy got himself a job in a Belfast insurance office, "assistant in charge of motors," he called himself dramatically. Actually, he was office boy. He got a better one soon at McCalla's Travel Agency, earning $20 a week. For a fifteen-year-old in Belfast that was fabulous. His family and friends began thinking maybe Billy was going to amount to something in business after all. Billy told himself that was his one ambition. Now, Steve Boyd knows he just wanted to please his folks. Because, nights he joined up with an acting group called the University Players. After seven months at McCalla's he faced his boss one day and announced that he was quitting. The boss almost fell out of his chair.

"What for?"

"I want to be an actor," said Billy.

"Humph!" snorted the man, "Now listen, Lad—a rolling stone, y'know, gathers no moss."

Maybe Billy had heard his snappy comeback somewhere. Anyway he said, "Sure, and who wants moss?" He applied to a professional acting company named the Ulster Group Theater, took an exam and got a job. Five dollars a week. He stayed there three years. At the end he was making $10.

"I'll bet on the Irish"

But Billy swallowed his pride and stuck it. He's never been sorry. He learned the tricks of his trade with the Ulster Group. Steve Boyd thinks there are few better places to learn them. He has great respect for America's 'Method' actors like Brando and Newman. "But when it comes to tricks, acting or any other kind," smiles Steve, "I'll bet on the Irish!"

He learned more than tricks, of course. Starting on the ground floor, literally, sweeping out the house, Billy shifted scenery, hammered sets, stage managed, worked up from bits to character parts and then leads. Finally, he was playing eight shows a week, forty-eight weeks a year—Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw, Terence Rattigan, Sean O'Casey, J. M. Synge and all the modern playwrights. By the time he was twenty, Billy Millar figured he was a professional and he longed for the Big League—London.

Billy got there first in 1950 for the Festival of Britain. The Ulster Group sent over three plays for that, and Billy got a free ride as an understudy. He tried to stick around when the party was over to find a job. All he got was, "What've you done in England?" Since the answer was "Nothing," they yawned, "Come back when you have."

Instead, Billy went back to Ireland, broke and in the doghouse. The Ulster Group figured he'd deserted them, and the head director kicked him out, "To teach you a lesson."

"He did," says Steve grimly. "The lesson was that if you want to get anywhere you'd better not depend on anyone but yourself." That fall he borrowed five pounds (about $15) from a Belfast pal and boarded a boat back to Liverpool, lugging a cheap guitar that was kicking around the house. The battered box occupies a place of honor by Steve's fireplace today. In London it practically saved his life.

He got there after hitching the long stretch from Liverpool. But he didn't know a soul and his stake was all of ten shillings. He found a job at Lyon's Corner House, a chain cafeteria on Piccadilly Circus, pouring coffee and carting out dirty dishes for four pounds a week, and a room for thirty shillings. The job was okay, although he worked twelve hours a day, but the room was pretty grim. It was actually a tiny hall, four by nine feet, "and you had to edge in sidewise or you'd step right into the bed," recalls Steve. "There wasn't a window, but there was a door out to the garden. The other roomers had to go through my place to get out." That was bearable as long as he just slept there nights.

But after he'd saved up ten pounds, Billy quit his bus-boy job to make the agent's rounds, with plenty of no luck. He was about broke again when that fog rolled in.

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Undernourished anyway, Billy was a set-up for pneumonia-flu. He was desperately sick for a whole month. In the midst of this his landlady demanded her rent and when he couldn't come up with it, ordered him out. Next day was the deadline.

"It's funny what you can do," reflects Steve Boyd, "when you have to." What he did was to somehow drag himself and his guitar down to Leicester Square that night. In front of the Empire Theater long lines of ticket buyers queued up. Billy Millar started 'busking.'

Whanging his guitar, he croaked out the folk songs he knew from childhood, *Star of the County Down, Just a Poor Wayfarin' Stranger* and such. People tossed him pennies and sometimes a shilling. That was Stephen Boyd's first London performance, and for him it was a big success. "Not because of my music," admits Steve, "but because I looked like I'd drop dead if they didn't tip me. I probably would have, too."

But a nice little racket like 'busking' was not overlooked in crowded London. There were pro 'buskers;' they even had a union. Pretty soon a goon squad chased wobbly Billy Millar off the Square. By then he had enough for his first meal in a week, and a pound to stall off the landlady. He bolted the meal—veal schnitzel and beer—bought a small bottle of brandy and a packet of aspirin. Back in his room he downed those and crawled in between the sheets. Twenty hours later he woke up in a sea of sweat. But he'd had that wonderful dream. He felt just great.

From that low point the only way Billy could go was up. Not very far up, at first. But the doorman's job he snagged next at the Odeon Theatre, with its gorgeous uniform, triggered the break he was hunting. Billy was so impressive in the glittering rig that, when they staged the British Academy Awards at the Leicester Square Cinema across the way, someone grabbed him to usher in the winners. Billy took stars up to emcee Michael Redgrave, all that evening. At the end Redgrave, a star himself in London, politely inquired just what the hell Billy was doing in that field marshal's uniform parking cars and opening doors?

"You're an actor, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I can tell," said Mike, "by the way you handle yourself. Why aren't you acting?" So Billy told him his sad story: Nobody would give him a job. After a chat, Redgrave said maybe he could fix that. He gave Billy a note to the director of the Windsor Repertory Group, and Billy took a train up the next day. Luckily, they were just casting a play and needed a boy for—of all things—*Little Women*. He hired Billy for the part of Laurie, and, says Steve, "Was I ever lousy!" But they kept him on and, after a few plays, his second good luck angel zeroed in.

This one was Derek Marr, a London agent. Before, whenever Billy Millar had busted into London agents' offices they'd practically called the bobbies to boot him out. Of course, Marr hadn't come to Windsor to see Billy. He had a client who starred in the show. But, like a lot of other people since, he saw something in the handsome young Ulsterman that Billy couldn't see in himself. The day Marr took on Billy as a client things began to change. "In fact," says Steve, "everything good that happened to me up to *Ben-Hur* I owe to him."

Derek switched Billy's name to Stephen Boyd, for one thing. He lent him money to operate. He took him to West End tailors and taught him how to dress, tamed his wild Irish mop at the barber's. He calmed him down, took his dreamy head out of the clouds and planted his feet on the ground. Best of all, he forced out Stephen Boyd's thunderclap personality. "It was the turning point for me," Steve believes. "Until then I kept myself inside myself. I wouldn't let anything out to hit people with, on stage or off." In no time he was hitting them hard.

At both the Guildford Repertory and Midland Group in Coventry, where Marr steered Steve, he played leads and collected rave notices. When he came back to London he took on TV and soon could pick and choose his scripts. "So I picked and I chose," grins Steve, "and I starved." Not like he had that time before, of course; what Steve means is that he was stubborn about doing the right ones, and you don't get rich saying "No." "I didn't care," he says. "I developed almost a religious feeling about what I did. I guess you'd have called me a long-haired actor. Maybe I was. But it was the happiest time of my life." And in the end, it paid off.

Steve took on a job in a TV play called *Barnett's Folly*, which no other London actor would touch with a ten foot pole. He played an idiotic weakling. Well, it just won him a nomination for an English Emmy, and a contract with Sir Alexander Korda for movies. In fact, it pointed Stephen Boyd toward Hollywood, although he certainly didn't know that then.

Because, after a couple of break-in movies for Korda, Steve played an Irish spy in a war thriller, *The Man Who Never Was*, and that put him up for a British Oscar, only three years after he'd ushered other winners in his doorman's rig. Then Korda died and Twentieth Century-Fox

JIM ARNESS ESCAPES FROM ANZIO



■ Long before a young giant named Jim Arness ever dreamed of being a hero on a television screen, he was trying to find himself after a rugged stretch as a member of the Third Infantry Division—the one that assaulted the Anzio beachhead. He was wounded in that assault and now he lay in an Army hospital in North Africa and did a great deal of thinking. He wanted to forget all the terrors he had known. He wanted to settle down somewhere to a nice, pleasant career far removed from violence.

With his discharge, he returned to his native Minneapolis planning to enter the University of Minnesota. He had no definite career plans as yet—just something as unlike the fires and horror of war as possible.

Then while he was waiting for the new semester to begin, he happened to get a job at a local radio station, WLOL. He liked it so well that he continued, even after classes at the University had started. This might be just the career for him—no bloodshed, no fire, no violence.

It was a small station, and Jim did a little bit of everything. He did the commercials, read spot announcements, was disc jockey, weather reporter and all-around handyman.

But on his first day as a full-fledged newscaster, the fellows at WLOL decided that he was due for a bit of hazing. The news was read as it came off the teletype, in strips many feet long. On this occasion, the boys set fire to the other end of it!

"Here I was," Jim recalls ruefully, "trying to make good on my first big chance. I had to read the top footage of the teletype in an authoritative, well-modulated voice, while the bottom footage was roaring up in flames! Anzio was never like this!"

inherited Steve's contract. But it took them two years to get him to Hollywood.

Most of that time, Steve Boyd played loan out jobs in England and around Europe. And in that time, there were more changes made. With a decent income, he moved into a Kensington flat, built up a smart wardrobe, even bought himself a second-hand Vauxhall to run around in. He got away from London for some trips to Italy and the South of France. A picture in Paris helped his education along. So did women.

He made a picture called *Seven Thunders* with French actress Anna Gaylor and lightning struck them both. Anna, who still acts in Paris, is in Steve's words, "beautiful, fascinating and a true artist." The liaison lasted for 18 months and Steve still hasn't forgotten Anna. In fact, he still writes her now and then. Like all romantic involvements since, it ended without hard feelings. "It always comes to the point where either you do or you don't" explains Steve simply. "Anna and I reached that point and we made the right decision. But she was very, very good for me."

Steve signed for *The Night That Heaven Fell* before he'd laid eyes on Brigitte Bardot. When he did, he got an excellent view. Roger Vadim, Bardot's first husband, took Steve to Brigitte's Paris apartment to meet her. She met them wearing only a smile. "I know," announced BB in her cutest English, "that I'm going to enjoy working weeth you varee mooch." All Steve could stammer was, "My name's Stephen Boyd." But Brigitte was right; she thoroughly enjoyed working with Steve—and it was very much vice versa.

Steve and Brigitte

They shot most of the film in Spain, and Steve says frankly, "She's a great companion. Around Brigitte you feel more alive than you normally do. She has the most animal in her of any woman I've ever known. As a person, I'm still a fan. She's a remarkable girl," he confesses.

Brigitte was so remarkable that, after five months as her leading man, Steve had to take a vacation in Wales to recuperate. He was finally summoned by Fox to Hollywood, in January, '58.

Once he started making movies, Steve had always itched to come to America, but the closest he'd got was the West Indies with *Island in the Sun*. "I had a special reason," reveals Steve, "and it wasn't money. I thought American writers turned out the kind of things that were right for me. Americans and Irish have a close affinity. They're both gutsy."

If Steve longed for the gutsy bit in Hollywood, he got it, pronto. To prepare him for that western badman the studio sent Steve out to Fat Jones' riding stable.

Steve's rear was just getting used to riding Western style down in Mexico, when Derek Marr cabled him about *Ben Hur*. He barely had time to collect his things in Hollywood before he was back in Europe. He reported to Rome in April, 1958, this time to learn how to drive horses instead of ride them—four big, black ones from Yugoslavia. Several times they bolted away, once crashing Steve through a high fence. That was just a sample of things to come. Making *Ben Hur* was "a fabulous experience" for Steve Boyd. In fact, plenty of times he felt as did General Lew Wallace, who wrote the epic, "My God, did I set all this in motion?"

Each morning Steve had to sweat out having his dyed hair curled. All day he had to bear the cutting pain of contact lenses to tint his blue eyes brown. He could see only straight ahead through a tiny peephole, so he was always bumping into things and had to be led around the huge Cinecitta studio sets. The armor he wore was heavy steel. Under the sizzling Italian sun it got so hot that wardrobe boys had to wear gloves to remove it, so you can imagine how Steve fried underneath. What was left of Steve's skin got peeled when they plastered him with blood-and-muck makeup for his death scenes. It took three men three hours each time to strip off the rubber adhesive and red goo. Today his skin still bleeds whenever he gets run down. As for the risky chariot spills—Steve figures he's alive today only because Yakima Canutt, Hollywood's stunt wizard, taught him tricks to stay in one piece.

But while Steve Boyd kept his life those six months in Italy, he lost his heart almost the day *Ben Hur* started. Mariella di Sarzana was Rome representative for MCA, the big talent agency. MCA handles Steve, so Mariella had instruction from Hollywood to "take good care of Stephen Boyd." She did.

Steve often worked from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night. But afterwards and on weekends he viewed the beauty and grandeur of Rome through the eyes of romance. Mariella, in Steve's words, is "a beautiful, sophisticated, intelligent woman. She speaks eight languages, has great taste, sense of values and understanding of artists. She's full of entertainment and charm." He concludes, "Ours was a wonderful courtship of two people in love."

From May until August they visited the Colosseum in the moonlight, prowled the museums and ruins, the Vatican, St. John's Lateran and such. On weekends they drove in Steve's little MG down to Anzio and Naples or up to Florence. With Mariella Steve saw sights tourists never see because Rome was her home. Special views from hilltops, hidden cafes, quiet gardens and fountains off the beaten path. And sometimes just quiet dinners alone together at Steve's apartment in the Termecaracaldi section or at Mariella's in the Parioli. One blue sky day in Sperlonga, a beautiful seaside village, Steve asked Mariella to marry him and got the right answer—or so they both deeply believed then. When he had five days off, they flew to London and were married. Steve's British citizenship made arrangements faster there.

Back in Rome, Steve and Mariella lived together exactly one month to the day. When *Ben Hur* ended, he flew off to London alone. Every night for two weeks they talked long distance trying to find out what had gone wrong. They never did. Then Steve flew to Hollywood to make *Woman Obsessed* with Susan Hayward. Last February Mariella travelled there, too—to get a divorce.

Stephen Boyd still struggles to explain to himself what happened. "I really don't know for sure," he admits. "I suppose I wasn't ready for marriage. Maybe I was still too much of an adolescent. There are so many things to think about before you take that step and I didn't think them through. I wish to hell it had worked."

Steve Boyd carries no torch. But after his experience he thinks another marriage is a long way off for him, even though he'll be a free man this March. "I'll get married again," he promises himself. "I think I *need* marriage. But I've got to come to terms with myself and my work first." Meanwhile, he's playing the field, if you can call it that.

The only framed photograph Steve keeps in his apartment is one of a fascinating blonde named Valerie Till. Steve helped her father, Antony, come over from England and establish himself in Hollywood in the auto business. Recently, Valerie got a job as a model. She's five years old.

In Hollywood, Steve Boyd leads the life of a typical bachelor, but not a typical

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Hollywood bachelor. His pad is a comfortable old, pink-tinted duplex in the unfashionable part of town. Since *Ben-Hur* a secretary comes in some days to handle his ballooning fan mail, but that's about his only luxury. The small Falcon he owns is the first new car he's driven and he still wears the tailored suits he bought in London. He drinks only beer, skips parties and night clubs and squanders $25 a week that his business manager doles out.

Partly, this is because in some years, 87 per cent of Steve's four-figure paycheck vanishes with double taxes—to Britain and Uncle Sam, too. Partly, it's because he likes to send money home. Besides, there's still a lot of Scot in Steve Boyd and he can't forget his poor Belfast beginnings. He has bought his mother and father a house in Belfast.

But mainly, the reason Steve operates quietly despite the furor of his big hit, is that that's the way he likes it. "I'm often alone," he'll confess, "but I'm never lonely." Steve still has his dream to keep him company.

Most nights Steve Boyd settles down to work on that at home. He shuts off the phone, turns on the hi-fi for background music, gets out his tape recorder and stack of scripts. Any part will do. He's still working on *Messala*, for instance, although *Ben-Hur* has been playing for months. For that matter, he's still polishing up his drunk in *The Best of Everything*, the spy in *The Man Who Never Was*—and back beyond.

Sometimes he forgets the clock and it's daylight before the well runs dry. Then Steve blanks out on his king-size bed and it might be midnight again before his belly feels like an empty mail sack and wakes him up. He goes out, wolfs a big steak and feels fine. If some people think him crazy, that's okay with Steve. He thinks they're nuts when they call him "another Gable".

Because Stephen Boyd knows, only too well, that he's nobody but himself. Yet sometimes he's not sure who that is, either. "All I'm really certain about," he says, somewhat pensively, "is that it's getting to be a very complicated world."

That it is for Stephen Boyd, since *Ben-Hur*. And the plot seems due to thicken, day by day. But, thick or thin, five will get you ten that Mrs. Millar's boy, who still believes in leprechauns, keeps the luck of the Irish, enough of their tricks—and, above all, his right to dream. **END**

Stephen is currently co-starring in BEN-HUR, *MGM.*

"I'm Like 13 and It's Like Awful!"

(*Continued from page 47*)

symphony of instruments—so *many* of them—surrounding her.

"Wowie—*fifteen* violins," she counted.

And golly, what an afternoon it had been. A real princess from Europe who was visiting Hollywood had come to the studio to hear Dodie sing, and they'd taken a picture of the two girls together.

For young Dodie, sometimes—like now, it was all just too much. Her new 20th Century-Fox contract. The big television shows. Personal appearances like in Australia. And now this album for Dot Records. No rock 'n' roll either. Just *beautiful* standards—all love songs—like this one she was doing now.

"Ready, Dodie, darlin'?" Louis Prima said.

Her voice, a lot like Judy Garland's, flooded the big room, the last note dying slowly in a catchy sob.

"That's it, Dodie, baby!" Louis said. And she could tell he was *real* happy with the way it turned out.

She stepped out of the sound-box, a little girl in red plaid cotton capris and tan leather moccasins, lugging an enormous white bag. A cute young colt of a girl, all legs and expressive eyes and heavy shoulder-length brown hair.

She looked at the clock, and Dodie's brown eyes clouded and the happy feeling died—just as always when a session ended. It was six o'clock, and everybody else was so happy because Dodie had done such a great job and they'd finished on time.

But six o'clock for this little thirteen-year-old Cinderella meant the magic was over, and she would be taking the freeway back to Temple City . . . and homework. At six, Dodie Stevens, star, turned into Geri Pasquale, Temple City school girl.

Tomorrow, another record session in Hollywood! Then tomorrow night, back to Temple City—and more homework. It was *so* discouraging sometimes.

Dodie at home

In a few minutes Dodie Stevens would leave the studio, along with her youthful parents, her Italian father, Cesare Pasquale, a house painter, and her pretty dark-eyed Yugoslavian mother, Mary Pasquale, housewife. They'd get into the family Ford and turn south on Sunset, away from the bright lights and the motion picture and television studios. Away from the fifteen violins and the visiting princesses. Away from—well—people like Fabian and Frankie Avalon.

They'd drive across Los Angeles and twenty miles further on the San Bernardino Freeway, and turn into the driveway of a modest stucco home. And in no time Dodie would be spending the rest of Saturday night at the mahogany dining table doing double homework.

"Golly," thought Dodie, "why did it all have to finally happen *now*, when I'm like thirteen?"

"Thirteen is *awful*—it's so . . . in-between," Dodie explains when you're talking a few days later in her Temple City living room.

"I wish I wouldn't have gotten my real break now," she goes on. "I just wish I would have waited until I was, oh—like sixteen or seventeen. It would have been *so* much more fun. I'd be getting out of school and everything would be so much simpler for me," she sighs.

"There's no other girl in the business who's just thirteen," Dodie goes on with a grimace. "Like Annette Funicello is seventeen and Sandra Dee is seventeen—and I mean I could go on and *on*. You have more of a chance then—because you can do date lay-outs, see . . . and everything.

"I was supposed to have two date lay-outs with Fabian," Dodie says sadly. "But I couldn't because when you're like thirteen-and-sixteen, well they just didn't think it would work out very well, you know. If I could be sixteen *now*, see—it would be so much better."

And being sixteen would, see, solve so many problems in her personal life too. "Mom and Dad won't let me date until I'm like sixteen," Dodie says. "They think when you're sixteen—that's just right. They think you know everything then, I mean, well, practically everything. But three more years isn't going to make any difference. Because I think a lot of kids know just as much when they're thirteen as they'll know when they're sixteen.

"Practically *all* the freshmen at Temple City High date—except the weird ones," Dodie goes on. "I'm asked a lot, and at first when boys asked me to go out I used to make an excuse. Like I'd say, 'I'm going over to my aunt's or something. Then I thought, 'Well I can't *always* be going over to my aunt's.' So now I just tell them, 'My parents are old-fashioned and they don't think I'm old enough to date.'"

And what do the boys say to this?

"They say, 'But that isn't fair.' And I say, 'I *know*—but what are you going to do about it?' And then they say, 'Oh well, we'll call you back in three years.'"

That's what they're going to do about it. Everybody. Call Dodie back in like three years. But there's nothing much that you can do about life when you're thirteen. You can just do homework and dream and *die* waiting—until you're like sixteen—when you can do all the really important things.

Not that Dodie isn't thrilled about today's success and all. And though she's just thirteen now, "It sure took a long time," she sighs.

"Don't call me, we'll call you"

Show-business may think of Dodie Stevens as an over-night discovery, but as she says, "I don't remember my first audition. Golly, that was a *long* time ago. I just remember their exact words, 'Don't call me—we'll call you.' That's all I remember—it was coming out of my ears all the time."

She was able to sing just about as soon as she could talk, as the neighbors on the other side of the thin walls of the Pasquales' two-room apartment in Chicago, where Geri and her older sister, Elaine, were born, could undoubtedly affirm.

Since the Pasquales moved to Southern California when Dodie was two years old, she considers herself "practically a native Californian."

Her father worked as a house painter, but he started giving Geri voice lessons at $5 a lesson when she was five years old, so happy to be able to give his little girl the training that, for all his own love for singing, Cesare Pasquale could never afford back in Italy. He always managed his work to be able to drive her to her lessons, or get her to an audition at CBS or NBC or wherever they were holding them.

When she was six years old Geri was singing *I Believe* on USO camp shows. When she was "just turning seven," she sang on Art Linkletter's *Houseparty*. "When I was eight—no, eight and a half—I was one of the kids who sang Italian folk songs on the CBS-TV spectacular, *A Bell For Adano*."

Ten-year-old Geri sang *Come Back To Sorrento* in Italian, like she was born there. She memorized Italian, French and Yiddish and she projected so much feeling into the words her father says, "When Geri sang the songs people would think she knew what the words meant—but believe me, she didn't know a thing about them. She would sing for a dinner for the City of Hope and people would walk from the table with tears in their eyes." Once Eddie Cantor heard a tape of Geri singing a Yiddish song and asked later, "Did you say your name is *Pasquale?*"

The pay-off began "about two-and-a-half years ago when I was on Larry Finley's local TV show," Dodie recalls. The president of Crystalette Records saw

the show and was very impressed with her. "But that was when the rage was just Elvis and all the boy-singers."

"When the time was right and some good material came along, Mr. Burns said he'd give us a call. So when *Pink Shoelaces* came to his office, he called us. I didn't like it. I thought it was a silly song," she says frankly. But Geri really performed it, and she became Dodie Stevens, recording star, almost over-night. "I didn't like the name they gave me either. I like Geri better, and I used to go by Geri Pace, which means 'peace' in Italian —but they didn't like Geri at all. They thought Dodie Stevens would catch the attention more, you know."

Pink Shoelaces sold over a million records, and it's still selling. Now under contract to Dot Records, she'd recorded her album of standards, *Dodie Sings*. After her first movie, *Hound Dog Man*, 20th-Fox signed her to a contract for two pictures or more a year, at up to $1000 a week.

Fame comes to Dodie

It's all very thrilling, even though she feels her thirteen years do handicap her. When Dodie went to the preview of her first movie "when they came on with '20th Century-Fox Presents' and all the fanfare, the tears started rolling down my face. And when they started reeling off the names and came to me—well, I *really* cried." And to walk down the street in Melbourne, Australia and find they knew her *way* over there! "When I'd go shopping people would turn and look at me and I'd hear them say, 'There's Dodie Stevens'—just like they would if Lana Turner walked down Hollywood Boulevard. I was so *amazed*.

"But it sure took a long time," Dodie repeats. And since it was going to take like eight years, why couldn't she have hit when she could really feel part of this new exciting life, when she could be working at it and enjoying it full-time?

"Like when Fabian went on tour for the studio for ten days and they wanted me to go—I would have *enjoyed* that trip. But because of school I couldn't go. I mean if I'm going to have to turn down *all* these things. . . ." Dodie says. Then if she does miss any school at all, she has to do double homework to make up for it.

Today at thirteen little Dodie feels she's pretty much of a misfit in either life, the new or the old. She's torn between two worlds that keep overlapping. "Sometimes when I'm singing, I'll be thinking about a math exam," she says. "And when I'm doing my homework I'll be thinking of the lyrics to a song."

She feels a little like a stranger in her own hometown now. She can't seem to belong to the gang any more, and her schoolmates don't accept Dodie as they did Geraldine Pasquale. Between them is envy and jealousy and a world they don't know and can't share with her.

"I don't have any best friends any more," Dodie says sadly. "There's one girl I used to be *real* good friends with, but after I got back from the Australian tour with Jimmie Rodgers, she just changed completely. I mean she really ignored me. At school we used to always lunch together, and we'd make a point to meet before and after school, just to be together, you know. But after this she wouldn't lunch with me, she wouldn't talk to me or say 'Hi' when I'd walk down the halls, and she started saying things to the other kids about me.

"It hurt at first," adds Dodie, "It hurt a lot. As it might hurt any sensitive warm-hearted thirteen-year-old who wants to be liked by the crowd.

"The boys treat me pretty good," Dodie goes on. "Of course there's always a few who make wisecracks and everything. Like sometimes when I'm walking down the hall to class one of the seniors will say, 'Oh there she goes,' or something, but I just smile, you know, and walk on."

Dodie can't really participate in school activities because of her part-time career. "I can't run for office in the Student Cabinet or anything," she says, "because I would have a big responsibility and I wouldn't always be able to be there at meetings. It wouldn't be fair to the kids or to those running against me who *could* be there, you know.

"I can't try out for Junior Varsity, because they're the cheer-leaders and I can just hear me screaming at a football game and then—no voice. Of course I couldn't anyway, and I couldn't be a Song Girl and help lead the singing either, because I wouldn't be able to be at practically any of the games. I *love* football, but the games are always on Friday and I'm usually working on weekends."

And if she makes a personal appearance or jets to New York for a fast television show it's doubly hard, because the teachers really descend with the homework.

"It's so rough because some of the teachers don't really understand what's happening to me, you know," she says. "They give you a deadline and that's it. Like one of my teachers just gave me a week to do two weeks and four days of work—and it was in history too.

"History's my hardest subject," Dodie goes on. "I can't remember things—and it's *terrible*. Like if I read a paragraph in a history book about the boundaries of Switzerland and the natural resources there, well I read it and it's *gone*. Because I don't think I'll ever be able to use it when I get older, you know. I mean, what am I going to do? Give a speech about *Switzerland*?"

To Dodie it just seems teachers don't communicate with her on the importance of music—or realize how much her music means to her.

The shock of death

The one person who could have helped so much to synchronize the confusing worlds of young Dodie Stevens now, died a few months ago. Mrs. Helen Bishop, Dodie's singing teacher since she was seven, whose training and whose faith in her were so important to her success, died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of forty-seven.

"She had just become legally my personal manager," Dodie says slowly. "We'd just gotten back from a world disc jockey convention in Miami, Florida. All the big stars were there, and we'd had a *grand* time." Her teacher had been proud of the way Dodie performed among the many pros, and Dodie had been so happy.

"Then just two days after we got home . . . all of a sudden—she—" Dodie breaks off, her voice almost a whisper. On the plane back from Miami her teacher had mentioned having a pain in her chest for the past two weeks. "She said she was going to go to the doctor when we got back, but she said it wasn't anything serious, you know."

Two days later while Dodie's mom and dad and their lawyer and Mrs. Bishop were all in conference in her agents' office, the pain became suddenly acute—and in a matter of minutes she was gone. All the way back to Temple City, her parents kept worrying how to break the news to Dodie. She and her sister, Elaine, had gone over to a friend's house after school and were staying there until their father came for them.

"Dad came to pick us up, you know—after—and we got in the car," Dodie says softly. "He said, 'I have something to tell you. It's something that happens,

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you know, and we don't know when it's going to happen.' He talked just as if something had died."

Dodie thought of her toy German Shepherd dog. "All I could think of was that something had happened to Frisky. I knew it wasn't Mom, because Dad wouldn't have been taking it that easy. And my sister was with me.

"Frisky's dead!" she cried.

"No, Geri," her father said sadly.

"Well, I know it isn't Mom," Dodie went on—wide-eyed—waiting—fearing—

"It's Mrs. Bishop."

Dodie sat there in the car in a state of shock. Disbelieving. "But I just talked to her on the phone today," she said. "I just talked to her." How could Mrs. Bishop be dead . . . when she'd just talked to her . . . ?

Then within a matter of hours, for young Dodie the sad experience of learning the show must go on—some way—

"Mrs. Bishop has always said that some day she wanted to go to New York before she died. She'd never been there. And then the next day after— I got a call saying I was supposed to go to New York for a TV show." Dodie did that one in a dream.

For Dodie, first shock, then tears—then the terrible feeling of loss. The wonder what to do. Where to turn. "I didn't know what to do, because I used to go to her house for a lesson . . . and she wasn't there any more. I didn't want to go anywhere. I wasn't practicing or anything, and my voice got in pretty bad shape for a while. I'd try to forget about—about . . . but I'd keep thinking, 'What am I going to do?' "

But finally the music goes on too, as young Dodie discovered. Her voice coach now is Jerry Dolan, her arranger, who also conducts the orchestra for her record sessions. Dodie takes lessons from him remote . . . via a tape recorder. "Jerry tapes the vocal exercises and instructions and everything, and when I come home from school I play the tapes on my recorder and practice here."

The house she lives in

Hers is a normal warm family home life in suburban Temple City, far removed from any celebrity-atmosphere. The modest stucco home has traditional furnishings. The dining room also serves as Dodie's trophy room with a few gold cups and plaques on the shelves for a starter. There's a big shady backyard with fruit trees and a barbecue table and benches. And there's a patch of lawn where Dodie, who *must* have a tan, takes sun baths "when I can't go to the beach."

Dodie's own immediate world is the pink-and-white bedroom she shares with her sister, Elaine. She's proud of their new pale grey bedroom suite and the bed with the ruffled white organdy canopy and the white organdy bedspread over pink. "But Elaine doesn't sleep here with me," Dodie volunteers. "She sleeps in the living room because she says I snore."

Theirs is a normal sisterly relationship too, undiluted by Dodie's fame. "Elaine's thirteen months and five days older than I am," Dodie informs. Being even that near the same age might be all right—well in a way, she agrees doubtfully. "But I just wish we were almost the same size," Dodie says. "Elaine wears my socks and she takes an eight-and-a-half and I take a size five. They're angora—and she really stretches them out. It isn't as bad if I wear hers because I don't stretch them."

Elaine, on the other hand, has a fairly steady and legitimate complaint about the state of the one closet they share. "I guess Elaine's more neat and all," admits Dodie. "I'm neat and everything, but maybe I'll hang one of my blouses on the rack with hers and she really gets mad. She keeps the closet, I keep the dresser and the bed."

"Who keeps the dresser?" Elaine says, entering then.

"Well— I keep the bed—" Dodie amends.

"So what is that to keep clean?"

Dodie's hobby is collecting shoes and she has "eleven pairs of heels and seven pairs of flats. Whenever I go traveling I get different shoes, like those red ones I brought from Australia. I like high heels mostly, and I like the New York shoes. They're different from California shoes—they're a little pointier and the very latest, you know."

Dodie's mad for the color pink and for talking on the telephone, and she and Elaine have their own prized pink phone in their bedroom with their own private number, which was the only way their father could get any business calls through. "Our phone bill was like $62 the first month for the two phones," Dodie tells you. "Like I'd call Mrs. Bishop's daughters in Hollywood and I'd talk for an hour and that's a toll call, but it doesn't seem like it though."

She sets her own hair, a little to her despair now. "I used to have a certain way to set my hair and it would go into a perfect page-boy. I set it exactly the same way now—and it doesn't come out like that, and I just don't know why."

Make-up for a 13-year-old

On the other hand, Dodie is comparatively indifferent about make-up. "Except I line my eyes and my eye-brows, but sometimes I don't even wear lipstick. Mom sort of gets on me for that, because she says I look too pale without it. But it's such an effort to put lipstick on, and I like light oranges and pinks and toward the end of the day they change to a real dark pink or red. Then I have to wash it off and rub real hard—and put it on again, and well—it's all such a mess."

She's living for the day "when I can have my own car—when I'm fifteen-and-a-half. I want a pink or gold 1957 T-bird —I love those little darlings and I can't wait until I get mine! I don't like the new ones. I like the '57's because they're so tiny and sort of long and they have such a good body to them, you know."

And she just loves records, naturally. "I love all the records today, but I don't like to sing them," she says. "I just like to sing the standards, and if they want to put a triple-beat to them I wouldn't mind singing that." But when it comes to buying records, Dodie buys "the ones that when I hear them on the radio I have to turn them up real loud and dance to them. I love to dance," she says.

Dancing, of course, like just about any interesting social activity, is sort of con-

Behind the scenes at TEEN TOWN

"It all started this way," says George Christy, the mayor of ABC radio network's *Teen Town* program. "One day when I was talking with Connie Francis she mentioned that she was dying to hear about Edd "Kookie" Byrnes. I had interviewed him for a story in MODERN SCREEN, and I had gotten to know Edd pretty well. So I told Connie all about Edd, what a great guy he was and how easy he was to get along with. And when I told her he had given me a preview of some of the brand new "Kookie" words he was planning to use this season, Connie just flipped. I promised her the next time he came to town I'd introduce her to Edd.

"Then a couple of weeks later Fabian asked me about Annette (this was before Fabe met her in Hollywood), and I told him what a doll she was. Again I said, 'Gee, I wish you could meet her . . .!'

"All of this sparked off my thinking, and I wondered if it wouldn't be a great idea for all the teens to meet their idols, to hear them talk about their lives personally: the things they do, what they believe in, dating problems they've ironed out."

George brought his idea to Glenn Mann who produced *The Frankie Avalon Show,* and the two of them got to work and set up a stake at the ABC radio network.

Every night, Monday through Friday, George interviews a teen favorite (already he's interviewed Fabe on how to be popular, Carol Lynley on her beauty secrets, Annette on how she buys a dress, Bobby Darin on how to get out of the boredom ruts, plus dozens of other stars). Besides the interviews, George gives tips on dating, careers, appearance, fads. It's a fun show, and, of course, there's music—hits, as well as the new records Mayor George is stamping with *Teen Town's We-Dig-This* seal of approval.

Recently, the editor of MODERN SCREEN, David Myers, was interviewed by George on the pros and cons of a Hollywood career for the teens. David's verdict: Go to it—but don't be a phony.

George has asked David to return to the show for another talk about Hollywood. Meanwhile George is asking for suggestions and comments from all the citizens, his *Teen Town* listeners, on what they want their favorite stars to talk about.

fined for a 13-year-old who isn't allowed to date. "There's nothing much to do in Temple City anyway," she says. "There's a miniature golf course but it's nothing, because none of the kids hang around there."

There is, however, a pretty keen school hang-out in nearby San Gabriel, but Dodie's limited there too. "It's called 'The Yankee Doodle' and I like it but, well—you have to go there with a guy who has a car."

Any romancing Dodie does now has to be generally confined to operating by remote—via the pink telephone. But she has her views on the matter, subject to change.

Like making out—

"I think to make out is a real mess," Dodie says with a grimace. "The other kids think I'm *gone*, you know, just real gone to feel this way. But I think it's just awfully stupid really, because like if you're thirteen or fourteen and you're makin' out, well it's like you're really putting on an act—like something you saw in the movies or something.

"Everybody says, 'But Geri, you don't know what you've missed until you've made out.' But I just don't think that's any fun. I'd rather go to a drive-in and see a movie and then go have a Coke and hamburger, you know, and just goof off and talk."

And Dodie isn't—well—*entirely* inexperienced—

Dodie's sort-of boyfriend

"Mike kissed me good night once—and he knows how I feel," she says, dropping a name that she can expand on for any given length of time.

Who's Mike? Some platonic boy friend?

"That's right," Dodie agrees. Then thoughtfully, "What's platonic mean?" And when told, "Well—" she hesitates.

"Mike's my boyfriend—in a way. He's a real good friend of Mrs. Bishop's daughters, Adria, who's sixteen, and Jane, who's thirteen. I met him at their home in Hollywood. He used to work at a gas station, but he quit. He goes to St. John's, he's sixteen, and he's sort of moody, you know, like me.

"He has blue eyes and he has short hair—a flat-top—and he has a real good physique," Dodie goes on. "He calls me about every night, and whenever I go over to the Bishops' Mike comes over there, because that's the only time we can see each other. But we just talk. Mike knows how I feel about—well—you know."

He did kiss Dodie goodnight once, when her sister, Elaine, egged him into doing it. "We have a standing joke that all the time we're saying good night to each other, we shake hands like everybody else would kiss."

"Don't shake her hand, go on and kiss her, Mike," Elaine urged.

"I don't want my face slapped," he said.

"So Mike looked at me and I looked at him and we both smiled—and he kissed me," says Dodie. "And then I said, 'I fooled you, didn't I?' "

Even at thirteen that's a woman's prerogative.

"I like him a lot—but I just don't like that . . . you know," Dodie goes on. "When I was seven or eight a little boy kissed me at a party and wowee—I thought it was great. Golly, it should be just the opposite, that I should like it now. I'm a weird one. I guess."

And like why is Dodie so moody about men?

"When I'm around boys I'm terrible," she says. "Especially when I'm around Mike. I don't know why, but just because I like him I guess, I'll go in another room and I'll ignore him—like I can't stand h'm. But I'm not that way around anybody else." Why does she act like she doesn't like Mike when Mike's the only one she does like?

"Maybe I'll be more sensible when I'm like sixteen," Dodie sighs. Maybe she'll have more answers then. "Or maybe when I'm fifteen," Dodie says, hopefully trying to advance the magic hour. "I think Mom and Dad *might* let me ride home in a car with a boy then, just as long as it isn't a *date*," she says, watching her dad out of the corner of one eye.

"If Mike came over here—he was going to come to a ball game once—I don't think Dad would have minded that," Dodie goes on hopefully. "He would have just picked me up, we would have gone to the game, then gone to the dance afterward . . . and then he would have brought me home."

"I call that a date, Geri," her father observes.

"But it *isn't*, Daddy, because it wasn't just going to be me going," Dodie goes on carefully, losing ground but still trying. "Mike was going to bring two other guys, one for my sister and one for another girl. We were just going and coming home, you know. There wasn't going to be anything wrong with that—"

"Oh . . . a group thing?" her dad says—doubtfully.

Between two worlds

During these in-between years when she's torn between two worlds and two lives and her own hopes and fears, little Dodie is feeling more and more at home on the Hollywood end of the freeways.

She spends as much time as she can in the home of her late teacher, who was such an important part of this new exciting life. She's more comfortable around Helen Bishop's teenage daughters, who live in the family home with their father, than she is with the kids at Temple City High.

"They know a lot of kids and they're all so friendly. They go to Fairfax High, you know, and they're the sweetest bunch of kids. They wouldn't do anything to hurt you," Dodie says earnestly. They're closer to Dodie's life today too—to motion pictures and records and TV. They don't make her feel apart from them.

With her new 20th-Fox contract, Dodie's really pulling for the Pasquales to move over on the Hollywood side, and they're considering moving to the San Fernando Valley, which would be so much closer to her work.

"And see—if we moved to the valley then I'd be able to go to school on the studio lot!" Dodie says, her eyes lighting up. "Wouldn't that be wonderful!" Say—just Dodie and Fabian, when he was in town, going to the studio school.

And what about Tuesday Weld?

"Yeah," Dodie says, her face falling to her shoes. She'd forgotten Tuesday. What chance could you have when you were thirteen?

Any day now Dodie Stevens will be fourteen—which, when you come right down to it, isn't much better.

"Oh fourteen's *worse*—golly, fourteen's awful," she says.

And so for Dodie at thirteen the future means—like sixteen. Like eternity. **END**

Dodie can be seen in HOUND-DOG MAN, *for 20th-Fox.*

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Peace Comes at Last to a Tortured Soul

(*Continued from page 40*)

with her stage manager who asked her, "Maggie, did you ever put any money aside?" She said, "Oh yes, but it's not from show business. I put some money in I.B.M. eighteen years ago and it's four million now."

Certainly her problem wasn't talent. She had been a star, a *real* star for over thirty years.

And we know that she was loved by her husband and her three children.

Still and all, we know that the problem that was on her mind the week before she died was love. She was heard to say time after time, "I cannot make them like me . . . I've never been able to make them like me."

To understand that, we should start at the beginning:

Margaret Garland Sullavan was born on May 16th, 1909, in Norfolk, Virginia, into a family which boasted Revolutionary War heroes as ancestors. But American aristocracy didn't impress little Margaret. She set her sights higher. "I was secretly convinced I was of royal blood. I kept a suitcase packed, so I'd be ready when my real people came for me."

Money couldn't buy it

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sullavan adored their child, and they had the money—he was a stock broker—to indulge her whims. But what Margaret wanted, money couldn't buy, and what Margaret needed, only a psychiatrist might have figured out. When she was older, she recalled that she had "suffered from malnutrition." The statement was true, yet the fault was Margaret's own. She asserted herself against her parents by refusing to eat.

And by running away.

In her teens, she ran away seven times in three years. The last trip, she got all the way to New York, and her father, worn out with fetching her home, settled down to have a talk with her. "Peggy, what's the matter with you?"

"I want to go on the stage," Peggy said defiantly.

The good man offered a compromise. "When you're twenty-one, you can do as you please."

His daughter's blue eyes glinted. She could wait.

Eventually, she got her way. She studied acting in Boston, she played in stock shows on Cape Cod—and she met Henry Fonda, whom she married. The year was 1930, and the marriage was over before 1933, by which time, according to one reporter, Fonda "had evidently suffered enough from the Sullavan temperament."

The likelihood is that work, not temperament, destroyed the lovers. Margaret, set upon her goal of stardom ("I'm not going to be an off-stage voice the rest of my life") couldn't have had much instinct for wifehood.

In New York, she made the usual dreary actors' rounds, then got a road show of *Strictly Dishonorable,* and soon, a Broadway lead. It was in a play called *A Modern Virgin,* and Lee Shubert hired her because he liked her voice. "You sound like Ethel Barrymore," he said.

"He didn't know," said Margaret Sullavan later, "that my huskiness was due to a bad case of laryngitis which I subsequently took great pains to prolong. After several months of mistreating my vocal cords, it stuck. My voice is now permanently ruined."

In after years, Margaret Sullavan was to insist, "I'm no pillar of the theater. If I didn't need the money, I wouldn't be working." But people, remembering the fanatic determination of the Sullavan beginnings, found this hard to believe.

Not that she didn't always mean what she said at the moment she said it, just that she often changed her mind.

A Modern Virgin was a flop, and four more New York flops followed, but a movie director, John Stahl, brought her to Hollywood, where she amazed people who thought they'd seen everything. She wore slacks, and sneakers. She went to a showing of her first movie, *Only Yesterday,* and was so horrified, she tried to buy up her contract. She refused to let the studio fix her teeth. And she attempted to keep a lion cub as a pet.

She likened acting in movies to "ditch digging," and she wouldn't go to premieres. She made a movie called *The Good Fairy* for director William Wyler, during the ten-week course of which she and the brilliant Wyler fought all over the set, and then confounded everybody by eloping.

Again, the marriage lasted a scant two years.

Maggie as mother

The next man on Margaret's horizon was Leland Hayward, an agent who was clearly destined for grander things. Even in those days, he was known as the "boy genius."

Those days. The year was 1936. Maggie Sullavan had divorced Wyler, and come back to New York to do a part in a play called *Stage Door.* "I want to learn how to act," she said, ungratefully brushing off Hollywood's golden dust.

All during the rehearsals of *Stage Door,* Leland Hayward was omnipresent. And Maggie Sullavan, who'd never listened to a word of advice from another living soul, was paying strict attention every time Hayward opened his mouth. It was obviously love, and soon it was marriage, and then it was baby rumors. But nobody dared to ask the new Mrs. Hayward whether she was expecting.

One columnist wrote hopefully of Lin Yutang's observation that "many a vixen or hot-tempered woman has grown sweet and supine with the coming of a child." Yet Maggie's temper seemed to continue unabated.

After a while, Maggie's press agent sent out a release announcing her imminent retirement, but the mother-to-be still kept her mouth shut. Backstage, nobody knew what to do. Congratulate her? What if she snapped your head off? She was famous for being inexplicable, for spicing her moments of charm with outbreaks of fury.

One night a gentleman in the cast took a chance. He stopped by the star's dressing room, and offered his good wishes. "Kids, are a lot of trouble," he said, "but they're worth it. I know, I've got three—"

Maggie rose from her dressing table, five foot two-and-a-half inches of outrage. "It's a lie," she screamed. "It's a lie!" She darted past the actor, into the hall, then turned back. "Three children," she said softly. "How perfectly wonderful—" Then she slammed the door.

Baby Brooke Hayward was an Act of God. She closed *Stage Door,* and she put an end to her mother's war against the West Coast. The Haywards settled down in a big Brentwood house, complete with swimming pool, and, in 1939, Bridget was born, and, in 1941, William was born. Maggie went back to ditch-digging, too. She signed an MGM contract, and made *Three Comrades, Shopworn Angel, The Shining Hour.*

She didn't exactly mellow—"No one can be so completely rude as Margaret Sullavan, who makes it a habit," wrote a miffed columnist in 1942—but she looked as if she'd found what she'd wanted.

She was so charmed with her husband and babies that in January of 1943, she issued an announcement of her retirement from the movies. "The best service that mothers can render their country in these wartimes is to take care of their children," she said.

Four months later, she was back in pictures. Merle Oberon had been set for a part in *Cry Havoc,* Merle Oberon had got sick, and that was that.

Maybe if she'd stayed retired . . . . but that's hindsight. And she was an actress, and a fine one, and after *Cry Havoc,* a play called *The Voice of the Turtle* came along, with a girl's part nobody could turn down. . . .

That year, 1944, she was professionally triumphant. *The Voice of the Turtle* got great reviews, and Maggie herself collected more awards than she could count. Still, she couldn't eat, and she couldn't sleep, and she was beginning to wonder if she'd paid too much for her new laurels.

"I don't want to be one of those ruthlessly successful actresses whose whole life is lived in the theater, or the movies, and who end up with nothing at all," she told an interviewer. "Success, yes, I'm glad to have it. I love the play, and giving eight performances a week—but I cannot have a happy private life. I'm giving up everything for such success—"

Growing suspicion

She spoke of separation from her three children, her husband. "I've lost fifteen pounds since the play opened. Much as I like to act, I like to do other things too. I'm not going to do another play after this. And I'm not going back to movies, either. I gave up movies. I wanted a play, and I've got a play I love, but—"

The but was a big one . . . bigger than anyone dreamed till the days immediately before her death. Maggie was living with a growing suspicion that audiences hated her. It was only when it was too late that a few very close friends began to understand. "I was always cheating the audiences," she said. "But nothing I could do, could get them to like me . . . really like *me.*"

In Hollywood, Leland Hayward commented on the difficulties of maintaining a marriage by phone calls and cross-country commuting. "I never knew it would be so tough without her," he said.

Sad to say, tough things get easier. One separation leads to another. And love, untended, dies.

In the summer of 1947, Margaret Sullavan starred in *The Voice of the Turtle* in London. That same summer, in Hollywood, Leland Hayward was the constant companion of Slim Hawks, estranged wife of producer Howard Hawks.

The Hayward marriage was over, and the principals had stopped fooling themselves.

In her divorce suit, Margaret testified that Hayward had declared his marriage irksome. "I'm not meant for home life," he'd complained.

It was an ironic note, consdering that the only simon-pure home life the Haywards had known in more than ten years of marriage had been the four months of Maggie's 'retirement' in 1943.

She was a three-time loser, but now there were children to consider. Margaret moved her brood to Greenwich, Connecticut, and threw her considerable energies into domesticity. "I've never understood,"

she said. "how a woman can have a career, and be the right sort of mother, too. I made my choice long ago, and I've never regretted it."

Long ago? the listener wondered. *Long ago?*

For two years, Margaret Sullavan remained content. The kids got big, her garden grew, the deafness which had plagued her since the early days of the war yielded to an operation. *How strange,* she must have thought, *that this cure should come now, when it hardly matters any more. When I no longer force myself to stand in the wings of a theater, panicked that I may not hear my cue, too proud to admit my trouble. . . .*

Irresistible challenge

She turned down scripts by the bushel, until 1950, when she was offered a movie called *No Sad Songs for Me.* It was a movie that Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne and Loretta Young had all rejected, but Margaret loved it. "It presents an irresistible challenge."

She worried about leaving the children, but rationalized her worry. In the future, she would work only during the summer months, while the children were in camp. As for this time, "I have a wonderful housekeeper, and it's perfectly all right to leave them with her—except I find when I get back, they're rotten spoiled."

In August of 1950, Maggie married for the fourth time. Her new husband was Kenneth Arthur Wagg, a "British industrialist," according to the papers, and the bride and groom honeymooned in England.

Now there were seven children in the family (since Wagg had four sons by his first marriage), and Margaret could be motherly to her heart's content. But the need to act still set up conflicts for her. She worked in television, though she called it "hellish." and in 1952. she was back on Broadway, in *The Deep Blue Sea.*

She liked *The Deep Blue Sea* because it wasn't a play "about international problems, or headaches." The world was getting to her, and she turned from it, afraid.

In 1953, she played *Sabrina Fair* on Broadway. She was forty-four, but her portrayal of a young girl was masterful.

The year 1955 brought *Janus* to New York, and more critical raves for Miss Sullavan's skill.

The seven children were by now all away at school. "Seven tuitions, seven allowance checks to pay each month. Seven letters a week to write, and each has to be different," the Waggs told Leonard Lyons. "We figure we've paid for seventy-eight years of education, with thirty-six more to go."

Except for a tendency to flee from discussions of global woes, and an aversion to any kind of turmoil, Margaret seemed well. She was moody, but she'd always been moody; she was nervous, but what sensitive artist didn't suffer from nerves?

Early in 1956, her doctor ordered Maggie out of *Janus* (she was replaced by Claudette Colbert) "to rest" and there were rumors that her "condition" was worse than people guessed.

There was no more news until the fall of the year, when headlines broke again. Miss Sullavan had accepted a starring role on a *Studio One* show, but the day of the performance, she hadn't appeared.

Reporters cornered her husband, who looked harried. "She hasn't been well for some time," Wagg said. "I think it is probably the strain again. She is in a hospital, and I would prefer not to say where."

Hubbell Robinson, a CBS vice president, was dumbfounded. "She is not a woman who would capriciously not show up. I just hope and pray that nothing is wrong with her, and that she hasn't had an accident, or an unexpected breakdown."

*Un*expected breakdown as opposed to *expected* breakdown?

To avoid pressure

Brooke Hayward, who'd quit Vassar to elope with a Yale student, fretted in her New Haven apartment, while her husband tried to explain to newspapermen. "My wife is upset, but feels her mother will get in touch with her when she wants to."

A couple of days later, Margaret, whereabouts still unknown, contacted her lawyer, and issued a statement. "I did not realize that my failure to appear would create such a stir," she said. "Last Sunday, the day before scheduled telecast, I was not satisfied with aspects of the rehearsal, and particularly with my ability to portray the leading role. I advised the producer (Felix Jackson) of my dissatisfaction and advised him that I did not feel up to the role and could not appear.

"I insisted I be replaced. The producer apparently did not take me seriously. The next day, in order to avoid pressure, I decided to leave town. I regret the incident, and am glad it is closed."

After a while, there's almost no place left you can go to "avoid pressure."

You have to have help.

Help for Margaret Sullavan was found in a rest home called the Austen Riggs Center at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The Center gives "therapy to persons not able to cope with their emotional problems in their customary home or business environments, but not sick enough for a closed institution."

For several weeks, Margaret stayed in Stockbridge. Then she came home to Greenwich, where she spent nearly four years—the first truly quiet years of her life—as Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. But last fall, she read a script called *Sweet Love Remember'd,* and she got excited.

"I read it on Wednesday, and on Thursday, I knew I wanted to be in it, desperately. I haven't been so anxious to go to work in a play since I was young, and just beginning."

Kenneth Wagg, however, knew his wife well. "Everything's so great now," he said. "You're relaxed, happy. You know how disturbed you get when you do a show."

But Maggie said, "It's a calculated risk. I'll be miserable if I don't do this script —and it will probably kill me if I do."

Rehearsals began on December 1st. Before starting work, Maggie took a two-week vacation in Jamaica, and had a physical check-up. She was pronounced healthy.

On Monday, December 28th, the play opened at New Haven's Shubert Theatre. Critics were not impressed, though they gave Miss Sullavan glowing personal praise.

By Thursday of that week, she was jittery, worn-out, and she phoned her husband in Greenwich. She told him she wanted to quit the play. Wagg came to New Haven, called in a local doctor. At 2 in the morning, the doctor—Dr. Rafi Tofig—gave the near-hysterical actress a tranquilizing injection. "I found her nervous and depressed," he said later.

It was like an old nightmare repeated. Kenneth Wagg saying his wife had been exhausted, and "fed up with show business," while producer Martin Gabel denied the whole thing. "She was full of temperament, but behaved very well with us. She never indicated that she was unhappy!"

But the cast disagrees with Mr. Gabel. Backstage they had begun to notice that she was crying, crying silently to herself.

"I couldn't believe it was Maggie when she began to tell me that the audience didn't like her," states one of her friends in the cast. "I kept saying, 'It's not true, maybe they don't like the play . . . maybe they're not ripping up the seats or anything, but they think you're great.' But it wasn't doing any good. Maggie wouldn't




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believe me. And then she stopped seeing anybody . . . anybody at all.

"I tried to get her to go to the cast's New Year's Eve party, but she said 'I just can't do it. I just can't face them. I'll try to sleep.' I know she didn't sleep though. At two o'clock she called the party and asked if we'd send her up a sandwich."

"A wonderful girl"

Your mind flies back to that fateful television show, and producer Felix Jackson insisting, "She never said she wasn't coming back!" And you think of poor Maggie, who could no longer finish what she started. Except, perhaps, in one terrible way.

On Friday, Dr. Tofig again visited his patient. Her condition was no better. He left her resting, early in the afternoon, and at 5:30, when Wagg came to her room, he found a chain across the door.

Frightened, because he couldn't rouse his wife by calling her, he notified the hotel manager, who got an employee to saw through the chain.

She was dying, when they reached her, the remains of three bottles of seconal on the night table. . . .

In a hotel room next to the theater with his wife's name on the marquee, Kenneth Wagg wept.

In an off-Broadway theater, where, the week before, she'd begun work in her first play, Brooke Hayward listened to the news, then turned blindly out into the street, headed for her father's apartment, though she had no idea where he was.

At his Manhattan home, Henry Fonda said he was "shocked and saddened," and in New Haven, producer Gabel unsuccessfully went about the business of seeing that his show would go on (he hired his wife, Arlene Francis, to fill the star part but the show folded anyway), and two days after her death, Margaret Sullavan's temporal bones (the bones of the ear) were delivered to the doctor who'd once cured her deafness.

"The bequest was a complete surprise to me," announced the doctor. "She never had said anything to me about it. She was a wonderful girl."

Maybe that's the best way to remember her.

END

Perfect Honeymoon

(*Continued from page 32*)

take her to dances and the movies every week, is unwise."

"And can be dangerous," added Warren. "Like those two kids in *Blue Denim*. They were young and inexperienced. When they got so involved with each other and they didn't know how to handle themselves or sex—and got into trouble. When I was making that picture, Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley and I would talk about it. Most of us agreed that going steady could be like playing with dynamite."

"Nevertheless," said Betty Lou, slipping her hand possessively into Warren's, "it was right for us—even though I wasn't quite fifteen nor Warren sixteen when we began to steady-date. Each person must decide if going steady is best.

"It was for us, because we really wanted to. Not because it was a fad. And not because it was security. Our feelings for each other were real. We didn't tie each other down.

"And we went steady because we were really in love. Our marriage was a culmination of that love."

Warren, who is in *Because They're Young* and played Brandon's pal in *Blue Denim*, and Betty Lou, who is the young girl in Henry Fonda's TV series, *The Deputy*, met when they were both in the stage play, *A Roomful of Roses*, four years ago. They were teenage actors even then.

"I think that two people see each other at their worst, as well as their best, when they're thrown together in work," explained Betty Lou. "While we were rehearsing in the play, Warren saw me flying around backstage in jeans and oversize shirts, my nose shiny, my hair in curlers. I saw him when he was moodily concentrating on his lines.

"We started going out for Cokes during rehearsal breaks, and then for hamburgers after the show. Soon we discovered we were seeing a lot of each other.

"We learned we had a lot in common. We even found out that we had first met when we were seven, and we had both done extra roles in a picture that was filmed in New York called *The Window*.

"One day I came to the theater wearing an oversized red-and-white checked boy's shirt. Warren showed up wearing the identical shirt. Warren has always loved to tease me. When he saw me he grinned and said, 'Look, girl, that means you have the same awful taste in clothes I have. Why don't we go steady?' I was really pleased, but I wouldn't let him know it. 'Go steady with you?' I replied. 'Just because we both liked red-and-white shirts? Humph! That's a dandy reason. Besides,' I said, 'I wouldn't go steady with *anyone*.'

"But later that evening Warren and I talked more seriously. He gave me a charm bracelet. That meant I was 'pinned.' I was his girl. He was my boyfriend.

"But even though we began to go steady we didn't feel that we owned each other. I guess it was our work that saved us. I had to go to Hollywood to make a picture, and I told Warren he ought to go with other girls. In Hollywood I dated other boys. I discovered, though, that I didn't like any of them as much as I liked Warren. And Warren had the opportunity to go with other girls, but that didn't seem to mean much, either.

"I think the main objection to the custom of going steady is tied around the necking problem. They say that young people going steady tends to lead to growing intimacy. How did Warren and I avoid it? Warren is a gentleman. And behaved like one. And we were both so interested in acting, it took the stress somewhat off sex. We'd get so excited talking shop and discussing what was going on in Broadway and Hollywood that we just didn't have to get too steamed up over each other.

"Our dates were filled with activities. I think that kids have a tendency to rely upon heavy necking when there isn't very much else to do. Because Warren and I were all wrapped up in the theater, we had lots to do, lots to talk about when we got together. We had that kind of excitement. Some kids go in for the other kind of excitement out of sheer boredom.

"The longer we went together, the more our friendship mellowed into a warm, wonderful romance. We felt that we were really in love. By this time, we had worked out many of the differences between us.

"And there were differences. Plenty of them. I'm headstrong and have a temper. Warren likes to have his own way, and underneath his boyish looks is a very strong, mature personality. He has a lot of drive and serious ambitions for his future. He is serious about acting, but he also wants to study law. Well, if he had sprung that on me as a surprise after we

were married, I might have not have understood his wanting to take certain college courses at night. We could have had some big battles over it. This way, gradually, by going with him, I learned why he wants to take law courses, and what it means to him. I'm all for it.

"Our most serious difference was that of religion. It took years of going steady for us to blend that difference and really mean it.

"This way, I had a chance to know—to *really* know—Warren's family. To have dinner with them on their religious holidays, to realize what Warren's background was, because this is what makes him what he is today. He also had a chance to know my parents and realize what my childhood religious background meant to me.

"This took time. It wouldn't have been right for Warren to demand that our children be raised in his faith, or for me to demand that they be raised in mine.

"But after going with Warren for several years, I decided that I would want our children brought up in the Jewish faith, which is Warren's. He didn't force that on me. I came to that decision after I got to know Warren and his family so well. I could see what his family background meant to him. I realized, when I saw him on many occasions with young children, how much he loves children, and that he would probably make a wonderful father some day. In fact, one evening as we were talking about what we wanted out of life after we were married, Warren said, 'I'd like to have children right after we marry. I don't want to wait. I want to be a young father and grow up with my children. I want to play baseball with my sons, and be young enough to understand them and be a pal.'

"I know that although Warren may be young, he isn't too young to assume the responsibilities of being head of the house. Warren likes responsibilities. This I know. If he's going to be head of the house, then I felt it right that the children be raised in his religion. . . .

"Now we have each other for a lifetime. And our honeymoon is the perfect start of that lifetime together." **END**

Warren's in MGM's PLATINUM HIGH SCHOOL.

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2. *How?* Simply by checking with your local theater playing "Because They're Young," a Columbia Pictures' release of Drexel Productions' new Dick Clark movie, a timely story of high school days, starring Dick Clark, along with Michael Callan, Tuesday Weld, Victoria Shaw, and guest stars James Darren and Dwayne Eddy and the Rebels.
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An Unborn Life at Stake

(*Continued from page 24*)

even wanted to make a decision on her own. Since she had married Mel, she had wanted him to make every plan for her. She felt better that way, leaning on him for his strength. But somehow, only a woman's heart could give her the answer she had to find tonight.

That day at the doctor's

Her mind went back to that afternoon when she and Mel had sat side by side in the doctor's office in Beverly Hills. They had gone together to see him to let him know that they were going to leave for Rome at the end of the week. There, Mel was to start work in Paramount's *Blood and Roses*, and Audrey, quite naturally, was planning to go with him. Since she was now only two months pregnant, she wanted to know what she must do to make sure that her baby would be born alive. She had endured a miscarriage only last summer. . . .

The doctor had looked strangely grave at the news of the trip to Rome.

"There was a reason why you lost your first baby through a miscarriage," he had said. "And since we do know why, we can try to prevent its happening again."

Then he had gone on to explain that in her particular case there weren't enough hormones being secreted in her body. This, the doctor had added kindly—noting the alarm in her face—was not too unusual. Many women with this problem had gone through the heartbreaking ordeal of one miscarriage after another, until medical science had recently discovered a hormone that worked almost miraculously so that these women could bear their babies.

Audrey breathed a sigh of relief.

"It sounds so simple, doctor," she said. "You mean I could have these hormone treatments and they could help prevent another miscarriage? Why, that's wonderful."

"Yes," he said. "But"—he paused for a second—"just as important as the hormone treatments is the fact that you'll have to stay in bed a good part of the time, not have any excitement and not move around too much. That means cutting out major traveling."

When he announced that the trip to Rome would add to the risk of her having a baby, a look of panic came into Audrey's eyes. By an effort of will, she wiped away that look. She didn't want Mel to know how upset she was at the thought that she might have to give up going with him.

Audrey hates every moment when she is away from Mel. Up until that moment in the doctor's office, she hadn't even considered staying at home while Mel went to Rome.

But faced with this heartbreaking dilemma, she didn't even want to turn to Mel for an answer, for if he were to make the decision and it didn't turn out well, he would never be able to forgive himself.

She stole a quick look at Mel's face. It was tense. Audrey realized that Mel was going through the same torment of indecision she was.

The hardest decision

That night, for the first time, they had their dinner almost in silence. There was none of the gay conversation, the happy banter about the coming baby that had marked their dinners in recent months.

Audrey thought to herself: "This is the hardest decision I've ever had to make. I can't bear to risk the life of Mel's child and mine . . . but neither can I bear to spend the next few months without Mel. Particularly now."

What was it to be: the safety of her unborn baby, or the blessed months to be spent with Mel? How could she make such a choice? When she'd experienced the first signs that she might be pregnant, she'd welcomed them with the fervent hope that she was carrying a baby. And she'd taken the usual medical tests. All morning, while waiting for the results of those tests, she'd prayed. When she learned the good news from her doctor, she had called Mel at the studio. He was thrilled, and for the first time in his career he left his work to come home so that he could kiss her tenderly and tell her how happy he was.

From that time on, Mel had treated her almost like a baby herself, insisting that she stay in bed, having breakfast brought in to her, joining her for coffee in the sunny bedroom that overlooked the Pacific. When he'd had to leave her to go to the studio, he'd told the maid that Audrey must not get out of bed until noon.

And she, too, had been very cautious. She would shop very carefully for baby things—some of them useful, some of them just gags that she and Mel could laugh at, like the baby toothbrush she'd bought when she heard that the baby's teeth would be forming during a certain period.

Most women put off wearing maternity clothes until they absolutely have to. But Audrey, almost from the moment she knew she was pregnant, was so happy about it that she had gone almost immediately to a maternity shop in Beverly Hills and asked to be shown some maternity outfits.

"What size is the woman for whom you're buying these?" asked the saleswoman.

"My size," she replied. "They're for me."

The woman was amazed. "But you're so flat. You won't need maternity clothes for months."

"I want them now—just as soon as I can get them," replied Audrey, eyes shining. "I can't wait to wear them."

Only recently the memory of her first miscarriage, last year in Switzerland, had come back to panic her. The talk with the doctor today had allayed that fear—only to produce a new one.

If she wasn't quiet; if she moved around too much, as she *must* to get to Rome, would she be risking the life of the baby she and Mel wanted?

"But planes today," she argued with herself, because this was the answer she really wanted, "are so safe and smooth. And once we get to Rome, I can remain quietly in our hotel suite, waiting for Mel each day. I know Italy so well, I needn't do any sightseeing. I can stay quiet, just as I would here."

She thought how much happier she would be with Mel beside her—how miserable she would be, and how long the months would seem, if they were apart.

"And Mel will be finished with the picture in March," she thought, trying to reason this thing out. "We can go home then, together, and be back in California for the final months before our baby is born.

"The doctor said it would be better for the baby if I were relaxed all through my pregnancy rather than tense. If I'm with Mel, I'll be happy and relaxed. If I'm home alone, I'll be nervous and tense, and all the bed-rest in the world won't change that."

The moon had disappeared and the sky was beginning to lighten. Like her heart. She stood up, holding the chiffon peignoir around her. She walked up the curved stairway and down the hall, her head high, a smile on her face.

When she stepped into the bedroom, Mel stirred. He opened his eyes and looked at her. There was an expression of infinite content on her face.

"You look so happy, darling," he said. "What's happened?"

Audrey reached over and slipped her hand into his.

"I am happy. I really am. I'm going to Rome with you, darling. I'm going to be with you. Everything will be all right. I just know it will be. . . ." **END**

Audrey will star in THE UNFORGIVEN *and* MY SISTER AND I, *both United Artists. Mel will be seen in* BLOOD AND ROSES, *Paramount.*

Elvis' Plans, Projects and Dreams

(*Continued from page 45*)

this part,' remarked Elvis with his usual sense of humor. 'And I'm sure anxious to see the script.' "

" 'I'd like to give you one, but I didn't bring you a script,' " I told him. " 'You'd probably memorize it, and we might make some changes between now and when you start shooting in Hollywood.' " Actually I didn't take Elvis a script because I remembered when I first signed Elvis for pictures, I didn't have a script ready for him at that time, and he went to Fox to make *Love Me Tender*. The studio sent him a script to Memphis, and Elvis arrived with every line of his part and everyone else's parts memorized. If he could memorize an entire script when he was on a heavy schedule of personal appearances, TV, and recording dates—I felt sure he'd do it on his free time after Army hours. And I didn't want him to put himself to such a task, although knowing Elvis' restless mind, he'd probably have enjoyed it.

" 'I'm sure anxious to get back to work,' " Elvis continued. " 'And you are here—actually here in Germany with the cameras, and the crew all set to go—it's really great,' " he repeated, with excitement.

"Then I had to disappoint Elvis all over again, and watch the excitement in his eyes fade to a thoughtful mood that hid any let-down he may have felt.

" 'You won't be before the cameras over here,' " I said. " 'I understand that this is your own decision, too.' "

" 'Yes, of course. I guess I just forgot for the moment,' he sighed. 'It's because I'm so anxious to get back to work.' "

"While anyone in the Army could do whatever they liked on their own time, I had decided in the beginning that Elvis would not appear in any scenes we'd shoot in Germany. I didn't want him to take the risk of being embarrassed by putting him in front of a camera, and then have some people take the position that he was being privileged to work as a movie

star while he was still in the service. This is one of the daily problems that Elvis faces as a G.I., making sure that he does not receive any special attention or privileges. He himself doesn't make a case out of it, but he is very careful to go along living a normal life, as quiet as possible, as a soldier. That's why he has been successful in the Army, and he has won the liking and respect of his buddies.

"'Man, how I'd like to be working in front of those cameras,'" Elvis repeated with boyish enthusiasm cropping out. "'I've often wondered if I've forgotten everything I learned, and what it will be like again. Man, how I'd like to try it again. I can't believe it—you're all here, the whole crew!'" Then, "'It's just like it was yesterday at Paramount, and it's almost two years.'"

"Elvis was reacting to my announcement that I had brought my director, Mickey Moore, he was assistant director on Elvis' last picture *King Creole,* and my art director, first cameraman and my company unit manager with me to Germany to start Elvis' new picture. I had filled in the rest of the crew I told him, and we had forty all set to shoot locations when I went out to see Elvis.

"'I'm sure glad to see you,'" Elvis had greeted me when I had first arrived at his house which is outside of Frankfurt in Bad Nauheim. Elvis is living in a little house—a cottage with a fenced in back yard, rather than the huge castle he was reputed to live in. Soldiers are all permitted to live off base if they so desire, and if their families are there, and many others live in similar places. Elvis' house is stucco and small and when I arrived Elvis opened the door. "'Colonel Parker wrote me you were coming, and man it is good to see you, Sir,'" he said warmly. He was playing records at the time, but not his records. "'Some new imports from the United States—Bobby Darin and Ricky Nelson's new hits,'" he said. There's not an atom of jealousy in Elvis, and while he has consistently worried that his fans might forget him, he is a great booster of the boys with talent who have come up as the top waxers of Rock 'n' Roll during his Army stint.

We exchanged greetings and then Elvis said, "'Come on out into the kitchen, and we'll have a Coke.'" We sat down at the table and I was delighted at the new Elvis. He was in uniform, since he'd just come back from field maneuvers. He's matured and while he still naturally retains his youthful quality of charm, and he is basically the same—he is also noticeably sleek and he's physically as hard as nails. Too, the Presley with the duck tail hair cut and side burns is gone. For he will wear his same G.I. hair cut in the picture—since he will be playing a G.I.

"Elvis wanted to hear all about his new picture, however, and I told him that we were taking some exciting locations—shooting all of the exteriors in the locale of his Army activities. We'd shot in Frankfurt, Weisbaden, Idsten, Friedberg, and along the Rhine River and we were set and did ultimately shoot the tank corps in action, but never with Elvis. We used plenty of G.I.'s but again not Elvis. This seemed unfair, but I would not take a chance of any criticism being directed towards him with this picture."

"'Are you shooting in color?'" he asked. I told him that I was, and that the weather was perfect.

"'Now that the two years are up, it all doesn't seem so long,' Elvis said, 'but Man, in the beginning I counted the days—thirty and thirty-one to each month, and 365 days to a year—like that,'" he laughed. "'Then it seemed forever.'"

"Elvis' face saddened when I again expressed my condolences in the loss of his mother. 'You'll remember. Elvis,' I recalled, 'that we had both your mother and your father in a scene of your picture. You remember they were visiting you on the set that last day of the shooting, and we asked them to sit in the audience as players? We have some good footage, and you can have it as a clip when you return.'

"Elvis' appreciation, which is so ready and so genuine lighted his eyes. He swallowed hard. 'I miss her,' he said. 'I guess I'll never get over losing her.'

"I could well understand Elvis' feelings. We sat and talked for awhile longer, and then we went outside for awhile to get a breath of air, and we sat on the grass. The boys took some snapshots of us. When it began to get dark, I arose to go.

"'Maybe we could have dinner together if you can spare the time,'" Elvis said. I told him to call me the following week at my hotel.

"In the interim we began shooting the picture, and I must admit I felt a little regret that Elvis couldn't have been with us, if only as a spectator. But his Army duty kept him elsewhere. His officers and Army friends however, were anxious to talk with me.

"'El's a fine boy, and he does his job well,' one said. 'He certainly avoids any favoritism, and he bends over backwards to do his job one hundred percent!'

"Another of his officers observed, 'The Army has sure changed Elvis. We got hold of an old movie magazine with a pre-army story about Elvis. It sure made him out to be a belly-rolling vulgar type of singer who had a bad if popular influence with the American teenagers. But today he sure has changed. He is a perfect gentleman. He is always polite, and no one has ever heard him say a vulgar word or tell an off-color story—' I could have told him that he had found a very wrong story based on a very wrong conception of Elvis. One that has long since been dispelled and erased. He was, and long before he came to Hollywood, a thoroughly nice and well mannered boy, who had no feeling about ever being vulgar. As he once said, 'I just follow the beat of the music. It's the folk dancing of this generation. The kids understand it. Sometimes I get carried away, but I never think it is vulgar.'

"'Our only trouble,' another officer told me, 'is the girls. They won't leave Elvis alone. We've had to put up roped lines to get him through them at times. Elvis always looks amused, but he never takes advantage of his popularity. He just trys to go on with what he is doing. And when he is off duty, I've been amazed at his patience. He'll spend time talking to these kids, and some of them are only ten or twelve. They can't speak English, and he can't speak German, but he has the utmost patience with them.

"'Elvis will get out his little German-English dictionary, and they'll make signs and talk back and forth. The kids worship him. But he sure has an amazing patience with children, and such a real liking, that he'll be a wonderful father someday.'

"Another G. I. made this observation on Elvis' romantic status, 'It looks like Elvis is going home single all right. He'll take a fraulein out a few times, and they blow it up big in the papers. But he hasn't gone steady over here with any one girl. He doesn't have much time, and the time he does have he spends pretty much at home with his dad and his grandmother. His grandmother sure can cook. El is always nice about taking some of us home for her real southern cooking.'

"Elvis is very prompt and reliable and he called me a week later as he said he

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would. 'I can make it tonight to get in for dinner,' he said. We made an engagement to have dinner together that night. And Elvis arrived driving his Mercedes Benz, a stock model sedan. We went to a German restaurant, and I must report that it was very unique. There wasn't a dozen or so girls popping out of the walls and the ceilings as they did in America when I took Elvis out to dinner. I said to him, 'This is different than it was in New Orleans.' He smiled. For in New Orleans, on the location of *King Creole*, I had to hire a special security policeman to keep the girls off his hotel floor, and still they seemed to manage to come in through the walls—in every direction.

"Elvis ordered German food. An accordion trio played during dinner, and again I must report that Elvis did not get up and sing. The bus-boys and the musicians recognized him and one by one they politely sent a menu over with a request for his autograph. Elvis seems to have a quality that is warm and polite, but one which also commands respect. Today people no longer seem to impose on him even though the very little girls may mob him.

"'I've been very homesick at times. That's the worst,' Elvis admitted as we ate. 'I've thought again and again, Man, if I could only go home for just one day. And wow, the time is almost here to go home. And I'm very excited about it.'

"Elvis also said that he wasn't going steady and that his 'little old heart is still in one piece. But it would be nice to fall in love—after I get my career going again. But not before—because I've got too much work to do first—to have the kind of time to fall in love.'

"His thoughts kept returning to the picture, his new picture. I told him, 'There'll be parts for two German girls and one Italian girl. And there'll be parts for your G.I. buddies, for you'll be playing yourself, a G.I. in the tank division.'

"'Have you cast the girls?' he asked with natural male interest.

"'No, not yet,' I laughed, 'any suggestions?'

"'No, I guess not,' Elvis replied thoughtfully, adding half to himself, 'as long as they're pretty.'

"'I'll be seeing you,' Elvis said, 'in Hollywood! Man, that sounds good, be seeing you in Hollywood,' he repeated with a flash of a smile. Then he turned and walked towards his car, jumped in, switched on the ignition and roared up the road."

From that minute on, Mr. Wallis says he was besieged all of the way home by the foreign and the international and the domestic press—for any word of this interview and his visit with Elvis, of their plans. Luckily, we caught up with him for this exclusive report on Elvis! **END**

The Bad Boy and the Good Girl

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Like with Jo-Ann. I'm sorry it had to happen this way with *her*. I'm sorry I ever had to hurt her for one single minute.

"But what else can happen when a bitter, unhappy guy like me meets a good, sweet gal?

"What else can come of this but hurt—lots and lots of it. . . ."

Bobby and Jo-Ann Campbell first met one night three years ago (he was nineteen, she was just going on eighteen). With two dozen other young entertainers, they sat around a few tables in the rear of Hanson's Drugstore, just off Times Square in New York City, waiting for the bus that would take them to a record hop over in Brooklyn. Actually, Bobby sat at one table, gabbing away, surrounded by five or six wide-eyed girl vocalists and dancers; while Jo-Ann—new to New York, show business, this crowd—sat alone at her table, a few yards away. Like most of the others she had ordered a sandwich and something to drink, a chocolate milkshake in her case. But, this being her first close-to-bigtime record hop, she was too nervous to eat or drink much. And, besides, that fellow over there, that Bobby Darin, made her just a little more nervous, the way he was constantly looking over at her, even while he was gabbing away the way he was and being oohed and aahed over by those girls sitting with him.

Jo-Ann was glad, very glad, when the announcement was made, finally, that the bus for Brooklyn had pulled up outside the drugstore.

That fellow, that Bobby Darin

And she was surprised, once inside the bus, sitting in her seat next to the window, watching the others climb aboard, to see that fellow, that Bobby Darin, enter with his crowd of girls, break away from them suddenly, and come rushing over to grab the empty seat alongside her.

"I guess you know who I am," he said—his first words.

Jo-Ann nodded.

"How do you know?" Bobby asked.

"That *Splish-Splash* you just recorded—" Jo-Ann started to say.

"And wrote," Bobby put in.

"And wrote," said Jo-Ann, "—well, it's been making quite a splash, hasn't it? And they've started writing stories about you in the papers and magazines, and putting in your picture . . . And that's how I know."

"Uh-huh," Bobby said. Then he asked, "And who are you?"

Jo-Ann told him.

"Pretty . . . blonde . . . blue-eyed . . . and with an accent like that yet," Bobby said. "Where you from, honey chile? South Cah'lina?"

He laughed and Jo-Ann smiled.

"No," she said, "Jacksonville, Florida. And I'm a singer, in case you never heard of me, which you no doubt never did. And I've cut two records, neither of which has sold very well, but my manager tells me not to worry about that, he being a very nice and understanding manager. And—"

The bus began to move.

"And?" Bobby asked.

"And," Jo-Ann said, "I guess there's not much more to tell except that my daddy thought it might be good for any career I might have in store for me if he and my mother and I moved up here to New York. So that's what we did. And here we are, all settled in a little apartment over Flushing way, waiting to see what the future will bring . . . hoping it'll all have been worth it."

She turned to look out the window, at the theater marquees, the cars and cabs, the blur of people on the sidewalks.

"Glad you came?" Bobby asked, after a moment. "To big old wonderful New York town?"

Jo-Ann looked back at him and nodded.

"Well," Bobby said, sitting back in his seat, "lemme tell you something about this big old wonderful town, this big old wonderful business of show business . . . They can both turn out to stink if you don't watch that pretty step of yours."

"How do you mean?" Jo-Ann asked.

"The people," Bobby said. He spelled out the word. "Sniff-sniff-*stink*, if you don't watch your step. All kinds of creeps. But the leeches, first of all. They're the first ones you got to worry about."

"Borrowers?" Jo-Ann asked.

"Takers," Bobby said. "*Takers*—It's a whole bit, and I've been through it all. Take a place like that drugstore we just came from. It's a hangout for our crowd. A new one like you walks in and you're spotted. The leeches, they know how you feel. All young inside and nervous and wanting to please, to make friends, to be accepted, considered nice, A-1. So for this privilege they invite you over to their table and then, then they let you pick up their check. A cheeseburger here, a steak sandwich there, a Danish, a couple of cups of coffee—'You don't mind just this once, do you, pal?' they say, 'I'm just a little short right now.'"

"Is this what happens to you?" Jo-Ann asked.

"Juggle those verbs around a little, honey, and you've got it," Bobby said. "It's what *used* to happen to me . . . I used to be the champion check grabber wherever I was. As long as I shelled out, man, I was the most. They used to wait for me to come in, the whole damn bunch of them. And me, I wanted to be accepted so bad, I never said no. Not till one day when the message came to me and I said the hell with them and being nice and all that junk, and stopped."

"Gee," Jo-Ann said.

Backslappers

"Then," said Bobby, looking up at the ceiling of the bus, remembering, "there's the backslappers. I guess they're like the leeches, basically, except with diplomas. They're the ones who get after you when the breaks start coming your way. They're the ones who want the favors. You've been meeting big people in the business? They want to get to meet them. You're their best bet, so they start slapping your back so hard that just to get them to stop and to end the embarrassment you say, 'Gee thanks, now what can I do for you?' And they tell you. Until you find yourself spending so much time working for them that you're lousing up on yourself."

"How'd you stop *them?*" Jo-Ann asked.

"Same as with the others," Bobby said. "I woke up one day and told them all to go to hell, that I knew I was good, that I didn't need their compliments, and that they could all just go to—"

"I know," Jo-Ann said.

"Yeah," said Bobby. He turned to face her again. He looked into her eyes. "Then there's the love crowd," he said.

Jo-Ann began to blush. "Yes?" she said.

"Watch for 'em, honey—watch—or they'll drag you down under," he said. "With me it was this dancer. She had to have me, had to love me . . . she said. I was seventeen, she was thirty-one. Man, was I impressed with myself. I was so impressed I couldn't see what a patsy I was being used for. This dame, she was a pathological liar, along with being a tramp. She didn't know how to tell the truth, so how could she know how to be true to anyone . . . ? I was hit over the head with danger signals. But did I take 'em?" He shook his head. "No," he said. "Instead, I talked about getting married with her. And I talked about committing suicide with her. And all this while I found out she was just using me for what I was worth to her, cheating on me—"

He stopped, suddenly.

"Now you tell me your problems," he

said, still looking at her, hard, intently.

Jo-Ann smiled again. "They'd sound pretty third-class next to yours," she said.

"No boyfriend problem?" Bobby asked.

"Not really." Jo-Ann said. "There's this boy in Jacksonville. I liked him some. I thought I'd miss him when I had to leave... But I don't—not terribly, I mean."

"Want a new boyfriend?" Bobby asked.

Jo-Ann said nothing.

"Don't get scared, sweetheart—I mean just for tonight," Bobby said. "To explain," he said, still getting no reaction from Jo-Ann, "tonight, after the show, you and me take this bus back to town. And then, when we get off, I take your hand and take you to this pizza joint on Forty-ninth Street where we grab a pizza and some cream sodas or something . . . Sound okay?"

Before Jo-Ann had a chance to answer, Bobby pointed out the window of the bus. "This here we're crossing now is the Brooklyn Bridge—and that back there, all those twinkling lights," he said, "that's Manhattan . . . New York. Few years from now I'm gonna own that town. *Then*, few years from now, when I ask a gal for a date it's gonna mean El Morocco and the '21' and the Stork Club and Copa and everyplace—" His eyes began to brighten. "—With waiters tripping over their fool feet to get to my table and hatcheck babes framing the dollar bills I give 'em and all the bigshots in town staring over at me and my date, some of 'em just looking, others waving, and nodding and—"

Again, he stopped and looked back at Jo-Ann.

"But for tonight," he said, "after the show, pizza and cream soda at this joint on Forty-ninth Street. Sound okay?"

He put his hand on hers.

"Huh?" he asked.

He smiled at the way Jo-Ann began to blush again, at the way she nodded slowly and said yes. . . .

One of these New York creeps

The show in Brooklyn ended at 11:10 that night. By 11:20 Jo-Ann had her stage make-up off, had changed and stood just inside the stage door waiting for Bobby.

It was some twenty minutes after that—seconds after the bus, loaded with the others, had left—when Bobby did show.

"Jo-Ann—" he started, out of breath.

"Bus took off," Jo-Ann cut in, starting to laugh, "but there's always the subway."

"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, shaking his head, not listening, "I can't make it. Not tonight."

"You can't?" Jo-Ann asked, the laugh suddenly gone.

"Look," Bobby said, bringing up his hands, holding them together, "this dame . . . I'd forgotten all about her. Two weeks ago she says to me, 'After the Brooklyn show, how about it—a night out, us two?' And me, I don't know what I was thinking, but I said, 'Yeah, sure. . . .'"

Jo-Ann waited for him to go on.

He didn't.

"She's here?" she asked, then.

"In my dressing room," Bobby said. "She showed up right after the show. She's a little on the loaded side. I tried talking to her. I thought maybe I could get her to call this off and we, we—"

"Bobby," Jo-Ann said. She forced a great big smile. "Bobby, it's perfectly okay what's happened."

"It is?" he asked.

"Yes," Jo-Ann lied.

"Listen," Bobby said, "this subway. Do you know how to get to it from here?"

"Oh yes," Jo-Ann lied again.

"Better," Bobby said, "if you wait a few minutes, we'll be getting a taxi and we can drop you off. This dame—" He shrugged, and forced his own smile now. "—She never wants to ride in anything but taxis. And she always pays. So—"

"No, thanks, Bobby," Jo-Ann said. "I can walk it."

They were both silent for a moment.

"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, "these New York creeps I was telling you about before. I guess you think I'm one of 'em, but good—huh? . . . Lots of other people do, you know. So you're not alone in what you're thinking."

"No . . . *I* don't think that," Jo-Ann said softly.

"No, I'll bet," Bobby said. He laughed a hollow laugh. Then, "Well, no sense us standing here like this . . . So long, Jo-Ann . . . I'm sorry."

"So long, Bobby," she said, turning quickly, and leaving.

"Another girl would have been sore as heck," a friend of Jo-Ann's has said. "But Jo, she'd fallen for him from those first few minutes together, in the bus. And nothing, not even being stood up that first night, was going to change the way she felt about young Mr. D."

A quiet love

"She carried her love for him about as quietly as is humanly possible. She'd never mention him to you . . . never. But, boy, when someone else mentioned his name, you should have seen the things that happened to her face—her eyes getting big, shiny; her color all flushed; all that. And if she ever happened to be carrying a copy of *Variety* and you asked to see it and noticed something clipped out, you could be sure the clipped-out article had something to do with young Mr. D. and that that clipping was tucked in the bottom of her pocketbook where she could take it out when she was alone and read it over and over again.

"I guess it was nine or ten months after

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Shirley MacLaine

LEMONADE AND FRIED MICE

■ Although by now Shirley MacLaine is getting used to being one of Hollywood's most sought-after actresses and top money-makers, she was once quite accustomed to living on "nothing a week."

This was when she was struggling to get a break in New York.

Rodgers and Hammerstein were auditioning for *Me and Juliet,* and five thousand hopefuls showed up at the first try-out.

"I lied," Shirley recalls, "changed my name three times, was turned down five times and kept using other people's Equity cards.

"There were seventy-five at the final audition—and I wasn't a good dancer then.

"They got down to the last person, and Dick Rodgers called out, 'Hey, you with the legs!'

"That was me."

Shirley had to run through every dance there was, and sing too. And she got the job.

And she figures she owes it, in a way, to lemonade and fried mice. Because in those days, she saved every cent she made (and that wasn't often) for lessons. Every kind of lesson there was. Singing, dancing, acting.

And to do this, she had to cut down on eating. Or eating money anyhow.

Shirley had two tricks to help her along.

One had to do with the awful old apartment where she lived with "twelve different roommates every year. They would get tired trying to crash Broadway and go back to Baltimore or wherever they came from. That was 1952, when unemployment in the theater was at its highest. Three thousand girls would show up when six were needed.

"Still the roommates and I didn't starve. We could always count on one thing when we got home for dinner—fried mice, because they were always on the oven!"

At least, that's what Shirley says. . . .

Shirley's other trick, the Automat Ploy, sounds a little more palatable.

The Automats in New York are like inexpensive cafeterias. You serve yourself. Put a coin in a slot and open a little glass door and out comes a fresh sandwich or dessert.

For beverages like iced tea, or iced coffee, the ingredients are laid out. You help yourself to ice, to sugar, to cream, and then purchase the tea or coffee.

"That's how I learned to like lemonade," Shirley explains. "I would make out like I was going to order iced tea. I'd get some lemon, then take sugar from the table and have lemonade . . . free of charge."

Well, those days are past. And the way she lives now? Oh, she likes it fine. But if the day ever came that she'd have to go back to a budget, Shirley MacLaine can qualify as experienced and expert.

that first night that they saw each other again. It was at a nightclub. Bobby was on his way up by now, and playing his first big club date in New York. Jo-Ann wanted to go see him something desperate, of course. She wouldn't ask a boy to take her, she's that shy. And none of us girls could go with her for the simple reason of money. So she went alone, about a week after he'd opened—after she'd got up enough money for herself. And enough nerve. . . ."

Jo-Ann sat at the little table way in the rear of the nightclub and watched Bobby make his entrance. And she could tell, from the beginning, that something was wrong that night.

It seemed to start with the audience. It was a bad audience, unusually bad—talkative, a big-drinking crowd, a convention-type crowd where practically everyone seemed out to put on his own show.

Then Bobby tried to handle this audience. And he didn't help.

Midway through his first number he called out to the crowd to clap along with him.

"Help old Bobby keep the beat—yeahhhh?" he asked.

And he began to clap.

But most of the customers didn't cooperate.

Jo-Ann could see him begin to do a slow burn. She'd been reading quite a bit recently about his bad temper, about how he'd blown his top at one performance somewhere in Pennsylvania not too long ago and told his audience off, another time in Florida . . . a few other times, a few other places.

She hoped nothing like that would happen this night.

"Shhhhhh," she found herself saying as Bobby began his second number and the audience continued talking it up.

"Shhhhhh!"

But nobody paid any attention to Jo-Ann.

Nor to Bobby.

And, finally, Jo-Ann saw it happen, as midway through his third number, Bobby brought up his hands to stop the band, mumbled something, went into his finale, cut that short too and went rushing off the stage.

It's safe to guess today that if nothing had gone wrong with Bobby's show that particular night, Jo-Ann would very likely have finished her dinner, paid her check and taken the subway back to Flushing. And that would have been that.

But, because something had gone wrong, because she knew that Bobby was undoubtedly hurt and sulking now, feeling as if he didn't have a friend in the world—because she wanted to show him that she was still his friend, for a few minutes at least—Jo-Ann got up from her table and made her way backstage and to Bobby's dressing room. . . .

"Lousy show," he was saying a few minutes after she'd entered and they'd said hello, "—but lousy, wasn't it?"

Jo-Ann began to shake her head.

"Sure it was," Bobby said. "And you know why? Because me and that audience out there were having a fight." He lit a cigarette he'd been holding. "Me," he said, "I was fighting with them before I even went out. I was in a mood. I felt low, I mean. And when I'm low, I'm low. And there's not much I can do about it . . . You know that feeling?"

"Some," Jo-Ann said.

Bobby nodded. "And then that mob out there," he said. "A bunch of drunks. Boy, have you ever seen a bunch of drunks like that? Noisy? Rude? Rude to *me*? Well, I figured from the beginning that I'd have to show 'em. And I did, too. Cut the whole damn act short and showed 'em."

Jo-Ann looked at him and said nothing.

Bobby took a long drag from his cigarette. "You don't buy this kind of talk, do you?" he asked.

"It's not that . . . exactly. . . ." Jo-Ann started to say. She looked down.

"Well," said Bobby, "you sure don't look as though you'd pay a nickel for it."

To show the audience

Jo-Ann looked up again, quickly. "No, Bobby, you're right," she said, her voice suddenly firm, "I *wouldn't* pay a nickel for it. You talk . . . you talk as though you're so proud in a way that you went out there and *showed* that audience. You sound as though, just because you cut your act short, that you hurt them. *Them.* When the person you really hurt, the only person, is yourself."

Bobby took another drag from his cigarette, a short one this time.

"The others," Jo-Ann said, "they're out there still, Bobby—eating, drinking, talking, having fun. They've probably forgotten all about you by now . . . Isn't that wonderful? Ten minutes after you've left the stage. They've probably forgotten all about you. Isn't that wonderful, that that's what you're so proud of?"

She took a deep breath.

"Bobby," she went on, "I don't know much about show business. I've been around, but not that much . . . But I do know this. That the only time an entertainer should be proud is when he's given his audience everything that's inside him, everything he's got—good audience or bad. When he's taken a bad audience and quieted them and made them better by just one thing—"

"His talent?" Bobby cut in.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "his talent."

Bobby looked down at his cigarette. "Seems to me," he said, "I have heard that song before."

"Well, learn the song then," Jo-Ann said, her voice doubly firm now. "*Learn* it!"

Bobby watched an ash fall from his cigarette to the floor.

"Bobby," he heard Jo-Ann say then, her voice somewhat softer now, "you've *got* talent. More than anybody else I've ever seen or heard, you've got it. And someday, someday you'll be sitting on the top of the whole wide world—"

"How do you know that?" Bobby asked.

"For one thing, you told me," Jo-Ann said.

"Yeah?" Bobby asked, looking over at her.

"And for another," Jo-Ann said, "—I just know it."

"Yeah?" Bobby asked.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "—I just know it. And I just happen to think that you're the most marvelous, the most—"

She stopped.

And rose.

"It's getting late," she said. "I think I'd better be going."

"Hey," Bobby said, rising too, "I haven't even offered you a drink yet."

"No thanks," Jo-Ann said. "I don't drink."

"Stay for a cigarette?"

"No—don't drink, don't smoke, and very boring in conversations sometimes . . . like tonight," Jo-Ann said. She picked up the purse she'd put down earlier. "Well—" she said, beginning to walk towards the door.

"Somebody waiting for you there?" Bobby asked.

Jo-Ann shook her head. "I'm alone," she said.

"So can't you stay for a little while more?"

She shook her head again.

Bobby walked over towards the door now, too. "Tell me, Miss Florida," he said, putting his hand on hers. "You still living out in Flushing?"

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "still."

Hello and good-bye

"You know," Bobby went on, "I got a car now. And I was just thinking how it would be if I came out to pick you up some time and the two of us took a drive someplace . . . Can you give me your number so I can give you a call some time?"

"No," Jo-Ann said. She removed her hand from his. "You're not going to call. I know that. You know that. And—" She smiled. "—And, anyway, I just came by to say hello, Bobby.

"And now, good-bye, Bobby. . . ."

"You could have knocked Jo-Ann over," says her friend, "but Bobby got her phone number somehow and called her the very next day. That afternoon, they went out driving in his new car. And soon their friendship, their relationship—whatever you want to call it—was well on its way.

"For that next year, whenever they were both in New York and not out on tours, they were almost always together. Bobby would take Jo out a lot—movies, restaurants, nightclubs. But most of the time he just enjoyed going over to her apartment and having dinner with her and her folks, watching TV, telling jokes, relaxing, talking. They both seemed very happy, and it was enough to make you take back anything you might have said about Bobby had you only known him casually and not as the friend of your friend.

"Bobby, by the way, became a very hot property during this year. Every month he seemed to grow more and more popular and famous. He was beginning to do lots of TV and swank club dates. He made his biggest hit record—*Mack The Knife*—dur-

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

2. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

3. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE MEL FERRER:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

5. I LIKE STEPHEN BOYD:

1 more than almost any other star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

ing this time. In fact, it was because of *Mack* and its success that he got his biggest break up to that time, an appearance on the Perry Como show.

"And it was at this time, too, that the thing happened between him and Jo-Ann. The thing about the ring. . . ."

It was a Tuesday night, late. Rehearsals for the Como show had ended a little while before and Jo-Ann, who'd come to watch, had gone with Bobby to a small French restaurant not far from the studio.

The place was only half-filled.

Bobby and Jo-Ann sat at a window table, sipping their café espresso, waiting for their desserts.

Finally, the waiter returned to their table. Winking at Jo-Ann, he said, "Creme caramel for mademoiselle . . . and for monsieur, the mousse—and this, *mais* what have we here?"

On that last word, he lifted a tiny package from the side of the dish and handed it to Bobby.

"What is it?" Bobby asked.

The waiter grinned. "You will have to discuss that with the mademoiselle," he said, as he bowed slightly, and left.

"What's up, Jo?" Bobby asked. "What's in here, anyway?"

"Just a little something," she said.

"From you?" Bobby asked.

"Uh-huh," Jo-Ann said, beaming.

She watched Bobby as he placed the paper wrapping aside, as he stared for a moment at the box in front of him, as he opened it, then as he looked up again.

"It's a ring," he said.

"That's right," Jo-Ann said. Proudly, she added, "A genuine star sapphire ring."

"What's it supposed to mean. . . ?"

She waited for Bobby to take it out of the box now and put it on.

Instead, he asked, "What's it for? What's it supposed to mean?"

Jo-Ann found herself clearing her throat. "I don't know exactly, Bobby," she said "Lots of things, I guess. Good luck on the show tomorrow night. Thanks for all the nice times we've had together. I like you. I hope you like me . . . Lots of things."

Bobby shook his head.

"I can't wear it," Bobby interrupted her.

"You can't wear it?" Jo-Ann asked, the smile beginning to disappear from her face. "Why not?"

"Because," Bobby said, "guys don't go taking rings like this from girls unless—"

He picked up a half-filled glass of water and took a swallow.

"Because," he said, "—because it would mean that there's something more serious between us than there actually is . . . Look, sweetheart, you and me, we've been seeing a lot of each other lately, sure. But I don't want you to go getting the idea that you're the only girl I see."

"I didn't say I was," Jo-Ann said.

"But you thought maybe that's the way it was, didn't you?" he asked. Without giving her a chance to answer, he went on, "Well, it's not that way, honey. I see you. I see other girls. I like them. I like you—none better, none worse. I like all girls. I'm peculiar. That's how I get my kicks, from knowing lots of girls—some nice like you, some not so nice. . . ."

He picked up the glass of water again, swallowed again.

"Honey," he started, "you're probably the best girl in the world for me. Pals of mine who've met you *once* have told me that. But, honey—"

"Don't," Jo-Ann said, suddenly, strangely. "Don't, Bobby. Don't call me honey anymore. Don't say anymore. Don't try to follow me as I walk out of here now. And don't try to give the ring back to me. It's yours, Bobby. I bought it for you, and it's yours. To throw out if you want, or to put in your bottom drawer and keep for old times' sake, or to throw in a fire and watch melt, or to do anything you want."

She got up.

Bobby started to.

"Don't," she said. She looked at him. Then down at the ring, once more. . . .

Bobby had never been drunk before. But he was now.

"Monsieur," said the waiter, approaching the table, "this is the very last cognac I can serve you. We must close in ten minutes. *C'est la loi*—the law."

But Bobby didn't hear him.

He picked up the glass. And he looked down into it, beyond the eerily-ambered fluid there. And he thought of two women.

Damn you, he thought about the first. *Taking a kid. Lying to him. Cheating on him. Sucking him in with your talk about marriage, your talk about death. Holding him in your arms one minute, throwing him out the next. Making him sick and bitter and self-pitying . . . making him take it all out on other girls. On her. . . .*

"Jo," he whispered. "Jo-Ann . . . Jo."

The waiter came back to the table.

"You called me, monsieur," he asked. "You wish your check now."

Bobby shook his head.

He reached for the little box on the table and opened it.

"Tomorrow," he said, "—I'm gonna call her. First thing. And I'm gonna tell her I'm wearing it. . . . I'll always wear it."

The waiter smiled.

"I do not know the girl, except for tonight," he said, "but I do know this—that it will make her very 'appy."

"I hope so—finally," Bobby said.

And he saw that his hands, which had begun to shake these past few hours, stopped. **END**

---

6. I LIKE BETTY LOU KEIM:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE WARREN BERLINGER:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKED MARGARET SULLAVAN:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE DODIE STEVENS:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

[1] more than almost any other star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

---

11. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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Free! —See a demonstration of the new Kenmore washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse absolutely free!

A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Illinois



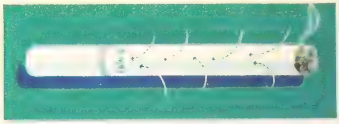
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ECRET
CHILD!
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from the curious eyes of the public, because..."
---continued inside



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MAY -2 1960

STUDENTS: If you want to go to college don't let your parents see this picture!

...that college girl who can't help lovin' tall boys...!









Sensational **BOBBY DARIN** sings the title song!



Here's everything and everybody that made Broadway blush at the howling stage smash! (at $7 per seat)



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Sayonara!
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That experiment in Japanese kissing!

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That girl in the boys locker room!

Those pom-pom girls!...and

that cool cool shower!







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the fragrance men love

modern screen

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DAVID NIVEN

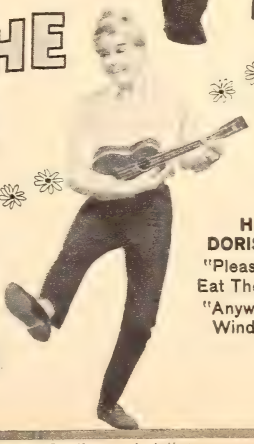




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PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES





Co-Starring JANIS PAIGE / SPRING BYINGTON / RICHARD HAYDN
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Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART / Based on the Book by JEAN KERR / Associate Producer MARTIN MELCHER / Directed by CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK / CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

HEAR DORIS SING!
"Please Don't Eat The Daisies"
"Anyway The Wind Blows"

Tune in to the Oscar Show on April 4. See local newspapers for time and station.

A true and touching fairy story translated from the French



THE PRINCESS WHO SAVED THE BIRDS

■ Grace Kelly Rainier was awakened by the guns: loud, sharp sounds of bullets whistling in the early spring winds.

Turning in her wide, comfortable bed, she looked at the luminous green dial of the gold boudoir clock on the nightstand. Five o'clock! Would she never get a full night's sleep? Outside, through the filmy billowing curtains at the windows, she could see the orange flames of dawn beginning to rise in the velvety dark sky.

Each and every morning it was this way.

She closed her eyes, recited a prayer only to have it punctuated by the sound of gunfire. Shivering from the cool morning winds, she pulled the soft satin covers close about her throat. She fervently hoped that the prayer would quiet her spirit.



There were few things that this gentle woman hated in her life, and this she loathed. From that very first day when Princess Grace heard the guns outside her bedroom window, she turned frantically to her husband, her nerves suddenly quaking with fear and foreboding.

But the Prince, his loving eyes tender with sincerity, smiled gently. "Darling," he said in his low soothing voice, "you'll get used to it. All you hear are the guns of hunters. Did you think we were having a war?"

"Hunters?" Princess Grace questioned. "Hunters on the palace grounds?"

"Yes, yes," he spoke calmly. "Now don't look so worried, my love. There are wonderful game birds here. In abundance. Pheasants and quail and pigeons. And the friends of the Throne come by in the mornings to pass their time. It's been a tradition here for years. and years. Hunting's a big sport with many of our friends. There's nothing to fear."

She sighed. Then he added, "You'll get used to the guns. Have no fear. In another month you won't even be conscious of them."

She didn't know how to answer him. There was a tight knot in her throat. Should she tell

(*Continued on page 6*)

Is it
a bird...
a rocket...
a plane?
No, it's

JERRY LEWIS

saucering down
to Earth
from outer space
for a

Visit to a Small Planet



A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

THE BROADWAY HIT—NOW THE SCREEN'S CRAZIEST LARK!

co-starring JOAN BLACKMAN · EARL HOLLIMAN · FRED CLARK with JOHN WILLIAMS GALE GORDON and introducing BARBARA LAWSON

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG · Screenplay by EDMUND BELOIN and HENRY GARSON · Based on the play by GORE VIDAL · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

(*Continued from page 4*)

him she hated the sound of guns for as long as she could remember? And now she was going to have to live with them every day of her life as a princess in Monaco. She nodded to her husband, pretending to understand, pretending to be sympathetic, but within her heart she was petrified.

How could she ever get used to the gunfire, accept it as every-day routine? Whenever she heard a bullet fired, she recalled the day when she was nine or ten, when she first heard that terrifying sound. And she remembered the sad, forlorn face of Pinky, the blond-pink Pekingese she and her sister Margaret had.

Pinky had been given to the two sisters one Christmas by their mother who wanted them to have the responsibility of looking after something of their own. And the girls adored him. They pampered him, brushed him, taught him 'company' tricks, even bought a small mattress bed for him by saving money for several months from their weekly allowances.

Pinky was very affectionate and he would play with the girls for hours on end. Whenever they went to school, he missed them and cried. Pinky was so lovable he was the talk of the neighborhood. He was not only well-groomed but very well-behaved.

That terrible, tragic first time

Then, one summer afternoon when Pinky was romping through the thick green grass in the backyard, they heard the shot.

Grace and Margaret, in pale summer dresses, were sipping lemonade in the kitchen. They looked at each other quizzically. The gunfire sounded frighteningly near. Where was it coming from?

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . . ***wake up***

In a moment another shot rang in the air. Grace looked at her sister. "Am I hearing things?" she said.

"It's a gun," her sister said. "I hear it, too."

They looked at each other in disbelief, put down their lemonade and walked to the back porch. Where was the gunfire coming from? Standing there on the porch steps, in the heavy silence of that sunny afternoon, they waited. But the gunfire stopped.

Suddenly Marge screamed. And pointed to the middle of the yard. There, prostrate in the green grass, lay Pinky, his small round body smeared with blood.

Grace gasped and then shrieked and she started to run to him, but as she rushed there was a throbbing in her head and a fierce pounding in her heart, and only a few feet away from the bleeding Pinky, she dropped to the ground, fainting from shock.

When she came to, she was lying in her mahogany four-poster bed with its white dotted Swiss canopy. Her mother waited with her in the shaded room. White pencil-strokes of sunlight filtered through the drawn Venetian shades.

"Grace," her mother spoke softly, "just close your eyes and relax."

But the nightmare of the afternoon exploded in her mind, and she began to sob uncontrollably. Her mother tried to calm her by telling her the cook was preparing her favorite lamb chops for dinner. But Grace demanded to know what had happened to Pinky.

Her mother tried to avoid relating the tragic news. Finally, she lowered her eyes and told Grace the veterinarian had been called but Pinky had died before his arrival. "Your father has the police checking to see who was roaming the neighborhood with a loaded gun, and when they find him we'll take him to court."

Grace fell back into her bed. Her dear, beloved Pinky was dead. How could she and Margaret ever get along without him?

For days afterward, Grace moped around the house, heartbroken, haunted by the echo of gunfire in her ears. It was months before she agreed to another pet, and, even then, whenever she fed or brushed her new pup, she couldn't help recalling the horrible death of her beloved Pinky as tears flooded her eyes. . . .

Part and parcel

Now in Monaco she was expected to learn to live with the sound of gunfire, morning after morning. At first, she chided herself for being hypersensitive. After all, weren't there women in the world who actually went on hunting expeditions? And she herself had learned, hadn't she, while working for the Red Cross, to stand the sight of blood. Couldn't she now, as an adult, face the sound of a hunter's rifle?

She tried. For months she prodded herself to be less fearful of the shooting, but, even so, it disturbed her, awakened her in the pre-dawn hours of night. . . .

Months passed into years. Her children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert Alexandre, were born. Her days were full. She was complete now as a woman, a wife with a doting husband, a mother with a loving daughter and son.

Her days were steeped in family and palace activities, and each evening she craved a long night's sleep and rest—but, every morning, the guns awakened her. And every shot was a stab tearing through her heart. For months she debated what to do. Her final answer was: nothing. She must simply learn to accept the hunting as part and parcel of the palace routine. . . .

Then, late one autumn afternoon, as she was strolling through the palace woods, admiring the pink and gold of the autumn leaves, she paused to take a deep breath. Her children were napping, and the Prince was on a tour of official duties. She had a moment to breathe, to catch up with herself. Standing in the woods with the whispering leaves, she looked around her at the beautiful world God had created. Tall trees and evergreens and wildflowers, blue sky and golden sunlight and soft warm air.

Amid the rustling leaves she heard a sound, a pitiful cheeping. Was it a bird calling? Didn't it sound pained? She turned, and there, behind a massive oak tree, in a blanket of fallen yellow leaves, lay a baby quail with a wounded wing. Princess Grace looked down at it lying there in quivering pain, and her eyes filled with tears. She fell to her knees and gently lifted the wounded bird and held it against her breast. For a moment she didn't know what to do. Should she call for help?

No, she decided. Time was of the essence and, with the hurt little bird cupped in her palms, she hurried back to the palace, left it with the caretaker and summoned a doctor to look after it.

Then she went upstairs to dress for the evening meal. She just couldn't hold back her feelings any longer. She would tell the Prince tonight that, for her own peace of mind and heart, the shooting must stop. . . .

The Prince's problem

Prince Rainier shook his head in disagreement. "You're taking all of this too personally," he said. "If the guns bother you, we'll change the bedroom."

"No," she told him. "I just won't be able to live with myself if I know these poor helpless birds are being killed outside our windows. Maybe it's childish of me, but I can't stand killing, and I beg you, please, to have it stop. (*Continued on page 24*)

with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep*...
brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.





The most convenient permanent of all— home or beauty shop!

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PRICE OF THE COLOGNE ALONE!

You become the woman of your most secret desires (his too!) when you surround yourself with Evening in Paris, the fragrance that keeps him falling in love with you again and again! And you'll fall in love with this almost unbelievable bargain! CREATED IN PARIS • MADE BY BOURJOIS IN U.S.A.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that all is not well between **Betty Grable** and **Harry James**?
—T.T., NANTICOKE, PA.

A *The marriage has hit some sour notes. Harry is ready to blow taps.*

Q Does **Troy Donahue** intend to marry his long-time girlfriend, Nan Morris?
—J.H., ORLANDO, FLA.

A *No.*

Q What about the rumors of a romance between **Maureen O'Hara** and **Rex Harrison**?
—D.B., RENO, NEV.

A *The only time that Maureen and Rex romanced was in the movie,* FOXES OF HARROW, *made ten years ago. Maureen's heart still belongs to her long-time Mexican beau, and she's furious about the rumors.*

Q What is holding up the release of *The Fugitive Kind?* I thought the picture was to be released in time to contend for this year's Oscars.
—W.T., CANTON, OHIO

A *That was before the sneak preview. Anna Magnani is difficult to understand. She refuses to return for retakes because of her lack of admiration for co-star Brando—and* his *multitude of close-ups.*

Q Is there any substance to the fact that **Tony Steel** is threatening to end it all —unless **Anita Ekberg** gives him another chance to make their marriage work?
—A.S., PARIS, ILL.

A *Tony is threatening—but neither his friends nor Anita are taking the matter very seriously.*

Q Why does **Dirk Bogarde** call **Ava Gardner** 'mother dear,' as I read in a column he does?
—F.S., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

A *He brings out the maternal instincts in her.*

Q Can you possibly tell me how some of those aging movie stars who appear aging in 'still' photographs manage to look like ingenues when they appear on TV? Is it lighting, a special make-up?
—R.T., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A *Sagging chins and necklines are pulled back tight by a thin strip of netting. Make-up is blended over it and ten to fifteen years melt away—temporarily.*

Q How serious is it between **Tuesday Weld** and **Ray Anthony**?
—J.I., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A *As serious as it is between Tuesday and anybody. A passing fancy.*

Q There's a story going around that **Shelley Winters** will no longer let **Tony Franciosa** out of her sight for a minute. Anything to it?
—C.B., SEATTLE, WASH.

A *No. Shelley merely plans to spend more time in her husband's company.*

Q I read your story on the **Bob Crosbys** a couple of months ago, but have seen nothing about what happened after the stabbing. Did Bob divorce his wife?
—R.P., WILMINGTON, DEL.

A *Bob patched up his knife wound and his marriage.*

Q Isn't it unusual that **Marilyn Monroe** was given the rights to cut and edit her scenes in *Let's Make Love?* How come the studio agreed to put this in her contract?
—J.R., TOPEKA, KAN.

A *It wasn't in her contract. Marilyn Monroe personally persuaded director George Cukor to let her sit in on the editing. Cukor found it easier to agree than to argue and hold up production.*

Q Could you tell me why all the TV cowboy stars like **Dale Robertson**, **Nick Adams**, **Bob Horton**, **Peter Breck**, **Ty Hardin**, **Gene Barry** and **Hugh O'Brian** suddenly consider themselves singers and are turning up as such on TV guest shots and records?
—G.H., FAR ROCKAWAY, N.Y.

A *Gene Barry was a former musical comedy star. The others are optimistic about becoming same when the Western craze is over.*

Q Do **Frank Sinatra's** gifts of a huge Palm Springs home and diamond ring to ex-wife Nancy and the frequent dinners they've been having together mean that there is a possibility that there may be a re-marriage some time in the future?
—V.C., MONTPELIER, VT.

A *No. Nancy still has a place in his heart, but other girls keep catching his eye.*



20th Century-Fox presents

ELIA KAZAN's

SMOULDERING STORY OF THE SOUTH!

Wild River

You can't hold back...

A WILD RIVER...
A DEEP LONGING...
A SUDDEN LOVE!



starring

MONTGOMERY CLIFT / LEE REMICK / JO VAN FLEET

Produced and Directed by ELIA KAZAN · Screenplay by PAUL OSBORN

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JANE HUGHES, *Junior, Clarke High School, East Meadow, L. I., N. Y., says:* "I used to be tormented by skin blemishes. They just wouldn't clear up even with scrubbing and special skin creams. A friend urged me to try Clearasil and right away I saw improvement. Now my skin is completely clear."

Jane Hughes

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'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Doris Day finds that taking care of a successful drama-critic husband and an energetic family of little boys gets her into some comical situations.

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

domestic comedy

Doris Day
David Niven
Richard Haydn
Charles Herbert
Patsy Kelly

■ It's an apartment in New York—you can tell, even though it's buried under the scattered belongings of four healthy sons. Happy parents (Doris Day, David Niven) live there, too. Tonight's the night. David has left his teaching job to become drama critic on a big newspaper. As soon as Doris' mother (Spring Byington) comes to "sit" they're off to their first opening. Thus ends one life and begins another. Does a drama critic have any friends? Does he deserve them when he raps their plays? Is a drama critic's wife glamorous enough to hold her husband—with all those gorgeous actresses buttering him up? We'll see. Doris doesn't wait and see. She moves to the country, joins the PTA, involves herself in the local theater group. Well, a wife has to do *something* when she only has four kids, a new house and a thousand repairmen to keep her busy! The conflicts come—but they're small and cozy.—MGM.

TALL STORY

campus romance

Anthony Perkins
Jane Fonda
Ray Walston
Anne Jackson
Marc Connelly

■ If you're a co-ed and want to catch a husband try for a basketball star. You see, there are gamblers near every campus who try to bribe basketball stars. Co-ed Jane Fonda doesn't know anything about—well, nearly anything. She just wants to marry basketball star Tony Perkins. She knew that even before she met him. It's only a matter of weeks after she's met him that he proposes. Swell. But where will they get the money to move out of the dormitory and into a trailer? It just so happens that unseen gamblers offer Tony the money (and much more than he needs) if only he'll throw a game against visiting Russians. Tony is honest, but he's tempted. "My uncle is sending me money," he tells Jane. Somehow that doesn't sound right. It throws Tony into turmoil. Turmoil leads to his purposely flunking a midterm exam so that he'll be disqualified for playing. The whole school rises against

(*Continued on page 12*)

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new movies

(*Continued from page 10*)

Professor Ray Walston (they want him to give Tony another exam). Walston won't. Not even when Tony tells about the bribe and his reasons for flunking? No. Not even when the Russians have a nineteen-point lead? Well—that's better. That's *Tall Story*.—WARNERS.

EXPRESSO BONGO

wonderful satire

Laurence Harvey
Sylvia Syms
Yolande Donlan
Cliff Richard
Meier Tzelniker

▪ This is an hilarious comedy that takes place in London's Soho—a section full of espresso joints, seedy nightclubs, shady ladies. Laurence Harvey's a talent agent but his clients can't even keep him in salami sandwiches. For a couple of years he's been in love with a stripper (Sylvia Syms). She's a sweet schoolgirl type, wants to become another Judy Garland. That's her problem. Laurence wants to become a bigtime operator. Enter teen-ager Cliff Richards whose nagging mother drives him to the bongo drums (for solace) and to singing rock 'n' roll. Laurence signs him to a 50-50 contract. Then, by a series of outrageous and daring maneuvers, turns him into a national idol. The money isn't pouring in long before a visiting American singer (on the way down) takes Cliff under her wing. Laurence is out in the cold—his 50-50 contract wouldn't stand up for one minute in any court. Teen-age fads, television, a whole segment of the entertainment world is brilliantly satirized.
—CONTINENTAL.

HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS

new twist on the Old West

Sophia Loren
Anthony Quinn
Margaret O'Brien
Steve Forrest
Eileen Heckart

▪ From the moment it starts you realize that *Heller* has a special charm. It's about show business in the Old West when performers traveled from one wild town to another in painted wagons—and often traveled fast, to lose their creditors or the sheriff. The heller is Sophia Loren, a gorgeous flirt, who plays all the star roles in Anthony Quinn's stock company. The plays are terrible (for the climax of one Sophia's tied to a white horse which is let loose in the theater) but the charm is that Quinn and company (Eileen Heckart, Margaret O'Brien, Edmund Lowe) are serious about their 'art.' Quinn loves Sophia; she loves excitement. She falls for the first hired gunman (Steve Forrest) she sees, but when he wins her in a poker game she gets scared—he's a man who collects. Owing money to everybody, it's into the wagons again for the company. Indians, mountain blizzards, stray gunmen, and Steve Forrest dog their trail. By the time they get to the next town they've lost everything—and Quinn is convinced he's lost Sophia to Forrest. The acting is excellent, the story is solid and colorful with many satiric touches.—PARAMOUNT.

BABETTE GOES TO WAR

BB in the secret service

Brigitte Bardot
Jacques Charrier
Ronald Howard
Francis Blanche
Hannes Messemer

▪ BB wears clothes all through this movie, which should have ruined the movie but didn't. Takes place in 1940 when the Germans occupied France. BB manages to be in London at the time where she serves as charwoman at Free French Forces headquarters. (The reason she submits to the khaki and mop is because Jacques Charrier is a lieutenant in those forces.) One day British Major Ronald Howard notices that BB bears an uncanny resemblance to the ex-girlfriend of a German general (Hannes Messemer) who just happens to be planning the invasion of England. Much against the better judgment of Charrier (who thinks BB is cute but stupid) Brigitte and a radio set are dropped from a plane outside Paris. The idea is for her to find Messemer and kidnap him. That way the Germans will think he deserted (with the invasion plans) and they'll have to dream up a whole new invasion. While Charrier (who jumped in another parachute) is still getting off the ground at his end of Paris, BB is sending radio messages from her own bedroom at Gestapo headquarters where she has become the protegee of Gestapo leader Francis Blanche (who, as a lunatic rolypoly monster, steals the picture). *He* notices an uncanny resemblance between BB and Messemer's ex-girl and instructs BB to dazzle Messemer and report every move he makes. Poor Messemer doesn't have a chance because he, too, notices an uncanny resemblance etc. Needless to say, BB, gay and Gallic all the way, almost singlehandedly stems the German invasion.—COLUMBIA.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

trouble in China

James Stewart
Glenn Corbett
Lisa Lu
Frank Silvera
Henry (Harry) Morgan

▪ This road is uphill all the way. It winds through East China and where it ends nobody knows. But Major James Stewart knows his job: It's to slow down the Japanese who are advancing just a little behind the retreating Allies. Well, he and his crew of eight demolition experts get to work lighting fuses. First they blow up an Allied airstrip, then a Chinese bridge, then a curve in the road, then an ammunition dump. It would be good clean work if there weren't so many Chinese civilians around. These Chinese civilians get in the way of all that dynamite and it's pretty trying on James. Somewhere along the road his jeep has picked up (by official request) the widow (Lisa Lu) of a Chinese General and she and James indulge in a continuous, if well-mannered, argument. It boils down to: he likes his job, she doesn't like his job. What James doesn't like is the fact that two of his crew are murdered by Chinese bandits, and the fact that starving Chinese trample on—and kill—crewman Glenn Corbett while he's in the act of giving them food. War is hell, as they say. It's even worse when you can't tell your friends from your enemies. That's James' problem.
—COLUMBIA.

TOO SOON TO LOVE

teen-age romance

Jennifer West
Richard Evans
Warren Parker
Ralph Manza
Jacqueline Schwab

▪ The way to keep teen-agers down in Los Angeles is to set the police on them. Minute they park in a car—police. Minute they gather in groups of two—police. Never mind, some kids *are* dangerous. Jennifer West and Richard Evans are not. They're just in love. Jennifer's father (Warren Parker) would probably beat her black and blue if she even mentioned the word. That's why she and Richard meet secretly. Too often. Jennifer's mother never told her you can get pregnant that way. Too bad. Because when Jennifer gets pregnant she feels

like committing suicide, dreadful thought. Richard isn't very happy about it, either. Their idyllic romance turns somewhat sordid. The acting's fine but the problems the movie presents might have done with a little more analyzing.—U-I.

MAN ON A STRING — *the spy game*

Ernest Borgnine
Kerwin Mathews
Colleen Dewhurst
Alexander Scourby
Vladimir Sokoloff

■ Ernest Borgnine is just a well meaning, rich Hollywood producer. If the Chief of the Russian Espionage in the U.S.A. (Alexander Scourby) pays for the parties Ernest gives and then gets introduced to influential guests—is that bad? Ernest doesn't think it's bad as long as Scourby lets Pop (Vladimir Sokoloff) and Ernest's brothers leave Russia. The Central Bureau of Intelligence shortly informs Ernest that what he is doing is not only bad it's practically treason. In which case Ernest agrees to work for the CBI as a counter-spy. (Even so, he's kind of upset when he discovers that his production assistant, Kerwin Mathews, has been a CBI agent all along.) Being a movie producer, it doesn't seem suspicious for Ernest to shoot a film in West Berlin (meanwhile he picks up information on East Berliners). Then he's invited to Moscow where his old friend, Scourby, vouches for his loyalty. There he's taken on a grand tour of a super-spy school and memorizes the names and descriptions of all his future contacts in the U.S.A. Naturally, it's only a matter of time before the Russians realize he's spying *on* them instead of *for* them. He gets out of Moscow, all right, but he has a heck of a time getting out of East Berlin (in handcuffs). Fascinating to see how our spy system works (hidden TV sets, hidden mikes, hidden tape recorders); fascinating to see how theirs works, too: particularly since this movie is based on a true story.

—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

SOLOMON AND SHEBA (Cinemascope, United Artists): Way back when Solomon (Yul Brynner) was King of Israel, and Sheba (Gina Lollobrigida) was Queen of . . . well, you know, everyone was doing fine until Egypt's Pharoah got worried over Israel's prosperity. Solomon's older brother (George Sanders) had been plotting against him; but when Sheba and Pharoah join forces, Yul is really in trouble. His trials include blasphemous 'sacred' orgies, and the destruction of a temple (in which Marisa Pavan was praying for Yul). But, in these days of visions, Yul sees how to destroy his enemies, and Gina repents her sins. It's a lavish spectacle!

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET (Paramount): Other-galaxy man Jerry Lewis is crazy about Earth. One day he flies down in his disc, and lands on the lawn of TV commentator Fred Clark. Clark is about to broadcast his views that such things as Jerry and his saucer don't exist. Well, Jerry shows him, his daughter (Joan Blackman), and her jealous suitor (Earl Holliman) a trick or two before he leaves. Keeps you laughing.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND (Warners): Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. When they come to this town and want to chop some trees, everybody's mad at them. Why? Rancher Jeanne Crain tells how no trees on the mountains mean floods in the town. Lyle Bettger, her foreman, tries his darndest to do in Alan's plans. Frankie Avalon, a likeable sort, helps solve the problem.

THE GALLANT HOURS (United Artists): This is a tribute to Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career, and a *good* war movie. Halsey saved Guadalcanal from the Japanese, and his daring and decisiveness earned the admiration of his staff (here, played by Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson). Cagney's leadership, courage, and *everyone's* awareness of the high stakes add great excitement.

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Because this tells of youth's challenge to grown-ups who don't understand!



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Screenplay by James Gunn · Based on a novel by John Farris
Produced by Jerry Bresler · Directed by Paul Wendkos · A Drexel Production

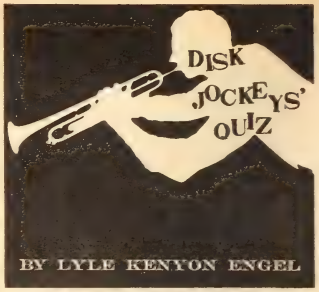
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Jack Lacy
Station WINS
New York, N. Y.

1. *The singing of these two young brothers is hailed by teenagers. One was born in 1937, the other in 1939. Million-record sellers of theirs were* WAKE UP, LITTLE SUSIE *and* BIRD DOG.

2. *This curly-headed songster records for Roulette, has been on TV, in films. His hobbies are piano and guitar. Two million-record sellers were* KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE *and* HONEYCOMB.



Johnny Johnson
Station KOY
Phoenix, Ariz.

3. *He's a singer on the Columbia label. He writes songs and insists that his hobby is fishing. One great single is* I WALK THE LINE. *His latest hit is* LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.



Paul Flanagan
Station WPTR
Albany, N. Y.

4. *This songstress is a former ballerina. She records for MGM and is married to conductor Acquaviva. Her latest album is* ——— SINGS SWEET. *Her latest single is* LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT. *Past hit singles were* YOUR CHEATING HEART *and* WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?

5. *This great singer's style is so relaxed that some people wait for him to fall asleep while he sings on his TV show. He records for RCA Victor, and he used to be a barber.*

6. *At ten, he played piano by ear, sang in New Orleans' honky-tonks. His recording company is Imperial. One great single was* BLUEBERRY HILL. *His latest album is* TWELVE MILLION RECORDS.



Roger Clark
Station WGH
Norfolk, Va.

7. *She is known as the greatest jazz singer of our time. She records for Verve Records, was once married to Chick Webb. She's been seen on TV and in films. The song that catapulted her to fame was* A TISKET, A TASKET.



Jim Mack
Station WJBW
New Orleans, La.

1. Everly Brothers
2. Jimmie Rodgers
3. Johnny Cash
4. Joni James
5. Perry Como
6. Fats Domino
7. Ella Fitzgerald

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Marriage For Marlon?

Fabulous Kiddie Party

The Clan in Vegas

Personal to Eva Marie



Louella asks the critics to please give Fabian a chance and stop attacking his acting and his singing. He's a nice kid, she declares; he deserves a hand—not a boot.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

Prediction: Marlon and France will Marry

Now that the smoke is beginning to clear around the big romantic explosion of the year and we can see the situation a little more clearly, I'm going out on a limb and make a prediction:

That **Marlon Brando** and **France Nuyen** will marry as soon as his divorce is final in May. Perhaps before that, if he can enlist the aid of **Anna Kashfi** (she has to give permission for a 'quickie' divorce in Nevada)—which I doubt. Anna just isn't in the frame of mind to cooperate.

Certainly *l'affaire* Brando-Nuyen-and **Barbara Luna** has been the *big* story in the love realm out of Hollywood in months and months. For the press it had everything—famous names, jealousy, a headline phrase "compulsive eating" (which first appeared in my front page story), and money—a $750,000 loss to producer Ray Stark when France had to be replaced in his *The World of Suzie Wong* because she had gained so much weight from compulsive eating, worrying over Marlon and Barbara back in Hollywood.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave like the bears during these winter months, I'm sure you are familiar with the details:

Marlon and France were apparently very much in love when she left for Hong Kong to start the screen version of her Broadway hit, *The World of Suzie Wong*, opposite **Bill Holden**. Then, it starts getting talked that Brando is seeing Barbara Luna, former girlfriend of **Vic Damone**.

Maybe in way off Hong Kong, France didn't hear this gossip—but she most certainly did when the company got to London to film the interiors.

If you can believe what you hear—France meets emotional problems by eating, eating, eating, and the first thing you know she had added so much poundage she didn't "match" up with the Hong Kong exteriors—and she was removed from the part—practically a million-dollar decision and loss to the producer.

There is, however, an element of mystery here. A friend of mine, a reporter who had gone to London expressly to interview France for a national magazine, tells me she talked with the half-Chinese, half-French charmer *the day previous* to her departure, "—and she didn't look fat to me. At least, not fat enough to be removed from a role that was practically completed."

Second element adding to the puzzle came after I talked over the telephone to Barbara Luna, herself an exotic Oriental, half-Filipino and half-Hungarian.

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," she told me, "I've been out of town over the week end and knew nothing about this storm until I returned yesterday.

"I'm not in love with Marlon Brando but I do admire and respect him. I haven't heard from him since all the commotion started. Yes, my name has been submitted to Ray Stark to replace Miss Nuyen in the picture, but I doubt I'll get the part." (She didn't. The girl who made the original test for the picture, **Nancy Kwan**, did.)

Away planed Marlon to New York to meet his "emotionally upset, plus bronchitis victimized" girlfriend, France, as she planed in from England.

Since her return to Hollywood he has been devotion itself, dining with France nightly in the out-of-the-way spots and being most sympathetic.

From all I can gather, France needs friendship and help. Long before she was taken off the film, there were reports that she was very, very difficult, some people close to the situation saying she was doing all she could to be a "female Brando."

Her outbursts reached the unreasonable stage in London when she blew a fuse over being quartered in the Connaught Hotel, which is one of the finest in London and where the rest of the cast including Bill Holden was staying.

Many people feel faintly sorry for her. Whatever the cause, France has 'blown' a great opportunity—there are few and far between roles as fine for an Oriental girl as *The World of Suzie Wong*. On the other hand there are others, Barbara Luna among them, who feel France has been her own worst enemy. "Marlon never mentioned her name to me," said Barbara, "I don't know her at all—so I cannot say whether I feel sorry for her or not."

My personal reaction is this: It's a shame she lost *Suzie*—but in the long run France may gain what she apparently wants most—*Marlon Brando*.



Since France Nuyen's return to Hollywood, Moody Marlon Brando has been devotion itself to his emotionally-upset girlfriend.

Las Vegas Highjinks

All roads lead to Las Vegas this month. With *Oceans 11*, starring **Frank Sinatra**, **Dean Martin**, **Sammy Davis**, **Jr.** and **Peter Lawford**, shooting there with a host of guest stars, the gambling mecca was jammed with Hollywoodites and fans from all over the country.

The big show, of course, was the nightly appearance of Frank, Pete, Dean and Sammy, (plus that wonderful **Joey Bishop**) on the stage at the Sands Hotel—and you never heard or saw such wonderful clowning as these top-notchers breaking each other up at every performance.

To give you an idea, during a sentimental song of Frank's Dean Martin called from the wings, "And now we'll hear two words from **Eva Marie Saint**!"

The week end I spent in Las Vegas it was hard to tell whether there was a better show on the stage or in the audience.

Even those stay-at-homes, **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman**, came down to see the fun. I always thought Joanne a pretty girl. But she is so glowingly happy since her marriage to Paul, she's really beautiful these days.

Her hair is very blonde (for her role in *From The Terrace*) and the night I saw her she was wearing an orange-pink evening gown—by far the prettiest girl in the room (or the chorus).

Joanne told me that when she and Paul complete *Terrace*, she's getting ready to be just "Mrs. Newman." She said, "When Paul leaves for Israel to make *Exodus*, I'm going along just as his wife. Remember when you interviewed me in New York (for MODERN SCREEN) I told you I didn't want any long separations in our marriage. So, I'm going along just for the ride," she laughed.

Shirley MacLaine was bounding around here, there and everywhere. She had come to Vegas to do a small guest appearance role in *Oceans 11* with Frank—and Miss Shirley was having a ball.

The little Mexican comedian, **Cantinflas**, is such a dear. Chatted with him right after the show at the Sands and he invited me to be a 'guest' in his picture! My typewriter keeps me too busy.

Mrs. Peter Lawford was in a party with her distinguished brother, Senator Jack Kennedy, who is running as fast as he can to be the Democratic presidential nominee.

Joey Bishop said from the stage, directly to the Senator: "If you become President, sir, I have a few requests—just simple ones: Make Sinatra ambassador to Italy, send Lawford to England—and for me—just see I don't get drafted again."

Las Vegas is always jumping. But I wonder if it will ever hit this peak of on-stage and off-stage excitement again. *Wow!*



Joanne and Paul enjoyed the big show the Oceans 11 *cast put on at the Sands.*



The stars: Peter Lawford; Frank Sinatra; Dean Martin; Sammy Davis, Jr.; the producer, Jack Entratter; and comedian Joey Bishop.



Sammy and Frankie applauded the others; they all were great.



Senator John Kennedy (center) chatted with his sister Pat and her husband, Peter Lawford.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

PARTY *of the month*

Never have the Hollywood juveniles had it so exotic as the Oriental costume party **Lita** and **Rory Calhoun** hosted for daughter Cindy's third birthday. The entire nursery social set was there, turned out in Oriental splendor—and never have you seen anything so cute.

To show you how far this Oriental angle was carried out, the hostess, Miss Cindy Calhoun, and her sister Tami had a regular studio hairdresser do their hair in Eastern style—and when Lita first saw her Cindy she didn't recognize her child in the black wig and make-up. Carrie Frances Fisher and her brother Todd were done up in Japanese costumes **Debbie Reynolds** had bought for them in Honolulu. The little Fishers attended under the proud eye of their great-grandmother, Mrs. O. Harmon who was visiting Mrs. Maxine Reynolds. She told me she had never seen such adorable costumes and such a children's dream of toys as highlighted the big Calhoun garden.

There were hobby horses, big stuffed animals including a life-size giraffe and elephant big enough for the children to ride. There was a merry-go-round playing tinkling tunes, balloons galore—and everyplace, everywhere were the 'little people' toddling around in their Japanese or Chinese togs.

Keenan Wynn's two little girls, Hilda and Edwina, had fantastic eyebrows under their coolie hats. Keenan, who came with them, told me he had made them up.

Charlie Robert Stack, son of Rosemary and **Robert Stack**, wanted no part of any of the little girls and ran away bawling when they came near. His big sister Elizabeth had herself a time, particularly when she sat down at the table and saw the big cake decorated in Oriental motif. Her eyes got as big as the cake.

The table where the children sat was gaily decorated with every Japanese favor imaginable and they brought squeals of delight from each and every little guest.

Dean Martin's youngest, Gina, was the only one who did not come in Oriental splendor, selecting instead a ballet costume. She is the cutest thing you ever saw and as good as gold, never grabbing a thing off the table—which is more than I can say for some of the other Orientals.

Jane Powell's three, Cissy, Jay and Lindsay, amused themselves—the two older ones playing ping-pong in a corner and the youngest just jumping up and down on a specially constructed contraption.

Two of my godchildren were done to the teeth, I mean Miss Dolly Madison (accompanied by her parents Sheila and **Guy Madison**) and little Tami Calhoun, the cutest Oriental I ever saw. Dolly's older sisters Brigit and Erin were in Japanese kimonos with their long blonde hair falling to their shoulders.

John Wayne's little Aissa was ill—so Lita sent her all the favors to make up to the youngster for missing out on the big social event of the season.

Got a chuckle out of **Ricardo Montalban** arriving by himself because his small son Victor had the flu and Georgiana had to nurse the young man. Ricardo had promised to bring home a blow by blow account of the event plus any favors he could pick up!

One young lady I would love to have stolen was tiny Nikki Ericson, the **John Ericson**'s beauty. What a darling and so well behaved.

I missed seeing **Yvonne De Carlo** and her son Bruce who were late and arrived after I left. But I wouldn't have missed this party for anything!



Carrie Frances and Todd came in costumes Debbie bought them in Honolulu.



This is the banquet room that Lita and Rory Calhoun prepared in honor of their daughter Cindy's third birthday. The kids never had it so exotic.



Mrs. Calhoun and little Miss Calhoun (right) chat with the Madison children.



Keenan Wynn had made up those fantastic eyebrows specially for his little girl Edwina.



Gina Martin, Dean's youngest, came in a ballet costume.

The Star Had to Go to Bed

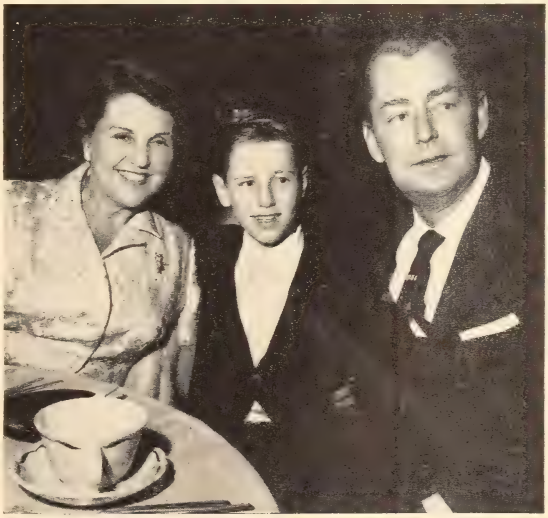
Sue and **Alan Ladd** invited a few of us to dine at their home (really a beautiful place since Sue redecorated it) and see a special showing of *Dog of Flanders*. It's the first time I've been present at a movie party at which the star of the picture had to retire before the screening because of his tender years—and I do mean 11-year-old **David Ladd**.

Right after dinner, David politely made the rounds shaking hands with the **Gregory Pecks**, pretty **Margot Moore** (leading lady of *Wake Me When It's Over*), her fiance Bob Radnitz—who produced *Dog of Flanders*, and the Hall Bartletts.

To each and every one of us, he said (loud enough for Alan to hear), "I certainly hope you enjoy the picture. I'd like to stay up and see it myself, but—." Alan didn't come up for air. The *star* of this delightful and enchanting movie about a boy and his dog departed slowly upstairs.

But don't think for a moment that Sue and Alan aren't proud of their small fry. David is such a fine little actor. "If he keeps on being this much competition he's going to have to pay for his room and board," kidded Alan.

The movie was made in Holland and Belgium and the backgrounds in color are so beautiful. Take my word for it that *Dog of Flanders* is worth your investment at the box office—a breath of clean, vigorous fresh air and beauty in the midst of too many smutty plots.



Sue and Alan Ladd are certainly proud of their David (center); he's a fine little actor in a delightful movie—Dog of Flanders.



Eva Marie Saint is a fine person, but hates being called 'nice.'

OPEN LETTER

To Eva Marie Saint

If you think I'm on a soap box to lecture you about that headlined 'word' you used at the Producer's Dinner, you are mistaken. I've known you ever since you came to Hollywood and I know you to be a fine mother, wife and actress—and a very 'nice' person as well, as much as you hate being called 'nice.'

But, my dear, never be afraid to say *"I'm sorry."*

So far, you've said everything else.

When I talked with you over the phone the following morning, you said: "You've known me well enough to know I don't ordinarily use such language.

"I had expected **Jack Benny** to say just a few words introducing me—instead he made such a flowery speech, including how **George Jessel** would have said it, that I didn't think I could reply with a mere 'thank you.'

"It was a closed party, that is, no TV or radios, and I thought I was among friends. I guess I wanted to 'top' Mr. Benny, a dramatic impulse of an actress—and well, it just popped out!

"But with all the important things happening all over the world—they've sure made a big fuss about *me* on the front pages."

And you are right, there was a lot of comment—some being indulgent and excusing you, others having the proverbial 'fit' gasping, "Eva Marie Saint of *all* people!" Well, so much for the unfortunate slip itself—and the ensuing reaction.

But afterward, there were some stories printed that you woke up in the middle of the night laughing about it, and there were other stories insinuating that you didn't really care about saying that word.

I don't believe it. But I do think that if you ever get in a spot like this again (heaven forbid) it would be so easy—and so like the *real* Eva Marie Saint, to say that one little phrase, "I'm sorry."

SOAP

I'm on my SOAP BOX

For heaven's sake, let's give **Fabian** a chance. These kind words on my part are not payola because he sends me red roses by the dozens and is also so very grateful when I print anything complimentary about him.

I happen to know that he is very hurt over much of the criticism he has taken about his movie acting. But it is in his favor that he isn't becoming difficult or temperamental about it.

He told me, "I guess getting panned is doing me good. I want to be deserving of the chance I'm getting at 20th. I'm now studying with Sandy Meisner in the hopes of getting some pleasant nods from the critics instead of their disapproval."

Despite his enormous popularity as a singer, he doesn't claim to be the greatest warbler on the pike. "I caught on;" he admits, "I'm lucky."

Such a nice kid deserves a hand—not a boot. He's only 17—and it's to his everlasting credit that this big success hasn't gone to his head.

He doesn't talk about it much, but he feels he has a debt to aid other young people. He and **Frankie Avalon** hope to raise $750,000 from their records and personal appearances to go to youth centers around the country.

And while he has been shooting *High Time*, his college campus movie with **Bing Crosby**, at Stockton, California, not a Sunday has gone by that Fabian hasn't visited the Stockton Boys' Home to put on a show for these less fortunate boys.

For his efforts in their—and his own—behalf I repeat—let's give this boy a great big chance. He deserves it.



Fabian's hurt about those cracks.



(Left to right): Barbara Fredrickson Crosby cuts the cake; groom Lindsay, Philip and Sandra Crosby, Dennis and Pat Crosby, and maid-of-honor Nina Vaughn smile; Gary Crosby, the unmarried brother, ponders the situation.

Another Crosby Settled

During the height of the quite formal reception **Bing** and **Kathy Crosby** gave for **Linny Crosby** and his bride Barbara Frederickson (nothing served but wedding cake and vintage champagne), Bing came downstairs carrying his only daughter, infant Mary Frances.

"Note how good I am at this," he kidded, "complete support of her spine and her head doesn't wobble because I have it in a hammer lock." Bing's a happy man these days with a little girl in his life and all those old feuds with his sons settled.

Millie and Dean's Confusing Romance

I'm confused about all this pussyfooting secrecy in the romance of **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell**. Here are two healthy, happy young people, obviously very much in love, who carry on their nice boy-and-girl romance as though it were some sort of illicit *grande passion*.

Even when they first started dating in Hollywood, while Millie was making *Diary of Anne Frank*, they entered small restaurants by the *back door*. If photographers showed up they fled like a pair of guilty married (to someone else) lovers.

Why?

Not long ago, when Millie returned from visiting Dean in London where he is working in *Sons and Lovers*, she moved into his home. Nothing wrong with that. Dean wasn't in this country and why shouldn't Millie use the house until he returned?

Yet, when a press agent at 20th called her there, Millie disguised her voice saying, 'Miss Perkins no livvee here,' or something like that.

Someone who was in London on Dean's picture told me that when he innocently inquired of Millie if she and Dean expected to marry in England she looked as though he had said something risque and turned her back. Dean managed to stand up under it better and admitted they are engaged before walking away.

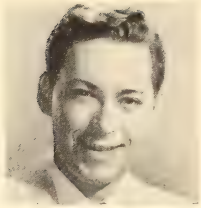
I hope her first and only movie starring role, playing Anne Frank and hiding out in a garret so long, hasn't rubbed off on Millie.

Doesn't she know, as Mr. Shakespeare put it, "all the world loves a lover"—particularly when the romancers are such nice, wholesome youngsters as Dean and Millie. . .?



. . "All the world loves a lover," but Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell don't want the world to know about their romance.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

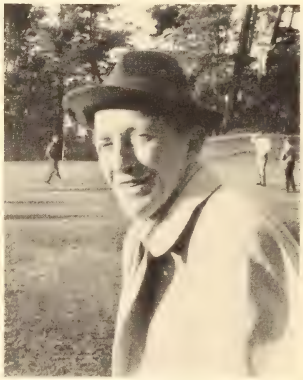


John Kerr is great—
But where is he . . . ?





Many fans were heartbroken about the death of Margaret Sullavan.



Bing Crosby handed out lots of laughs to the fans following him.

Tuesday Weld just might be a lot smarter than we all think. . . .



LETTER BOX

Are you sure ***Tuesday Weld*** *isn't foxing all you columnists by being a lot smarter than you think? A year ago, no one had ever heard of this girl. Today she is nationally and internationally known as the girl who showed up barefoot on a TV show, who never combs her hair, etc. Her salary has jumped by leaps and bounds. Dumb? I wish I were so dumb!* is the pertinent comment of CLAIRE KELLY (no relation to the movie star) of DULUTH. Maybe you've got something there, Claire. . . .

BEVERLY EDWARDS, ORINDA, CALIFORNIA, writes: *I attended the* ***Bing Crosby*** *Golf Tournament in Monterey—yes, in all that storm and downpour. I had always heard that Bing was cold and stand-offish. He couldn't have been nicer to me and he and* ***Phil Harris*** *certainly handed lots of laughs to the crowds that followed the players. I love Bing.* I'm sure Mr. Crosby thanks you, Beverly. . . .

I dare you to print this: It makes me sick the the way you writers harp on ***Marlon Brando****'s hassles with* ***Anna Kashfi*** *and his 'love life' with* ***France Nuyen*** *and* ***Barbara Luna****,* snaps KATRINA BOYER, BROOKLYN. *The only important thing about Marlon is that he is the screen's greatest actor!* It's Marlon making the news about his love life, my fine friend, not the writers. We just report it. . . .

DIANA DIXON, ATLANTA, *cried my eyes out when I read of the death of my beloved* ***Margaret Sullavan*** *and learned of her serious deafness. I am not a teen-ager, in fact, I am the mother of four small children. But no actress of the screen ever gave me so much pleasure as the incomparable Margaret and I shall never forget her.* Your sentiments are echoed by many others who remember Margaret in her heyday and who grieve over her passing, Diana. . . .

Where, oh where is ***John Kerr****? He's the greatest in* SOUTH PACIFIC. *Yet Hollywood lets him get away—and* MODERN SCREEN *isn't much better. No stories on him,* complains THERESA MCNEILL, DALLAS. I agree John is great but I'll be darned if I know where he is.

This is an old query—but still many people ask the question posed by MRS. SAM FEINBERG, CLEVELAND: *What do the stars do with their old clothes either from their personal or studio wardrobe? Can the public buy them?* Some stars give their clothes outright to charity organizations, Mrs. Sam. Others give them to be sold by charity organizations which maintain small shops. But most of the clothes worn by actresses go back into the studio wardrobe departments to be remodeled for "extras" or lesser players. And there are always relatives to inherit personal wardrobes of the stars.

Do you think ***Doris Day*** *is really shy or is she just using this as a means for escaping personal appearances, charity affairs and other outside interests?* asks VIVIEN MCCARY of WALLA WALLA, WASH. I think Doris *is* shy—but I also think she dislikes very much making appearances, although she isn't as retiring as she used to be. . . .

There were more comments about **Carol Lynley** than any of the new young femmes this month—all of them good. SHELLEY CHESTER, of LOS ANGELES, says: *Carol's face is tender and beautiful—she is indeed* YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME *and she is our next big woman star—when she becomes a woman. . . .*

Maybe you and American fans might be interested in letter from German girl, CHRISTA WALZ, *living in* STUTTGART, GERMANY, *and how we feel about USA stars,* writes this same CHRISTA WALZ. *We like very much* ***Marlon Brando*** *but also* ***Pat Boone*** *who are of a difference, no? So far, only read about* ***Fabian****,* ***Paul Anka****,* ***Ricky Nelson*** *and this* ***'Kookie'*** *but we want to know better. You can see, we are very dated.* Not *dated*, Christa, you mean 'up-to-date.' And yes, we enjoy knowing about your favorites.

That's all this month. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

May 1—**Glenn Ford**

May 2—**Bing Crosby**

May 4—**Audrey Hepburn**

May 6—**Stewart Granger**

May 7—**Gary Cooper**

May 8—**Lex Barker**

May 15—**Anna Maria Alberghetti**
Ursula Thiess
Joseph Cotten
James Mason

May 16—**Henry Fonda**
Liberace

May 17—**Dennis Hopper**

May 20—**George Gobel**
James Stewart

May 21—**Raymond Burr**
Rick Jason

May 22—**Susan Strasberg**
Laurence Olivier

May 23—**Joan Collins**
Betty Garrett
John Payne

May 24—**Mai Zetterling**

May 25—**Jeanne Crain**
Susan Morrow
Victoria Shaw
Steve Cochran

May 26—**James Arness**
John Wayne

May 28—**Carroll Baker**
Sally Forrest

May 31—**Elaine Stewart**



Anne Baxter
May 7



Fred Astaire
May 10



Maureen O'Sullivan
May 17



Vincent Price
May 27



Gift of beauty

BRA BY PERMA·LIFT

Adorned with Self-Fitting Cups
Blessed with the Neveride Band



See how the Magic Insets gently cradle your bosom from the sides and from below, gloriously lifting you to bewitching new lines. Self-Fitting cups conform to your exact size and the "Perma·lift" Neveride Band holds your bra in place always. Long line style of wash 'n' wear cotton, $5. Bandeau Bra $3. At nice stores everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Company · Chicago—New York—Los Angeles—Toronto

■ Three of the fellows in Donna Reed's son's gang started to take newspaper routes, because their father, a self-made, very successful business man, wanted them to "know how to work."

It was getting pretty lonely, young Reed thought, with half the gang gone, "out working," so he figured he might as well get himself a route, too.

Donna, who has always been very careful not to let her kids be spoiled by money or by her fame, thought it was a fine idea. Teach them independence, initiative, self-reliance, perseverance, conscientiousness. Donna was certainly proud of her boy.

Meantime, the last remaining boy in the bunch was the loneliest, and longed to join in what "everybody else is doing." But his father, an *un*-self-made millionaire—couldn't see any reason for any son of his to be delivering newspapers and wouldn't give his consent. So most of the time, the boy was either moping around the mansion waiting for the other guys to be free, or else hanging around Donna Reed's house, waiting for his buddies to come home from the route.

The next week, Donna noticed that the millionaire's son didn't come around any more, and that her own son got back from delivering all those papers pretty quickly.

She was worried that maybe his original enthusiasm was lagging, that he was tired of the job and cutting corners now, to get it over with . . . And where was all that perseverance and conscientiousness?

So she gently probed him:

"Darling, you're still with your newspaper route, aren't you?"

"Sure, Mom."

"Well, uh, you do take time to get close enough to the house so that the paper lands on the *porch*, don't you? I mean, you don't just rush by and aim at the lawn, or the driveway . . .?"

"No, Mom, honest."

Well, that seemed to be that, and then one day Donna happened to be outside around delivery time, and discovered the secret of her speedy young business man. There was the limousine, belonging to the millionaire, and the millionaire's son, and the chauffeur, and the "hard-working" guys in the gang, and they all had just returned from their routes.

And who do you think ran the papers up to the porches?

You guessed it, the chauffeur.

Donna Reed: SMART BUSINESS-MAN, THAT BOY OF HERS



(Continued from page 7)

Can't our friends go elsewhere to hunt?"

He didn't answer her immediately, then he asked her to let him sleep on it. When she approached him about it the next day, he admitted, "I just can't stop it. It's . . . it's a tradition. How can I put an end to something as deeply rooted as that?"

"Oh my dear," the Princess said, "I have prayed to St. Francis, the patron saint of the birds, to show me what is right, and I believe my prayers are answered. I know, deep in my heart, that this is murder, that we are sanctioning destruction of God's beauty right here on our estate."

The Prince had no reply.

The following morning, after the usual round of gunfire from the hunters, Princess Grace went to the Prime Minister to seek his advice. He was very sympathetic but suggested she talk to the Prince.

The Prime Minister looked at her kindly, lifted his right hand to adjust his silver pince-nez, and said, "In this matter, Your Royal Highness, *you* can probably exercise the greatest influence."

When she talked to the Prince again he said he needed time to think about it. And all through the following months of October and November the hunting continued.

December arrived with cold winds, snow. Gifts were to be chosen for her staff, for her own dear children, for her beloved Prince. Two weeks before Christmas, when she told him she had ordered a white Jaguar convertible as a gift for him, she smiled and added, "My darling, the greatest gift you can give me this year is—"

He lifted a finger to her lips and stopped her sentence short. "Wait!" he said. "I have a surprise for you. But I can't tell you until Christmas Day."

"But—"

"Please," he begged. "Wait!"

On Christmas morning, she awaited his gift with anticipation. The Prince gave her a diamond tiara with teardrop earrings. The diamonds were dazzlingly beautiful, and she was thrilled, but what she wanted for Christmas was. . . .

"This isn't all," the Prince added, interrupting her thoughts as she admired the tiara and the earrings. He handed her a large ivory parchment envelope. "Read this," he said.

Removing the crinkling sheet of parchment from the envelope, she began reading, and her heartbeat quickened from a sudden, overwhelming happiness. It was a Royal Decree with an official seal, signed with the Prince's flourishing signature, *for all hunting on palace grounds to terminate commencing this Christmas Day.*

"It was what you told me about St. Francis that convinced me," the Prince admitted. She looked up, into the Prince's twinkling eyes. She murmured a prayer of thanksgiving to the patron saint of the birds, and, smiling, she stepped forward to meet her husband's tender embrace.

END

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world's fastest natural tan!

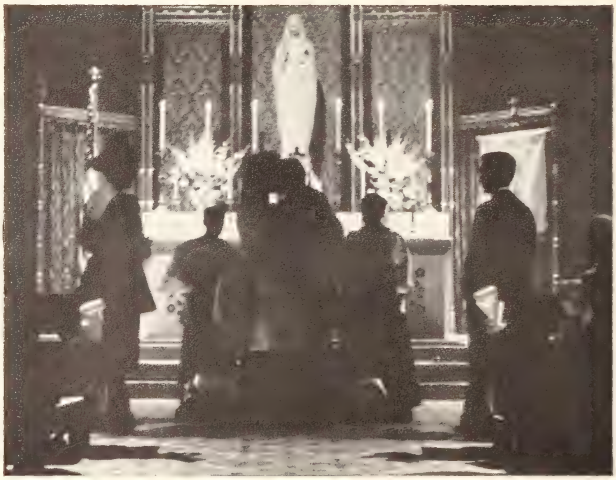
TANFASTIC

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BOBBY DARIN'S
NEWEST 45 POP RECORD
"SHE'S TANFASTIC!"
with Bobby's "Moment of Love" on the flip side!
Send 50¢ for each record,
with your name and address, to:
Tanfastic, Box 4A, Hollywood, California
(Offer expires December 31, 1960. Void where taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted.)

Want a honey of a tan in a hurry?
There's only one lotion with a tanning booster
that gives you a faster, *natural* tan...
and no burning or peeling.
It's Tanfastic!
And what better way to show off
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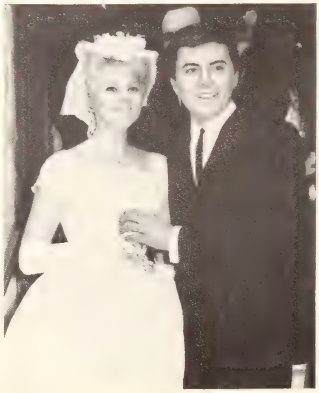


creamy white
available everywhere in handy tubes or plastic squeeze bottles



the Wedding of the Month

Evy Norlund—Jimmy Darren



■ The ceremony was in the lovely candle-lit Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on New York City's Fifth Avenue. Not quite the wedding of Evy's dreams—not in her *own* church, back home in Denmark, with her own family at her side—but still, dignified, reverent, beautiful. Jimmy's too-full schedule would not let him travel, and Evy had waited a long, long time for this marriage. She had wanted it to be right, to be forever. Now she was done with waiting. There was no telling how long it would be before Jimmy could go to Copenhagen; her family would understand, and Evy and Jimmy would visit them when they went to Europe—as man and wife.

Jimmy's father had taken her aside and said gently, "You will be like a daughter to me," and so it was he who gave the bride away.

The photographers (the very few who were admitted, by personal invitation only) respected the Church's ruling of "No flashbulbs." No reporters, no autograph hunters, to disturb the beauty of the ancient rite.

Jimmy and Evy wanted to cooperate with the press, though, and planned to pose on the church steps immediately after the wedding. But they were met with a mob of squealing girls, crying, "Jimmy, don't leave us," and trying to kiss him. Some representatives from the studio had been waiting by the car, keeping the motor running, ready to rush the newlyweds off to the private reception. Now they couldn't even help. The mob of fans and photographers had surged around Jimmy and Evy with such force that they were gradually being pushed, not in the direction of the waiting car, but into the church fence. Photographers shoved through, shouting directions, "Hey, Evy, over here, let's have a smile . . . Hey, Evy, give us a few words on how it feels to be Mrs. Darren. . . ."

At that moment Jimmy bent to whisper something to a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, and a photographer yelled, "Hey, lady, get out of the way, I'm trying to get a shot of the bride and groom."

Jimmy could take no more.

"Get this straight," he said firmly, coldly, as he put his arm protectively around the woman. "Don't talk to my mother that way or there'll be no pictures at all. . . ."

The couple finally managed to get to the car, despite the girls who struggled to touch him through the open window. They were still calling, "Jimmy, don't leave us," as they followed the limousine down the street.

As they drove away, Jimmy tenderly cupped Evy's face, so serious-looking now, in his hands and said, concerned, "I hope all that rumpus didn't upset you, Evy; I hope it didn't spoil your wedding day. . . ."

She hushed him with a kiss. "No, my darling," she murmured, "I will remember always the beautiful moents at the altar—*that* is what counts—and *this:* I have *you*. . . ." END

Jimmy's in Columbia's BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG.



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada



Each curl and wave on this page came out of this bottle of protein waving shampoo

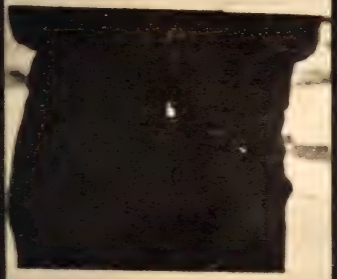


wash 'n curl by Lanolin Plus $1.50 plus tax

the greatest discovery since the home permanent!

Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, rinsed and set. Lovely, lustrous waves last from shampoo to shampoo.







DORIS DAY'S SECRET SON

This picture of Terry Melcher was taken many years ago. Since then, there have been no public photographs, no discussion of him by his parents. Now—Modern Screen lifts the veil on Hollywood's best-kept family secret →



"I do not want to talk about my private life!" For several years now, Doris Day has greeted interviewers with these words—and a charming smile. "Tell us about Terry," the interviewer will persist, "I understand he's living at home now, and...." But suddenly the interviewer will stop, feeling under the table the warning kick of the studio representative or press agent who attends such interviews with Doris, and noticing how Doris' charming smile has quickly disappeared into a frown. "Okay," he will say, "let's get on with it. Shall we talk about your latest record, or picture, or how about giving

us your opinion of Rock Hudson?" And so it will go; small talk, small talk, small talk. For over the Melcher home a heavy cloud of secrecy has been dropped—a cloud so heavy that many of Doris' most ardent fans are not aware she's a mother, few know that her son Terry is eighteen years old, and none of us have seen any pictures of Terry in the last few years. A few months ago, we at Modern Screen began to ask ourselves (and others) *Why?* And the harder we looked into the matter the stranger it all became. We learned that Terry's dad — a man named Al Jorden, divorced from Doris sixteen years ago, and whom we tracked down recently in Cincinnati — knew as little about his own son as we did. "Haven't seen the boy in twelve years now," he said. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a recent picture of him, would you?" When we told him we did not—that *no one* did—Jorden said: "I'd like to see my boy. But I haven't been able to. I wonder what he's like now. I'd sure like to know." This spurred us on. Where *was* Terry now? What kind of boy was he? Why — why was his mother hiding him? The story that follows presents, for the first time in any magazine, the answer....

(Continued on page 66)

BRING ME BACK TO YOUR HOUSE, OH LORD

SUDDENLY, IN ANSWER TO HIS PLEA, ELVIS FELT AN EASTER MIRACLE HAPPENING INSIDE HIS HEART....

■ The little old man stood along with the rest of the mob outside the Hollywood hotel where Elvis was staying.

His was the only placid face of the group. He was the only one who did not speak.

"When's he *coming?"* some of the others, girls, would ask from time to time.

Those who knew were proud to tell: "He had to do his TV rehearsal with Frank Sinatra this morning, don't y'understand? He had to go to the studio, too, to talk about his next picture. They had a big homecoming lunch for him at the commissary over at Paramount. It's probably not even over yet.

"But don't worry. He'll be here. Soon . . . I hope!"

The little old man listened. And he continued to wait.

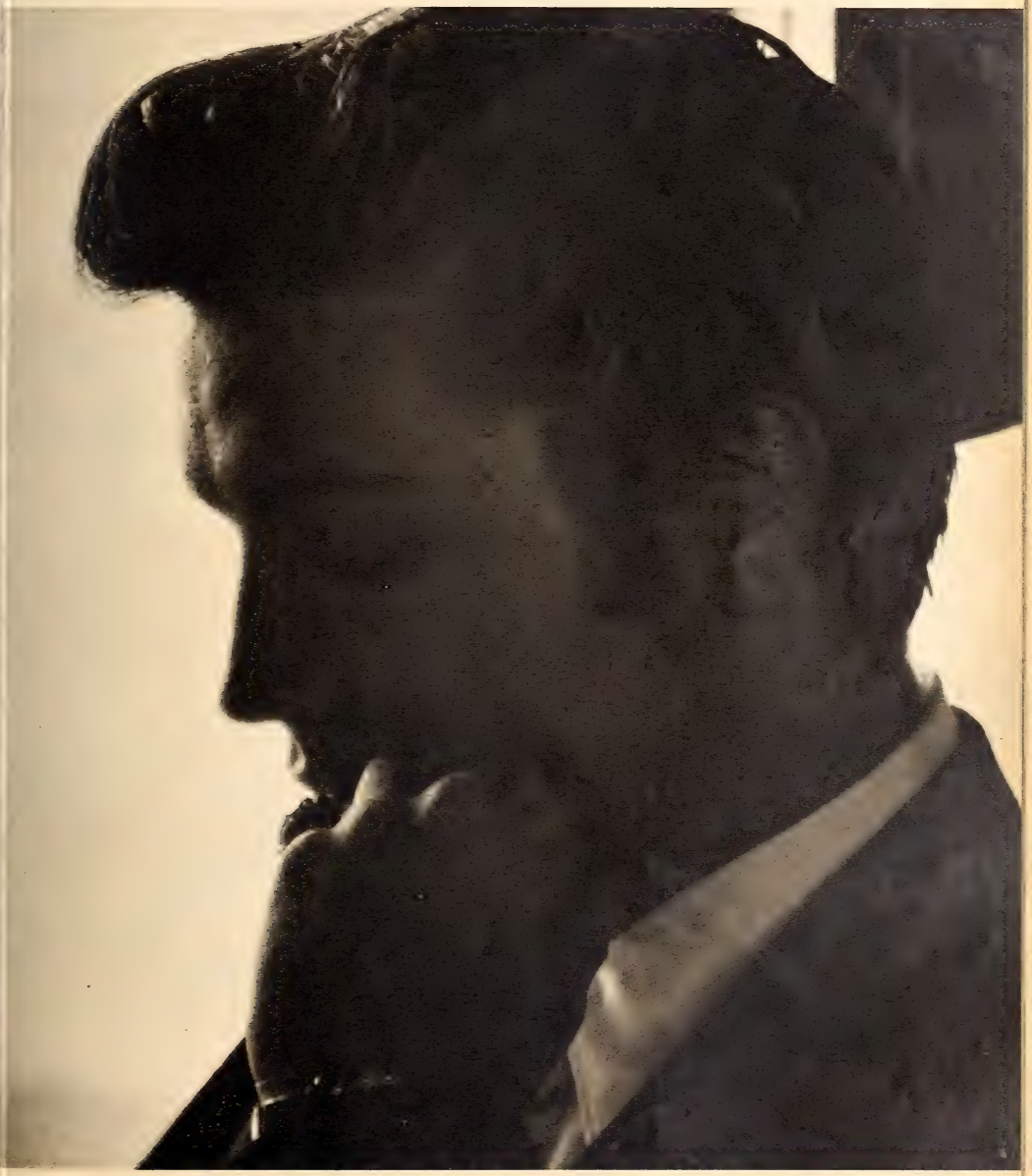
And he smiled when, finally, the big white Cadillac was seen coming down the long palm-lined street and the shout went up among the girls: *"El-vis!!"*

He watched the famous young man as he stepped out of his car, as he waved at the mob.

He watched the mob as it began to push closer around the famous young man. And then he, too, began to push.

Old as he was, small as he was, he was at Elvis' side

(Continued on page 72)



JUDI, THE LITTLE

Young girls in Hollywood – seventh of a series Subject: Judi Meredith



LOVE - GODDESS

■ One recent morning, a white Plymouth convertible streaked out of Hollywood along Ventura Boulevard a few notches under the speed of light. At the wheel, Judi Meredith muttered "Darn!" when the cop wailed her down. She smoothed her wind-tossed auburn mop impatiently, turned up the radio full-blast to drown out the scolding, and sassily stuck out her hand for the ticket. Then she gunned off, dusting the cop's pants with her fender. The cop didn't like it at all.

Two blocks later he flagged her again. This time Judi blasted away with a roar that knocked off his cap. The third time, the Law inquired ominously, "Where do you want to go, Lady—jail?"

"No," stated Judi, leveling her hazel-green eyes. "I want to go to my job—and I'm late." This time she left him gasping in confusion and a puff of scorched rubber. That evening, when Judi Meredith got home, she dumped three speed tickets out of her purse, collected in almost as many minutes.

She also opened a ribboned box on her doorstep and put the red roses in a vase. They (*Continued on page 37*)





Judi Meredith—*continued*

I'm the kind of girl who frightens people because if I love someone, I come right out and say "I love you."





came from the cop who'd flagged her down.

That's a fair sample of saucy, sexy Judi Meredith's effect on men. On the record, it's devastating.

In the five years since Judi hit Hollywood, she's been engaged, officially, and unofficially, five times—to Troy Donahue, Wendell Niles, Jr. and Barry Coe, among others. In between, she's had so many dates she can't remember them. Frank Sinatra adores her and Bobby Darin does, too. Judi dates delightedly and (*Continued on page 68*)

SCOOP!

KIM TO MARRY!

■ *Within the next few months, Kim Novak will marry! We are delighted to report this scoop. We are delighted that her groom-to-be is the talented director, Richard Quine. Their story has its beginnings in the long-ago—long before they ever actually met. Nineteen years ago, to be exact. In 1941....*

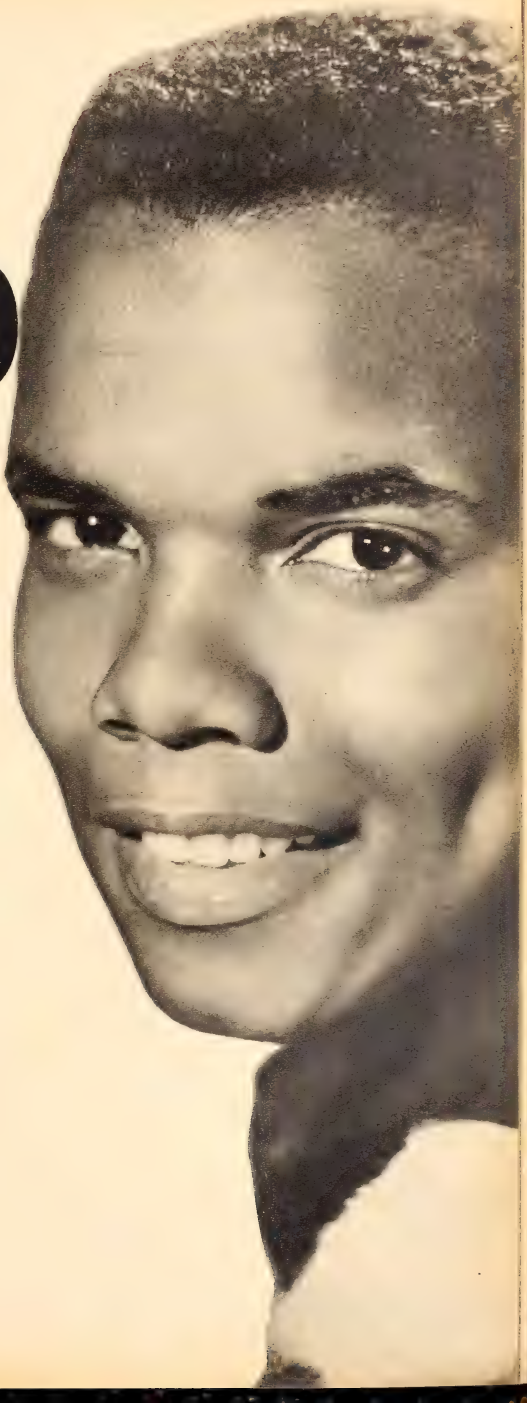
In 1941, Kim Novak was Marilyn Novak, a pudgy, pigtailed girl of eight. She lived with her parents (her dad was a railroad worker) in a small apartment in the lower-middle-class Polish section of Chicago. She had a sister, Arlene, two years and eight months older than herself, considered by one and all (Continued on page 81)



AMERICA'S

■ "Please write a story about Johnny Nash, and print his picture. We think he's marvelous." The letter was addressed to *Modern Screen* and signed by six teen-age girls from Atlanta. That was four months ago, the first inkling we had that a new star was being born. We heard his records, *A Very Special Love, As Time Goes By, Too Proud,* but had no idea who he was. More letters came in, so we sent for photographs of this fellow Nash. We were not surprised to find he was a teen-ager. We were surprised that he was Negro . . . and delighted. We had known it was going to happen sooner or later. Belafonte had paved the way. Johnny Mathis built himself a teen-age following, but sooner or later, some Negro boy had to come along who could hold his own with Fabian and Frankie Avalon, Tommy Sands, Bobby Darin, and from the streams of letters that were now coming in, we knew this boy was doing it. Johnny Nash was not simply another entertainer . . . he was something new in our world . . . he was the first Negro to become a teen idol. (*Continued on page 76*)

FIRST NEGRO TEEN IDOL!



Diane McBain, Brian Kelly, Cindy Robbins, and Mike Callan prove:

No Tears No Trouble When Your Dates are Double



Diane wears a





Diane's 1-piece knit, Catalina. Sun lotion by Tanfastic. 2-piece paisley, Marina Del Ma

■ There comes a time in every girl's life when she's *not* in love and she sees no good reason why she should *be* in love . . . at least not immediately. Things are just too pleasant the way they are. No madness, no lovers' fights, no sadness, no sleepless nights. But it's no easy matter to keep things in that euphoric state. At least that is what Diane McBain has (*Continued on page 74*)

cotton sheath

Mickey and Brian admire the girls' summer fashions



Cindy's suit . . . Catalina . . .
Diane's 3-piece outfit . . . White Stag





Cindy in Lovable's BB Bikini.
Diane in Marina Del Mar Suit



Girls' 2-piece outfits are summer favorites



Summer shirts, Ship 'n Shore

WHAT KILLED DIANA BARRYMORE?

SLEEPING PILLS?



She'd complained to her friends sleeping pills gave her no rest.

■ There was the name. Barrymore. She loved it, and she hated it. When she was proud she would proclaim, "It's bigness, it's life, it's everything beautiful about the theater, about the world, my world—really the *only* world."

When she was miserable she would moan, "My father was a bum to me—I never really knew him. My uncle Lionel, I think I met him four times. My aunt Ethel was forever telling people about what an embarrassment I was. They all hate me. *She's degrading us,* they'd say; *she's not living up to the name!* Them and their pride—and their name, their great big lousy name!"

She didn't have to take the name.

Actually, she was born Joan Blythe, the daughter of John Blythe (John Barrymore's true name) and Blanche Oelrichs (a renegade society girl, a would-be writer, who married the famous actor and then, after the birth of her daughter, embarked on a writing career and took the pen-name, Michael Strange).

Born Joan Blythe, she could have remained Joan Blythe.

But when, at eighteen, she decided to follow in the family tradition and become an actress, she told her agent that the name was to be

OR THE

HEARTBREAK?



She couldn't hold first husband, Bram Fletcher.



She tried marriage again, with John Howard.



She threw her last husband, Robert Wilcox, out of her house.



She hoped for happiness with Tennessee Williams.

Barrymore. That was the way she wanted it.

"Diana," she said, "after the name my mother has always called me by. And Barrymore, after him . . . my father. . . ."

And there was the booze.

She loved the stuff, and she hated it.

When she was happy, it was loathsome to her.

"Who needs it?" she told a friend, two years ago, when she gave it up, temporarily. "It's got me looking five years older than my real age (then thirty-six) . . . I spend three-quarters of my time reeling . . . I can't memorize a line after a couple of sips . . . It's making me fat . . . I forget names, places, thoughts . . . I feel like hell just thinking about it."

Yet, when things went wrong again, recently, she said, "I need it like I need the air to breathe, like a baby needs milk to stop it from crying. I need it for strength—there's nothing sweeter-feeling to my bones. I need it because I'm me, because it's a curse—an inheritance, from my father, his father probably, way down the line. Because our middle name is A, for Alky . . . ."



She inherited the curse of alcohol, Diana said, from her father, John Barrymore.

Men.

There were men, too.

They were nothing to her, at first. Then they were everything.

As a young girl—when she was pretty, independent, a debutante-going-on-actress—she laughed them off. She didn't need them. They were rich, these men, most of them. Handsome, some of them. Passionate, a few.

"How they all bored me," she once said. "The world, my life ahead, had so much more to offer. Theater. Art. That was my life."

But when, after a couple of years on Broadway and in Hollywood, after her flops, after she began her drinking, after she realized that she needed something more than those early dreams, she turned to men, and love.

At least, she tried.

There were three disastrous marriages in the course of the next twelve years—one with an actor, one with a tennis player, one with a playboy.

"Love," she mumbled, in 1955, after a suicide attempt, as two doctors stood over her, slowly pumping the powdered remains of twenty-one sleeping pills from her stomach, "—love . . . there's no such thing."

She came close to it—once, later.

Two years ago.

She called him Tom, this man who seemed to come to her. His full name was Tennessee (*Continued on next page*)

FAMILY CURSE?

WHAT KILLED DIANA BARRYMORE?

Continued



The Rev. Sidney Lanier presided at the burial; her friends felt Diana had found at last the peace she'd sought. . . .

Williams. He was the most famous and successful playwright in America, author of *The Glass Menagerie, A Streetcar Named Desire, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.* They'd met just at the point when she thought, again, that everything was over. Despite her name, despite the success of her autobiography, *Too Much, Too Soon,* and the movie based on that autobiography, despite all this, she was having trouble getting work—more important, getting praise, encouragement. Then, from out of the blue, a producer-friend gave her a chance to do the lead in one of Williams' lesser works, *Garden District,* in a small theater in Chicago. Williams happened to be in town the night of the opening. He attended the performance. Afterwards, at a party, he approached Diana. No woman, he told her—not Vivien Leigh, not Jessica Tandy, not Julie Haydon, not Geraldine Page—no one, he said, had ever played any role of his the way she had, that night.

They became immediately attached to one another, a newspaper columnist has written. *Diana not only fell for Tennessee, but she was sure, from the way he talked, that his next play would have a starring part for her, get her back into the harness again. The 'next play' turned out to be* SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH. *The starring part—that of The Princess Kosmonopolis—went not to her, but to Geraldine Page. Diana was disappointed, to put it mildly. But still, she felt, she had 'Tom.'*

She did everything to please him. She changed her mode of dress to try to please him. She cut out a lot of the boisterousness. The drinking was definitely out—even the occasional nips. And she waited, hoped and prayed for the day he would want to turn their friendship into marriage.

Only, recently, Tennessee told Diana that there could be no marriage. Neither he nor she, he told her, could ever expect to be happy people.

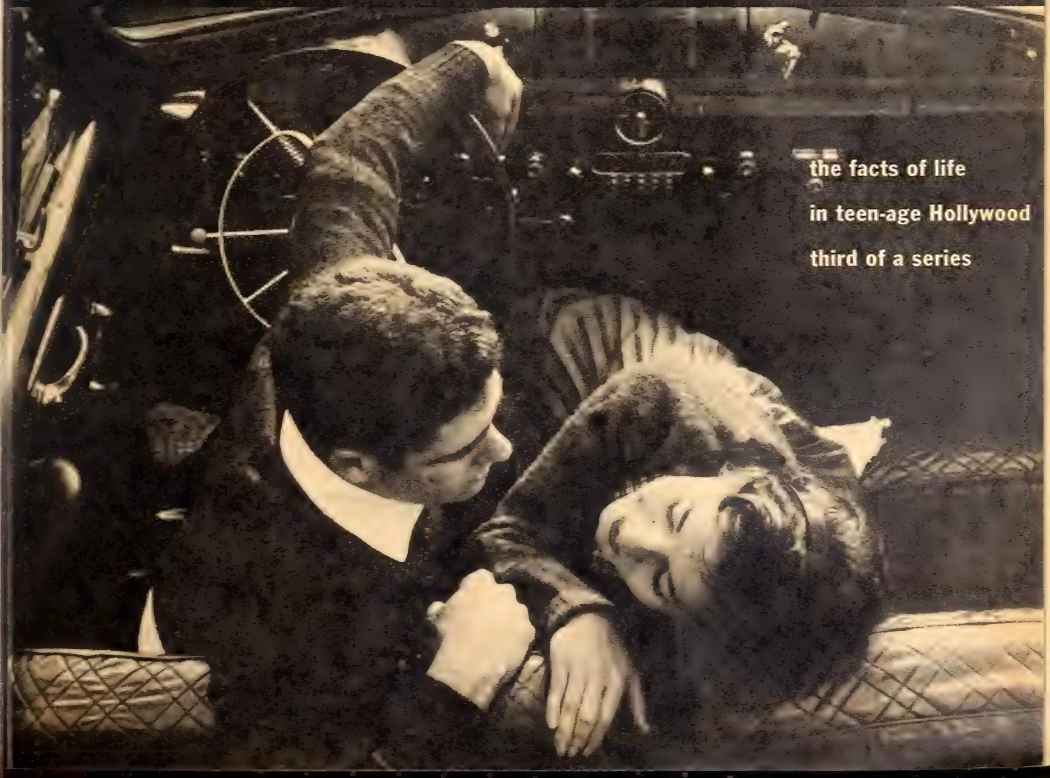
Recently was obviously Christmas Eve of last year, 1959.

That is the night Diana toppled off the wagon and took up drink again.

That night, friends say, there was approximately a case and a half of Scotch in her New York apartment, nine or ten bottles of vodka, three or four *(Continued on page 75)*

PETTING AND PARKING

"What's wrong with kids today?" is a question we've all heard often. But are the customs and morals of today's teen-agers *really* different from those of the past? We went to Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon, two very nice and typical teen-agers, to learn what they consider sexually right and wrong. We owe them both a debt of gratitude; although our questions were very intimate, their answers were very frank.....→



the facts of life
in teen-age Hollywood
third of a series

Annette Funicello:

I park... in front of the house





Frankie Avalon: **I pet... we're all human**

Q *Are you really turning over a new leaf?*

A Oh, yes. I've had it. Being fickle was fun when I was young, which wasn't so very long ago, I guess. But today I think I'm grown-up and have passed this baby-ish stage. I've started looking for *the* boy and don't go out very much any more. I don't care about it any more.

Q *What do you mean by 'it'?*

A Sex, I suppose.

Q *Have you also stopped falling for older men—a habit which used to cause you great grief?*

A Yes. Long ago. It was another of the little girl problems I've outgrown.

Q *But there is one older man you can't erase from your memory, isn't there?*

A So, you found out about Jack. He's a handsome cameraman at the Disney Studios. I had a mad crush on him and he once promised to 'wait' for me. But when he got married last year I guess he forgot that promise. But I suppose he's just a part of the past. I'm trying to forget him.

Q *It's not easy, is it?*

A To be honest, no. I'm having a hard time convincing myself that it's all over. But it is. It was just another one of my silly crushes.

Q *You've had a lot of them, haven't you?*

A I used to fall in love every other week.

Q *There was also Guy Williams, wasn't there?*

A That was another crush. I see him all the time and we do publicity together. But that's it.

Q *From the past let's jump to the present. Rumor has it that three guys whose initials are P, F and F are sort of chasing you. Care to confirm the rumor?* (*Continued on page 80*)

Q *Being on the road as much as you are, and on your own so much of the time, don't a lot of girls make advances to you?*

A They sure do!

Q *Are most of the women younger, or older?*

A They vary.

Q *Are they obvious, or subtle?*

A Well—they're subtle yet obvious. If they know they're going to meet you, they'll do anything to get your attention. Sometimes they ask a lot of questions. Sometimes they even ask you to come to their house for dinner. I've never accepted any of these invitations, although I would like to. But I can't afford to get into trouble, and since I don't know the people extending the invitation, I have no way of knowing what I'd be getting into if I did accept.

Q *Did anyone ever get into your bedroom while you were out, or while you were in?*

A No one has broken into my room, but they've made it to the door. I've come home and found fans waiting outside my door several times. Once they tried to break in, but I managed to hold the door and keep them out. Of course, then I couldn't leave! Another time I walked into my room and found three girls in it. Dumbfounded, I wanted to know how they got in. They blithely answered that the maid had let them in. Now I always tell the maid, no matter where I am, not to let anyone in! Otherwise I could never tell when someone might be hanging around . . . .

Q *What was the hardest time you ever had getting rid of a fan?*

A I guess getting rid of those girls was about my worst (*Continued on page 80*)

For the first time in any magazine the plain truth about

ROCK AND WOMEN



It's almost two years now since the headline-making, heart-breaking divorce of Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates. Since then Rock, who once squired Hollywood's loveliest young ladies around town, has steadily retreated from the world of romance. Deeply hurt by that ill-fated marriage, Rock has, like a wounded animal, gone off by himself to nurse his scars, scars that some people say will never heal. In a small remote beach community many miles from Hollywood, a place called Lido Isle, Rock has made his sanctuary—a gorgeous home within whose walls the soft sound of a woman's voice is rarely heard.

The home is Rock's alone, a home into which he has poured every ounce of his extra energy, as though he knew deep in his heart that this was not to be the usual makeshift bachelor quarters, which some future bride would refurnish to her own taste. With decorator Peter Shore, Rock has torn down interior walls to achieve at great expense the special effects he's wanted; at night, when he's not recognized so easily, he's roamed the streets window-shopping for paintings and furnishings; and on free days he and Peter have traveled up and down the West Coast from San Diego to San Francisco stopping at auctions, antique shops, junk shops, everywhere, to find the exact piece needed for some corner of his private sanctuary. Few people know what this sanctuary looks like inside, few people have stood in the grand airy living room with its muted shades of beige, white, mocha and burnt orange, and looked out onto the roaring ocean below—for the house is off-limits to members of the press and photographers. He surrounds it with secrecy, and only a certain group of his friends, close friends such as George Nader, and producer Ross Hunter, are invited there. Often they are invited for the weekend, to talk, play guessing games, do imitations, take trips on Rock's boat (in season) to Catalina Island, and to cook fancy gourmet dinners for themselves. For variety, once or twice a month, in slacks and open sport shirt, Rock drives up the Coast in his new Silver-grey Chrysler Imperial (top down) to a little artists' colony called Sausalito, just outside of San



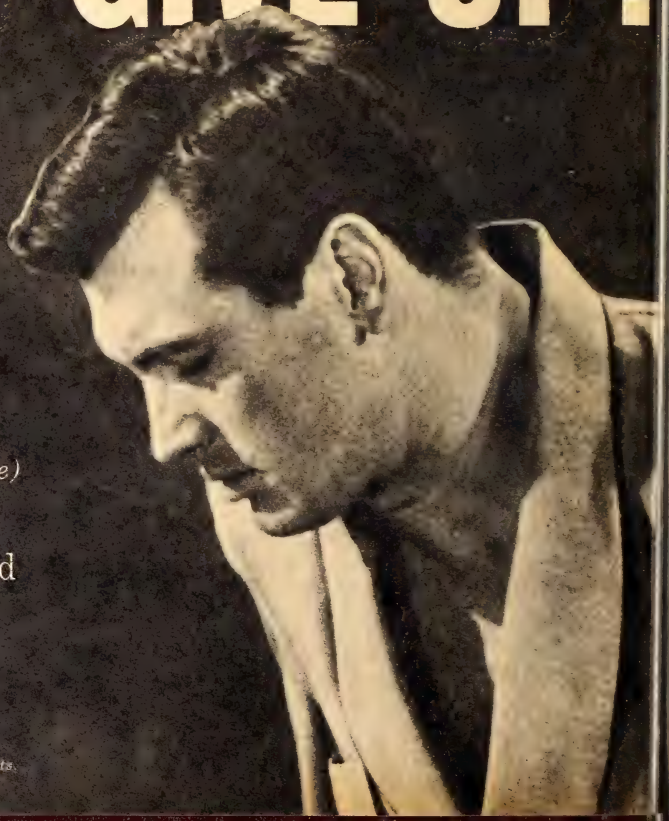


"I'VE HAD ENOUGH MARRIAGE TO LAST ME A LIFETIME"

Francisco, for coffee klatches, small dinner parties and long serious discussions with sensitive artists. But in his private life (a life never discussed in movie magazines) there seems now to be little or no place for feminine companionship. Only when required to attend an opening night or big Hollywood party, does a woman manage to occupy his time—and on these occasions he will usually invite his current leading lady or some friend who is a casual—not romantic—acquaintance. Rock's world, in short, is a world without women, his home a kind of fortress protecting him against the dangers of love. "I've had enough marriage to last me a lifetime," he says. "I'm happy with the way things are now. I have my dream house, and...." But those of us who know and love Rock turn away saddened and care to hear no more. Saddened to think that someday when he is old and grey this wonderful, charming, sensitive, intelligent man will wake up one morning and, sitting by the window, looking down at the ocean, drinking orange juice for one, hear in his imagination the footsteps of children and grandchildren who were never born, turn his back to the window and understand that the life he built, like the living room itself this morning, is suddenly, strangely, terrifyingly empty.

And yet there is a girl... *please turn the page*

BUT ONE GIRL WON'T GIVE UP!



This is the moving story of Rock Hudson and Linda Cristal— the one girl in all the world who can *(if Rock returns her love)* save him from the empty bachelorhood to which he has doomed himself.

Photo of Linda Cristal courtesy United Artists
Photo of Rock Hudson by Robert Brian Levy



■ It begins on a Saturday morning, not long ago. . . .

Rock stood on the deck of his yacht, the *Khairuzham*, tied to its pier in Newport, a little coastal town not far from Los Angeles.

He was annoyed.

His guests—four couples, friends and their dates—had been told to show up by nine o'clock, so that this week end cruise could get off to a brisk and early start.

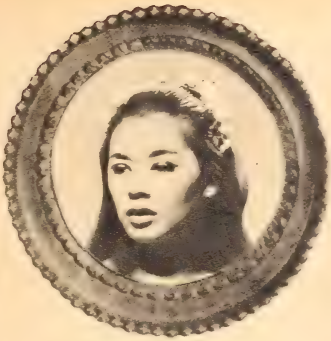
And here it was, nearly 9:30 now, and only three

(*Continued on page 64*)



Anna Kashfi





France Nuyen

Barbara Luna



Memoirs Beautiful and Bitter of Casanova's Ladies

A psychoanalyst's intimate report on the strange love-life of Marlon Brando

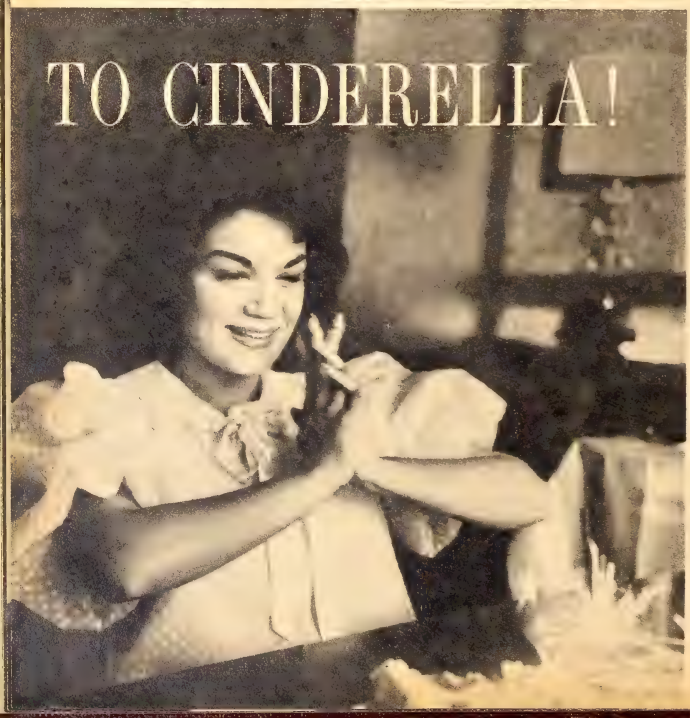
■ Once Marlon loved a woman, pretty as a wildflower, with shaggy black bangs. She had the look of never quite belonging in the small towns where they lived. She talked about art, she forgot to stock the refrigerator, and she drank. When the world grew too ugly, too sharp-cornered, too grey, she drank it back to blurry pinkness, and then the proprietor of the particular tavern where she happened to be would phone her house and ask for somebody to come and fetch her.

Her name was Dorothy Pennebacker Brando. She was Marlon's mother. After he was a star, he had a dream of bringing her to New York. "I thought if she loved me enough, trusted me enough, then we could be together and I'd take care of her. Well, she left my father and came to live with me. But my love wasn't enough. She was there in a room one horrible night holding on to (*Continued on page 72*)

FROM UGLY DUCKLING



TO CINDERELLA!



Connie Francis' own story of her remarkable transformation

■ When Macy's Department Store called me and asked me to be the Cinderella in their Thanksgiving Day parade last year, I was flabbergasted and speechless.

"Me?" I said, a funny burr in my throat. I was certain they'd made a mistake.

Don't get me wrong. I was thrilled. More than that: flattered! Because, never, in my wildest dreams, did I imagine myself as a glamour girl. Not that I don't like gorgeous dresses and gowns and jewelry. I flip for them. Like any normal girl, I love dressing up in rhinestone necklaces, pretty silks that smell of cologne, high-heeled satin shoes, the works.

But me, Connie

(*Continued on page 78*)

Small? Very Small? *In-between?*



a LOVABLE bra is a welcome addition





IN-BETWEEN? "Interplay" (above) with foam contour shell to round out your glamour. Curved front defines beautifully. White, black. Only **$1.50**

SMALL? "Add Vantage" (far left) with medium foam contouring to fulfill the promise of your figure. Soft-touch anchor-band never curls. White. Only **$2**

VERY SMALL? "Add-a-Pad" (near left) with removable full-foam pads to make the most of you. Pert demi-plunge neckline. White, black. Only **$1.50**

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A Modern Screen Special Feature

The Marriages That Last

Cyd Charisse—Tony Martin



■ "For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part . . . Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. . . ."

There was a long pause when the minister finished the marriage service. Then the tall handsome groom opened his arms and embraced his lovely bride. Finally Cyd and Tony, starry-eyed, turned to accept the congratulations of the minister and the wedding guests.

No marriage—not even in Hollywood—started out with such good wishes—and such dire prophecies—as did the union of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin. It couldn't last, their friends said. There were too many strikes against it. They had warned Cyd careers never mixed—especially careers like theirs. Singers and ballerinas were both temperamental. And both Tony and Cyd had been married before and divorced. Cyd had a child by that first marriage. Tony was supposed to be hard to get along with. "Ask Alice Faye what she had to put up with," they said, "and he was madly in love with her, too."

His and Cyd's interests were so different. He loved sports and she didn't; he liked people around him; she was a homebody; he liked to be on the go constantly; she was content to stay put. "And you didn't like him when you first met him," her friends reminded her. The marriage, they felt, didn't stand a chance.

Nevertheless, Cyd Charisse, despite the warnings, serenely and (*Continued on page 61*)

(Continued from page 60)
confidently went ahead with the wedding plans; her friends had completely missed the point. They forgot that she *loved* Tony, that he and she were in love with each other, that she had faith not only in *him* but what was even more important—in herself. What did her friends know of the depth of her understanding of this man? What measure did they have to gauge the sureness of her instincts about him? She herself was the best judge of what she was doing and why she was doing it. She saw qualities in Tony that others perhaps did not see. She knew that he was good and kind and sweet and that all that was needed was a guiding hand. She felt she had that hand. Her marriage, she was convinced, would succeed.

Her friends pooh-poohed her theories. They had heard them before.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to Cyd Charisse to know that she has proved her own instincts right and the dire prophecies of the crepe-hangers wrong. The marriage has lasted. To all intents and purposes, it will last "until death do them part." This marriage has not only confounded the Hollywood wiseacres, it has also given renewed hope to marriage as an institution and proved that every marriage can succeed if the two people involved have faith in each other and are willing to work for success.

Why it has succeeded

Every happy marriage has its own formula, its own recipe for happiness. It is interesting to analyze the reasons why this marriage succeeded when every signpost pointed to failure. Why was Cyd Charisse so sure of the rightness of her instincts about her husband? What ingredients made up the recipe for happiness in her case? To get the answers, we must first study the two personalities involved —their characters, their backgrounds and the circumstances which helped to mold them.

Cyd Charisse was born Tula Ellice Finklea in Amarillo, Texas. She came of good healthy Irish, French, and English stock. From the time she was a small girl, she was surrounded by nothing but love and understanding. "There always was so much love in our house," she recalls. Between her and her father, a jeweller who loved the ballet, there was a special rapport. Her little brother adored her, called her Cyd because he couldn't pronounce Sis. Cyd she remained.

The little girl grew rapidly. At eight, she could pass for twelve, she was so tall. "But I grew too fast and I was as thin as a rail," she says now. Her father insisted she take ballet lessons to develop her body.

Cyd, anxious to please her beloved father, and already sensing that her destiny lay in a dancing career, enrolled in a local school. "She has talent." her teacher said. After four years of lessons in Amarillo, her teacher admitted that the girl had gone as far as she could with her. She needed a better teacher.

Inquiries brought forth the information that there was a famous school in Hollywood, California, run by a man named Nico Charisse who was connected with the Ballet Russe. Nico gave her an audition and was enthusiastic about her. After several years as his pupil, he considered her good enough to join the Ballet Russe troupe and recommended her to the attention of the troupe's head, Colonel de Basil. De Basil watched her perform and signed her on the spot.

The troupe toured Europe each spring and as the time neared for its departure for abroad, Cyd was thrilled beyond words. She was as happy for her parents as she

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



49¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



Folks who care buy Brand Name Health and Beauty Aids!

Why do you buy Brand Names? Because you trust them. You know that they are consistently good, that they always meet the high standards of quality you've set for yourself and your family. You'll find Brand Name products wherever you go. No guesswork shopping. Like good friends, they're always there.

The Brand Name manufacturer has built a reputation. He must maintain it, so he keeps his standards high, and strives constantly to make his product better. He's always first with new products and ideas. He employs lots of people. He helps balance the economy. You depend on him. He depends on you. *Know* your brands, and buy the brands you *know*. You'll find some of them on the pages of this magazine.

May 1-8 is Brand Names Week

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was for herself over this opportunity.

Practically on the eve of departure, a tragic incident occurred which was to change the course of Cyd's life. A telegram was handed to her. It was from her mother advising her that her father was gravely ill. There was no word about her having to come home. She must make up her own mind about it. But her mother, knowing Cyd, knew what she would do. She decided to go to Amarillo at once and see her beloved dad. Her decision gives us an insight into the character of Cyd Charisse, a foretaste of one of the reasons for the success of her marriage with Tony Martin. Hers was no brave 'the-show-must-go-on-my-career-comes-first' philosophy. She was a loving daughter; she loved her father; that was enough. Her place was with them. The troupe sailed without her.

Her father died. The young girl, now sixteen years of age and saddened by grief, returned to Hollywood and to the dance troupe. When Nico Charisse saw her again, he was startled by the change in her. When she had left for Texas, she had been a child. Now she was a woman, a very beautiful woman. Grief had molded her, had matured her. Unusually tall for her age, she could pass for several years older. Nico Charisse fell in love with his pupil. He asked her to marry him.

May-September marriage

Lonely, in need of comfort and strength, Cyd married a man much older than herself. Though she looked like a woman, she was in truth still a child. She had had no youthful experiences with boys, no adolescence, no fun.

The time came for the troupe to tour Europe again and this time, Cyd, accompanied by her husband, went with them. In Paris, Nico, Jr. was born. The year was 1942 and the world was at war. The troupe decided to return to the States.

Back in Hollywood, Cyd resumed her dance career, but now it took a new turn.

David Lichine, choreographer for the troupe, introduced her to Gregory Ratoff, the famous Russian actor and director. Through this introduction, she got parts in pictures like *Something to Shout About*, *Mission to Moscow*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, and *The Harvey Girls*. She did not cut a particularly wide swathe at this time, but acting in motion pictures intrigued her, and she decided to remain in that medium.

Meanwhile, her marriage was crumbling. Though Charisse was kind, Cyd began to realize all she had missed by marrying him. She was hungry for the youth she should have had.

They were divorced in 1947. Cyd was only twenty-four years old at the time. Divorce embitters some people; it matures others. It made Cyd a calm, wise, tolerant, understanding woman who had profited by her experience and had learned a new set of values.

This was the woman who accepted an invitation from Nat Goldstone, her agent, to attend a party he was giving at the Bel Air Hotel. Goldstone seated her next to a tall, dark, handsome man. "This is Tony Martin," Goldstone said.

She found the young man interesting and the feeling was evidently mutual, because he invited her to Chasen's after the party to enjoy a little snack.

The date, however, was not a success. Instead of sitting down and quietly conversing with Cyd, Tony table-hopped all evening.

She decided she would not go out with him again—this man was not for her.

She forgot about him completely. Then one evening Nat Goldstone called her again.

"We're seeing the premiere of *Black Narcissus* next Wednesday night and I called to ask if you'd like to join us all."

Cyd gladly accepted the invitation. When she arrived at Nat's home, she was amazed to find that Tony Martin was her escort.

"He asked me to invite you," Goldstone whispered to her.

She liked Tony much better on this second meeting. He was kind and sweet and very attentive. It is significant that on the occasion of their second meeting, she began to show that deep and remarkable understanding she has of him. She realized he had table-hopped that last time because of his great need and his great love of people.

As she saw more and more of him, she found herself falling in love with him. She knew all his faults, but she knew his good qualities too, and to her, the good qualities far outweighed the faults. What was important to her was that she could make this man happy just as he could make her happy. They were good for each other. She could bring her maturity to his small boyishness, her serenity and calm to his restlessness. He was gay and fun-loving and exciting. She had never known such a man.

Tony's background

Tony Martin was born in Oakland, California. He was born Alvin Morris and he was the only child of a mother and father who was a physician and who died when Tony was only two years old. Thus, the little boy had never known a father's love or a father's guiding hand.

As a child, he began to show great musical talent. At the age of twelve, when most youngsters are playing marbles and hooky, Tony was playing the saxophone and the clarinet. At Oakland High School, he was organizer, leader and sax player for a four-piece orchestra. Even as a kid, he was a good earner. He was exceedingly good to his mother, to whom he felt a great responsibility, and handed over most of his earnings to her. Along with his love of music, he early showed an interest in sports; he was sports editor of the student paper, and excellent at baseball and track.

After he was graduated from Oakland High, he was enrolled in St. Mary's College since his mother wanted him to follow in his father's footsteps and become a doctor. He was an excellent student but while there, he showed a tendency to get himself into difficulties with those in authority. One day, in a moment of youthful exuberance, he played a jazz solo on the college organ. To the school authorities, that was nothing short of sacrilege and he was promptly asked to leave college. Tony seized this opportunity to get into show business where he felt he belonged. He headed for Chicago where he played and sang with a band at night clubs, among them the Chez Paree. Here he met Frances Langford who sold him the idea of going to Hollywood. It was then he assumed the name of Tony Martin and headed back to California.

The country was in the depths of the depression and musicals were not being made in Hollywood. He got a job as a singer on the Burns and Allen show and appeared at the Trocadero, then Hollywood's most elegant night spot.

His first pictures were *Follow the Fleet* and *Poor Little Rich Girl*. One day at the horse races he was introduced to a very pretty girl named Alice Faye. She was a former show girl who was beginning to make a name for herself in motion pictures. Their courtship was one of the stormiest in the annals of Hollywood romances. It was on again, off again, on again. Finally when everyone agreed it was off and probably would not be on, they astounded their friends by eloping

suddenly, unexpectedly, to get married.

In speaking of the failure of this marriage they admitted that they were both too stubborn to give in to each other. The marriage ended in divorce. What Tony needed then and has always needed was a girl like Cyd Charisse.

When World War II was declared Tony was called to the colors. After his honorable discharge he went back to Hollywood to take up his career. Nervous, restless, lonely he found it difficult to make an adjustment to civilian life. He became the gay young blade of Hollywood. He went in for flashy clothes, for sports, for people of all kinds. He was never alone: he never wanted to be alone. He was always on the go. This was the man who was introduced to Cyd Charisse the night of Nat Goldstone's party at the Bel Air Hotel.

Cyd's happy-marriage theories

For one thing, *she has never tried to change her husband.* She has learned to live with his craze for sports and for the people with whom he must necessarily surround himself, such as music arrangers, press agents, musicians, song pluggers, TV big shots and his pals in the sports world, people with whom his wife has nothing in common but accepts without a word of protest. "I know Tony thoroughly," Cyd said, "and I don't *want* to change him. I fell in love with him as he is, not as the man I want him to be."

For another thing, *she has never let her career interfere with her marriage.* She has a clause in her contract that when she is not making a film, she has permission to join her husband wherever he may be. It is the first clause of its kind ever inserted in the contract of a leading Hollywood personality. But good wife though she is, she has never forgotten she is a mother, too. She and Tony always manage to be home in time to spend their wedding anniversary with their son, Tony, Jr., born in 1950.

Not only has she never let her career interfere with her marriage, but she has done what few women—far less gifted and far less prepossessing than she is—are willing to do. *She has submerged her own personality.* When Tony wants to go out at night to a night club, Cyd goes with him even though there are times when she'd much rather stay at home. She has turned down good roles in pictures whenever she thought they interfered with her marriage.

With insight and emotional maturity, she has turned her unhappy experience in her first marriage to profit in her second. She learned not to deflate a man's ego, nor to worry him needlessly; and never to be possessive nor jealous of her husband.

She manages to be a delightful companion to her husband, springing all sorts of surprises to give him pleasure.

Once she talked him out of buying a new Jaguar which he wanted badly. Then later at Christmas, which also happens to be his birthday, Cyd suggested that they go for a little stroll. As they walked, she pointed to a lovely Jaguar at the curb.

"That's the kind I wanted to buy," Tony said sadly. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It certainly is," she laughed. "And that's my birthday present to you."

She cannot understand women who constantly whine and complain to their husbands, without even giving the man a chance to cross his threshold and wash his hands. *A man's home should be his peaceful castle,* she says. Neither can she understand women who do not want their husbands around too much. "I can't see *enough* of Tony. Gosh, when you love a person, how can you see too much of him?" *She doesn't believe in the theory that a wife should keep her husband guessing.* "If a woman wants her peace of mind and wants her husband to have his peace of mind, she should let him know she loves him and leave no doubt about her loyalty."

She is convinced that a calm and happy woman has a better chance of succeeding in her career than has a tense or overly-ambitious one. As a result, she has attained great success in her career since her marriage. *Singin' in the Rain, The Band Wagon, Easy to Love, Brigadoon, Deep in My Heart,* and *It's Always Fair Weather* . . . smash successes which have brought her stardom were filmed after her marriage.

"If a woman doesn't succeed," Cyd said once with a shrug of her shoulders, "a happy woman will learn to accept failure, too."

Their friends say that marriage with Cyd has made a remarkable change in Tony. He is quieter, gentler, more relaxed. Ironically enough, if Cyd had planned this change in him, it probably would not have happened.

The change was wrought by the miracle of happiness. His star too, is in its ascendency.

What makes these two vivid, vital charming people so remarkable is that neither is envious of the other. On the contrary, each takes delight in the other's success, in each new triumph.

Perhaps the best reason for the success of this marriage which everyone thought was doomed to failure, lies in the words which Cyd Charisse once said to her bosses at MGM when she turned down a role because she felt it would interfere with her marital happiness.

"A career is a wonderful thing but it will never take the place of a husband. I know. I've tried it." **END**



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But One Girl Won't Give Up

(Continued from page 55)

of the couples had managed to show.

"Five minutes," he muttered to himself, about the others, "and show or not, we're taking off."

At exactly 9:30, the little yellow convertible pulled up alongside the yacht.

Rock watched as the girl—tall, dark, dressed in white slacks and shirt and a red-striped jacket—got out of the car and rushed towards the boat.

He recognized her as Linda Cristal, the young South American actress who worked at the same studio where he worked, whom he'd met a few times, at a party here, a reception there.

He recognized her type, too, he thought. *The vital type*, he thought to himself, yawning internally, as she waved at him and shouted "Hi, Rrrrrrock!!" as she continued to rush towards the boat.

"I'm here," she said, smiling broadly, when she reached him. "I hope I am not too late. I really hope that, in all apology. Are you surprised to see me?"

Rock ignored the apology, the question.

"Where's Al?" he asked.

"Al—" Linda said. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this about a friend, Rock—but he's sick, with the bad sore throat. Thursday night, when he called and asked me if I'd like to come along on the cruise, he sounded fine. But," she went on, "this morning, at eight o'clock, when he called to say he couldn't make it, because his throat had the soreness—" She shook her head. "—he sounded terrible . . . like this."

She made a gargling noise, and laughed.

Rock did not laugh back.

Instead, he continued to look at her.

And Linda's laughter, her smile, disappeared.

"I don't mean to make fun," she said. "I know that the sore throat is not a pleasant thing. But with the pills, the salt and warm water . . . he'll get over it. Don't worry."

There was a pause, a long one, as Rock continued to say nothing.

Linda forced a smile to her lips again.

"And meanwhile," she said then, "I thought I might as well come anyway, on the boat trip, even if Al couldn't."

Her face began to redden a little.

"I know, maybe it isn't proper, a girl coming alone," she said, "—but for two days now I look so forward to this . . . I thought maybe it would be all right."

Her fingers played momentarily with the handle of her small suitcase.

"Is it," she asked, "all right?"

"Sure," said Rock, unenthusiastically.

"*Bueno*, good," said Linda.

She looked up, towards the sails.

"Now," she said, "let's hoist the mizzmast and be off."

"Mizzenmast," said Rock.

She looked back at him. "Is that how you say it, in the nautical language . . . in English?" she asked. "Mizzenmast?"

"Yep," Rock said.

"So then," Linda started to say again, "let the crew hoist the—"

Rock interrupted her.

"Linda," he said, "if you'd like a cup of hot coffee . . . some bacon and eggs—" he pointed "—that ladder will take you down below, to the galley. And you can join the others.

"Me," he said, "I'm going to be busy now . . . It's late . . . I'd like to take off while the tide is still with us."

Linda clutched the handles of her suitcase even more tightly.

"Yes, *mi capitan*," she said, softly, her voice quivering just a bit, as she turned and walked towards the staircase to which Rock had pointed. . . .

Bad tempers and worse moods

"It was a strange day, the rest of that first day," another member of the party has since said. "Both Linda and Rock were quiet, reserved, out of it, out of the whole mood of what was supposed to be this fun, salt-sprayed week end. Linda was embarrassed. She'd come alone and she was sorry now for having done this. Rock's reception had been far from cordial and Linda couldn't seem to understand why. And this not knowing why bothered her. Made her gloomy, after a while. Tense. Silent . . . Rock was in an even worse mood. He was downright bad-tempered all the rest of that morning, and afternoon. Those of us who knew him had never seen him act like this before. But we began to grasp the reason for his moodiness after a while. We realized that it had to do with Linda. She had broken a cardinal rule of his. 'Never,' he'd once said, 'am I going to bother with a girl aboard the *Khairuzham*. The *Khairuzham's* my girl, my date,' he'd said, '—you others can couple up, but for me, my boat's enough.' This anti-female attitude, of course, was a result of Rock's trouble with Phyllis (his ex-wife) the divorce, the haggling over the settlement, the mess of headlines the whole thing caused, the bad taste it left in his mouth for anything romantic, even to the point of spending a little time with a girl, more or less alone. And now, with Linda on board, alone, unescorted, Rock had the feeling that he was obliged to be polite and spend some time with her.

"And damn if he was—was his attitude.

"So the day passed, the two of them uncomfortable. All of us uncomfortable.

"Until finally, at seven o'clock, when the supper gong rang the rest of us were all too glad to head for the galley, and the food and wine, just to break the strain.

"So glad that we didn't even notice at first that neither Rock nor Linda was with us. And when we *did* notice this, finally, we figured, well, they'd each gone to their cabins in order to get away, not only from us, their by-now whispering audience—but from each other. . . ."

Talk topside

Actually, the friend was right.

Both Rock and Linda had retired to their cabins.

But, somehow, after a while, Rock had decided to go topside, to sit, alone, on a bench at the stern of his boat.

And, not long after, Linda too had decided to go up for some air. . . .

They saw each other, just as dusk began to descend.

Rock had been sitting back, gazing up at the sky.

"Hello," Linda said.

"Hi," said Rock, facing her for a moment.

He looked back at the sky again.

"That," Linda said, following his gaze, "those stars you look at—that is the constellation Orion. Yes?"

Rock nodded.

"That is my favorite of all the constellations." Linda said.

"Uh-huh," said Rock.

"Really," Linda said. "You won't believe this, but on my right leg, right here"—she pointed, and Rock looked down—"in tiny little moles, I have the exact reproduction of Orion . . . Isn't that silly? But it's true . . . Five little tiny marks, and then three larger ones . . . And do you know, but for some reason I am very superstitious about this. I look on this constellation as having brought me any of the luck I might have in my life today.

"It *is* silly," she repeated, "isn't it?"

Rock shrugged. "Not if that's what you really believe," he said.

"Orion," Linda said, after a moment. "I think that is a very appropriate name for us to be discussing on this trip. . . . I mean, *Orion* was the name of one of the most famous yachts of all time. Isn't that right? Built in the city of Norfolk, in the state of Virginia, in the year 1930—or 1931."

"How do you know that?" Rock asked.

"My father," Linda said, "he told me that. . . . He used to have a boat. A sail-boat, a little smaller than this, but a sail-boat just the same . . . And he used to tell me all these things when we were on the boat."

Remembering, she smiled a little.

"He used to call me his first-mate, my father," she went on. "I had two brothers. Miguel, he was the oldest—he's married now. And Antonio—he was next; he has since died. But my father, with both his sons, he used to favor me. I guess because I was the youngest and the girl he had waited for so long—his daughter. And so, when I was old enough, he used to take me all over with him, everyplace, and all of his attention was to me. And all of mine was to him . . . I guess that's why I remember, even about the *Orion*."

Something in common

She looked away from Rock now, out at the water.

"As a boy," she asked, "did you have the kind of life I did, with *your* father, on the sea so much?"

"No," Rock said. "—We lived in Chicago. There was a lake. But we didn't see much of it. We didn't have much money. We certainly didn't have any boats . . . The closest I got to the water was in the summer, for swimming, the hottest days of the year, when my mother would take us . . . This boat, this is something new."

"My father," Linda said, "he was fairly wealthy—he had a factory of some sort in Uruguay. And in Argentina, where we lived, he published a magazine, with stories about movie stars and romantic figures and such things . . . So he had some money. And he had his boat. And we would spend much time on it. . . ." Her voice seemed to trail off a little. "And do you know what I would do on it?"

"What?" Rock asked.

"Well," Linda said, remembering, more and more, "during the day I would be the tomboy, my father's helper . . . I would spend all the time polishing *this* brass thing and fixing up *that* broken line, doing all sorts of things like that . . . And then at night—"

She paused, and she sighed.

"—At night then," she said, "always my father and my mother and the boys would go to bed early, right after dinner, to read, or do puzzles, to get relaxed for the next day. And then it became *my* time on the boat, my time alone.

"I would, I would come up here, alone, to the deck then, just like this. I would stand. For hours and hours. I would look out at the sea then, just like now. And I would watch its rhythm and its peace and I would think of all of the important things of life—my happiness, my sorrows, my confusions. And, somehow, looking at the sea, its rhythm, its peace, all of the important things, the questions, would become answered in my mind. . . ."

She turned to face Rock again.

"Have you ever done that," she asked, "communed with the sea?"

"Yes," Rock said, "often when I'm alone."

"And have you talked to it, the way I used to?" she asked.

"Yes, sometimes," he said.

"And even begun to sing to it after a while, you were so happy with what it did for you?"

"Once in a while," Rock said.

For a little while after that, neither of them spoke.

And then Rock asked, "Does your father still have his boat, Linda?"

She turned quickly, and returned her gaze to the water once more.

"He is dead," she said. "—When I was thirteen, both my mother and my father were killed in an automobile accident. I was in the same automobile. A truck hit us and the car turned into flames. I lived. But they died—"

"I'm sorry," Rock started to say.

Linda brought her hand to her forehead, as if to rub away the memory.

"It was the end of many things for me that day," Linda said. "The end of being a daughter, a little girl, the end of Marta Victoria Moya Burges—that's my real name, Marta . . . The end of many things . . . And the end of the sea."

"You didn't go back to the boat?"

"I didn't want to," Linda said. "For so many years, I never wanted to know a boat again, or the sea. So many things happened to me in those years. I changed. I became from the shy little girl into the actress. I went from the secluded home in Buenos Aires, first to Mexico, then to Hollywood. I became Linda Cristal. I became married in those years, twice, and divorced twice. I became a woman . . . My childhood, the sea, it was all far behind me suddenly. I pushed it as far away as I could. And I thought I was doing a good job of pushing it. I thought I really wanted to forget it all . . . And then—"

"But now I'll die . . ."

"What happened, Linda?" Rock asked.

"It was three years ago," Linda said, slowly. ". . . I was in Mexico, on location, near Cuernavaca, working on my first American picture. It was just before the picture started. The night before. I was nervous, so nervous. I couldn't sleep. And that night, in the middle of the night, I got up from my bed and I got into my car and I began to drive fast, up a road. I didn't know that the road was so bad, that they were fixing it. Suddenly the tires of my car hit some sand. The car skidded and rolled over. As it did, I remembered the other accident. *I lived then,* I thought to myself in those seconds, as the car rolled over, *but now I'll die.* . . .

"A little while later, the doctor came in. 'My eyes,' I asked him, 'why are they covered—will I be able to see again?' He told me yes. It was other parts of my face there was trouble with, that were broken, he said. I needed an operation. I would be all right. But before the operation, for some reason, he said, my eyes would have to be covered.

"I didn't believe what he said. I was in terrible pain, especially about the area of my nose. But all the time I was thinking of my eyes. And I was thinking, 'Why did I not go back once more to the sea, to look at it once more, so that I could remember, really remember what it was like that I had loved so much. I began to dream about it. Its color—in the morning, the light blue, mixing with the dampness; in the afternoon, when it was sunny, the deep blue; at night, the lovely blackness of it with the little bits of white spray playing over the blackness.'

"And I would beg God to let me see it once more—my sea."

She stopped and turned to look at Rock again.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away some of the tears that had come to her eyes.

"And it all turned out okay," he said. "Here you are, Linda—looking at the sea. And everything's all right again."

She said nothing, but began to sob.

"And everything's all right again," Rock repeated.

"Yes," Linda tried to say.

Her body began to shake.

"You're cold," Rock said. "The night air—it's cold—"

He put his arm around her, and drew her close to him.

"It's all right, it's all right, Linda," he whispered. . . .

"They've been seeing a lot of each other," someone from the cruise has said. "And we like to think that maybe this is it for Rock.

"As far as Linda's concerned, we know that she's grown deeply attached to him.

"As for Rock—well, who knows. He's very close-mouthed about his true feelings for Linda. At times, when he's with her, or when her name comes up in a conversation, he glows . . . Then, other times, he shows absolutely nothing. In fact, you have a hunch, watching him, these times, that he's running scared again, that he is still trying to escape from *any* romantic involvment, that he is telling himself, firmly, 'Never again . . . Not me! No more love. No more marriage. Not for me. No sir!'

"Still, he's seeing Linda now . . . more often than he's seen any other girl in the past two years.

"And those of us who know them both like to think—

"Well, you know what we like to think! . . ." **END**

Rock stars in DAY OF THE GUN, *for U-I and Linda's in* THE ALAMO, *United Artists.*

Yesterday Jim brought me roses



I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.

When blemishes occur, get the full treatment. Along with superemollient Cuticura Soap get soothing Cuticura Ointment to overcome dryness and relieve pimples and blackheads . . . cooling Cuticura Medicated Liquid to keep blemished skin antiseptically clean, curb oiliness, dry up pimples fast. In soap and toiletry sections everywhere. Canada also.

(*Advertisement*)

Doris Day's Secret Son

(*Continued from page 31*)

The two people who were to become Terry's parents met one night late in 1940.

The place was a small and dingy night-club in Cincinnati.

The girl—Doris (Kappelhoff) Day—was sixteen, a pretty, freckle-faced and very ambitious singer. There was nothing exceptional about her voice at the time. But people who'd heard her sing at her first job, in a Chinese restaurant, had liked her. And the owner of *this* place, the nightclub, hearing her, liked her too, sensing her possibilities, signed her up and hoped for the best.

The boy—Albert Paul Jorden—was some two years older than Doris. He was a musician who played trombone in the nightclub band. He was tall and good-looking, "a nice guy, very friendly and intelligent"—people who knew him then recall—who had only one real ambition in life: to earn enough money playing trombone so that he could quit the band business by the end of the next five or six years and open a business of some more steady sort, in Cincinnati, his home-town, and settle down.

In one of her rare statements about Al and their relationship, Doris has said: "It was one night soon after I began singing at this place that I asked him if he would give me a ride home. I was earning twenty-five dollars a week and spending it all on clothes and I didn't have the carfare. He said yes, he'd take me home. And that began it. Not that we got along at first. We really didn't. I was young and very shy with boys. And he was bored with the girl-singer type. . . . Anyway, after a couple of months the nightclub folded and we were both out of jobs. We didn't see one another for a while. Then, one day, the trombone player suddenly came around and asked for a date. Turned out he'd missed me, or something. He paid me lots of attention. And I fell in love with him."

They were married early the following year, 1941, and went to New York to live.

Al had gotten a good break there—a job with Jimmy Dorsey's band. Doris, too, got a break shortly after they arrived—a job singing in a little downtown nightspot. Between the two of them they earned nearly $100 a week. Life couldn't have been better for the two kids from Ohio.

Then, in the spring of that year, Doris learned she was pregnant.

Laughingly, she said to friends, "Well, it's good-bye career . . . time to be a mommy."

These friends recall that she was serious-sounding about giving up the business; that she'd had a taste of it, had enjoyed it, but had decided that being a mother came first. "She was only seventeen," one of them says, "but you've never seen a girl with as much drive, at that age, to make good at a career. So I was surprised when she said this, about giving up the career. But she said it. And the way she did, you had to believe her."

Yet when, towards the end of the following February, shortly after the birth of her son, Terry, Doris was re-offered her old job, she took it.

"I've phoned Alma (her mother)," she told her husband. "She's coming to New York to help take care of the baby. It'll all work out fine. All right, Al?"

Al said he'd think it over.

"Al," Doris went on, "I've got to do this. I can't help it. It's *in* me—and I've got to.

"Don't worry," she said then. "It'll all work out fine . . . I know."

It didn't. . . .

The trouble starts

The trouble between Al and Doris started soon after this. Some sources state that it was Al's doing. Others that it was Doris'. Doris has always flatly refused to go into the matter. Al himself told us recently, "It's an old issue, so why bring up questions? . . . But I will tell you this. There was a religious problem. I'm Protestant and Doris was Catholic. This made for a breach between us. . . . It was, at least, a part of the whole difficulty."

Whatever the full difficulty, Doris and Al reached the breaking point when Terry was a little less than one year old. They separated (Al continuing with Dorsey for a while, then returning to Cincinnati), and were officially divorced about a year later.

For a time, Doris brooded.

But the brooding ended, suddenly, when Les Brown, the bandleader, heard her one night at the downtown night-spot where she was singing and signed her up to become girl vocalist with his band, one of the biggest of the time.

Doris was jubilant.

"I'm on my way!" she shouted when she told her mother the news that night.

With her first paycheck—the drive to do things big back in her again—she moved the family (her mother, her son and herself) to a nice apartment, a far cry from the "dump" they'd been living in.

With her second check, she put money down on new furniture for the place.

With her third—which she received the day before she was to leave New York on an extended tour with Brown and the band—she raided Macy's, Gimbel's and a few other stores and bought every imaginable kind of toy for her son.

The first of the toys arrived after Doris had left for work early that evening.

When she got home, the next morning, exhausted, as usual, Terry was, as usual, asleep.

"The big teddy bear, the fire engine, the wooden soldier set—they all arrived, nice and unbroken," her mother told her at the door. "And Terry, he loved them. Just loved them."

Doris walked into the bedroom, and over to the crib where her son lay sleeping.

"Hi, Mr. Freckles," she whispered.

She bent and touched the boy, who stirred a little, but did not wake.

"Your Mommy's home," she whispered.

Still the boy did not wake.

Doris smiled.

"That's right," she said, "don't let your old Mom tease you into opening your eyes . . . You get your sleep, like a good little boy. And you dream about your new toys. And about lots of nice things, all sorts of nice things. . . ."

She stood upright again, and she began to unbutton the gown she was wearing.

"And your Mom," she went on, as she did, "she's got to go to bed now, too. And she's got to sleep and dream, too.

"About nice things, too, Terry.

"About the years that are coming.

"Our years, Terry.

"About those years when I'll be very famous and rich—oh so rich.

"And when you'll be a big boy, and the son of this rich and famous lady over here.

"About when I'm not a Miss Nobody anymore.

"And when you're not a sleepy little Mr. Nobody anymore. . . .

"That's what I'll dream."

The gown was off.

She got onto the bed.

Under the covers.

She turned her head on the pillow and faced the crib, a few yards away, and she smiled again.

"Isn't that a good kind of dream to have, Mr. Freckles?" she asked.

She closed her eyes.

The smile began to leave her face.

"*Isn't* that a good kind of dream, Terry . . . Even if it means I've got to leave you for a little while, once in a while . . . Like today . . . Later . . . Later today. . . ."

A long, long trip

The tour Doris left on later that day—and the separation from her son—were nothing to compare with a trip she would make within the next two years, and *that* separation.

"It was 1946," a friend recalls. "Doris had left her job with Brown to go on radio, with *The Hit Parade*. It all looked great at first. Except that she was fired, suddenly, after thirteen weeks, and everything looked suddenly black. . . . She'd met a man in this time, a saxophone player named George. He'd been proposing to her since they'd met, and now Doris accepted. His plan was for them to leave New York right after they were married and go to California, where both of them could get a fresh lease on life, a fresh slant on their careers. Doris assumed, of course, that her boy would come along with them. It wasn't until it was too late that she found out differently. The problem was money. 'Wait till we can afford to send for him and bring him up right,' George said. So Doris, reluctantly, sent her son and mother back to Cincinnati and went to California, to her new life, with her new husband. . . . It couldn't have been worse, right from the beginning. Jobs were few and far between. Money was at a minimum. They moved into a trailer. After a while, George bored with trailer life, and the marriage, left. Doris was alone, and broke, and miserable. I firmly believe that if she'd had the forty or fifty dollars' bus fare to get back to Ohio right then, she would have chucked everything. But this gal, rolling in dough today, didn't have beans—and when she did have a little she would go without food half that time just so she could afford to phone Cincinnati every once in a while and talk to her mother and ask about her boy. I knew her then. She was a different Doris Day from the happy face you're used to seeing on the screen, on most magazine covers. She would talk about her boy and how she missed him. And she would cry, and cry, and cry. . . ."

The picture session

The story of how, in late 1947, Doris cried nervously all during her interview with Warner Brothers' director Mike Curtiz is a famous one. Enough to repeat here that Curtiz was impressed with the unknown singer "mit all der freckles" and decided to take a chance on using her—using her big—in his forthcoming musical, *Romance on the High Seas*.

The rest, professionally, is Doris Day history.

What has never been recorded is what happened then between Doris and her son . . . that day a few months later.

It was a Saturday.

The picture had just been completed.

Midway during the shooting of the picture, word had got around Hollywood that "the Day girl" was good, that a possible new star was in the making. Doris, having heard the word, encouraged by it, had gone all out and rented herself a big house in the Valley, wired money East and sent for her mother and son—"at long last," as she wrote.

The boy, who was five-and-a-half now, and who hadn't seen his mother in nearly two years, was cold to her when he arrived, almost afraid of her. Doris' mother, his Nana, was the only woman he knew, and loved. Doris herself was a stranger to him. He could cry, at the very beginning, when they were alone in a room. He would want his Nana. And his Nana was usually close by.

"Time," Doris would say, "—I'm not stupid. I know it's going to take time . . . But someday," she would add, "my boy's going to know and understand. When he has everything. When he knows, and sees, what I've struggled for; when he holds it all in his hands . . . He'll come to me then . . . He'll come. . . ."

Time passed.

Days.

Weeks.

And then came this day, the Saturday.

The studio phoned Doris that morning. "Magazine wants to do a layout on you—full color," they said. "Guys know you were married, that you've got a kid. So why don't we relax and give them the happy home routine . . . Okay?"

"Of course," Doris said.

The magazine photographer arrived at about four o'clock that afternoon.

"This is my son," Doris said, holding Terry by the hand.

"Yeah? Good," said the photographer.

For the next two hours he snapped away, shouting his instructions as he did (Doris was just another newcomer to him; her son just another newcomer's kid).

"How about one near the refrigerator . . . You opening the door, honey, and asking him if he'd like something, jam and bread or a couple of scrambled eggs . . . something . . . Ready?

"Now one in the living room—here on the couch . . . Mama telling her boy a story . . . I don't know . . . Tell him *anything*, sweetie . . . Just make it look like love . . . Mother and son . . . Come on, smile—the two of you.

"Okay now, the garden, before it gets dark . . . Smell the flowers together . . . That's right . . . Smell 'em together.

"You got a dog? . . . Damn it! Dogs are always good with kids.

"Well, how about—"

And so it went, those two hours.

Until, finally, shortly after six, the photographer left, and Doris and her son were alone again.

She noticed that he was tired, very tired.

She took him by the hand and led him back into the living room, over to the couch.

They sat.

"Terry," Doris said, looking down at her boy, "did you enjoy it today—the man with his camera, all those bulbs popping, all over the place?

The boy shrugged.

"Terry," Doris said then, "would you like some supper now, before you go to bed. You must be—"

"Where's Nana?" the boy interrupted.

"Nana," Doris said, "Nana's gone to a movie."

"Why?" the boy asked.

"She didn't want to interfere while we were taking our pictures," Doris said, "for the big magazine—



"Terry," she started to say again, "would you like it now if I went into the kitchen and—"

The boy interrupted again. "I want to wait for Nana," he said.

"Yes," Doris said, "—you're right, Terry. We'll wait. She won't be long . . . I'm sure of that.""

She looked away from the boy now, and over at one of those Old Masters reproductions that hung on the wall across from them, over the fancy new shining-white fireplace there.

And some of the words of that day went spinning through her brain, over and over, hard, loud, over and over, louder and louder:

"Big magazine!

"Big layout!

"—The happy home routine. Okay?

"This is my son.

"Tell him anything, sweetie . . . just make it look like love.

"Where's Nana?

"This is my son.

"Where's Nana? . . . I want to wait for her.

"My son.

"This is my son.

"My *son*—"

When, finally, Doris looked away from the picture and back at her boy she saw that he was asleep.

"Terry," she said, half calling.

"Mr. Freckles," she said, remembering another time, long ago, the tears beginning to come to her eyes as she remembered.

"Oh Terry," she said, reaching over and putting an arm around the still-sleeping boy, "—what have I done to you all these years, Terry? . . . Where have I been? . . . What—what am I trying to do to you now?"

"Big magazine!" the words came to her again.

"Big layout!

"The happy home routine. Okay?"

Doris shook her head.

She took a deep breath.

"There's going to be no more of it . . . not around here . . . not ever," she said. "No men with cameras running around. No. Nobody asking my boy questions about a mother he doesn't even know. Nobody following my boy around the rest of his life, turning his life into a big Hollywood sideshow, an empty circus—"

With her free hand she began to wipe some of the tears from her face.

"I promise you, Terry," she said, as she did. "From now on you're going to have a mother—a mother you're going to get to *know*, a mother who's never going to leave you again. And a home, a normal home. A real home. And a real life. —And to heck with everything else."

She closed her eyes, and she held her son even closer to her.

"I promise you this, Terry," she repeated.

And then she whispered:

"God . . . dear God in heaven . . . Don't make it too late. And, please, give me the strength to keep this promise.

"For my boy's sake.

"For my little boy. . . ."

A promise kept

Doris has kept her promise.

We at Modern Screen learned this in our recent search for the truth about Terry.

We learned too that Terry—now eighteen—is a very happy young man.

As a close, and normally close-mouthed, friend of Doris' puts it:

"You ask about the hidden boy, the

secret son. Well, if these past twelve years of not exposing the boy makes him 'hidden,' I guess people are right. But I think by now you know and understand Doris' reasons for doing what she did.

"At any rate, let's bring the record up to date.

"Where is Terry, you ask.

"What does he look like?

"What kind of boy is he?

"First, he lives with his mother and step-father (Marty Melcher), whom Doris married in 1951), in a house at 713 North Crescent Drive. A pretty, not terribly big house—off the street, so to speak. And in Beverly Hills . . . This, I think, is significant . . . Normally a star of Doris' stature lives not 'in town,' nor 'off the street,' but up in a secluded Bel-Air mansion or over in the Pacific Palisades. Doris, however, has always wanted her son to attend a public high school, as he has wanted. And it happens that the best high school in the area is in Beverly Hills. So that's where they live . . . About school, by the way, Terry's a senior now, and he graduates in June. He's a good student, not outstanding, but good. More than that, he's a very well-liked boy and there's strong talk among his classmates that he'll be voted Most Popular come June. Whatever the outcome, it's going to be close.

"His looks? He looks a lot like his Mom—fair skin, the freckles all over the place, the sparkling blue eyes. He looks like a slightly over-aged version of The Barefoot Boy. Girls think he's cute. I think—Terry forgive me—that he's adorable. Five years from now, when he's really matured, I think he'll be downright handsome.

"As for what he's like—he's normal.

"He likes to laugh; he breaks up over a good joke, a medium one, even some bad ones.

"He likes to eat—hamburgers, garlic salami and lemon meringue pie, these are his favorites.

"He likes his mother, to put it mildly.

"He likes his stepfather, respects him tremendously.

"He likes to go out on dates Saturday nights with some of the girls from school —and sometimes get home a little later than Doris likes. (But boy, can he get around her!)

"He likes to fiddle around in the cellar workshop, alone, or with Marty.

"To work, in general—when he was ten or eleven, I remember, he had a paper route. The last few summers he's taken a job as office boy with the Rogers and Cowan publicity people.

"To drive his car.

"To ride his bike.

"To sit and talk with other fellows about their futures—college, the Army, careers, girls.

"To dress up once in a while, go sloppy the rest of the time.

"To watch TV—westerns, newscasts.

"To go to drive-ins.

"To hike.

"Swim.

"Dance—he's pretty good.

"Sing—he's pretty bad.

"Read.

"And so on, and so on. . . .

"Doris is very proud of her boy," the friend goes on, "the way he's grown up.

"And those of us who've known Doris these past twelve years . . . we're very proud of *her!*" END

Doris stars in PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES, *MGM.*

Judi, the Little Love Goddess

(*Continued from page 37*)

dangerously, and she lives the same way.

"I'm the kind of girl who frightens people," she says frankly. "Because if I love someone I come right out and say, 'I love you.' Young men," Judi sighs, "can't understand this. They're not used to someone completely giving herself. They have to play a game. I hate games."

When the games have ended for Judi's men, she's blown the whistle, sharply and firmly. Troy Donahue's game ended when he got too rough, Wendell's when he left town, Barry's when he strayed. Judi blotted them out of her mind with no regrets. "When something's over and done, I forget it," she says. But it's not always vice versa.

Once in love with Judi, some people stay hooked.

There's a man in New York right now, for instance, who loved Judi in Hollywood and lost. He still writes her letters, tears them up and then can't help sending them anyway. "Try as hard as I may," he penned miserably the other day, "the joker just won't come out. That girl Judi was one hell of a real, feeling girl and I certainly was in love with her!"

Judi caught a brief pang when she read that. But she doesn't let sentiment stall her. She's too lusty for life and what comes up next in it.

"And I never know what I'm going to *do* next," she admits. "All I know is I can't stand anything dull. If it's dull I do something different."

She'll do . . .

If Judi Meredith isn't a woman, she'll do until one comes along. Twenty-three and ripe as an August peach, Judi has the 35-22-35 figure of a junior Venus, a lovely full lipped mouth, dimples and a mass of titian hair that tumbles sexily across her eyes and pert, pointed nose. But she thinks and often acts like a man. Could be that's why most men can't resist the combination.

In whatever she does Judi Meredith is as direct as a bullet, straight as a string. Anyone looking for feminine tricks in Judi is just out to lunch. "I don't ever want to get to the point where I screen everything I do before I do it," she scoffs. "Life's too short. Maybe I'm uncompromising. But I don't expect anything of anyone that I don't expect of myself." She can be soft as a kitten or terrible as a tiger.

In her career, Judi plays it just as gutsy. She had a nice co-starring contract with *Hotel de Paree,* for instance, but not co-starring parts. A while ago she chopped it off, along with $1000 a week. "I don't like glorified walk-ons," she explained. On the other hand, last winter Judi wallowed two straight days in a freezing pond for some *Riverboat* scenes when she was burning up with Asian flu. Next day she was in the hospital with pneumonia.

"Judi doesn't take benzedrine—benzedrine takes Judi," cracks her stand-in chum, Nan Morris, another way of saying that not since the hey-hey days of Lana Turner and Ava Gardner has such a charged-up charmer kept Hollywood jumping alternately with jitters and joy. Judi has no intention of changing. "People tell me," she says, "'being around you is like being around six girls.' I feel the same way. And that's the way I want to feel." Judi wanted to long before she tackled the movies, almost on a dare, when she was eighteen.

Family tree

In fact, Judi Meredith has been as full of beans as a Boston belle ever since she was born, October 13, 1937, although the place was Portland, Oregon. Get-up and go just naturally runs in Judi's blood: Her grandmother was a White Russian named Von Kinski, who beat the Bolsheviks to the border in the bloody Revolution of 1918. Then *she* married a hi-balling French-Canadian lumberman named Frank Boutin, who rambled on to Oregon and wound up the richest man in the state. Judi Meredith's real tag is Judith Claire Boutin. So she's Russian-French with some English from her mom, Janice Starr, also a streak of talent. Two concert pianists roost in the Starr family tree.

After Grandpa Boutin died, there was quite a family fortune, "until," Judi sighs, "his kids got hold of it." Nonetheless, nobody played benefits for the Boutins around Portland. Judi's dad, Herbert, operated successfully as a businessman-investor and owned the Mobilift Corporation. Although Herb got kicked in the head playing football at Shattuck Military Academy, and was partially paralyzed from then on, he never let that stop him. "My father," says Judi adoringly, "is a rare individual—brilliant, full of life, cocky and sporty." With no false modesty whatever she adds, "I take after him."

But Herbert Boutin (you pronounce that Boo-tan) had old-fashioned ideas about raising his kids. Judi lived in a big brick-and-stone house in the plush part of Portland and had everything she needed—period. The extras she worked for so she'd appreciate them. When she got out of line she got cracked down on—hard. Judi looks back and approves. "When I have my kids," she states firmly, "I'm gonna raise them by the rod!"

Of course, Judi's kids may not be exactly what she was when she grew up in Oregon, namely, a fascinating tomboy —all girl in important respects—but rough, tough and hard to bluff. Her dad called her "Pixie," which about nailed it. Judi is the ham in the sandwich between two sisters: Mab (Meredith Ann, from whom Judi swiped her stage name) and Louise. "Father took one look at me," Judi reports, "and was just sick. He thought I was the ugliest little brat he ever saw. He's been telling me that for twenty-three years," she grins. "I tell him, 'Yeah, I know—but I'm making money!' "

Actually, Judi was no more an eyesore back then than she is today, which is definitely not at all. Her hair was a pack of glinting ringlets and her eyes gave off the same sparks. Glands hadn't started moulding Judi's curves, but her wiry figure was cute and trim. Womanhood—and Hollywood—have necessarily altered Judi's slant on things somewhat but her attitudes were about the same then as now, too.

Could be little Judi Boutin never did trust her own femininity. But certainly she harbored no doubts about her abilities to get what she wanted in straightforward, masculine style. Judi liked what boys like—action. She couldn't stand tame little girl games, like playing house and dolls. She hated dolls. She took a wicked delight in knocking off their pretty china heads whenever she ran across one. In fact, they bugged Judi to the point of phobia. At St. Mary's school one day a

dainty little darling was scared half to death when for no apparent reason Judi suddenly pounced and started choking her. "She was so sweet looking that I hated her," Judi explains calmly. "I saw that white, soft back of her neck and I just grabbed it." The nuns pulled her off and demanded an explanation. "She reminded me of my sister's doll," replied terrible-tempered Boutin.

Secrets and surprises

A few months ago, one of Judi's boy friends, Ivan Townsend-Smith, took her on a drive to Lake Tahoe. Coming back, they stopped at June Lake in the Sierras, where the millionaire playboy suggested trout fishing. He said he'd show Judi how. Well, Smitty barely got his gear together before Judi had her limit—sixteen fat trout. It was really old stuff to her; she'd hiked and camped and fished in the mountains since the time she could walk. But why pop off about it?

Says Judi, "I never in my life told anybody I could do anything until I did it. Not even my own family."

That meant that independent Miss Boutin had plenty of secrets in her young life which, sooner or later, exploded like bombs before her startled family and friends. Her sharp little nose was always poking into something that promised excitement. One day, during the war, for example, she was happily gobbling popcorn at a movie house with a schoolmate when the master-of-ceremonies invited anyone up on the stage who wanted to sing.

"Go ahead," prodded the girl friend, "if you do I'll buy you a chocolate bar."

Judi bounced right up, sang *Paper Doll, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition,* and a few other wartime hits. They almost never got rid of her. After that she started singing all around Portland, to her parents' complete surprise. It was the same way with boys.

One afternoon, when she was twelve, her dad came home to find eighteen bikes parked in the front yard. Inside the house were eighteen boys—and Judi, bopping it up. "Hey," protested her dad. "This isn't a poolroom!" Later he puzzled to his popular daughter, "I didn't know you knew any boys."

"Ha!" laughed Judi.

When Judi took violin lessons her family could never figure how she got good enough to play in the Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra. She never seemed to touch the instrument at home. They were considering choking off the lessons because she didn't practice, when a bus driver spilled the mystery. "This crazy kid of yours," he informed Mr. Boutin, "hauls out her fiddle and saws it all the way downtown." Judi practiced on the bus to her lessons. Like today, she tried to cram forty-eight hours' living into twenty-four.

But the biggest surprise—and what set Judi Boutin off on the track to show business—was ice skating. One day a friend of Mab's came around to take her to the Portland Ice Rink, but Mab wasn't home so she took Judi. Judi took to ice like a penguin. But, like everything, she told nobody. She went down alone on the bus, rustled up her own admissions and hid under the seats between sessions so she could skate the next round free. Her folks thought she was just playing hockey at school.

But one day someone at the rink took it upon himself to call Mr. Boutin. "Say," he said, "do you know that this Judi girl of yours is a great little ice-skater?"

"No!"

"Yeah—you'd better get down here and take a look at her." Herbert Boutin did. He was so impressed he bought Judi figure skates and all the gear she needed. In no time at all Judi was a whirling whiz on rockers. In fact, from the time she was twelve until she was sixteen that was her biggest charge. Right away, she made the Portland Figure Skating Club, the only kid in a field of adults. Next summer she boarded alone in Tacoma to take instruction from teacher Johnny Johnson at the Lakewood Arena. At fourteen they flew her up to Alaska to entertain troops. When she was only fifteen Shipstad and Johnson saw Judi in action and asked her to join the Ice Follies as a pro.

"Sure!" agreed Judi.

"Nope," said her dad. You see, there was school.

Creating doubt

Being a Catholic, Judi had rattled around mainly in convents. She was a good student; in fact, a near genius in what boys are usually best at—math. Otherwise, well, there were problems. Judi wasn't cut out to be a placid convent girl. Besides throttling innocents who had offensive white necks, Judi owned a red temper to match her hair and a ready knockout punch to back it up. She was always being hauled on the carpet for flattening some opponent with a quick one-two. Also, she was forever pestering the sisters with embarrassing questions. Inquisitive Judi wanted to know how come about everything to the 'Nth' degree. "Judith," the nuns told her, "ask your questions after class, not when the other children are around. You create doubt."

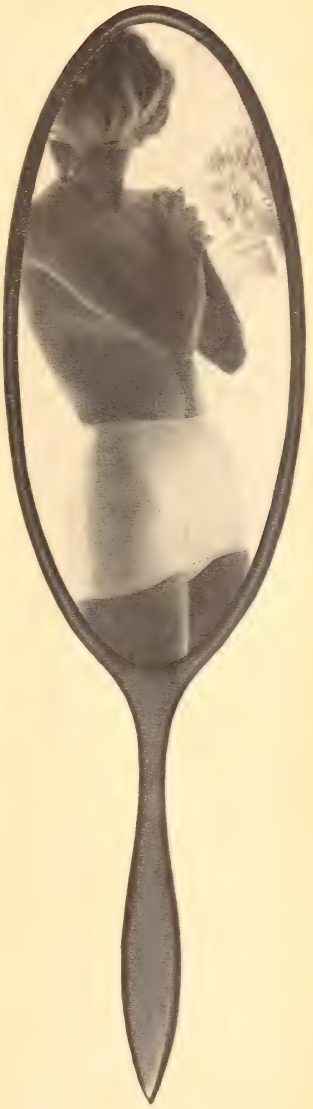
Anyway, whether Judi created doubts or havoc, she still had to be educated, the way her parents figured it. But Judi wanted to join the Ice Follies—and what Judi wants Judi usually gets. She saw no reason why she couldn't take on high school and a strenuous Ice Follies tour, too—which is just what she did. While Judi skated around the U.S. and Canada she also took eleven subjects by mail and passed them all. In the Follies, fifteen-year-old Judi did a line specialty and trained for a comedy ice act of her own. What happened next wasn't very funny, though.

Judi went to Reno, after her tour, to live with her aunt and attend Manogue school in the Nevada city. The idea was to bring her back down to earth. "After your Ice Follies career," cracked her dad, "you'll be such a smarty you won't be able to go back with kids your age and act normal." Judi promised she would, too, and she showed 'em. She made the highest grades in her class. But otherwise the move was a mistake. Judi and her aunt just didn't hit it off at all.

"She didn't have kids of her own," Judi explains, "so she didn't like them or understand them. I was treated like Cinderella. I wasn't allowed in the living room, and when guests came I had to eat in the kitchen." When a cousin she'd never met, Bud Boutin, the golf professional, dropped by for a visit, he told Judi, "I thought you were the maid."

The blow-off came when Judi skipped school one day. When her aunt found out, she really stormed up a scene, locked Judi in her room and hired a sitter to guard her. That night Judi was scheduled to step out to the U. of Nevada prom. But when her date showed up with flowers he got the door slammed in his face. Then Judi's aunt called Portland and ripped her to pieces over the phone. Her dad drove up the next day. Judi doubts if she'll ever again play quite as dramatic a scene as that one.

Both Herb Boutin and Judi sat silent while her aunt recited her crimes and called her every name in the book. Suddenly Judi said coldly, "Shut your mouth!"



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She'd never said that to any grown-up before. Her aunt slapped her and Judi knocked her clear into the dining room. Then she ran upstairs and sat on the window ledge to cool off; thinking, says Judi, "that Daddy would probably kill me." Next thing she knew Judi almost did that job herself.

She slipped off the ledge and landed on her tail, busting two vertebrae. Her dad took her home to a Portland hospital.

Trouble on her back

Sometimes when trouble hops on your back it just stays there, riding like a monkey. From then on trouble rode Judi Boutin's teens, almost until she got to Hollywood. First off, they put her back a grade at Holy Name Academy in Seattle, where her folks shipped her. Then, Easter vacation she caught a critical dose of poison oak that invaded her lungs and bloodstream. She puffed up like a balloon, couldn't eat and darned near died in another hospital. To this day Judi breaks out in spots every spring, even though she stays miles away from the shrub.

Then, it cooked her junior year but she got into Holy Child School in Portland as a senior by boning up that summer. One week end in November Judi went skiing on Mount Hood, zipped into a turn and found herself tangled up in a mess of ice and snow.

"Come on, Judi—get up," the kids said.

"I can't," she told them. She'd shattered her left leg. That put her on crutches for six months and finally the doc cut out her knee cap. "You won't be skating again," he sentenced.

"Try and stop me," gritted Judi. She meant it, too. Judi fully intended to rejoin the Ice Follies the minute she got out of school. "The whole thing had been such a big gas," she sighs, "and I knew that whatever happened, show business was for me."

But the doc was right—her knee wobbled—so Judi had to bounce off in another direction. That last year she did some musicals at the Portland Civic Theatre. Her folks didn't object; they called it a "phase." But Judi's dad had other plans for her—he wanted her to go to Oregon U. and study chemical engineering. He said she could join some other girls on a trip to Europe first, as a graduation present.

"I want another one," said Judi. "A summer course at the Pasadena Playhouse."

"Good Lord," her father flipped, "I thought we'd gotten over *that!* But," he finally softened, "we'll make a deal. You can go, but if you don't have yourself an acting job by the end of summer, you'll hit the math books at Oregon State—okay?"

By summer's end, Judi was prepared to pay off the bet. The six weeks' session at Pasadena hadn't set any rockets blasting. So many other stage-struck kids swarmed around Pasadena that she barely edged into a dinky part in the last act of *Picnic* for one performance. She didn't meet any Hollywood directors, agents, or producers. In fact, Judi herself invaded Hollywood only once expressly to get a look at Schwab's Drug Store, which she'd read about and hankered to see. The only stars she saw were George Burns and Gracie Allen, who came over to see their son Ronnie in the same play with Judi. They just mumbled "very good" politely when Ronnie introduced them, without much enthusiasm.

No joke

"See?" her dad triumphed, back in Portland. "You're not such a great actress as you think you are, are you? Now, get with that geometry and trig."

Grimly, Judi got with it—for two weeks. Then one day the telephone rang. "Miss Boutin," said a gravelly voice, "this is George Burns."

"Go away," said Judi, "I'm studying." She thought it was a joker she knew who always tried to be funny. It wasn't.

"We thought you might like to do our TV show with our son Ronnie," explained George. "Can I speak with your father?"

So, Judi was saved by the bell, a telephone bell. With a bonafide acting offer and George's promise to take care of his little girl, Herbert Boutin knew he was licked. Judi knew, of course, that it wasn't really George Burns who wanted her for the show; it was Ronnie. They'd got along great as classmates in Pasadena. As a pro in Hollywood, Judi soon discovered, with a jolt, things could be different.

Judi stayed with family friends first and the day she arrived, Ronnie Burns came over. He mixed himself a drink, put on a record and promptly, according to Judi, "made the big pass."

"I let him drop with a thud," she says, "and out he stormed. Next day we rehearsed at the Burns house and Ronnie wouldn't speak to me. I seem to lose friends," muses Judi, "before I gain 'em." She wasn't a bit surprised when, five weeks later, she was dropped from the show, on a flimsy excuse. But they soon asked her back. Judi's a habit that, once acquired, is hard to break. Judi Meredith (she switched her name because people insisted on calling her real one 'Button') worked with the Burns family four years, three with Burns and Allen and one with George. Most of that time she played Ronnie's girl friend, Bonnie Sue. But all that time Ronnie wouldn't speak to her and still doesn't. "He hated me so he even wore dark glasses the minute our scenes were over so he wouldn't have to look me in the eye," reveals Judi rather sadly. "Young men take things so hard, don't they?"

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Luckily, Judi doesn't. She's so loaded for life that she welcomes anything that comes along, good, bad or indifferent. Her funnybone's so responsive and her moxie so strong that she can weather any wallop with a laugh. "I've got more guts than talent, you know," she says cheerfully. Judi might get an argument on that last part, but not on the first. Because in her five years around Hollywood she's bumped into some rumbles that would send the average girl crying home to mama.

Like any pea-green, super-attractive eighteen-year-old doll who solos in Hollywood, Judi Meredith learned the bachelor girl ropes the hard way. She ran into all Hollywood types—free livers and free loaders, nice people and heels, lambs and wolves. Being a heads-on type herself, honest, trusting, open hearted and, at first, as gullible as a gooney bird, Judi paid to learn.

That jail record

One boy who took her out, for instance, conned Judi into giving him $1500 to finance a fancy sports car. At the time Judi had exactly $1531 in the bank, but she trustingly scribbled the check. For weeks after she was so broke (she never hollered home for help) that she couldn't even buy soap. She's yet to get paid back on that deal, but she's not sore. Another heel, a producer whom she interviewed for a job, tried forcibly to attack her—and that still makes her see red. "Him I'll get someday," she growls. "I'll destroy him!"

The first girl Judi took an apartment with—after a chaperoned Studio Club stretch, which Judi hated—promoted her for rent, groceries, laundry, cleaning and Judi's automobile. When this mooch finally departed she walked off with half Judi's wardrobe. In between, she also managed to land Judi in jail.

The roommate's boyfriend (later unmasked as a professional con artist who'd had nine wives) dumped a hot Thunderbird, paid for with a rubber check, at their door. "Have Judi switch license plates with her car," he instructed his sweetie. Judi obliged—she thought it was just a friendly gesture—having no idea switching plates can be a Federal rap involving two years in the pen. When she drove up to her pad next day, five men were there. They chorused, "Hi, Judi."

"Hi," she said, friendly like.

"Where's the Thunderbird?" one wanted to know.

"What's it to you?"

The five all flashed badges like *Dragnet.* "Come with us." They took Judi and the other babe to the tank, tossed them in with junkies, prostitutes and pickpockets.

Judi was cleared pronto, of course, when it came out she was innocent of all the skullduggery. She asked her roommate, "Why didn't you tell them I didn't know anything about all this business?"

"I didn't want to go to jail alone," wailed the chick.

But even in this most frightening episode in her life, Judi Meredith kept her sense of humor. At the jail tank all the fallen women crowded around her. "What *you* in for, Baby?" they asked. Judi summoned up her most hard-cooked leer. "Grand theft—auto," she barked. "Me," she laughs today, "I was just one of the girls!"

That's the point about Judi—you just can't beat her down with a baseball bat.

Leading with her heart

Careerwise, Judi Meredith has had things fairly steady, with all those Burns shows. She's done some seventy-five other TV jobs on about any show you can name, too, and had a crack at a studio contract with Universal-International. It lasted for three pictures, then the lot started to shutter down, and she had nothing to do. Judi faced her bad luck squarely: She walked into the office of Jim Pratt, the executive who had hired her. "Look," she suggested. "You offer me a picture part and I'll turn it down. That will make things easy, won't it?" She left with no hard feelings, regrets or glooms.

But it's in the romance department that Judi Meredith reveals a most awesome resilience—or maybe you'd call it a protective philosophy aimed at keeping her fractured feelings glued together. Since she arrived love's been a chronic condition. Always, Judi has led with her heart. Luckily, it's a gay heart, and sturdy.

As far back as Pasadena Playhouse days, Judi was engaged. A student named Rod Franck sealed it with a ring and every-

thing. "But," reports Judi, "I got into TV and he was going on to school. Besides, going steady got a little overpowering, too married before married. I don't like to be cornered." So that was that. Came next this fellow, Stewart, who writes her those torchy letters he tears up but keeps sending. "I think I'd have married him even at eighteen, except that his parents raised such a rumpus, and so did mine," reflects Judi. Stewart was Jewish and Judi Catholic, and parental consent was important. There's still a soft spot on both sides.

Troy Donahue was number three. He lived downstairs from Judi and they made a couple of pictures together at U-I. Troy didn't even own a car then, but they drove Judi's around to friends' houses, and the beach, skated, played touch football—love on a dime. "We were unofficially engaged," says Judi, "but Troy was just too possessive." One night he busted into her apartment jealously when she was just about to retire, made a scene and wound it up pushing Judi's face into a glass-framed picture. That was enough. She bounced off to a friend of Troy's, Wendell Niles, Jr.

It was official again, with another ring. But Judi sniffed trouble ahead. Wendell was tied too close to his parents. "I'll tell you one thing," stated Judi, "when we get married, I'm not going to live with your folks." She kept after Junior to get a job on his own. He did, but in New York. That wasn't where Judi meant. "I'm twenty-one," she declared herself openly. "And too young to stay tied to someone clear across the country. If you go, I guess it's good-bye."

Almost: Barry Coe

Judi's closest call was with Barry Coe. At first Judi tabbed Barry as just another movietown snake. At a press party he had his arm linked in another cutie's, but he gave Judi the eye. "And that made me sore," reports Meredith. "I thought—what a two-timer!" Next day when a publicity type called suggesting she shoot a magazine layout with Barry, Judi told them both where they could go. But Barry called most politely, apologized and suggested a day at the beach to get acquainted. Judi was two hours late to give him a hard time. She discovered Barry to be "a real person, honest, unspoiled, unassuming—just adorable." Four weeks later Barry popped the question.

"No—let's wait a year and see how we feel then," sparred Judi. "Lucky," she sighs, "that I did." Last May Judi discovered she had a rival, a married actress, that Barry hadn't told her about. "Okay," she signed off. "We're finished. I never want to see you again."

"I was too much of a mother to Barry," Judi quarterbacks that year-long episode now. "I did a lot for him—got him a new agent, new press agent, made him more conscious of his career, I think. I don't think that was what he wanted from a girl." Graciously, Judi thinks Jorunn Christensen, (Miss Norway whom Barry met and married last year) is perfect for him. "She wants to be just a wife, stay home and everything," she concludes. "I don't fit *that* picture."

After her break-up with Barry Coe, Judi dropped twelve pounds, but mostly because she got bronchial pneumonia. Her heart did crack a little, but she's not the kind to wither away. "I make snap judgments and I stick to them," claims Judi. "I get hurt—sure—every day. But I've never given any man the satisfaction of seeing me busted up or crying—and I never will!"

That's the way love is—that's how it goes with Judi Meredith, to quote Bobby Darin's song hit. A sort of tightrope walk between Heaven and hostilities. Bobby, by the way, is a devoted Meredith boyfriend whenever he lights long enough in Hollywood. In fact, Judi's the only girl he takes out at such times. "We go for rides, sit and gab mostly," says Judi. "Bobby's a great talent and almost as charged up as I am. A little cocky, maybe, to cover up his insecurity," she analyzes, "but a real doll. We're two of a kind and we have a lot of fun. Am I involved? We-l-l-l—I don't know! Maybe."

Like Bobby, Judi also worships Frank Sinatra, who takes her out, too. But at the start of their friendship she promised not to say a word about Frankie, and she's stuck to it. Columnists pester her sometimes long-distance from New York, but she hasn't chirped about Frank and doesn't intend to. "I know," says Judi simply, "that he hates anyone to talk about him, and I respect that. I'd expect anyone to do the same for me—if I felt that way."

Judi lives in a cute little apartment perched on a hillside, with a spoiled Skye terrier named Little Face. She decorated the place herself and is forever bustling around fixing it up. If she's not yanking down her curtains, washing and ironing them, she's unscrewing the garbage disposal (as she did the other day) and tuning it up. When she's home she scatters her favorite violets all around, keeps the hi-fi going (music's like dope) and shifts colorful paintings here and there to suit her moods. Meals are no problem; she goes out about every night. When she does Judi loves to dress up. She's a clothes horse who can design her outfits and then spend her last cent, if necessary, to have them made. She likes exciting colors—greens, yellows, oranges and reds—and always real jewelry, diamonds, rubies and gold. She always wears a wedding ring on her third finger, left—"because I don't want to be bothered with phonies. If a man approaches me with *that* on, I know I don't want to go out with him anyway!" She skips both make-up and booze because she doesn't need either one. And where she goes doesn't matter, so long as she's going.

Of course, Judi also works—hard. She drives around Hollywood on her scattered TV chores "like a maniac" in her '59 convertible that's had the brakes re-lined five times. Right now she has two video series coming up and a picture at Columbia. But she doesn't care a cookie about money for money's sake.

"All I really want," says Judi, "is to be happy—and to make people happy. The only way I know is to entertain them. So, that's what I want to do, all my life, in one way or another."

In one way or another, that's exactly what Judi Meredith has been doing, so far: entertaining people and herself at the same time. If, along the way, she kicks up a storm here and there, so much the better. It's usually a beautiful storm to watch, and the world around her comes to life in Technicolor.

The last time I dropped in on Judi she was wrapped up in a telephone, as usual. "Yes, Bobby," she said. "I love you. Do you love me? Ah—so? Well, that's too bad, because you wouldn't send anyone else flowers and ask her out to dinner, now would you?"

I know Bobby. I stole the phone.

"Mr. Darin," I nailed him, "what is your candid opinion of a certain notorious girl named Miss Judi Meredith?"

"Now hear this," came back the Knife. "She is just one of the swellest all-around, all-time, All-American girls—ever! And," he added, "you can quote me."

So I will. I agree. For various reasons so does about everyone else once exposed to Judi.

END

(Advertisement)



Let's talk frankly about *internal cleanliness*

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating *"the delicate zone."*

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Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.

Casanova's Ladies

(Continued from page 57)

me. And I let her fall. I just couldn't take it any more—watching her break apart in front of me, like a piece of porcelain. I stepped right over her. I walked right out. Since then, I've been indifferent—"

Actually, Marlon was and is far from "indifferent." When an emotional experience of such intensity occurs, it cannot be sloughed off or forgotten. The memory of it remains in the mind, and so do the guilty feelings about what happened. For one as sensitive as Marlon, the result may be continuing remorse, even self-torture—until finally it seems there is only one thing to do, one way to rid himself of his guilty feelings, and that is by finding another woman like his mother *and this time not failing her.* Doesn't this explain why, with all the women in the world to choose from, this handsome Casanova continually selects someone who is in some way physically or emotionally sick? Let us look briefly at the three women pictured here with Marlon, the three most important love-figures in his recent life:

Anna Kashfi, born Joan Mary O'Callaghan, is a strange girl who, while working as a cashier in a butcher shop in Wales, deluded herself into thinking she was an Indian. She borrowed an Indian mother from some Indian friends (Selma Ghose, listed as Anna's parent on her wedding certificate, really exists), and she created an Indian father out of her interesting imagination. In order to do this she must have been in some way emotionally disturbed, deeply dissatisfied with the way she really was in reality, and Marlon, sensing this as soon as they met, was sympathetic. They liked each other, were conversational soul-mates, then suddenly a few months later Anna developed tuberculosis. Odd as it may seem, this was the point at which all of Marlon's sympathies were engaged, as they had never been with any girl since his mother. Here was the chance he needed, to redeem himself, to *not fail* the sick woman he loved, as he had once failed Dorothy Pennebacker Brando. He sent flowers, he phoned the hospital, he was sheer kindness, he married her, they had a son together, they lived together, and then Anna began to be well again and happy, and as she became happier and happier Marlon became more and more restless. For somehow the guilty feelings about his mother remained; though he had not failed Anna he was still not sure inside himself that he had done enough to redeem his behavior with his mother. Unable to control himself, he left Anna and the baby at home alone in the house high in the hills, frightened, huddled together, listening to the mountain lions that roamed around in the dark wind, and forced on by his powerful and terrible memory, he began searching again for a woman wounded and sick whom he could help.

He found her in France Nuyen, a beautiful little half-Chinese, half-French girl who at twenty was as broken inside as his mother had been at forty. A child of the second World War, surviving on handouts in the slums of Marseilles, France, ended her formal education when she was eleven years old, and learned to exist from moment to moment in a world with no past, no future. Friendless, ambitionless, gloomy, even as a Broadway and Hollywood star, she said: "I am a stone, I go where I am kicked."

Marlon picked up the stone, held it tenderly, and the stone bled tears. "Come live with me and be my love," he said, as he had said to Anna and to his mother long ago—and off they went together to Haiti. The nights were beautiful, their happiness pounded like the bongos and stretched as clean and far as the sandy beaches, then suddenly it began to happen again—that strange restless feeling in Marlon, that feeling that this wasn't it after all, that this wasn't enough to make up for what he had done to his mother, to erase that bitter memory forever. Good-bye, France, he said, and flew to Hollywood, to search again.

He went to Cyrano's, a coffee house on Sunset Strip. It was late, after midnight. A dark-eyed beauty named Barbara Luna was at a nearby table. "I could feel his eyes penetrate through me," Barbara told us. "Finally he came over. We drank wine, we talked about the world, about books, about politics. There was a strange immediate bond between us . . ."

The bond was deeper than either of them knew. Like Dorothy Brando, Anna Kashfi and France Nuyen, Barbara Luna was bits and pieces of broken porcelain. Another tortured soul—a girl who in 1953 brought assault charges against a young Turkish exchange student, and two years later appeared in juvenile court on a dope charge.

Marlon loved her in his way, and Barbara loved him enough to say later when it was all over that she could understand how a girl who had been loved by Marlon could never love another man as long as she lived. As it turned out, though Barbara had been emotionally disturbed as a child, she wasn't any longer, and so their romance never achieved any real intensity, but it did receive enough publicity for France to read about it in the Hong Kong papers—France, the girl who, despite all, somehow remained in love with Marlon. As she read the items and waited in vain for mail from Marlon, she began having attacks of nausea, developed laryngitis, couldn't say her lines, became nasty to everyone on the set of the movie *The World of Suzie Wong* in which she had the lead. In the grip of an emotion larger than she had ever known, she began stuffing herself with food, crazily, desperately, trying to fill the emptiness that Marlon had left in her life. She stuffed herself right out of the part in the picture and almost into the hospital.

Was it some strange feminine instinct that told her if she became sick, really sick again, Marlon would want her again? Whatever it was, whatever name we psychoanalysts might give it, I prefer to call it Love. A love so powerful and self-sacrificing that it brought Marlon back to her side and will, I truly believe, do what all of Marlon's previous loves plus a battery of psychiatrists could not do—erase the bitter memory of his mother, and give these fine, sensitive, tortured human beings the share of normal love and companionship to which all of us are entitled.

END

Marlon stars in THE FUGITIVE KIND *and in* ONE-EYED JACKS, *both films United Artists releases.*

Bring Me Back to Your House, Oh Lord

(Continued from page 32)

within a matter of moments. So close, in fact, that one of the young men who'd come out of the car with Elvis, a bodyguard, no doubt, was annoyed.

"Hey oldtimer, step back a li'l bit, will you?" he said.

The old man did not move.

"Hey, old boy—c'mon." He said it loudly now, harshly. "Git movin'. C'*mon.*"

It was at this point that Elvis turned to see what was going on; at this point that the old man, still smiling, raised his hand and showed a small passel of papers he was holding.

With his thumb, he slipped one of the papers forward.

"That for me?" Elvis asked.

The old man nodded.

Elvis began to reach for the paper.

The bodyguard intercepted it.

"This geezer's a crackpot, El boy," he said. "Here, let me have that."

Elvis looked over at the old man.

He saw that the smile was gone from his face now.

He put out his hand.

"Give it back," he said to the bodyguard.

The bodyguard looked at Elvis and did.

Elvis looked down at the paper and read the few words printed on it.

Easter is coming, it read. *Are* you *coming to church?*

"Ha!" said the bodyguard, reading it over Elvis' shoulder.

"Mister," Elvis started to say, looking up from the paper, over towards where the old man was standing, "why do you—"

But he stopped.

Because the old man, in those few moments, had taken one step back into the crowd.

Another step.

And then, as quickly as he'd come, he'd disappeared. . . .

Another Easter

It was about an hour later.

Elvis was in the bedroom of his huge suite, lying on his bed.

Outside, in the living room, he could hear the others—members of his retinue; the bodyguard, a few musicians, an agent, a couple of hometown buddies—talking, some of them; playing cards, a couple of others; one of them strumming away on his old guitar, humming as he strummed.

But, actually, Elvis barely heard them at all.

For he was thinking, thinking hard, about a little something he couldn't seem to get out of his mind—about the strange and silent old man who'd come up to him before, about the paper he'd handed him.

"I wonder," Elvis thought, after a while, "how long it's been since I've been to church, at all—Easter or any other time."

He closed his eyes.

And he began to remember, for some reason, an Easter a long time ago, back in Mississippi, when he was just a little snip of a boy.

He remembered it clearly.

His ma and his daddy, he remembered, had bought a brand new suit for him, for that day, from money they'd been saving for well on a year now. And ca[illegible] the day, and they'd dressed him up in the new suit and then, each holding him by a hand, they'd left the tiny house where they lived and they'd walked a couple of miles down the dusty road, towards town, and to the building there which they'd told him was called a church—"a house of God," as they'd said.

The church, he remembered, was a small place. But crowded. Crowded with lots and lots of people who, like his ma and like his daddy, were poor people, hard-working and sad and impoverished people.

Yet, he remembered, it wasn't long after they'd all sat down inside the church and the minister had come out to deliver his sermon—"*Jesus Christ, on this day,*" the minister had begun, "*He rose, this holiest of men, and He went from the tomb in which He lay, straight up to Heaven, glorious Heaven, so's He could look down on and take care of you, sir, and you, ma'am*"—that something had begun to happen to these people.

He'd looked around, midway during the sermon, Elvis remembered, and he'd noticed that the faces of these people were different-looking suddenly. That they were becoming transformed by the words they were hearing—transformed from the faces of poor and sad and weary people to the faces of people who were rich and happy, like the richest and the happiest people on this here earth.

And Elvis remembered how, after the service was all over and they were walking back up the road again, him and his folks, he'd said, "That was sure nice . . . I wish it was next Easter comin' soon so we could come back here again."

And how his Ma had said, "From now on, Elvis, we're all goin' to come to church meetin' *every* Sunday. Been bein' lazy about it long enough, we have. But from now on, we're comin', every Sunday. And we're goin' to pray and sing and hear God's word, jest like today.

"After all," she'd added, "how is God goin' to know we love Him if'n we don't show up at His house for a little while, jest the way we expect Him to keep showin' up at ours?"

Elvis remembered this.

And what happened after.

The years in Mississippi, then up in Memphis, where the family eventually moved—the years of going to church, faithfully, every Sunday, as if their whole true lives depended on it.

And then how the church-going ended, suddenly, a few years ago, when he—Elvis Presley—became a singer, and a success.

There was that other Sunday morning, back in early 1956. He would never forget it. How he and the folks had walked into their church and how that group of kids, standing just inside the big doors, actually inside the church, had begun to shout, and scream, and squeal. How he and the folks hadn't even been able to get beyond where they stood. How they'd turned, eventually, and walked back outside, and away, afraid they were going to make a mockery of their church, their love for God.

That had been the first time he'd gone to church after his big success, Elvis remembered. And, aside from his hitch in the Army—when he had been able to go uninterrupted, it had been his last.

"And I guess," he thought now, lying on his bed in the big Hollywood hotel, four years later, "that's the way it's got to be.

"Just the way it's—"

A cold shiver, gigantic, heavy, rushed through his body. He opened his eyes.

The sun that had been lingering outside this late afternoon had gone down by now.

And the room was pitch black.

"Lord—" Elvis cried out, suddenly.

The talking in the living room stopped, for a moment.

"Lord—" Elvis said, whispering this time. "O Lord . . . Bring me back to Your house.

"If only they understood, the other people in Your house," he said, "if only they realized how much I want to come to You . . . have wanted to . . . all these years.

"If only they realized that I am one of them, just like them . . . Nothing more than one of Your children.

"Just like them. . . ."

It was a few minutes after ten o'clock the following morning when Elvis, alone, pulled up to the church, an Assembly Church of God, in downtown Los Angeles.

From his car, he looked at the entranceway, watching as a few persons, late comers, walked inside, hurrying, in order that they wouldn't be too late.

He waited a few minutes—till everyone, it seemed, was inside.

And then, slowly, he got out of the car, walked towards the entranceway and went inside, too.

From the rear of the church he could see that the service had already begun; the minister was in his pulpit, delivering his preliminary announcements.

Elvis looked around the rear section, where he still stood, for a pew with an empty space.

There was none.

He had just begun to turn to his right, with the intention of walking to the side of the church and standing there, throughout the rest of the service, when, from the corner of his eye, he saw someone signaling him.

He turned again and he saw that it was an usher, up in the front of the church, pointing to a pew there, an empty place.

Somehow, during the signaling, a few members of the congregation turned to the rear, to see, out of curiosity, who had arrived so late.

And, suddenly, it began—the murmuring, the turning of more heads, and more, and more. Until, finally, the entire congregation was facing Elvis, and the minister, aheming at first, then realizing what was going on, stopped what he was saying and called out instead:

"Young man."

Elvis looked up at him.

"Would you," the minister asked, "prefer to continue standing there? Or—"

He smiled.

"—would you like to take advantage of this free space up here?"

The murmuring, which had continued through all this, quieted now.

Until there was absolute silence.

Until Elvis, realizing what he had to do, nodded, and began to walk down the aisle.

It was a long walk—the longest walk of his entire life.

And it was nearly over . . . he had no more than ten steps to take . . . when he saw the girl, and he slowed his pace.

The girl was seated in the end seat of the third pew. She was a young girl, no more than fourteen or fifteen, redhaired and pretty. Her head was turned. She was facing Elvis, her blue eyes glued on his. And in those blue eyes Elvis could see everything that had been responsible for his fantastic success in show business these past four years, everything responsible for his terror here in church, this morning.

He didn't take his eyes away from the girl's.

He couldn't.

Instead, he found himself continuing to stare back into them. And, as he did, he found himself, begging, silently:

"Please, Lord, *please* . . . Make her turn to You. . . ."

Suddenly, he noticed, very suddenly, the girl lowered her eyes, and looked away, back towards the front of the church.

While Elvis, taking a deep breath, walked on to his seat.

And once there he, too, lowered his eyes.

As, humbly, he thanked God for making this morning possible.

As he thanked, then, just as humbly, a strange little old man who'd stood in that crowd outside the hotel only the day before, and who had handed him that piece of paper . . . and whom he knew he would never see again. **END**

Elvis will be seen soon in G.I. BLUES, *Paramount; later in* LIVE WIRE, *20th-Fox.*

Betty's BLUE



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Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



No Tears, No Trouble When Your Dates Are Double

(*Continued from page 42*)

discovered. For she has found that a girl all alone is lonely. A girl all alone with a boy makes two, and two make a dangerous situation. Three have always been a crowd, and a crowd is a drag... so the answer seems to lie in the number four.

Four make a double date. A good all-play-and-no-consequences date.

When Brian Kelly phoned Diane for a date, she was surprised at the way her heart leaped at the sound of his voice.

"Whoa, girl," said Diane to herself. "Don't start *that* again. . . ."

Into the telephone she said lightly, "Why, Brian, of course I'd love to see you again. Yes... yes... and I've been thinking of you since that party, too. Of course.... Swimming first? Wonderful.... Oh, let's kind of make it a foursome, couldn't we...? Who? Mickey? Mickey Callan? Why yes. He's a darling.... Of course.... Yes, I have a friend. Real cute. Just right for Mickey. She's tiny and blonde and loads of fun.... Swell.... That's a date...."

Brian *was* nice, thought Diane after she hung up. A TV actor, quite Rock Hudson-ish looking, with a twinkle in his eyes and a blarney kind of charm— Diane stopped short. She didn't want any involvement, not with Brian or any other charmer. She has good reason for wanting to keep her heart free. She's on the verge of something very bright and wonderful in her career. Last year she was chosen—practically pulled out of the senior class of Glendale High—to play Richard Burton's teen-age granddaughter in *Ice Palace*, a very important production. Several of the studio brass at Warners' had told her then, "We've got great plans for you."

Advice from a pro

An actress on the set had taken her aside and suggested, "Don't get yourself involved, honey. I've seen more girls' chances ruined because they fell in love right at the outset of their careers. Something happens to a girl when she falls in love. She can't think of anything else. And sometimes she gets hurt—it shows in her work. She's through before she gets started. See what I mean, dear. . . ."

Diane nodded. She saw. She knew what it was like to be hurt by falling in love—to forget everything but the memory of a boy's arms around her and suddenly discover the arms gone, the shoulder to snuggle on no longer there. She knew of the evenings when she'd suddenly burst into tears, and of the afternoons in class when the instructor's words were only a blur.

Her parents and his had called it "puppy love," "just a teen crush." Deciding it was time to break up the two-year dating, the boy's parents had sent him off to military school out-of-town, and when he left, Diane thought her sixteen-year-old heart was broken forever.

She had tearfully confided to her closest girl friend at Glendale High, "No one understands. They think a teen-ager doesn't have feelings. I'm *utterly* devastated."

Time had erased the first stinging hurt, but it had not erased the memory of it.

"No more falling in love," she told herself. "Not until it's for real. No more getting involved and being hurt.

"Still, I love to go out with boys. Dating's part of my life. How to do it and steer clear of trouble? I remembered something I learned in high school. When I was a junior and senior, going out on a foursome could give me all the fun of dating, and none of the complications."

Oddly enough, one of the girls she met in the Hollywood circles she now began to move in was tiny, blonde Cindy Robbins. As girls do, they had a gab session one day about clothes and men and marriage. Cindy had gone through an unhappy love affair herself. She and Rock Hudson had dated exclusively for several months, and Cindy had fallen madly in love with him. Cindy took their dates seriously, but Rock was just going with Cindy to forget the strain of his unhappy divorce at the time. Rock thought of cute, laughing Cindy as a delightful companion who could make him relax during a tense period in his life. Afterwards, he stopped seeing her.

It took Cindy a long time to get over it.

"Next time," she promised herself, "I'm not going to go out with a fellow on solo dates until I know what the score is."

There they were. Two beautiful young girls, full of life, full of fun, and bent on keeping out of love.

Doubling was the answer. Brian brought Mickey Callan. Mickey and Cindy hit it off immediately. Diane and Brian continued to find each other delightful company. Being a foursome kept them from getting sloshily sentimental. There they were, poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel, laughing, flirting, swimming, goofing around, teasing each other affectionately. They all had such fun they extended the date to dinner and a drive along the beach at night. Having another couple along took the accent off sex and put it on laughs.

Later that night, at Diane's doorstep, Brian leaned over and said, "It was fun, wasn't it?"

Diane looked dreamy. "It was *lovely* fun."

Mickey, in the convertible with Cindy, called out: "Let's make it again."

Cindy and Diane looked at each other. And exchanged a wink. **END**

Diane McBain is in Warner Bros.' ICE PALACE; *Michael Callan is in Columbia Pictures'* BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG *and will soon appear in* PEPE; *Brian Kelly is on* 21 BEACON STREET *for ABC-TV; Cindy Robbins is in U.I's* THIS EARTH IS MINE.

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What Killed Diana Barrymore?

(Continued from page 46)

of gin—stuff Diana had kept on hand for them, friends, and for acquaintances, moochers, whoever might drop by.

On the morning of January 24, a Sunday—thirty-two days later—there was only one quarter of one of these bottles left.

Diana held it, tremblingly, in her hand, pouring some of it into a glass.

"I'll finish it," she mumbled, groggily, as the maid, Eva Smith, walked into the room. "—And then, after I'm through, I'll get some more. . . ."

Dangerous combination

The maid was worried.

"Miss B," she said, "it's nearly noontime. Ain't you ever planning to get out of bed today?"

"A person gets out of bed after she's slept. I haven't slept," Diana said. "Not for two days."

The maid looked over at the table next to the bed, at the tiny bottles of seconal and barbiturates there. "The pills don't help?" she asked.

Diana shook her head. "No."

"Maybe you're taking too many of them," the maid said.

"I don't know," said Diana.

"Maybe," said the maid, "could be, I mean, that it's the whisky combining with them pills that don't make them work . . . You got to be careful about the whisky and them pills, Miss B. They can produce dangerous results taken together. Bad on the heart." She nodded. And then she walked over to the bed, and slapped some life into the pillow on which the weary Diana lay, and then she reached for the glass Diana was holding. "Now maybe if you stopped on the whisky for a while—" she started to say.

Diana drew back her hand, the glass. "Would you raise the shade?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am," the maid said. She walked across the room, to the window, lifted the shade and looked out. "My," she said, "looks like a nice cold one again today . . . People coming back from church, you should see how bundled up and shivering they all are."

Diana faced the window.

She squinted.

Then she brought her glass to her lips and took a swallow.

"Did the papers come?" she asked.

"*The Times* and *The Tribune*," the maid said, "—I put them on the foot of your bed."

Diana reached for one of them.

She flipped for the theatrical section, and pulled it out.

She began to scan the columns.

"All these new names," she said, after a while, bringing the glass back up to her lips, taking another swallow, "—being cast for this play and for that . . . Who knows them?"

"I bet," the maid said, as she walked back towards the bed, "I bet you can remember when your name used to be there."

"Vividly," said Diana. (Another swallow.)

"And I bet you something else," said the maid—she smiled now, "—that it's gonna be back there again, your name, before too long. I just got the feeling . . . Things start getting back to normal around here. You start sleeping again, getting strong again, talking to those producers on the telephone again. And I bet you it won't be long till your name be back there, Miss B."

Her smile broadened.

"Now, for now, Miss B," she said, "why don't you just try to *get* some of that sleep." She began to reach for the glass again. "And then, after you wake—"

Again, Diana drew back her hand.

"Keep your hands off this," she said, sharply.

She closed her eyes.

"I'm not going to sleep," she said. "I wish I could . . . But I can't."

"Gonna have some lunch then, some soup maybe?" the maid asked.

"I'm not going to have anything but this," Diana said, raising the glass a little, as if she were toasting some invisible guest. "And then," she said, "after I finish —like I told you—I'm going to get some more."

The maid started to leave the room.

"Eva," Diana said, opening her eyes suddenly, calling, pleadingly, "—don't be angry."

"I'm not angry, Miss B," said the maid, shaking her head.

"Don't be," said Diana. "Not with me . . . not today. . . ."

The Sunday search

It was shortly before two that afternoon when the bottle, the last bottle, was empty, and when she got out of her bed and walked over to the phone.

She looked up the number of the swank restaurant across the street, The Colony, and, slowly, she dialed.

"Mr. Cavallero," she said, controlling her voice, asking for the owner. "—This is Diana Barrymore. B—A—R—R—Y—" —she finished it and repeated it, until she heard the familiar voice on the other end of the line.

"Gene?" she asked.

"Yes, Diana?"

"I need your help. I need a bottle, whisky . . . any kind."

He hesitated. "—And how can I help?"

"You take one of your bottles, you put it in a paper bag, you give it to one of your boys, he brings it over—"

"Diana," he said, interrupting. "It's illegal. I can't."

"Please," she said.

"I can't."

"Please . . . I'll pay you. I have lots of money. *Lots.*"

"I'd lose my license."

"*Please.* . . . " She began to cry. "It's the last favor I'll ever ask of you, Gene."

"Diana—" he started to say.

"I've been a good customer of yours, haven't I, always?" she asked.

"Sure you have," he said, "but that's got nothing to do with it."

"Please, Gene, *please.*"

"Look, I—" he started to say. He paused. "Diana," he said then, "there's a call on another phone . . . I'll be right with you. Hold on."

Diana didn't seem to hear him, the sound his receiver made as he lowered it.

"Are liquor stores open on Sunday?" she asked, suddenly, excitedly.

She answered her own question.

"Yes, some of them are . . . Of course. Some of them *must* be," she said.

She hung up the phone.

And got up from where she was sitting.

"Who needs *anybody* when there are good liquor stores around," she said, as she rushed over to her closet, pulled out a coat, threw it over her slip, grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Outside—where it was cold, just as Eva had said, freezing cold—she walked the practically-deserted streets for nearly an hour. East to Park Avenue. Then to Lex-

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ington. Then south down Lex . . . from Sixty-first Street, through the Fifties, through most of the Forties . . . block after block after block . . . the wind hitting hard against her face, blurring her eyes, dishevelling her hair . . . not caring, though; walking still . . . block after block after block . . . in search of an oasis with a neon sign over it, all lit and inviting, with a sticker on its front door marked 'Open.'

But none of the liquor stores was open. Not one.

And, by the time she reached Forty-second Street, she was exhausted. And she turned and walked into Grand Central Station and went to a phone booth there and called a friend.

"Isn't there anyplace in this town," she asked, "where I can buy a bottle?"

"Diana," her friend said, "you sound as if you've already had enough."

"Don't holler," she said. "I'm going to die—"

"Diana!"

"Yes," she said. "I know it. I can feel it. My time is running out . . . I've been running . . . And so is time."

"Where are you, Diana?"

"And all I want," she went on, ignoring the questions, "is a bottle!"

"Diana, where *are* you?"

"Do you have a black hat," she asked, "and a black dress? For my funeral. You'll be needing them . . . if you come."

"Diana—where *are* you?"

She didn't answer. She didn't say anything this time. She simply dropped the receiver and left it dangling and muttered the word funeral again. as she ran from the booth and back outside, into the street, and hailed a cab to take her home.

In her building again, a little while later, she began to climb the stairs to her apartment.

She lived on the third floor.

She stopped on the second.

She walked to a door, and she knocked.

A young man, in a sweater and slacks, opened the door.

"You don't know me," she said to him, quickly, "but my name is Diana Barrymore. I'm a neighbor of yours . . . I wonder if you would sell me a bottle of liquor."

The young man looked at her. Silently.

He turned and disappeared for a moment.

Then he returned.

"This is vermouth," he said, handing her what he was holding. "There were a few people over last night, for drinks. It's all I've got left. It's dry vermouth. I hope that's all right."

"Dry vermouth," Diana said.

She smiled.

Then, opening her purse, she said, "Here, please let me pay you for this. I owe you a lot for this."

"No," the young man said, still looking at her, trying to smile back. "It's on the house."

"Oh?" Diana said.

She clutched the bottle.

Without another word, she turned and she began to climb the stairs again. . . .

Last act

Eva had left. Some friends who'd come to visit, two men and a woman, disgusted with the way she'd been drinking, with her talk of impending death, had left, too. She was alone now, in the living room, standing near the big mirror, the glass in her hand, the bottle nearby. She stared over at the clock. It was nearly 11:05 p.m.

"This was always the worst part of the day, for Diana, those last days," a friend has said. "At eleven o'clock every night she would begin imagining that she was at the Martin Beck Theater, over on Forty-fifth Street, where *Sweet Bird of Youth* was playing. That she was just finishing her performance in the play. She would rise from wherever she was sitting and walk across the room, to a spot she pretended was the stage, the mirror in front of her the theater. She would stand there, stiffly, for five full minutes. And then, at 11:05, she would imagine that the curtain was coming down and that her performance was over and that the applause was beginning."

It was nearly that time now—eleven—this night.

And Diana, in front of the mirror, looked from the clock to a photograph on the fireplace, which she'd had framed and which she'd placed there a few months earlier.

It wasn't much of a photograph. Just her and a man standing together, on a pier in some sunny place, the man looking over at her and she looking at the man, and holding the small bouquet of violets he had just bought for her.

She stared at the photograph for a moment.

And then she stared, again, at the clock.

She watched its big hand, carefully as it went from three minutes after, to four, to five.

And when it hit the five-mark, she faced the mirror once more and she bowed.

"*I* am The Princess Kosmonopolis," she whispered, rising, looking at herself in the mirror. "*I*."

She looked at her face, the lines, the paleness, as she repeated the words.

"*I* am The Princess Kosmonopolis . . . *I* am . . . *I* am . . . *I*. . . ."

She bowed again.

Then she turned.

She walked from the living room, into her bedroom.

As she approached the bed, she dropped the glass she was still holding.

"Oh God," she said.

She threw herself onto the bed.

"Oh, God," she said.

"Please.

"I'm so tired.

"Please . . . give me sleep. . . ."

Diana Barrymore died in her sleep, sometime early the next morning—victim of a long-range combination of liquor and barbiturates.

At her funeral, four days later, her casket was covered completely with violets. The card that accompanied the flowers was signed, simply, *"Tom."* **END**

America's First Negro Teen Idol

(Continued from page 40)

This is his story. Johnny began singing when he was very young, but it wasn't show business then, it was for his church, his school, his family. His childhood was humble, simple, happy. His mother and father loved gospel and spiritual singing. Their home had a strong religious feeling. They went to church together, they said grace at every meal, and his mother read from the Bible every day. The church missionary group met frequently at their house. And young Johnny was always singing, because "only singing gives me such a wonderful feeling." Out of respect for his church and his folks, he avoided blues, but he did enjoy spirituals and inspirational songs. Everybody told him he had a "God-given voice. . . ."

But Johnny didn't realize he could charm the birds off a tree with his singing until he was five and attending Harrison Kindergarten down the street from his home.

It was then—in white pants, white shirt, white cape—that he sang his first solo, *Away in the Manger,* in the school's Christmas show, and won his first prize, a coloring book.

As he grew older, he sang everywhere they tolerated him. But he didn't earn money until he competed on Trummie Cain's radio Talent Show on station KCOH. He won $15 each time, for a month, and then $50 for the grand prize.

That's when he got his first press notice, his photo in a local colored weekly, *The Informer.* The family liked the recognition, but didn't buy any extra copies or do any showing off. Immodesty was not a Christian virtue, they felt.

Johnny's mother was pleased when Johnny offered to sing for the Christian Society missionary group that met in the Nash house. So Johnny sang, *Yes, God Is Real,* and later the minister said Johnny had the makings of a fine minister.

"We would be pleased if he felt he had such a call. But he has to make the decision himself," said Johnny's mother.

Rules and miracles

At home, life was God-fearing yet warm and good. Johnny loved to gaze quietly out of the big picture window of the house he had been born in. The planter box underneath the window and the natty awning framed the lovely view of the world outside. The magnolia tree in front, the nice lawn and the flowers along the yellow cyclone fence, set the borders of their little world of gospel singing, Bible meetings, marvelous kitchen smells ("oh the fried chicken and apple pie that Mother baked!"), the relatives and friends who crowded the house on festive days.

Outside of their familiar neighborhood was the touchy world of segregation; but Johnny knew the rules and did not transgress. But, in spite of the edginess of the times, Johnny kept finding outstretched hands of friendship from white folk as well as his own.

"It is a miracle," his mother would sigh. "A true miracle . . . !"

One of the miracles in Johnny's life began the day he was caddying at the Houston Municipal Golf Course and got a special request to sing for a certain distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman, right there on the clubhouse patio.

The man listened intently to the boy's lyric baritone (he was singing *Because*) and took careful note of the handsome thirteen-year-old's poise and neat way of dressing. Then he told Johnny he'd like to bring him to the local television station for an audition sometime. Johnny thanked him and went back to work. . . .

Mr. Frank Stockton, he found out from other caddies, was a retired real estate broker, whose only son had been killed in an automobile accident just after his return from the Service. He certainly seemed like a kindhearted gentleman, Johnny decided, but it was not the first time someone had heard him sing, and promised him something. . . .

When Johnny got home and told his dad, John Lester Nash, Sr., and his mother, and his older sister Dorothy Jean, they cautioned, "Don't be disappointed if nothing happens."

But his mother added, "If it is the will of the Lord, then it will happen."

The phone rang. It was Mr. Stockton,

and he explained to Johnny's dad that he wanted Johnny to meet him the next afternoon at KPRC-TV and introduce him to Dick Gottleib, His dad agreed.

His mother sighed. "I have always hoped that Johnny would become a minister; but he shall do what he must."

Steady singer

The next day, Johnny met Mr. Stockton, was introduced to Gottleib, and sang for him. "Come around tomorrow, and I'll let you sing on the show," Gottleib said.

The next day, Johnny asked for and received permission to leave Jack Yates High School at 2:30 so he could make the 3:00 show at KPRC. He got to the station, did a song, and went home. Gottleib phoned him to say so many calls has come in complimenting Johnny that he wanted Johnny to return the next day and become a steady singer on the show, at $12 a song.

The swiftness of the deal stunned the Nash family. It meant Johnny would be the only Negro entertainer on the show, earning $60 a week, more than his father got for his chauffeur job.

Johnny, not believing his good luck could last, held on to the caddy job which brought him about $15 a week, and his week-end job carrying grocery bags to customers' cars at the Avalon Market. He gave his earnings to his mother, who banked them for him, and held on to his grocery job tips.

At school, they cooperated by letting him leave gym class at 2:30 each day but warned him he would have to keep his marks up.

On TV, as in all his jobs, he was a perfectionist. He knew he'd have to be extra good, and when something went wrong with the music or his singing, he would become so distressed he would threaten to quit singing forever.

In time, he quit his caddying job and the grocery job, and in his second year on the TV program, he sang only twice a week so he could maintain his high marks at school.

He continued to go to the Baptist Church, where he and his dad and sister sang in the choir. But his active week kept him away from kids his age, and he had few friends.

He studied hard, was among the top five students at school, and was at his best in science and math. He talked about going to U.C.L.A. for a degree in science, but somehow he kept getting deeper and deeper into show business.

He was always healthy, energetic and athletic, but couldn't find enough time for school sports. He could have made the first team in basketball at school, but he wouldn't give it the time. He was invited to try out for the second team, but refused. He wanted to be No. 1 or nothing.

He did not care for baseball, and preferred hunting and riding to everything else, until he became fascinated by golf. He used to go to his grandmother's ranch and hunt for squirrels, rabbits and deer. He loved to get up on a horse and round up the cattle.

Guardian angel

As he became a TV personality around Houston, Mr. Stockton continued to be his 'guardian angel.' In fact, he began to look upon Johnny as a son.

Amazingly enough—in a city where the races are still segregated—Johnny attracted white men who insisted on helping him. A helping hand always seemed to be extended to him by strangers.

With the same unexpectedness that Mr. Stockton had helped Johnny, a man from the local Paramount Theater urged Johnny to audition for the new ABC-Paramount Records company. Johnny taped three songs, *Hey There, Young at Heart* and *I Believe* at the TV station, which then refused to charge him for the service.

The man at the theater shipped the tapes to New York, and the tapes were so good that Johnny received a contract by mail. His dad took the contract to his white employer, who had his attorney okay it. Then Johnny and his father signed the papers and mailed them to New York.

In August of 1956, the recording company asked Johnny to go to New York for his first recording session.

It was then that the Nash family were faced with the realization that Johnny's career was changing sharply. Singing at church, on local TV and at local clubs seemed all right, but going to New York seemed such a drastic step. It meant becoming a recording artist, and traveling. It meant becoming a professional pop singer, whereas both his mom and dad had hoped he could become a religious singer.

But his parents did not try to persuade Johnny to avoid a singing career. "If it is the Lord's will for Johnny to be a singer, then that is what he will be," his mother said.

His father took a vacation, and accompanied Johnny to New York, where Johnny cut his first disk, a ballad, *Teenager Sings the Blues*. The next day, on August 19, he was sixteen years old.

They returned to Houston, and Mr. Stockton decided Johnny ought to audition for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program, then searching Houston for potential contestants. More than thirty performers auditioned, and Johnny was one of three accepted. Three months later, he went to New York with Mr. Stockton to appear on Godfrey's Talent Scouts, and won.

Part of the first prize was a week on Godfrey's morning show. At the end of the week, he was given his fee at CBS. It was a check for $700, and Johnny gazed at it, awed. "It's a lot of money!" he gasped. It was his first inkling of the big money ahead for him.

Godfrey liked Johnny so much, he kept inviting him back on the morning show, and Johnny didn't go back to Houston. His mother quit her job as housekeeper and stayed in New York with Johnny for a year. Then she went back to Houston, knowing Johnny was mature enough to handle himself.

Another guardian angel

Godfrey's admiration for Johnny grew so much that he, too, became a 'father.' He decided Johnny ought to have a personal manager, and sent him to Peter Dean and Bob Altfeld, whom Johnny accepted as his management firm.

Dean and Altfeld scurried around to find Johnny an apartment. After considerable difficulty, they found him an apartment near Columbia University. Then they persuaded Johnny to change schools, switching him to the School for Young Professionals, where Tuesday Weld, Sal Mineo and Carol Lynley were among the other students.

Then they attacked Johnny's big problem: loneliness. They brought him into their homes, introduced him to new friends, took him to golf links and tennis courts, brought him to parties. A friendly mixer when working, Johnny becomes terribly shy when socializing. His quiet personality did not help him fight off the loneliness that engulfs a close-to-home boy living 1,500 miles from home.

Despite his big readjustment, Johnny kept developing his talent. His records became top sellers on the ABC-Paramount label. On the Godfrey show, he became a steady. Godfrey himself described Johnny this way: "I don't really think good voices

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are as rare as people say they are. What is rare is a good voice, combined with a good appearance, an engaging manner, a deep sense of what words mean, and a love of singing so sincere that it shines in the eyes every time a song is sung.

"You don't find that combination very often. But I felt Johnny Nash had the right mixture of all these things the first time I watched him work. Since then, I've worked with him on show after show, and every time I hear him sing, I know I am right. I can honestly say I think he's about the best young singer on the scene today."

The miracle that smoothed Johnny's path with astonishing good fortune was repeated when Burt Lancaster saw Johnny singing on the Godfrey show. Lancaster had been searching for a seventeen-year-old Negro boy to play the lead role of the film version of a Broadway drama, *Take a Giant Step*, and he had auditioned 750 boys over a period of three years.

When he saw Johnny, he liked him at once and offered to send him to Hollywood for a test.

When Johnny was told this, he scoffed, "Ha . . . ! You're kidding . . . ! What would Hollywood want with me . . . ? I have no experience in acting . . . I'm only a singer."

But he yielded to his managers' insistence and studied the script, learned it quickly, and reported to Lancaster in Hollywood.

After working with Johnny for a while, Lancaster told Johnny's managers, "This boy is so good! How much acting experience has he had?" He was assured, "He was once in a high school operetta . . . that's all."

After the test, Lancaster said, "I don't have to see the test. I have seen what I want. But I still think you're lying . . . This boy has had experience!"

Johnny got the contract and made the movie. On the basis of sneak previews of *Take A Giant Step*, MGM signed Johnny for the only Negro role in its big film, *Key Witness*.

The first Negro teen idol

Johnny earned almost $50,000 in 1959, and is already the first Negro teen idol, drawing a tremendous fan mail. He is clearly destined to be the 'next Belafonte.'

He takes his success with calm. "Around our house," he explains, "we never boasted. We're not the type who exult when we're lucky. Ours is a quiet kind of joy. We're not too demonstrative, although when I'm home Mother still wakes me up with a kiss and the words, 'Time to get up.'

"We don't express our joy outside; we feel it inside. We know our strength comes from within, and we are ready for whatever comes. When things are bad, nobody complains. We know that *This too shall pass*."

As soon as Johnny felt more secure about his earnings, he asked his mother to quit her housekeeping job and stay home. "She hadn't been feeling well, and I felt good being able to tell her to take it easy."

When he visited the family last Easter, he asked his mother, "What do you want for Christmas?"

She said, "Nothing."

"How about a new house?" he asked, his velvet-brown eyes sparkling.

She gasped, "You're kidding?" and he said, "I am not!" When his dad heard about it, he said, "Son, save your money."

But Johnny is looking for a plot of land in Houston, and wants to build his parents a new house. But if his movie career builds up, he may buy them a house in Hollywood, instead.

Last summer, he had another thrill at home. He flew in one Saturday morning, took his sister to an auto agency, and bought a new black-and-white Buick sedan. Then he drove it home and said, quietly, "Mom, I've got you a new car!"

His mother wept happily, and his dad protested, "No . . . ! Our old car is good enough." But, in time, they accepted the new car, and now his dad shines the car personally and explains to neighbors, "This is the car Johnny bought for us with his own earned money."

Mom Nash says, the mother love shining in her eyes, "Johnny is what God intended every son to be."

His success has not changed his values. When he was earning $3,000 a week for two weeks at the Apollo Theatre, he walked to his apartment between shows to rest and eat. It did not occur to him to hang around backstage or to go to fancy restaurants with an entourage.

"I don't want to live a fancy life," he explains. "I like to live simply."

A new world

His managers keep his accounts, pay his bills, give him an allowance, prepare a detailed monthly financial statement and send a copy to his parents. But he's so frugal, he rarely spends his allowance.

He keeps busy around the apartment, constructing lamps, fixing lights, setting up a hi-fi system, reading books on science and math.

His experiences away from home have shaken him up, of course. Arthur Godfrey, virtually a national institution, has embraced him in full view of millions of TV viewers, and invited him to his Virginia estate.

He has found white as well as colored girls sweet, understanding and inspiring. They have triggered off self-improvement sprees. One white girl, employed by a publishing house, impressed him with her erudition so much that he told his managers the next day, "I realize now that a high school education is not enough . . . I must somehow get a higher education!"

Because he cannot take time out for college, he has begun to read better books, carrying them with him constantly into rehearsals and trips out of town.

He hungers for social contacts that will bring him new insights into life. He'd like to see white and colored people know each other better. He worships Harry Belafonte because Belafonte is a solid citizen as well as a top entertainer. He is a friend of Johnny Mathis and Earl Grant.

His loneliness, despite his growing circle of friends, is real. It is not easy for a teen-ager to be away from home, accepted but not yet completely part of a new and exciting world.

"But I am never really alone," he explains, "I have my faith, and it is my constant companion." END

Johnny stars in MGM's KEY WITNESS.

From Ugly Duckling to Cinderella

(Continued from page 58)

Franconero from Newark, New Jersey, being the Cinderella in the huge, popular Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade—? Well, it was too much. Macy's told me Shirley Temple and lots of other stars would be in it, and they wanted me to have a float of my own. The reason I hesitated wasn't that I didn't want to be a part of it. It was because I was bowled over. I gulped and swallowed and finally muttered a "Yes, I would love to," and when I hung up the telephone I was so excited I could hardly speak. My mom wanted to know who'd called, and, in a timid voice, I said, "Macy's." I was afraid to tell her the whole story for fear they had made a mistake. Maybe they wanted a Connie Somebody Else instead of me. But she finagled the news out of me, and she said we ought to celebrate with coffee and cake.

"No cake for me, Mama," I said.

"Oh, come on, honey," she answered. "Just this once."

"Uh-uh," I said firmly.

And I sat down at our big-yellow-and-chrome kitchen table in our nice new house in Bellefield, New Jersey, and began to think. My mother started the coffee pot percolating while I gazed out the window at the October sun dipping behind the dry brown hills. All I could think of, all I could recall were my days in Junior High School, when I was fat as an overstuffed chicken, unhappy and made-fun-of. Because, *now*, Macy's wanted me to be their Cinderella.

The truth is I wasn't only fat. I had no confidence at all in whatever I did. I was terrible in sports, in gym class. Whenever the captains of different teams in gym class would line up the girls for their teams, they tried to pretend I wasn't there and would always leave me until last; and then finally the gym teacher would tell me to go over to such-and-such a side. I was too short for basketball, not strong enough to throw a volley ball. And I always kept goofing in the middle of a game.

And, besides, I was very heavy. I was twelve going on thirteen, and I weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. And I was a shrimp, too. People used to say, "Connie, you're no bigger than a minute!" and they made me very self-conscious of my height.

The only thing people would mention to me when they were hard-pressed for something nice to say was, "Connie, you have such nice long hair." And, one day, a boy I had a crush on announced he liked short hair during a class break at school so I went and got a "butch bob"—and when I got home and looked at myself in my dresser mirror I screamed. I looked like a scalped porcupine, and I began bawling because I knew, then and there, I looked awful.

I was ugly, I told myself. *Ugly.* And I cried every night for two weeks. I tried to make excuses to my mom about not going to school, but she wouldn't have any of it. I just didn't want to face any of the kids.

But the heartbreaking climax of my short haircut story is that the boy who said he liked short hair came up to me in school and said, "What's the matter with you? You look so funny." And he scowled, and I went home bawling like a baby again.

All the while I had to make the rounds for auditions for TV and stage shows, and wherever my father and I would go, I'd see girls my age looking like dreams in picture-pretty dresses, with doll-baby figures. They looked like somebodies, and I felt like such a nobody. They'd wear cute shoes with small heels. I knocked around in scuffed-up flats. They'd use all sorts of make-up tricks: lipstick brushes and mascara and pancake powder. And I wouldn't bother.

One day I was to play my accordion and sing *Golden Earrings* on George Scheck's *Startime* program on TV, and a boy I liked whose name was Tommy was also

on the program. I was dressed in a flouncy gypsy costume that probably made me look twice as heavy; and after I finished my song, I went up to Tommy and said, "Hey Tommy, how did I do?" And he looked at me and nodded his head hopelessly and muttered, "Connie, you'd have looked better if you *wore* your accordion."

I didn't know what he meant at first. Then it struck me. He didn't like the way I was dressed. So I went home and told my mom what he said.

"Why don't you make a pretty dress for yourself, Connie?" my mom said, trying to pick up my spirits.

"I'm no good at sewing," I told her.

"But you'll never learn if you don't try," she emphasized.

The following Saturday I went to a yard-goods store and bought some brown plaid material. I decided I'd make a skirt.

I spent seven dollars on the fabric, and when I finished it, I tried it on and I looked like a blimp. I had made it too small. It had taken me weeks to finish it, and I was so disappointed I started to cry.

But, you can cry just so much without getting fed up with yourself. Then and there I told myself I had to face the fact I was a mess. I was fat. Why? I was always eating salami sandwiches and sugar cookies and pizza pies. I never paid any attention to what I ate. And I never looked after my appearance the way a girl should.

When I went to bed that night, I vowed that tomorrow would be the dawn of a new Connie. I don't know what made me so determined to change. Maybe it was my anguish over the brown plaid skirt I'd spent weeks sewing. Or maybe it was just the plain hard fact I was going out of my way to look unattractive and the fellows didn't like me.

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept tossing and turning, wondering how I could make such a big change.

That next morning I went to my health teacher at school and told her I wanted to lose weight, and she sat me down and explained what I should eat. Meats, vegetables, fruits and milk. Hero sandwiches? They were out. My mom's chocolate cakes? Out! Pizza pies and soda-pop and candy? Taboo.

I decided I wouldn't tell anyone I was going to change my eating habits because I was afraid they'd persuade me not to. When I went home, I just sat silently at the supper table and ate only what the teacher told me I should. Both my mom and dad looked at me as if I was sick. Well, I was. Sick of the way I looked.

"Eat, eat," my mom said. "Look at all those delicious mashed potatoes on your plate."

I tried to look up and smile. "But . . . but I'm not hungry," I managed to say, and I got up from the table. I was afraid if I stayed they'd coax me into eating.

But the most upsetting thing of all was that a month passed and nothing happened. I didn't look any different. And I had a frightening suspicion that I would never lose any weight, that my trouble was glandular.

Then, during that fifth week, I weighed myself on our bathroom scale and I had lost five pounds!

The following week I lost another five.

In another month I had lost twenty-eight pounds! I couldn't believe it. I was down to one hundred pounds. I'd look at myself in the mirror and shake my head. That wasn't me; if it was, it was a ghost. But I liked it!

None of my clothes fit me, of course, and even my shoe size changed from a seven to a five and a half.

Boys began paying attention to me, and all of a sudden I noticed the other girls at school were jealous. I had more respect for myself now, and I started to think about clothes and make-up and looking pretty. Oh, I goofed plenty of times—like the day I put on so much rouge and somebody wisecracked that I looked like a floozy. I was shattered, to say the least. But I learned, and I learned because I wasn't afraid to ask questions of my teachers and friends.

Now, perhaps, you can understand how deeply thrilled I was when Macy's called me and asked me to pose as their Cinderella in their fabulous Thanksgiving Day parade. I never dreamed such an honor would be bestowed upon me, the fat girl from Newark, New Jersey.

Though I'm still not, and never will be, a fashion model type, you'll pardon me I'm sure for being pretty pleased with the changes that occurred to me—changes which enabled me to like myself well enough to try to be somebody. Pardon me also if I make like an expert for a moment now and give others, who may be in a spot like I was, a little advice, learned in the school of experience.

IF YOU'RE SHORT, as I am, remember you've got to watch your weight constantly. One extra pound can look like ten.

Don't wear horizontal stripes, even though you can't resist the color or the fabric of the dress or skirt. Every horizontal stripe you wear adds poundage to your appearance, and there are dozens of other designs styled especially for you.

The all-one-color look on a short girl is great because it lengthens the body. That's why I buy matching blouses, skirts.

Make the most of your petite femininity. The Peter Pan collar, shortie cotton gloves, slim gold bracelets—all these are delicate and might be lost on a larger girl. But they look very natural and lovely on a short girl.

IF YOU'RE TALL, don't slump or stoop because you're just calling attention to your figure, and you look like you're ready for the grave.

Designers say tall girls shouldn't be afraid of dramatic colors, which heavy and skinny girls have to bypass.

Don't be afraid to wear a medium heel; it doesn't add that much extra height. Wearing flats all the time gives you a tomboy look.

The three-quarter coat is ideal for the tall girl; it breaks up the line of her figure. Horizontal stripes, sharp color contrasts, big belts are swell, too.

IF YOU'RE THIN, beware of sleeveless blouses, particularly if your arms are bony. And don't wear airy fabrics unless they're draped or bunched up. You should wear linens and velvets and heavy tweeds rather than cottons, taffetas, fine wools.

Take advantage of the drama in big full skirts, puffy sleeves, plaid jumpers, bows and pleats and frills—so many things most girls *can't* wear.

IF YOU'RE HEAVY, you have the easiest problem of all because you can do something about it—lose weight.

Wear medium-length skirts, and be sure they fall evenly and aren't pulled tight across your hips. Have you ever noticed how a heavy-set girl who pays attention to details (such as fit and a lovely neckline, polished shoes, freshly ironed clothes) always looks beautifully put together next to someone with a doll-like figure who de-emphasizes her loveliness by dressing like a beatnik?

But most important, if you're too fat or thin, if you have a problem you can do something about, wake up tomorrow morning and really decide to change! If I could do it, you can too! **END**



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Petting and Parking

(*Continued from page 49*)

ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

A I suppose you mean Paul, Fabe and Frankie.

Q *You supposed correctly.*

A Well, may I honestly set the record straight on this confused story for the last time?

Q *Go right ahead.*

A I'm terribly fond of each one of these three guys and we have a lot of fun together. But there's nothing like a romance involved. We just enjoy each other's company.

Q *Why not take each boy, one at a time, and reveal your specific feeling about him?*

A Fine. First there's Paul. There's little to say about Paul except that he's my big brother and very closest friend. What was once is no longer and I'm sure we've become better and more understanding friends as a result.

Q *Fabian?*

A What can I say about that crazy hound-dog man? He's the ginchiest and we've had a lot of laughs together. Including the time he shoved a watermelon in my face. But as far as a romance goes, I haven't got a chance. I'm just one of a million girls in his life.

Q *And, last but not least, Frankie.*

A To tell you the truth, we've never had a real date together. But there's something very special about him that I haven't figured out yet. I've seen him less than Paul or Fabe but I think of him more. I don't know what it is. One of the nicest things that ever happened to me was when Frankie called me on my birthday from Texas. It meant so much to me. I hope that I can see more of him. He's great.

Q *Now let's go from the specific to the general. Let's talk about the problems teen-agers always worry about. Like first-date kissing. Do you believe in it?*

A I dig it. But it actually depends on the guy you are with. If he's just a friend, platonic and all that, then don't kiss him. But if you like him, then you should. I think it's a natural reaction to having had a good time. Most of the guys out here expect it.

Q *You don't date many 'friends?'*

A Nope!

Q *How about first-date hand-holding?*

A Oh, sure!

Q *Have you learned any lessons about sex?*

A Only one. To take it slow.

Q *What's the biggest mistake you've made?*

A I haven't made a big one. Just a lot of small ones during the course of a date. But then there really is no formula to dating. Every boy is a new, and usually exciting, experience.

Q *And experience is the best teacher?*

A For me it is.

Q *Do you park with a guy?*

A Sure. But not until the third or fourth date and I'm certain that I'm fond of him.

Q *Do you have a favorite parking spot? Like Los Angeles' famed Mulholland Drive?*

A Yes, and don't laugh. I like to park right in front of my own house.

Q *Why?*

A So I don't have to rush at the last minute if I'm late!

Q *How do you handle wolves?*

A I just don't lead them on. If you don't lead them on, then I've found that you'll have no trouble. If they do make a pass, and many of them do, then just kid them along and show them that while they may mean business, you're only kidding them along. Just put them into their place.

Q *Do you believe in drinking on a date?*

A No. Definitely no! It's bad. Usually you're just a little girl trying to be big. But drinking does not prove a thing. Don't drink until you're over twenty-one and even then it isn't necessary.

Q *Are your parents too strict?*

A No, they're not very strict. They trust my judgment. All they ask is that I introduce them to the fellow I date, and I don't think this is unfair.

Q *What do you think of going steady?*

A As far as I'm concerned, I don't believe in it. I'm away so much that it wouldn't be fair to the boy.

Q *And for others?*

A I think it's up to the individuals, though I'm not really in favor of it. I think that after a while it becomes unfair to both the guy and the gal.

Q *Do you think that you can define the most precious word in the dictionary—love?*

A I'll try. I think that you're really in love when you have a special understanding with him. When you like no one else and have no jealousy and trust only him. But, then, I guess love is also a sort of a jealousy. Crazy. It's when you want to be together and do everything together.

Q *Have you a current romance?*

A Yep, but I'm not talking. All I'll say is that he's tall, dark and handsome and lives near me.

Q *Describe your version of the ideal guy.*

A He's 5 feet 11, he has dark brown hair, a good build and a great smile. That's my dream because I've never met the 'ideal' guy—and probably never will.

Q *Who are your favorite men?*

A Frankie, Paul, Fabe, my brothers Mike and Joey, my current 'Mr. X' who I'm not talking about, and my daddy.

Q *How does the transition from girl to woman feel?*

A I don't know. I haven't made the change yet. I don't feel any older than I did a year ago though I suppose I do look older. It's just that I look *at* things differently than I did a year ago. I'm still a girl, but no longer a *little* girl. **END**

FRANKIE AVALON:

(*Continued from page 49*)

experience. I finally had to get the manager of the hotel, and it took hours to find him, to convince the girls they should leave. Everyone in the hotel knew what was going on before they finally left.

Q *Are your parents worried about your trips away from home?*

A Yes. They can't wait until I get back. I've been away about ten months this year.

Q *What sort of advice has your father given you about girls you meet?*

A He has always told me to be careful and watch myself. He reminds me there's a lot to tempt a fellow, and that a guy has to learn self-control.

Q *Was there a time when you had to remind yourself of his advice?*

A Oh, sure!

Q *What did your mother suggest you do to stay out of trouble?*

A She always leaves the advice up to my dad. She was just nineteen when she married him, you know. . . .

Q *What was your most embarrassing moment with a girl?*

A Once, on a date, I tried to get a girl out of the car, and dashed around the front of the car, tripped and fell flat on my face! I was all shook up and had quite a time pretending to keep my poise.

Q *If a girl gets aggressive, how do you react?*

A I never let the girl get me alone. They seem to hold back if there are other people around.

Q *Did you ever feel like going beyond the accepted relationship with a girl?*

A I'm just normal!

Q *If you never got into trouble, to what do you credit it? Your parents' influence? Your religious background? Your managers' warnings?*

A It's a combination. My homelife and my church and my religious background naturally have a lot to do with it, plus the important factors of my early surroundings.

Q *Have your managers ever forbidden you to date a certain girl?*

A No. I'd heard that they supposedly refused to let me date Tuesday Weld, but that isn't so.

Q *Do you check with them before you take out a girl?*

A No—never!

Q *Do they tell you how much money you can spend?*

A Yes. I get an allowance of twenty dollars a week. But that doesn't mean I'm restricted to that. I get more if I need it.

Q *Did you ever have a crush on one of your women teachers?*

A Yes. I couldn't wait until I was in her class. She must have been twenty-two. She wasn't too big, sorta blonde and cute. I couldn't seem to get any work done. I'd just sit there, looking at her. She used to say, "Frankie, would you please run to the office with this message?" or ask me to pull the shades down, or some other errand, and I thought she really liked me. Until the end of the semester, that is. Then she flunked me.

Q *Were you ever in trouble with the law?*

A Once, in Milwaukee. I left my hotel room with a police escort, because of all the fans hanging around, about ten in the morning, and didn't get back until 11:30 at night. When I did, I found three girls outside my room. Every night after that, when I returned, I found more and more girls until I think some kind of a record was set. It got so when I'd try to get into the elevator to get to my floor, there would be girls waiting in it to ask for my autograph. One night I got into the elevator and there were three girls with pencils and notebooks. They asked if they could come in and visit, so I told them sure. After all, it takes time to unwind after a day's work, so I didn't mind some company. Anyway, they came in, and we sat around and talked about movies and movie stars for about a quarter of an hour. All at once there was a knock on the door, and some detectives burst in. The girls had told me they were seventeen, but when the detective warned them he'd talked with their mothers, they admitted they were only fifteen! I didn't even know that a curfew existed in town, but as soon as he got them to admit their ages, he told me that they were all out way past the curfew—and I was at fault! I had to report to the court to explain what had happened. I said I didn't know the girls were under-age. So they let me go.

Q *How do you feel about premarital relations between a boy and a girl?*

A I think it is very nice for a boy and girl to go steady. But it is better not to see a girl that much. There are too many temptations. I pet . . . we're all human. It's better to go to the movies, listen to records and dance, and have fun, without letting it get too complicated.

Q *Do you think there's too much emphasis on sex in literature, school, and church?*

A I had health hygiene in school. It started in the ninth grade. In some schools they start in the eighth. I went to a Catholic school, and the sisters instructed us. They sent the girls out of the class room and then we had free discussion. Most of us were embarrassed, but frankly, they didn't tell anything we didn't already know. In fact, most teen-agers know the answer before they get into a hygiene class.

Q *How did you first learn about sex?*

A I lived in a big city, full of a lot of people. By the time I'd gone through school I hadn't missed much, and then the crowds I hung around with helped fill in. My father talked things over with me, too.

Q *When do you feel is the best time for a boy and a girl to get married?*

A I feel that a fellow should be about twenty-five, but that doesn't mean he can be stopped—or should be stopped—if he meets the right gal tomorrow, and elopes to Mexico. You can't really say someone is too old or not old enough. It's more a matter of whether or not they are ready and willing to take on the responsibility of marriage."

Q *Did you ever read any books on sex?*

A No.

Q *Did you know that Annette Funicello has a big crush on you, Fabian, and Paul Anka?*

A Yes.

Q *How do you feel about her?*

A I like to be with her. But I'm not in love with her.

Q *When did you fall in love for the first time?*

A I've never been in love. I've had crushes on millions of girls. I'm never in one place long enough to get really attached. Today I may be in Buffalo, and tomorrow in Minnesota. I meet too many girls to fall in love.

Q *When did you first kiss a girl?*

A At a party, when I was eight.

Q *When did you kiss a girl for the first time when it meant something?*

A When I was thirteen.

Q *Do you consider yourself worldly, or naive?*

A Neither. I've always hung around older fellows, and as a result have always known more answers than I should know at my age.

Q *Are actresses on location too friendly?*

A Sometimes they are. I try to be friendly—but if it gets serious, I try to get out of it by kidding them. **END**

Frankie co-stars in THE ALAMO, *United Artists.*

Scoop! Kim to Marry!

(*Continued from page 38*)

the prettier of the two Novak daughters.

She was a quiet girl.

She did fairly well in school—history being her best subject, arithmetic her worst.

Her favorite foods were homemade apricot ices and burned-sugar cake ("To this day on her birthday, ask her what she'd like best," her mother said recently, "and it's a burned-sugar cake.")

Her favorite color was red—she had two prized red skirts.

Her favorite pastime was to pretend she was sick. ("Just so I could go to bed," she's said, "and lie back against the big pillow and design beautiful clothes for my paper dolls, and wait for my mother to bring me a glass of warm milk and some buttered toast. . . .")

Her ambition in life was to become a secretary and work in a downtown office, just like one of her aunts did.

She loved animals and secretly considered the family dog, a brown and sad-eyed mutt, to be *hers.*

She liked insects, too, and once befriended a fly her mother had swatted from the kitchen wall, picking up the still-live fly from the floor after her mother had left the room and taking it to the desk, in the room she shared with Arlene, placing it on a blotter and talking to it, consolingly, until it died half an hour or so later.

She was sometimes mischievous. ("One Easter around this time we went visiting some friends of the family. There was lots of candy on the table next to where I was sitting, and I had this urge to steal some of it. I was wearing a dress with a pocket and I stuffed the pocket full. Only I'd forgotten the pocket had a hole in it. And when I got up to say good-bye—bang, all over the floor, about twenty pieces of candy!")

Mischievous sometimes, yes.

But, mostly, she was a dreamer.

She dreamed of growing up someday. Of maybe being pretty someday. Of having beautiful clothes, like the kind she drew for her paper dolls. Or what that office downtown, where she would someday work and begin to make her mark in life, would look like.

Of lots of things—none of them extraordinary, but all of them important to her . . . .

Meanwhile, Richard Quine . . .

In 1941, that same year, twenty-year-old Detroit-born Richard Quine (his real name) signed a contract with MGM Studios in Hollywood and was touted as a real star of the future. There was little reason to believe that this would not be the case. He was good-looking—had blue eyes, light brown hair, stood six feet three. He was charming. He was bright. And he was a good actor. (*He has learned lots from his dad, Thomas Quine, vaudeville veteran,* reads his studio biography of the time, *has appeared on hundreds of radio programs since age six and recently spent a year in New York playing the young male lead in the hit play,* My Sister Eileen, *starring Shirley Booth. . . .*)

Early the following year—some two months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and America's entry into the war—Dick began work on his third picture.

It was titled *Tish.*

Also in the picture was a young MGM contract actress named Susan Peters.

Susan, an extremely talented girl, was also a very beautiful girl.

It wasn't long before Dick fell in love with her, and she with him. ("She likes to swim and rhumba—so why shouldn't I love her?" Dick jokingly told a reporter. Said Susan: "He's gentle and handsome—I can't think of a better combination.")

They went together for exactly a year and they were engaged in February of 1943, during a party, the night before Dick left Hollywood for duty with the Coast Guard.

In the summer of that year Susan got her biggest professional break to date, a lead in *Random Harvest,* with people like Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

In late October, immediately following completion of the picture, she flew to her hometown, Spokane, Washington, to make plans for the wedding.

Dick, nervous, excited, arrived on special leave the night of November 6. The following morning, he and Susan were married and took off, in a borrowed car, for Santa Barbara and their honeymoon.

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Reported a newspaper columnist of their trip: *The start of the Susan Peters-Richard Quine honeymoon was like something out of a movie farce. Three quarters of the way to Santa Barbara they ran out of gas and had to walk two miles to a service station. Then, back in the car, they were stopped on the road by crews fighting a fire. They talked their way through this, but didn't reach their hotel until 5:00 a.m. Some way to begin a honeymoon, I must say.*

Actually, despite its beginnings, it was a beautiful honeymoon.

It lasted for ten days.

And when it was over Dick reported back to his ship, while Susan returned to MGM to begin work on *The Song of Russia,* in which she co-starred with Robert Taylor.

During the making of the picture people on the set noted her extra-radiance, her undeniable happiness.

"Marvelous," they'd say to her, "the way you can be so happy with your husband so far away."

To which Susan would answer, "I'm happy just thinking about the future, about a few years from now when the war will be over and he'll be back with me . . . for good."

No one—not she, nor any of the others—had any way of knowing then that Dick would be back much sooner than expected. That tragedy, sudden and violent, would see to that. . . .

Young Kim starts a hope chest

Marilyn Novak's aunt—the secretary—phoned her this Christmas day of 1944.

"I'm glad you like it," she said, referring to the chiffon scarf she'd sent to her niece. "Of course you're only eleven-going-on-twelve, and lavender's a pretty grown-up color, but—" she added, laughing, "—maybe for now you can tuck it away in your hope chest and save it for the big event."

Her niece asked her what a hope chest was.

"A wooden box, usually, sweetheart," said the aunt, "where a girl keeps lots of stuff, clothes and bedding and things like that, for when she gets married."

"Oh, I see," said Marilyn, somewhat disinterestedly.

"I know, sure," said the aunt, laughing again, "it must seem like a faraway day right now, mustn't it? But a nice girl like you, sweetheart, a girl who gets prettier-looking every time I see her, come seven or eight years from now and you'll be surprised how fast some fellow, some wonderful fellow with a good job and a good heart, is gonna come find you and nab you and carry you off to the church so you can say 'I do' to him . . . You'll be *real* surprised at how soon it's all gonna come. . . ."

A little while later, alone in the room she shared with Arlene, Marilyn Novak, eleven years old, going on twelve, finished emptying the wooden toy box which had sat all these years against the wall, between the two windows. And, carefully, she placed the lavender scarf inside it.

Then, hesitantly, she began to wonder about what her aunt had said. . . .

Tragedy, sudden and violent

It was exactly a week later, New Year's Day, 1945. Dick Quine was home on holiday leave. He, Susan—his wife of slightly more than a year by now, his brother and his brother's wife were hunting duck in the Cuyamaca Mountains, down near San Diego. Of the four, Susan, practically a novice at all this, was having the best day of all—she'd bagged a half-dozen birds within the first hour of shooting; Dick's brother the worst—he'd misplaced his gun at one point, thought it lost, good-naturedly but disappointedly joined the others as they continued with their hunt.

It was about 5:00 p.m., some seven hours after they'd started, when the four decided they'd had enough and began to head back to their car.

As they walked, Susan teased her brother-in-law about losing his gun. "Talk about butter-fingers—" she said. "Big boy like you losing a gun like that—"

"You're so smart," somebody said, laughingly, "why don't you find it?"

"Okay," said Susan, "I *will.*"

She did, too, about ten minutes later. It lay under a bush, at a spot where they'd stopped earlier in the day for a few minutes' break and a cigarette—where she'd had a hunch all along it might be.

"Hey," she called out to the others now, spotting it, "here she is!"

She could hear the others call something back, then heard one of them—Dick, probably—as he began to make his way through the foliage, towards her.

Susan began to whistle.

She bent to pick up the gun.

Somehow, as she lifted it, she jarred the trigger.

The gun went off.

A bullet ripped through her side.

She dropped to her knees.

She was still conscious, still holding the gun, when, moments later, Dick came rushing over to her.

His first reaction was one of relief.

He smiled.

"Susie," he said, "I thought I heard the damn thing go off. I thought—"

But then he stopped. And he looked from her face, down to her side. And he saw the blood beginning to rush through the brown leather of her jacket.

He caught her in his arms just as she began to fall back. . . .

The bullet had lodged in Susan's spine. Three delicate operations in the course of the next few months proved futile. "Your wife will live," a doctor told Dick, "but there's nothing that can be done about the paralysis. She'll be paralyzed from the waist down, for the rest of her life. . . ."

"No weeping around here . . ."

It's hard to know who, in the three years that followed, was the more gallant, brave, of the two—Susan, in her wheelchair, or Dick, since transferred to a Coast Guard film unit in Hollywood, practically constantly at her side.

Certainly, at the beginning at least, both seemed brave.

In August, her first week home from the hospital, Susan told an interviewer: "We're going to pick up exactly where we left off. There'll be no weeping around here, no tears, no sir. In fact, we're making plans about my doing picture work again—MGM's been great to me, I want everybody to know that, just great. And Dick will be out of the service soon what with the war practically over now, and he'll be coming back to make pictures, too. And Dick and I have talked about how we're going to adopt a little baby boy as soon as we can. And Dick's already planning a new house for us—or else we might overhaul this place; but he's got something in mind with ramps and things instead of all these steps, so I can get around more easily in this doggoned chair I'm stuck to.

"Dick," she went on, "Dick's been wonderful. He does everything for me. He's better than any nurse I ever had. Why, when I left the hospital, they were going to give him a cap. You know, before I was hurt the thought or sight of blood made him ill. Yet he was in the room the first time the doctor opened my bed sore; the doctor went to work and Dick helped him . . . *helped* him."

She smiled.

"No," she said, "there's going to be nothing wrong with the Quines, not with us. In fact, life is going to be better than ever for us. You just watch, and wait, and see."

That was Susan talking, in 1945, at the beginning.

"A Susan," as someone has said, "who still believed, somewhere way in the back of her mind, that something miraculous would happen soon and that she would, despite what any doctors said, be able to walk again. A Susan who, despite her outward laughter, smiles, was miserable inside herself. A girl who dreaded two things—being confined forever to this wheelchair she joked about; and tying down her husband, the man she loved, to a life of boredom, of slavery, of unfulfillment, of nothingness.

"Those of us who really knew Susan, know why she suddenly asked Dick for a divorce that day in 1948. After three years, she realized that there would never be any improvement in her condition. That she was a broken woman. Doomed.

"That Dick was doomed, too.

"She didn't want it to be this way, not for both of them.

"She wanted Dick to be free.

"She never told him why she asked for the divorce. She just made up her mind and one day, putting on the greatest performance of her life, she asked him to leave the house.

"He begged her to reconsider.

"She refused.

"'Please go,' she said.

"And, finally, he did.

"There was no sadder, more lonely, more heartbroken man than Dick Quine after that—for a long, long time after that. . . ."

Kim heads west

It was July in Chicago—July of 1952—and Marilyn Novak, nineteen now, knew that she must leave. The decision came upon her suddenly. She was out with her fiancé, a young electrician named Bill. They'd been to the movies and they were walking home when Marilyn said:

"It's no good, everything that's been happening—not really."

"What?" Bill asked.

"Us," she said, "planning to get married like this, when we hardly know each other . . . Even though we've been going together for two years now—hardly knowing each other . . . hardly knowing what love is."

He turned to look at her. "Huh?" he asked.

"And me," she went on, "enrolling in that secretarial school, when the last thing on earth I really want to be any more is to be a secretary."

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"I'm going away," she said, "—that's what I'm talking about."

He stared at her. "The heat got you or something?" he asked.

"I don't know what's got me," she said.

Bill cleared his throat. "You didn't," he said, "you didn't let that guy, what he said, go to your head, did you?"

"Guy?" she asked.

"The guy who told you he wants you for a model, for that refrigerator company."

Marilyn Novak nodded. And smiled. "'And travel,' he said. 'Leave Chicago for a while and come to California, the great Far West, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood—' he said."

"Is that what it is," Bill asked, "that you really want to do that?"

"Partly," she said.

"And what's the rest of the partly?" he asked.

"I don't know. Not for sure," she said. She stopped walking. She faced him. "I'm sorry, Billy," she said. "I feel like that girl in the second feature tonight, that bad girl, when she told that fellow off and left him . . . But I know now, it's the way it's got to be."

Bill shook his head.

"Don't be hurt, please don't," she said. "It's not love we've got, anyway. It's just like we're part of the pattern and feel we should conform to the pattern—the people our ages who think they've got to get married and settle down before they get too old and lose out altogether, or before other people, their friends, their families, start talking, saying 'What's wrong with them? Don't they believe in love, institutions—anything?' "

Bill shook his head again.

"This is it, then?" he asked. "—Just like that? . . . We're through? . . . Is that what you're trying to say with all those fancy words of yours?"

"I guess so, Billy," Marilyn Novak said. "It's better to know *before* than after, isn't it?"

She tried to take his hand.

He pulled it away.

"I'm sorry, Billy," she said. . . .

Susan didn't want any help

It was October in Hollywood—October of that same year, 1952—when Susan's doctor phoned Dick Quine and asked him to rush to her house.

"She's a very sick girl," the doctor, an old man, an old friend of the family, said when Dick arrived. "Seven years since the accident, it's knocked a lot out of her . . . It's tired her . . . She could fight. But she won't. She hasn't let any of us help her for more than two years now . . . Her picture flopped. That was a blow. The play tours were too much strain. Even the radio work . . . And the pain never left her . . . She's tired . . . And she doesn't want any help . . . She hasn't much longer, Richard."

"Can I see her?" Dick asked.

"I don't think so, not now," the doctor said. "I just wanted you to know, to be here. I knew you'd want to."

They both sat.

The doctor strove to talk about other things.

"It's been a long time, Richard," he said. "—How have you been doing?"

"All right, I guess," said Dick.

"Re-married, I hear," said the doctor.

Dick nodded.

"Children?"

"One . . . another on the way, we think."

"Been acting much—working?"

"Acting, no, not at all any more—I gave that up," said Dick. "I'm a dialogue director now, over at Columbia."

"I see," said the old man.

Both he and Dick turned now as a nurse walked into the room.

"Doctor—" she said, urgently.

The old man rose.

He said nothing to Dick as he walked out of the room. . . .

Dick was sitting with the boy, Timothy, the boy he and Susan had adopted years ago—the boy he had not seen these past four years, when the doctor returned.

It had been more than an hour now since the old man had left the room. He looked weary, pale, older, much older.

"Susan is gone," he said, looking at Dick. "She was tired . . . She didn't want any help, not from any of us. . . ."

Dick looked over at the boy.

His eyes filled with tears.

"Tim," he said, "would you like to come home with me?"

"Yes," said the boy.

They got up.

And, together, they left. . . .

The nervous director and the scared starlet

Dick Quine first met Marilyn Novak on a March morning in 1954. Marilyn Novak was Kim Novak now. She had been spotted by a Columbia Pictures talent scout while modeling at a refrigerator salesmen's convention a few months earlier, had been introduced to Columbia bossman Harry Cohn, had been given Cohn's nod, and then the works—a screen test, a new first name, a new hairdo, a short-term contract, and a pep-talk on how her break would come if she studied hard, cooperated, waited.

Now, this day, her break had come.

A young actress scheduled to play the role of Lona McClane in a B-picture called *Pushover*, had fallen sick the night before production got under way. There was no time to wait for her to recover—not under the speed-and-save Cohn system. And so, that next morning, after a night of conferences, Kim was called to the studio and told to report to work. Immediately.

Script scheduling called for her to be in the first scene.

Shooting was to begin at 9:00 a.m.

At 9:15, Dick Quine, the picture's director, called out for Miss Novak, the only missing player.

"Not here," somebody called back.

"Where is she?"

"In her dressing room—bawling," he was told. "You'd better go have a talk with her. . . ."

Kim, who had indeed been bawling, bawled even more when she saw Dick.

"I know," she said, "I'm spoiling everything for everybody. But I can't go out there."

"I'm scared stiff, for one thing . . . I'm so scared," she said. She pointed to the script on her dressing table. "And I'll never be able to remember my lines."

"Lines?" Dick asked. "You only have six or seven to remember for today."

"But I won't remember them," Kim said. "I know it." She brought up a Kleenex she was holding and wiped away some of her tears. "Please," she said then. "I've been sitting here waiting for someone to walk in and tell me the joke's over . . . You tell me that, Mr. Quine—you just tell me that. And I'll understand. And I'll go home . . . Just *tell* me that."

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I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE JOHNNY NASH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKED DIANA BARRYMORE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

7. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

8. I LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

"Why should I do that?" Dick asked.

"*Please*," said Kim.

Dick looked at her, for a long time.

"You know something?" he said, finally. "—I'm scared right now, too."

"Sure, Mr. Quine—sure," said Kim.

"I mean it," he said. "Look . . . This happens to be my first picture, too, in case you didn't know that. It's a big thing for me, too, this whole project. Oh, my teeth may not be chattering, and my knees may not be shaking much—and I may not be shedding any pretty tears, like yours. But I'm scared stiff, too. Believe me."

Kim looked away from him.

He clicked his fingers. "I know what's wrong," he said. "I read somewhere—I'd forgotten—but I read that a decent director, first day of shooting, sends all the ladies in his cast a bunch of flowers." He shook his head. "I didn't send you any," he said, "and that hurt you, huh?"

"It's not that," said Kim. "Don't be silly."

"Champagne then, is that what you expected?" Dick asked. "—First thing in the morning, two men in red coats walking into your dressing room, one holding the bottle, the other the glass. Both of them saying, in chorus, 'Miss Novak—something to calm your nerves, compliments of the nervous director.'"

The beginnings of a smile came to Kim's face. "Don't be silly," she said again, and looked down.

"Well," Dick asked, after a moment, "will *this* do then?"

He bent, and kissed her forehead.

Kim looked up, suddenly.

"Don't be shocked," he said. "It's an old show-business custom. It means good luck . . . It's like shaking hands."

He looked at Kim again, for a long time.

"How about it," he asked, "—coming to work?"

Kim, silent, stared at the floor.

"If you really want," Dick said, "I'll close down the set now, for the day. It won't mean much. Just a few thousand dollars. Only money . . . And the front office won't be sore with me when I go and tell them what's happened. 'Your first picture, boy—take it easy,' they'll say. 'Go to the beach. Take it easy the rest of the week. We'll find somebody else for you by Monday. We'll—'"

Kim interrupted him.

"Mr. Quine . . . ?" she asked.

"Yes?"

She breathed in deeply. Slowly, the words came out. "Can I have a few minutes?" she asked.

"What for?"

"I'd just like to look at my lines again, before I come out," she said.

"Okay," he said.

"Mr. Quine. . . ." Kim called.

Kim walked over to him.

"May I?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she stood on her toes and she kissed him, lightly, on the cheek.

"For good luck," she said. "For you. For me. For both of us."

Dick nodded.

"You've got five minutes," he said, softly.

"I'll be there," said Kim. . . .

A quiet love

The rest of our story, the ending—covering these years between 1954 and 1960—is short and simple and, eventually, happy. . . . It wasn't long after they'd met, after they'd worked together for a while, that Kim knew she was in love with Dick Quine. She knew, too, that he was married, that she had no reason nor right to love him. But, still, she did.

It was a quiet love. At least, Dick never knew about it.

Kim, as the years passed, as her career skyrocketed, as she became one of the most famous and dazzling stars in the world, tried to push this love from her heart. She dated lots—with Mac Krim, Frank Sinatra, Mario Bandini, Cary Grant, Aly Khan, Rafael Trujillo, others.

She began, this quiet girl from Chicago, to live flamboyantly.

She became, in a sense, the total movie star—given to hollow laughter, hollow quotations, a hollow life.

She grew older, as single girls, glamour girls, go.

Twenty-five, they said two years ago—*when's she going to settle down, marry? Twenty-six*, they said last year.

What they didn't know was that Kim had made up her mind that she would never marry.

Not so long as she could not marry the only man she ever really loved. . . .

Sometime during the fall of last year—while Kim and Dick were working on *Strangers When We Meet* (their third picture together)—Dick and his wife, Barbara, announced that they had given up on their marriage. "It hasn't worked," Dick said to whoever asked. "That's all there is to it. . . ."

Somehow, after the announcement was made, Dick, a rare party-goer, attended a party at which Kim was present.

She'd come alone.

He asked her if he could take her to dinner. She said yes.

He took her hand, and they left. . . .

The romance that has followed has been as quiet as anything else that Kim has ever felt for Dick.

She's wanted it this way.

There have been no headlines, no ballyhoo, few column mentions.

But we at MODERN SCREEN have it, from people who know them both, that they will be married soon.

And we couldn't be happier. **END**

Kim stars in STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET *for Columbia.*

---

9. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of ROCK AND WOMEN 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

I LIKE LINDA CRISTAL:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

10. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

11. I LIKE CONNIE FRANCIS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

12. I LIKE CYD CHARISSE:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE TONY MARTIN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

13. I READ: 1 all of NO TEARS NO TROUBLE WHEN YOUR DATES ARE DOUBLE 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 completely 2 fairly well 3 very little 4 not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE.....**NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

CITY.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....



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why Liz is taking the children away

JUN 30 1958

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Cashmere Bouquet Talc

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modern screen

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Vicki Hess

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LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Was another man involved in the **Don Murray-Hope Lange** split? And why did they deny the rumors so vehemently when it was first suggested all was not well in that household?

—N.D., MONTREAL, CAN.

A *No other man was involved in the Lange-Murray split. Don and Hope wanted to keep their problems to themselves in hopes of working them out. Hope's still hoping they can, despite the rumor that Don is infatuated with* **Dolores Michaels**.

Q What's behind the reports of a torrid romance between **Maureen O'Hara** and **Rex Harrison**?

—M.H., HANOVER, N.H.

A *A misinformed columnist. Maureen has barely said "Hello" to Rex since they co-starred in* FOXES OF HARROW *over 10 years ago. Rex is interested in* **Tammy Grimes**, *estranged wife of actor* **Christopher Plummer** *who in turn is interested in* **Susan Blanchard**, *ex-wife of* **Henry Fonda**.

Q I read that **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** are planning to get married again —to each other, that is. Are they going to do this for sentimental reasons?

—J.R., OSHKOSH, WIS.

A *No. For legal reasons. They want to marry in California—so there can't be any future problems there about the status of his Las Vegas divorce and marriage.*

Q What ever happened to **Johnny Johnston** and **Kathryn Grayson?** I know they divorced each other a long time ago but what's with them careerwise?

—J.D., BERWICK, PA.

A *Kathryn is going to tour the country with her own revue,* A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *She hasn't made a film since the ill-fated* THE VAGABOND KING. *Johnny is an apprentice in a New York brokerage house while he learns that particular trade. He's just about given up show business.*

Q Is it true the **Brigitte Bardot—Jacques Charrier** marriage has been in trouble ever since the birth of their baby?

—B.N., DALLAS, TEXAS

A *It's been in trouble ever since they posted the wedding banns.*

Q TV missed a great bet by not recording it—but is there any report on how **Debbie Reynolds** reacted when **Liz Taylor** was announced at the Golden Globe Awards as the best dramatic actress of the year by the Foreign Press.

—E.D., BOSTON, MASS.

A *Debbie applauded—along with everyone else.*

Q I read that **Glenn Ford**'s real heart interest is a beautiful German star who is about to divorce her husband. Do you know to whom the columnists are referring?

—B.B., CHARLESTON, W.V.

A *They are referring to* **Maria Schell** *—who in turn denies the report that she is contemplating a divorce.*

Q Do you have any idea of how much money **Sandra Dee** spends a year on clothes? She always looks so well dressed, much more so than the typical teen.

—D.L. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A *Last year untypical Sandra acquired a $40,000 wardrobe—including a blue-white mink coat.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Orson Welles** weighed when he made *Citizen Kane* and those other movies now on TV—and what his weight was in his most recent movies—and why he got so heavy?

—R.H.B., HARTFORD, CONN.

A *Welles carried 200 pounds on his 6'1" frame when he made* KANE (*approximately 15 pounds overweight*). *In* Crack OF THE MIRROR, *the scale cracked when it hit three hundred. Evidently Welles is a consuming genius.*

Q Would it be possible for you to list *all* the aging glamour girls still acting in movies or TV who have gone past their 50th birthday?

—J.G., BERWYN, ILL.

A ***Joan Crawford*** *(52),* ***Claudette Colbert*** *(55),* ***Bette Davis*** *(52),* ***Marlene Dietrich*** *(55),* ***Irene Dunne*** *(55),* ***Katharine Hepburn*** *(50),* ***Myrna Loy*** *(55),* ***Barbara Stanwyck*** *(53). Others like* ***Ginger Rogers, Lucille Ball*** *and* ***Roz Russell*** *have a year or so to go.*

Q I think the death of **Mario Lanza**'s wife Betty is the saddest thing that happened in Hollywood this year. I am concerned about Lanza's four children. What will happen to them now? Will they be separated?

—S.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *They will undoubtedly be taken care of by their aunt and uncle in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hicks, in whose charge they were when their mother was still in a state of shock over Mario's death. They will not be separated.*



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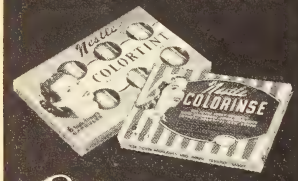
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WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



In Can-Can, *'boulevardiers' like Frank Sinatra and Maurice Chevalier find that horse-play with girls like Shirley MacLaine is fun.*

CAN-CAN

not so gay Paree

Frank Sinatra
Shirley MacLaine
Maurice Chevalier
Louis Jourdan
Juliet Prowse

▪ *Can-Can* takes place in Paris in the mid-nineteenth century: Frank Sinatra plays a lawyer and determined bachelor, and Shirley MacLaine owns a cabaret where, when the gendarmes are properly bribed, can be seen the daring and illegal can-can dance. When the gendarmes are neglected Shirley usually winds up in court before Judge Maurice Chevalier, in which case Sinatra defends her. Chevalier, if he were not a judge, would definitely be a can-can fancier. Sinatra, if he were not a cad, would definitely marry Shirley. Chevalier's new assistant, Louis Jourdan, frowns on the can-can but falls at Shirley's feet. Sinatra, considering Shirley as plebian as himself, tries to show her up for what she is at her swank engagement party. Whatever she is Louis still wants to marry her. Will this young barrister's dream come true? Cole Porter's songs—many of them old favorites—are as good as ever. The same can be said of Shirley's dancing, and of Juliet Prowse's dancing—especially in the ballet about Adam and Eve.—Todd A-O, 20th Century-Fox.

BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG

high school drama

Dick Clark
Michael Callan
Tuesday Weld
Victoria Shaw
Warren Berlinger

▪ In every teen-age movie there's a boy with a knife—or else someone is very disappointed. Well, we live in a violent age—age 17—and high school teacher Dick Clark, for one, is well aware of it. The principal keeps telling him to mind his own business (American history); his girlfriend (Victoria Shaw) says ditto; his eight-year-old nephew (for whom he is trying to make a home) would relish more of Dick's attention, but Dick is determined to help his students find themselves. He's got his work cut out for him. Among Dick's students are (a) Warren Berlinger, whose

(*Continued on page 76*)



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If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Dick "Moose" Moran, Station KNEW, Spokane, Wash.

1. *He has curly hair and rugged features. He is known for singing popular songs in a folk style. An excellent guitarist, he made the big time with million-record single* THE STORY OF MY LIFE. *Latest single's* EL PASO, *Columbia.*

2. *This great arranger-conductor is best known for lush instrumentals. His biggest hit in the pop song category was* THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE. *Latest hit single's* THEME FROM A SUMMER PLACE.



Jerry Marshall, Station WMGM, New York, N. Y.

3. *She sang with Lionel Hampton at the age of 19. Her real name is Ruth Jones. Her last great single was* WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES. *Her current hit is* BABY, *on the Mercury label, with Brook Benton.*



Chuck Thompson & John Dixon, Station WALA-TV, Mobile, Ala.

4. *This Texan was born in 1924. He sings and plays the guitar. His favorite hobby is baseball, and he was signed to play by the St. Louis Cardinals. An injury forced him into the music business. His latest hit single is* HE'LL HAVE TO GO, *on the RCA Victor label.*

5. *This 25-year-old singing star is married and has three children. Real name is Harold Jenkins. A past hit was* IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE. *His latest hit is* LONELY BLUE BOY, *MGM.*



Hy Lit, Station WCAU-TV, Philadelphia, Pa.

6. *This inimitable singing star has sold more millions of records than any other singer in the business. A relaxed style is his forte. Current MGM hit is* AMONG MY SOUVENIRS.

7. *She's a great blues singer and helped Johnny Ray develop his famous style. A past hit was* TWEEDLE DEE. HARBOR LIGHTS *is a hit single on Atlantic.*



Kenny Vincent, Station WBRD, Bradenton, Fla.

1. *Marty Robbins*
2. *Percy Faith*
3. *Dinah Washington*
4. *Jim Reeves*
5. *Country Twitty*
6. *Bing Crosby*
7. *Lavern Baker*

MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Louella Wins A Golden Globe

Lucy And Desi's Divorce

Glorious Night For Anna Maria



Louella stopped to congratulate these happy young lovers at the Grove: Frank Sinatra's sweet little Nancy and her husband-to-be, singer Tommy Sands.

LOUELLA PARSONS



Barbara Rush seemed to love the joke master-of-ceremonies Tony Randall made about her hairdo.



Demure Marilyn Monroe won her Globe for "the best comedy performance by a woman" in Some Like It hot.



Mickey Hargitay laughed along with the audience at his adored wife Jayne Mansfield's opening line.

Big Night—Golden Globe Awards

Hollywood's Foreign Press handed out its annual accolades at a brilliant night at the Cocoanut Grove.

I'll be honest and admit I had special interest in the event this year as I was honored with a Golden Globe (more about this later), and also was honored by being invited to present the most important awards of the evening, "the world's most popular actor and actress."

Despite the blues of the strike, every star in Hollywood turned out dressed to the teeth to either receive an award or to present one.

Photographers had a field day snapping **Bing Crosby** and **Kathy**, **Marilyn Monroe**, and **Debbie Reynolds** and **Glenn Ford** making their first appearance as a 'date' in public.

Bing and Kathy came late, left early. I doubt if Emily Post would approve, but Bing made his "Thank You" speech (he won the C. B. De Mille Memorial Award for greatest contribution to entertainment): then he grabbed his Globe with one hand and Kathy with the other and ran, didn't walk, for the exit. Oh, well—Bing always has been a social law unto himself.

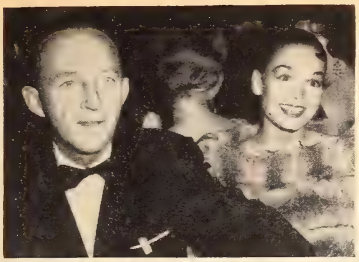
On the other hand, a model of politeness was Debbie Reynolds who conspicuously applauded **Elizabeth Taylor**'s winning "best actress of the year" award (*Suddenly, Last Summer*). Debbie looked beautiful in pale green chiffon and Glenn patted her hand encouragingly when she got up to make one of the presentations. Glenn is very sweet with Debbie—but gossip is his heart is elsewhere.

Doris Day won "the most popular actress in the world" Globe and she wore a high-fashion ankle-length cream-colored moiré gown with a matching jacket *lined* in sable! I was very flattered at being asked to present her Globe to Doris—and later to **Rock Hudson** as "the most popular actor."

The evening was well underway when Marilyn Monroe arrived and the room was darkened except for the lights on the dais, but with a small army of photographers making a dash for her we were not long unaware of MM's presence. She looked like a poster girl in a long white dress cut low with gobs of white fox around her shoulders. Marilyn won her Globe for "the best comedy performance by a woman" in *Some Like It Hot*.

But the real comedy hit of the evening was **Jayne Mansfield**, whose opening line, coming on the heels of the strike, "I'm glad to be working again," brought down the house although most of us were laughing with tears in our hearts, I'm afraid. . . .

There was some mix-up about Rock Hud-



Bing Crosby and his Kathy came late, left early. He just grabbed his award and ran!



International favorites: Doris Day, "the most popular actress in the world," and Rock Hudson, "the most popular actor!"



This was the night Debbie Reynolds and Glenn Ford made their first appearance as a 'date.'

son's seats and he and his date, Pat McCallum, were shifted from table to table and even stood up for a long time with no seats at all. Rather unusual considering that Rock was the winner of the most important male trophy! He certainly was pleasant about all the switching around and showed not the slightest temperament nor annoyance. . . .

I thought **Susan Kohner** and **Angie Dickinson** gave the nicest speeches of "Thanks" among the new stars honored. Susan has a special glow about her these days and I think her new romance with **George Hamilton** has a lot to do with it. Of course she was with George.

For some reason every woman at **Dinah Shore**'s table seemed to have her hair done exactly like Dinah's—even to the blonde color. Dinah won as "outstanding woman singer and TV personality"—doesn't she always? She wore black and white, and somebody cracked, "—a switch from her color TV show."

Although Marilyn Monroe, his co-star of *Some Like It Hot,* was in the room, **Jack Lemmon** made no mention of her (or **Tony Curtis**) when he picked up his Globe for "

Tuesday Weld, all dolled up formal, complete with shoes, lost her voice, called it "laryngitis" and whispered "Thank You" for her promising new star award. **Eve Arden** (then mistress of ceremonies) said, "Laryngitis? What you've got is *nerves,* girl!". . . .

I was nervous, too, but I hope I didn't show when **Dick Powell** gave me such a onderful introduction before presenting me ith my Golden Globe for "outstanding urnalistic reporting throughout the world." am deeply, deeply grateful and so happy hat Dick was selected to make the presentaion as he and I are old friends and co-stars *Hollywood Hotel,* the first hour-long broadst ever put on radio. I am a sentimental nan and I treasure such a tribute as this n the representatives of the Foreign Press, fellow workers and craftsmen.

es, it was a Big Night, and particularly me.



Lidia and Rossano Brazzi were just delighted with Anna Maria's singing.



Ricardo Montalban congratulated Judy Garland on how well she looked after her long illness.



(Left to right) Jimmy McHugh (co-host with Louella at party in honor of Anna Maria Alberghetti's opening), Anna, actress Barbara Rush, Louella.



George Hamilton has that look in his eye for his one-and-only, lovely Susan Kohner.

Party for Anna Maria

Little wonder that songbird **Anna Maria Alberghetti** sang like an angel straight down from heaven her opening night at the Cocoanut Grove. The stars seated ringside to listen to this beautiful Italian girl with the magnificent voice (and she's branched out into dancing, too) would have turned the head—and heart—of any performer. Because she has long been a close friend of Jimmy McHugh and mine, we jointly hosted a party for Anna Maria.

Judy Garland came, one of her first public appearances since her long illness, and everyone was so delighted to see her well [illegible]

Lidia and **Rossano Brazzi** were present. Rossano being my dinner partner. He told me he thought Anna Maria's voice was as lovely as many singers he had heard at La Scala in his native Milan.

Others who loved the show and later went back to congratulate the happy young star were the **Van Heflins**, **Guy Madisons**, **Eddie O'Briens**, **Terry Moore** and her husband, **Jayne Mansfield** and Mickey Hargitay, the **Ronald Reagans** and **Ricardo Montalbans**, and Nancy Sinatra and **Tommy Sands**.

And if I say so—as I shouldn't—I had a wonderful time at my own (and Jimmy's) party myself!

Sad Divorce

Just doesn't seem possible that *I Love Lucy* isn't true anymore and that the end of what was the most popular TV show of all time also sees the end of the marriage between **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz**. Of all of the married stories of Hollywood this has been in many ways the most fantastic. A redheaded girl with a great sense of comedy and a Cuban with a funny accent who were, respectively, hits and then flops in Hollywood, went on to build up an empire of fame and finance that has no exact equal.

The whole world caught its breath when TV brought such wealth and fortune to Desi and Lucy that they casually bought for $11,000,000 the old RKO Studio which had once fired Desi.

Together, they seem to have found everything wonderful in life including two beautiful and much loved children. And now, after nineteen colorful, explosive, unbelievable, tempestuous (their marriage was never quiet) years it's ended in the big nothingness: divorce.

I know Lucille well and I know she tried, tried, *tried* to keep this marriage together. She loved Desi—she probably still loves him.

But Desi is, well—Desi. Hot-headed, fun-loving, nightclub-addicted, too easily flattered, often foolish, but also sometimes sweet and appealing. Now that it is all over I wonder what he will do without that always extended helping-hand and heart of the woman who loved him?

She has gone to New York (later the children will join her) to build a new life.

Desi? He remains in Hollywood, the boss of their TV company, and he has, well—that $11,000,000 studio he acquired because "I Love-d Lucy."



Lucille forces a smile; Desi turns sadly away from the camera. The children, Lucy and Desi IV, know now that their parents are divorcing.



Liz' Latest Injury

Elizabeth Taylor had expected to plane out with **Eddie Fisher** to pick up her "best actress" award at the Foreign Press Dinner in person. But she and Eddie, the day before, had made a hurried trip to Philadelphia to visit his mother who has been quite ill. Entering a cafe where they had gone for a bite of dinner, Liz slipped on the ice and strained her ankle.

Her New York movie, *Butterfield 8*, which she's making with Eddie and **Laurence Harvey** had just been shut down because of the actors' strike.

If anything good could be said to be coming out of all this trouble it is that the delay gave Liz a chance to nurse her injured ankle.

Poor Liz, always in and out of hospitals—this last time for her ankle.



I nominate for **STARDOM**

Margo Moore

Believe me, a beauty! Because she has made only two pictures (*Hound Dog Man* and *Wake Me When It's* Over) she isn't always recognized when she walks into a nightclub or restaurant. But you know she's there. You can hear the murmurs, "Who *is* she?"

And then, "She looks like Grace Kelly."

She does—but she doesn't appreciate the compliment. "I dont want to be a 'poor man's *anybody*,'" she begs.

Also, despite her success as a model she doesn't admit to being "a model turned actress." She says, "Acting was always my goal. I studied dramatics in college, and later in New York, and I turned to modeling only to pay for my lessons until I was equipped to seek work."

Recently she has made the gossip columns as an item with smart young producer Bob Radnitz whose current hit is *A Dog of Flanders*. Neither dates anyone else—yet she skirts a definite marriage date. "I suppose you might describe our situation as being engaged to be engaged," Margo smiles.

It will be her second marriage and she has a five-year-old son named Darryl by her first husband. The boy lives with Margo in an apartment in Beverly Hills. "I couldn't bear to have him away from me," she explains.

She was born Marguerita Guarnerius in Chicago on a certain April 29th, but attended the University of Indiana for her schooling. She is grateful that her successful modeling career led her to Hollywood with time off for TV in between. She did commercials as well as drama on TV and likes it. But she *loves* motion pictures.

And her 20th Century-Fox bosses are sure you are going to love Margo, the cool, grey-blue eyed, intelligent blonde who looks and acts a great deal like a one-time Miss Kelly, of Hollywood.



Nanette Fabray (left) joined Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson on the Carthay Circle terrace.



Fred MacMurray and his lovely June Haver graced the gala premiere.



Sammy Davis, Jr. lavished praise and compliments on his "Clan" pal, Shirley MacLaine, for her great role in Can-Can, *but she protests modestly.*

Glittering "Can-Can" Premiere

It might seem from all the social activity the week the strike was declared that Hollywood was being frivolous—but believe me, we were keeping our chins up with tears in our hearts.

It helped no one, even those laid-off, to sink into gloom and it was a courageous face Hollywood turned to the world, her glamour banners flying.

The entire Carthay Circle forecourt and terraced approach looked like a Paris street as the stars turned out for *Can-Can*, the big, bright, gaudy, entrancing picture starring **Frank Sinatra**, **Shirley MacLaine**, **Maurice Chevalier** and **Louis Jourdan**.

Director Walter Lang, and his wife, Fieldsie, had invited Jimmy McHugh and me to be their guests and it was an added thrill to spend the evening of such a big triumph for Walter as a member of his party.

Along with us were those two cute 'just-engaged' Nancy Sinatra and **Tommy Sands**, and Nancy's mother. The junior Miss Sinatra kept flashing her beautiful diamond engagement ring (which held her attention, I'm afraid, more than her father up on the screen).

Shirley McLaine kept us amused by asking if we thought *Can-Can* would be released in Russia where 'Mr. K' (who panned it as in bad taste when he visited the set) could see the finished movie.

Jayne Mansfield, sporting more decolletage than usual (if that's possible) was on the arm of her ever-lovin' Mickey Hargitay and I must say the crowds seem fond of this really good-natured girl—she always gets a big hand.

Among others I saw **Eddie G. Robinson**, **June Haver** and **Fred MacMurray**, producer Buddy Adler and his wife, **Nanette Fabray**, and many, many others.

PERSONAL OPINIONS

I think 1960 will be the marriage year of **Kim Novak** and director Richard Quine. She was beside herself when she heard he had fallen ill in London after flying there to take over the direction on *The World of Suzie Wong*, and as I write this she is planning to join him. Could be the wedding will be in England. . . .

Got a chuckle out of reading in *Insider's Newsletter* that Princess Grace's efforts to be a matchmaker between millionaire Aristotle Onassis and **Ava Gardner** came to naught. The Princess was so sure the Greek shipbuilding magnate would fall for Ava, her friend from Hollywood days, that she arranged a most intimate dinner. But the expected flame didn't ignite—and the palace dinner turned into a bit of a fiasco. . . .

Who says Hollywood forgets or is cold to former movie Queens? The reception received by **Bette Davis** when she and **Gary Merrill** opened before the home folk in *The World of Carl Sandburg* was tremendous and even over the footlights you could see Bette's eyes shining with happiness. . . .

I'm getting fed up with master of ceremonies who try to be funny by making references to "the men's room" or "powder rooms." Certainly Hollywood's most formal affairs do not need this type of Chic Sale humor. . . .

Nor have I been amused at many cracks about the strike—whether it proves to be short or long. Steve Allen went up in my estimation when, acting as M.C. at the premiere of *Can-Can*, he said he had deleted all jokes referring to the strike from his script. . . .



Grace Kelly and her Prince exchanged delighted smiles, thinking their matchmaking was working; they didn't notice Ava's bored expression.



Poet Carl Sandburg is very proud of the way Bette Davis read his works.



Could be a London wedding for Kim and Richard Quine.



Nancy was glad to do her father the favor of welcoming Elvis home.

Elvis Made Her Weep

I'm sure the only teenager who ever broke into heartbroken sobs because she had to meet **Elvis Presley** is Nancy Sinatra, the 19-year-old apple of **Frank Sinatra**'s eye!

And lest you other girls find this hard to believe, remember that Nancy and **Tommy Sands** had just given me the scoop of their engagement and Tommy was waiting on the Coast with her engagement ring while poor little Nancy remained in New York as a favor to her father.

Frank was paying Elvis $125,000 to appear on his (Frank's) TV show—a welcome home to the world's most famous GI, and he had asked his daughter to do the honors for him and meet Elvis when he flew in. It was very appropriate as Nancy, too, was to appear on the show as her father's hostess.

She is a dear little girl and glad to do a favor for her Dad—even though her heart was 3,000 miles away in California with another popular singer.

But the morning Elvis arrived, the Eastern seaboard was hit with the worst March snow storm in 100 years! With teeth chattering, Nancy had met Elvis, welcomed him for herself and her father, posed for pictures and then started (she hoped) for another airport where she would catch her own plane to Los Angeles and Tommy!

Half-way back to New York, the chauffeured limousine Frank had sent for her broke down in the enormous snow-drifts and half-frozen to death she walked to a service station and put in a call to her mother—and Tommy.

"Yes, I met Elvis," she told Nancy Sr. and Tommy, "But I'm so cold and *miserable*!" And the next thing her mother and sweetheart heard were just heartbroken sobs!

That didn't last long—not after Tommy slipped that four-carat emerald cut diamond surrounded with baguettes on her finger five hours later in Sunny California!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Dozens of readers say Elvis' imitators will fade now that he is back.



The fans are suggesting names for Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer's expected baby.



In one month, there were 20 rave letters about James Shigeta.



Brandon DeWilde: one girl calls him "the cutest boy."

LETTER BOX

You fans are pretty nice people and much more concerned with the inner workings of Hollywood than I supposed. The very week of the strike many of you airmailed letters to my desk expressing sympathy for actors as a group and your favorites in particular. As expressed by some of you:

Poor ***Edd "Kookie" Byrnes****, my favorite. First the suspension by his studio and now this strike,* sympathizes VIRGINIA DEWITT, ATLANTA. *Some of the stars are rich and can weather bad times. But we people who work for smaller salaries can certainly feel for the others like "Kookie."* What a thoughtful comment, Virginia. May Hollywood's troubles be settled by the time you read this. . . .

DONALD WEIR, BROOKLYN, has an active plan: *I'm not going to patronize any foreign made movies while Hollywood is having such a bad time,* he writes. *Hollywood has given me my greatest pleasure and has brightened my life in many sad times—and I'm going to prove my appreciation by spending my money only on Hollywood made films.* Hurray for you, Don. . . .

Elvis, Elvis, **Elvis**—all over the mail! *Elvis, the original, is back—now watch all his imitators fade,* opines PHYLLIS TERRY SMITH, TACOMA, who admits she is only 15. But the girl speaks for dozens of fans, many of them older, who echo her sentiments.

Audrey Hepburn *is the only real beauty in Hollywood and makes those wholesale blondes look like floozies. I hope she wins the Award for* THE NUN'S STORY, postcards CLEMENTINE O'DONNELL, BATON ROUGE. Well, you are certainly extravagant in your praise for your favorite, my friend. . . .

Well, *another* letter from Baton Rouge (you Louisianians are going strong this month.) *Why don't you and* MODERN SCREEN *conduct "A Date With* ***Brandon de Wilde****" contest?* enthuses B. WILLIAMS. *What a prize to win—being escorted around Hollywood by the cutest 17-year-old boy on this earth!*

And, VIRGINIA HEINZE, TIPP CITY, OHIO, wants us to conduct a contest awarding *a date with Elvis Presley!!!* Are you listenin', David Myers?. . . .

GERMAINE ROY, SPRINGFIELD, read where Audrey Hepburn and **Mel Ferrer** are welcoming suggestions for a name for their expected baby and Germaine offers: *For a boy—Mark, Paul, Tony, Kenny, Scott, all go well with Ferrer. For a girl—Susette, Paula, Donna Marie and Penny are my suggestions*—and good ones, too, Germaine. . . .

Thank you for nominating ***James Shigeta*** *for stardom,* writes PAT GERBER, PLACERVILLE, CALIF. *I saw* THE CRIMSON KIMONO *twice and believe me my eyes were glued to this wonderful and handsome actor!* . . . (By actual count, twenty letters of raves over Shigeta this month). . . .

GEORGETTE DAWSON writes snappily from DALLAS, *What's the matter? You haven't panned* ***Marlon Brando*** *as an actor lately?* Can't remember ever panning Marlon as an actor. I think he's great. It's just some of his off-screen antics I find annoying. . . .

That's all this month. See you next month

Louella O Parsons



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Joan Crawford: THAT'S A SWITCH!





■ "I might be a little late for our dinner date tonight," Joan Crawford said as she hurried out the door on her way to the television studio. "I've got a lot of screen tests to take."

Her daughter Christina closed the door after her and wondered, ". . . *Screen tests?*" Her mother, after all, hadn't taken a *test* in years; she was a proven star.

But she, Christina, wasn't proven yet, and if she was going to be on time for her own appointment, she'd better hurry and dress. Her agent had phoned her that she was going to be tested for a leading role.

Mother and daughter met again at dinner that evening, star and starlet. After they ordered, Christina said, "Mother, what was that you said this morning about making a lot of screen tests? I thought you didn't bother any more."

"Oh no, darling," Joan laughed. "*I* was testing the *cameramen.* I did take a screen test, dozens, but I was looking for the best cameraman."

"But tell me, how did *your* day go? Didn't you have an appointment?"

"I did," Christina sighed ruefully. "But I didn't get it."

"Why not?" her mother asked sympathetically.

"They said I wasn't the type."

"Really? What type were they looking for?"

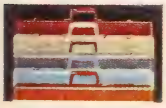
"Well, Mother," Christina giggled, "believe it or not, they wanted a girl who looked like the daughter of a movie star!"

flee!



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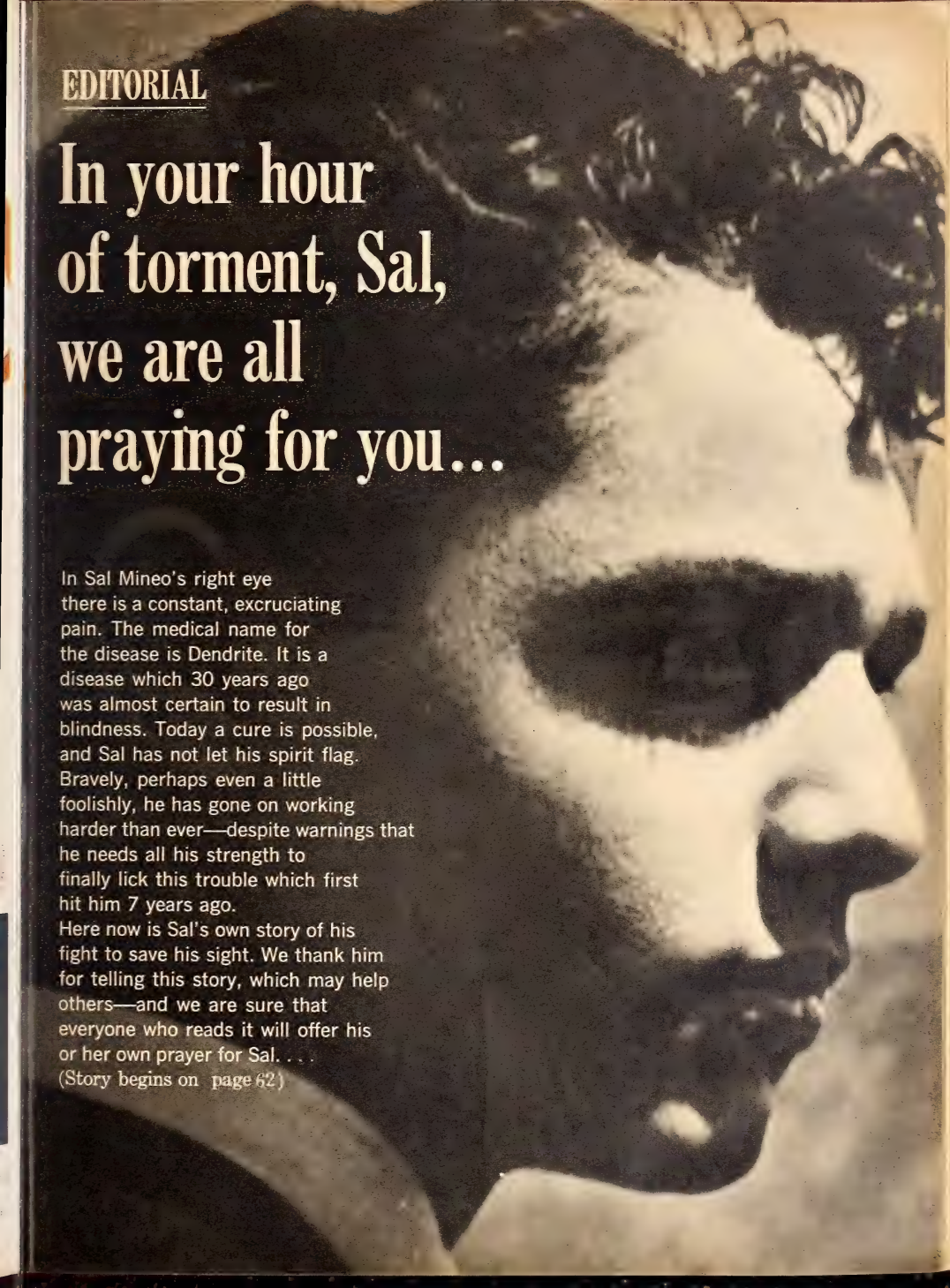
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—"Tanfastic" by White Stag!



creamy white
available everywhere in handy tubes or plastic squeeze-bottles

EDITORIAL

In your hour of torment, Sal, we are all praying for you...



In Sal Mineo's right eye there is a constant, excruciating pain. The medical name for the disease is Dendrite. It is a disease which 30 years ago was almost certain to result in blindness. Today a cure is possible, and Sal has not let his spirit flag. Bravely, perhaps even a little foolishly, he has gone on working harder than ever—despite warnings that he needs all his strength to finally lick this trouble which first hit him 7 years ago.

Here now is Sal's own story of his fight to save his sight. We thank him for telling this story, which may help others—and we are sure that everyone who reads it will offer his or her own prayer for Sal. . . .

(Story begins on page 62)

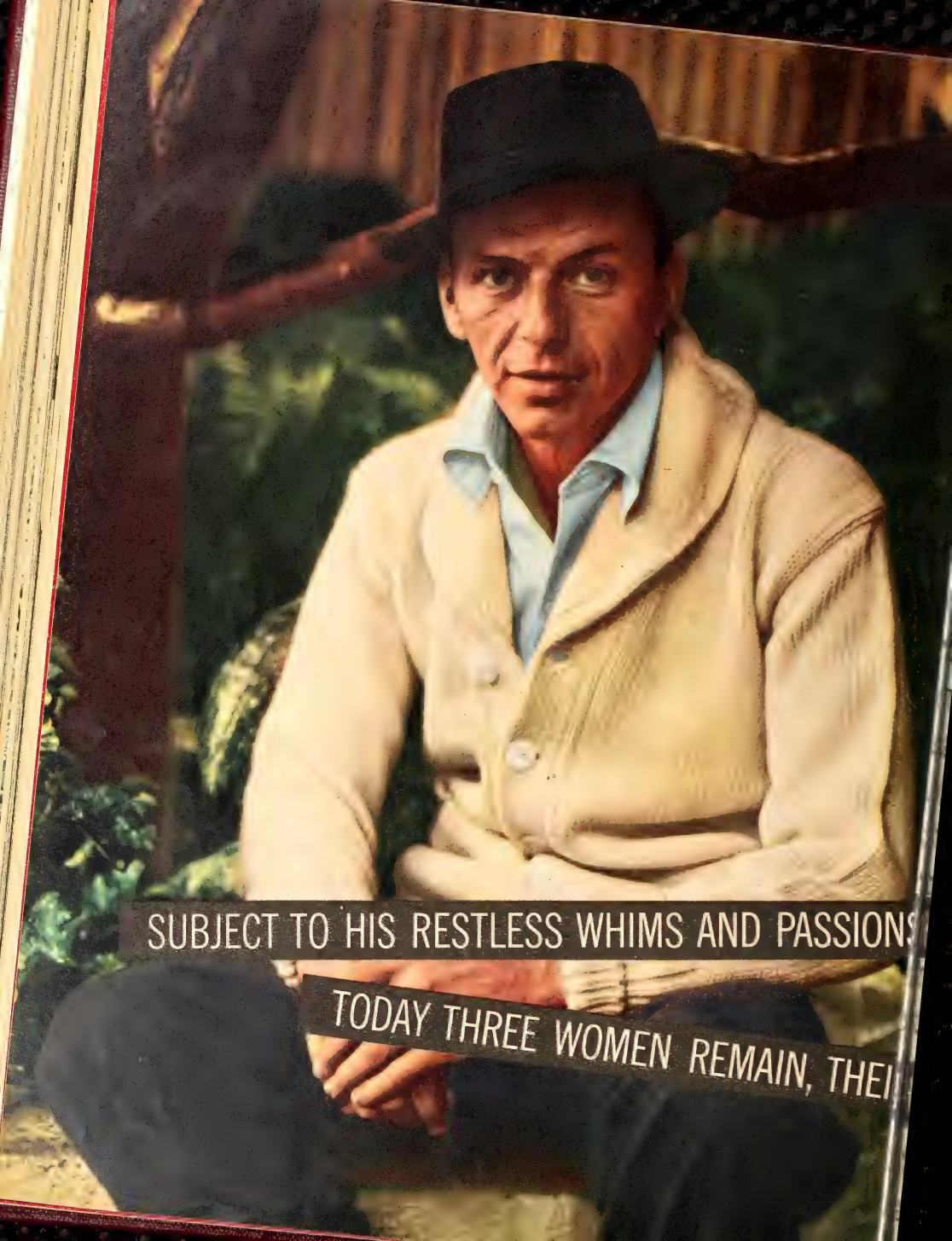


Debbie as a Bride

DARE SHE WEAR WHITE

Before saying no, read the strange miracle of this wedding gown...

When the lovely photographs of Debbie in her new wedding dress arrived, all work stopped at MODERN SCREEN. Artists, writers and secretaries crowded around to look and go *ooh* and *ah*—and then to wonder. "Is Debbie marrying Harry Karl?" more than one person asked. "Is this the dress she'll wear if she does marry him?" "How could she?" somebody asked. "Marry him or not, she's been married before. And a bride doesn't wear white—never, never—when she gets married a second time." The gals around the office continued speculating on the problem, until finally, in order to get them back to work, our managing editor, Sam, called them into his office to give them the inside-inside story— the story behind the wedding dress—and to ask them if, after hearing the story, they still felt that Debbie shouldn't wear white at her wedding. (*Continued on page 68*)


SUBJECT TO HIS RESTLESS WHIMS AND PASSIONS
TODAY THREE WOMEN REMAIN, THEI

ncy Berg...Joan Blackman...Joan Boston
by Buyere...Jeanne Carmen...Leslie Car
rguerite Chapman..."Ezzard Charles"...
ck ...Rosemary Clifford...Marion
an Collins...Peggy Connelly...Jill Cor
tty Cooper...Joan Cra...Bella Dar
oria DeHaven...Marlene Dietrich...Vick
ita ...Lisa ...Shirley A
onda ...Mona Freeman...Betty Fu
a Gabor...Zsa Zsa Gabor...Nancy ...tes.
ta Grable...Gloria Grahame...Joan Gree
pp Hamilton...Beverly Hills...Jennifer
rrie ...Mar...Martha Hyer...
nne Ja...aty...Patti ...eefer
aire K...Grace Kelly...Deborah Ker
i Lansing...Ann Lynch...Jackie Lougher
tty Mack...Ginny Malino...Dorothy Malo
rothy Ma...Ann M
...Judi Meredith...Debbie
ne Neyland...Joyce Nizzari...Kim Novak
uise O'Brien...The Marquesa de Portago
...Ziva Rodann...Carmen Sev
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THE SINATRA WOMEN

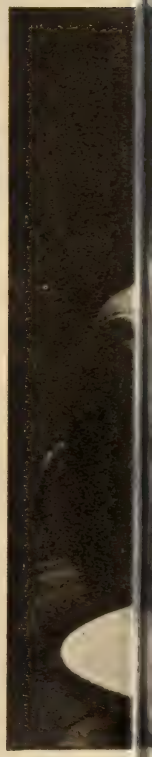
THE SINATRA WOMEN ARE SWIFTLY CAST ASIDE

HEARTS, THEIR VERY LIVES ARE IN HIS HANDS

The Sinatra Women
continued







Nancy Jr., Nancy Sr., Juliet—

THESE WOMEN ARE WAITING, FRANK—THEIR LIVES ARE IN YOUR HANDS



■ This was going to be a big hour for Frank Sinatra. He knew that.

He began by loosening his tie and looking around the living room of his Las Vegas hotel suite.

His ex-wife sat just across from him.

His daughter, Nancy Jr., and Tommy Sands, who'd come with Nancy Sr., sat on a small couch to his left.

"Well," Frank said, after a moment, breaking the silence, "what's the case, and who's the first witness?"

The other three laughed a little, nervously.

"You know what we came for, Daddy," said Nancy Jr.

"I do?" asked Frank.

"I told you on the phone yesterday, from California," the girl said. "Tommy and I—we want to get married."

"And—" Tommy started to say.

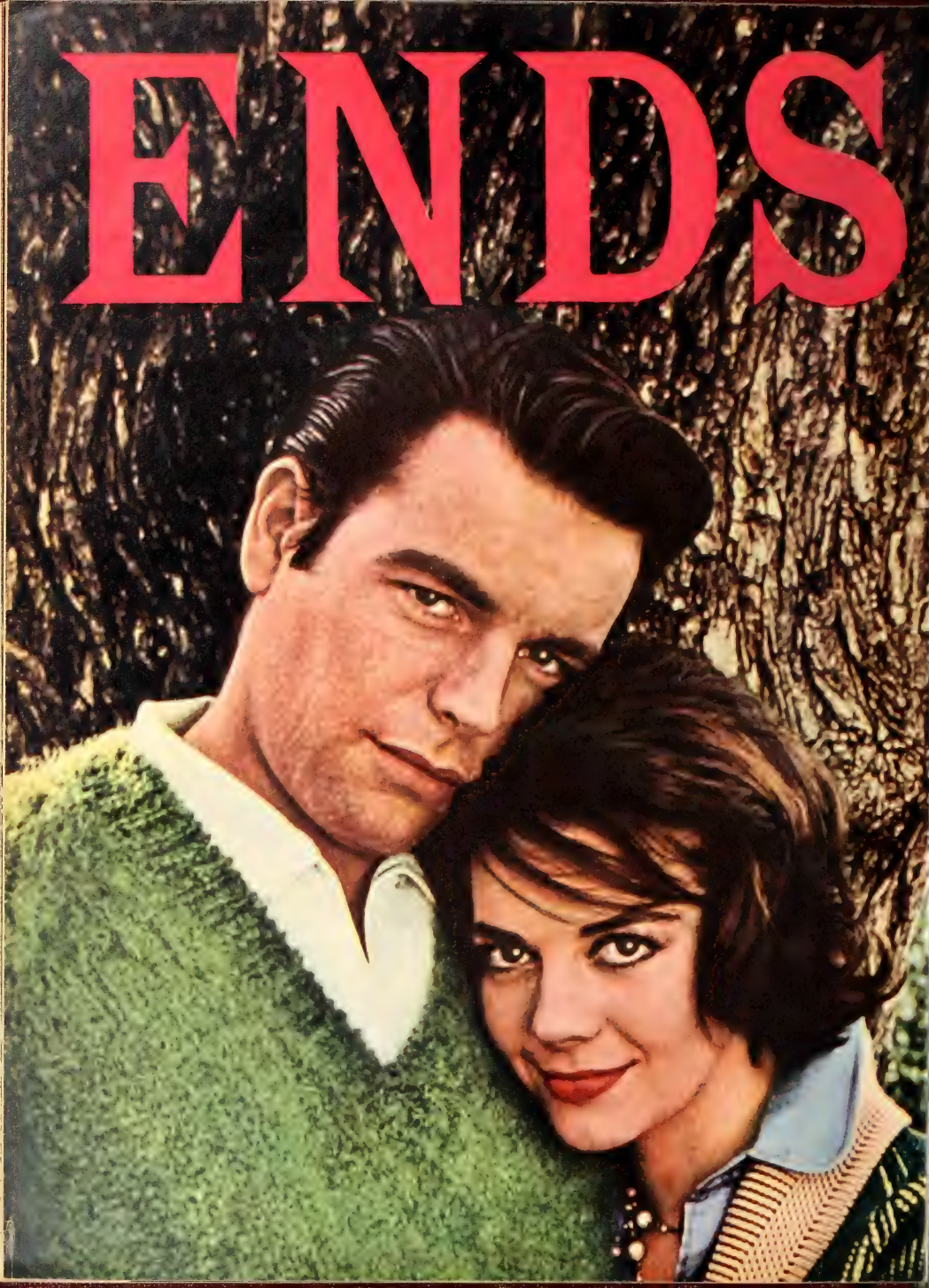
But he gulped and stopped.

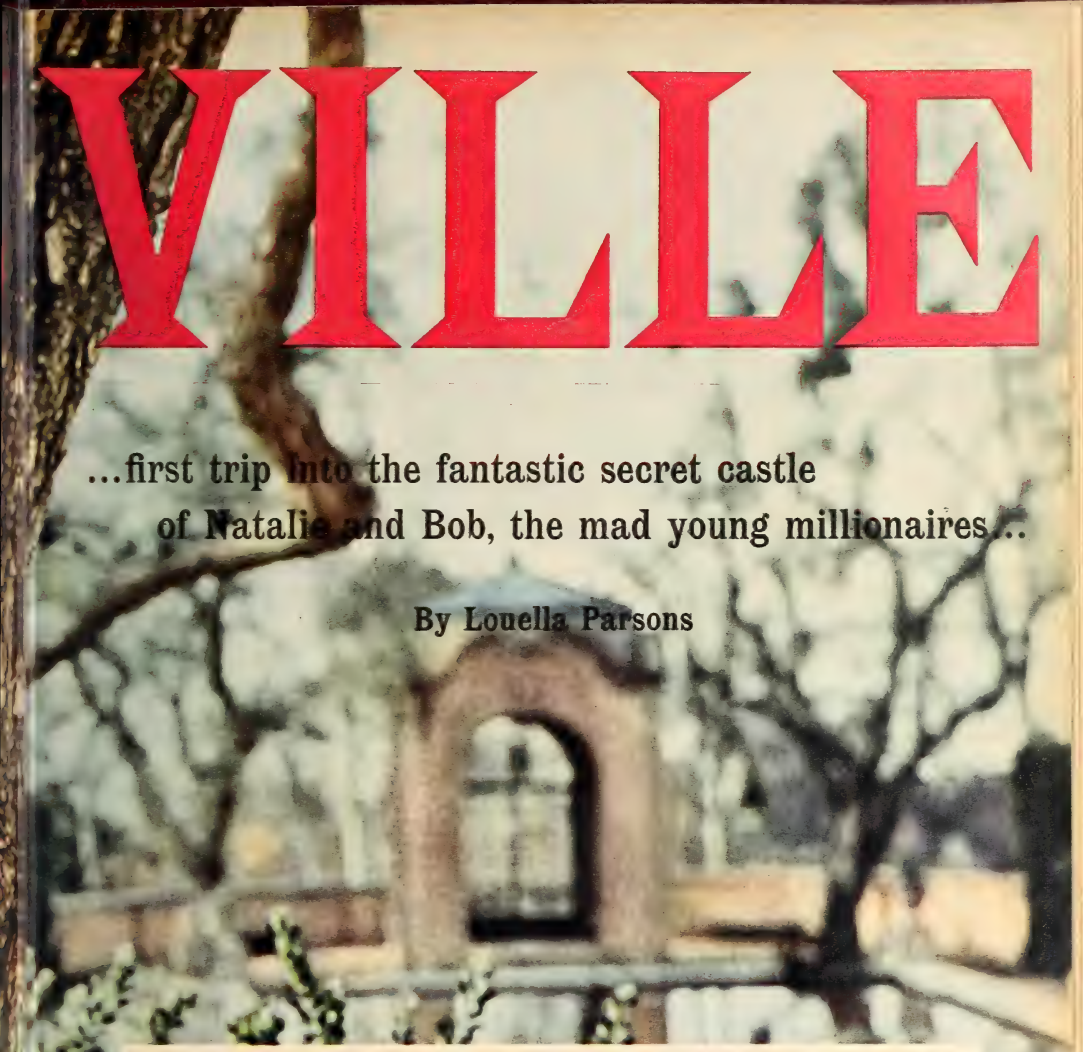
"And," Nancy Sr. took over for him, "they want your permission of course, Frank."

Frank Sinatra nodded, slowly.

"Okay—" he said.

The others (*Continued on page 60*)


ENDS



VILLE

...first trip into the fantastic secret castle of Natalie and Bob, the mad young millionaires...

By Louella Parsons

■ Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have passed their second milestone—having reached two years and two months (as this is written) of marriage with their romantic love still burning brightly, even if she does call him "old R.J." and he calls her "Nat." "How about these so-called difficult first years?" I asked the lovebirds as we sat in the colorful playroom of their elaborate new house—and I mean elaborate! "That first-year stuff is all nonsense," said Bob. "All you have to do is use a little common sense. Why should the first year, even though it is a period of adjustment, be any different from the second or any of the years that follow? Who started this business that the beginning of marriage has to be rough—or that scenes (*Continued on next page*)





"This girl I've known so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her beloved 'old R. J.,' sounded so serious and 'wealthy' I couldn't help but laugh."



ENDSVILLE

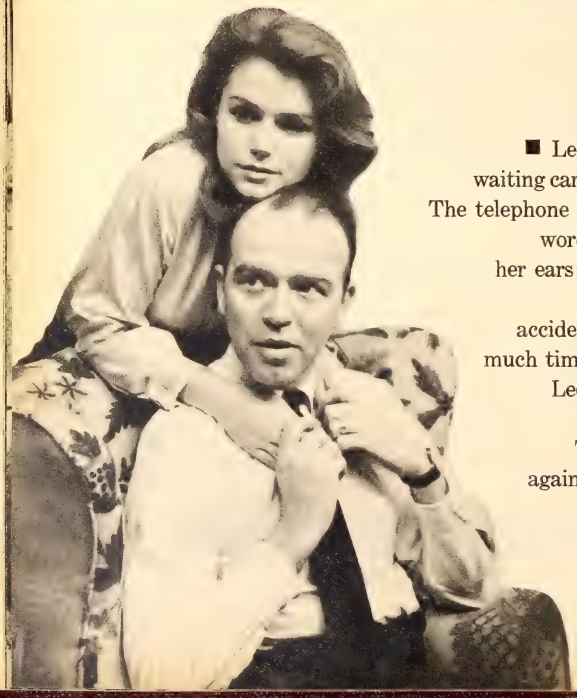
continued

How do you get to Endsville? Well,you take your Rolls-Royce and go by way of the bank. Then ask any ancient Greek. When you see no more beatniks, you're there! You'll know it. It's way out.

or bad temper are to be excused on the grounds of 'Oh, well—it's their first year—they'll get over it.' Why start anything—then you don't have to get over it!" Natalie, who looked like a doll in coral silk slacks that matched the shutters, nodded her dark head in agreement with her husband's philosophic comments. I had accepted the invitation of the Wagners to visit them and have a look at the mansion that the combined salary checks of Natalie and Bob have bought. There is no other home like it in Beverly Hills—or probably anywhere else. What they purchased was an English Colonial. What it will be when they get through with it is something best described by the Wagners. "When the remodeling is complete it will be along the lines of Greek revival," said Natalie knowingly. "Greek revival!" I said, trying not to show my ignorance. "What's that?" "Well," answered Natalie, "our decorator, Dewey Spriegel, says the early Greeks and Italians had the most beautiful homes of all—and livable and perfect for the climate of Southern California. The next time you visit us you won't even recognize the present architecture. By that time towering Grecian columns will front the house, the landscaping will be formal, and there will be a feeling of open spaciousness everywhere." This girl I've know so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her (*Continued on page 58*)

dear God please don't let him see me cry...

The courageous life of Lee Remick



■ Lee Remick rushed from the plane and into the waiting car.

The telephone call of just a few hours ago—those horrible words, those painful words—still buzzed in her ears:

"I'm a doctor. Your husband's been in an accident. He's calling for you. There may not be much time. You'd better come quickly."

Lee had prayed on the plane.

And she prayed now, in the car.

The same prayer. Over and over and over again.

"Dear God in Heaven," she whispered. "Oh God, please don't take him away from me . . . And, please, oh God"—she brought (*Continued on page 73*)



WHEN A GIRL BECOMES A WOMAN....

Sandra Dee's most intimate thoughts on her 18th birthday...

■ The sun came pouring brightly through Sandra's beautiful bedroom on the morning of April 23 and its rays bathed her sleeping figure with a golden glow.

Sandra stirred, then slowly opened her eyes.

Oh, what a beautiful day, she thought. *It couldn't be nicer if I'd ordered it specially.*

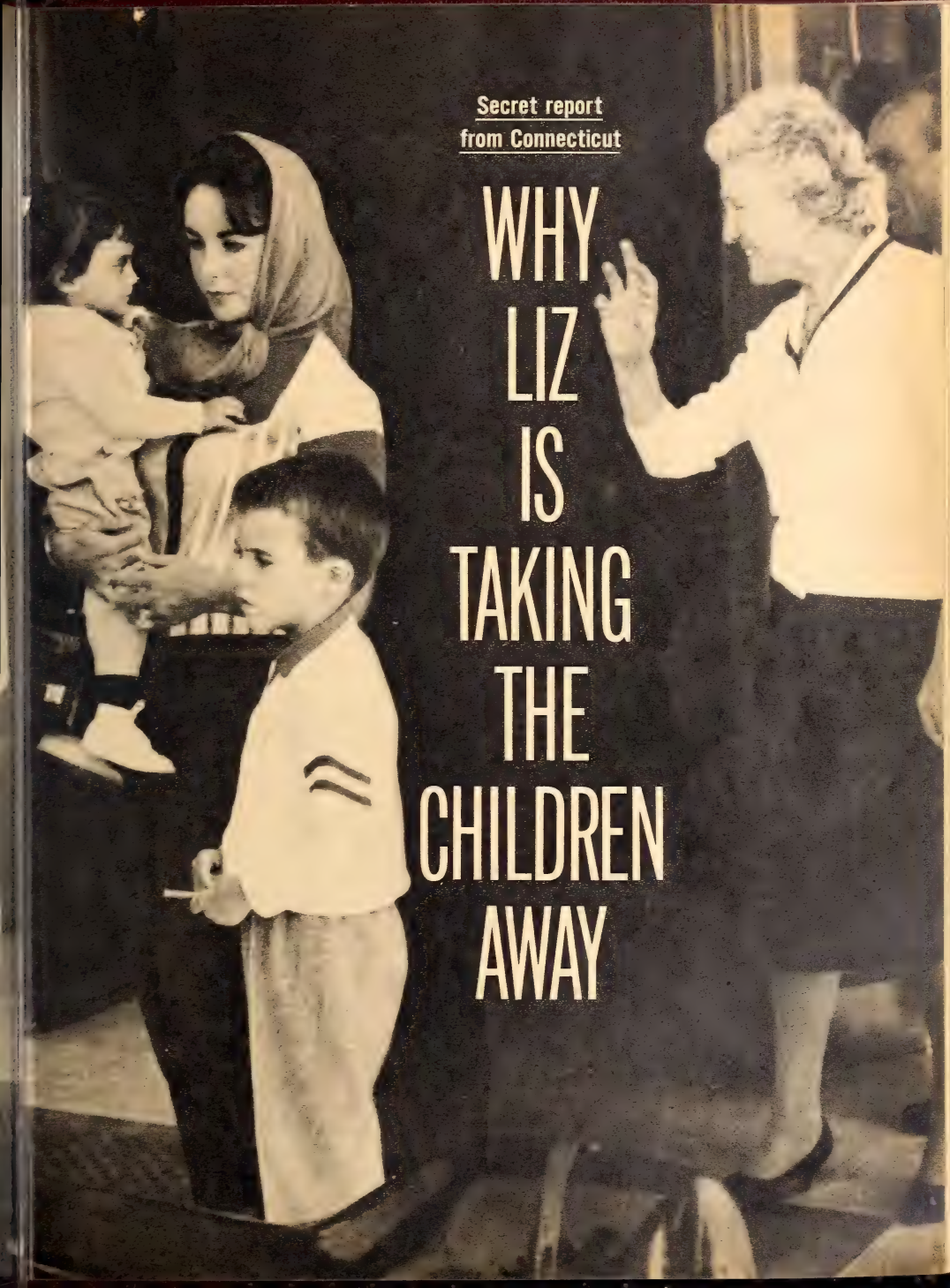
She stretched out luxuriously on her white quilted king-sized bed. She knew she should get up and join her mother for breakfast, but she just wanted to snuggle under the covers a little longer.

When she had retired the night before, she had (*Continued on page 70*)



■ "I want to take the children away," Liz said. Eddie put down his morning newspaper and looked across the table at her with a stunned expression. "What in the world are you talking about?" he said.
"I'm talking about this," she said, walking over to the window of the Park Lane Hotel in Manhattan, and looking down onto the concrete far below, filled with bustling people and traffic.
(*Continued on page 54*)





Secret report
from Connecticut

WHY LIZ IS TAKING THE CHILDREN AWAY

I loved Desi with all my



WHERE DID I FAIL?

Lucille Ball's own tragic story of her marriage

■ Lucy opened one of the huge closets in the master bedroom of her Beverly Hills home, and tears began to mist her eyes. Desi's closet. Once filled with the colorful sport shirts he loved, with the fine custom-tailored suits she had helped him select. Now it was empty. Only that morning the movers had come to pack the clothes and take them away to where Desi was now living. Watching the men walk down the stairs carting the clothes away, Lucille felt as though she were watching them carry away the last visible remains of her marriage.

It had not seemed so final until this moment. Now, suddenly, she saw how very much over it all was. The marriage, the way of life, her dreams and her hopes and her love. That great, overwhelming love she had for Desi that had kept her going for so many years. He was gone. She felt chilly and shivered. She lowered her head and found some slight relief in the tears. They seemed to loosen up the sadness tied up inside of her. The memories, too. . . .

Sitting down weakly on the bed, she closed her eyes, shutting out the present, recapturing some of those wonderful days of the past when she and (*Continued on next page*)

WHERE DID I FAIL?

She gave him children, fame, and twenty years



1. 1940. An actress and a bandleader were married by a judge.



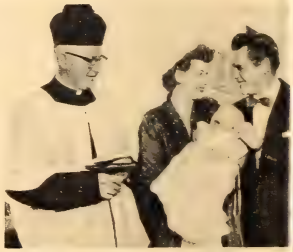
2. Desi was in the Army. The fight he was concentrating on wasn't with the enemy, but with Lucy.



3. The fights got too bad and they separated. Now Lucy dated Peter Lawford.



4. But Desi was the only one she loved. She remarried him in 1949.



5. It seemed they would never have a child, but 1951 brought Lucie Desiree.

Desi were married, before Desi grew cold.

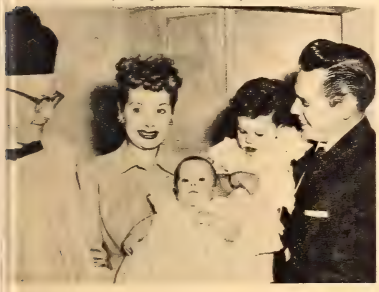
"Where have I failed?" she asked herself. "I loved him so. Did I love him too much . . . ?"

With a slight start, she recalled that several of her friends had accused her of that. It had first been thrown up to her long ago, soon after she and Desi were married. Something a friend had said to her shortly after she and Desi were settled in their first home, an Early American house in the Valley. What was it? Yes, it was that time when she was telling her friend what had happened the night before. She had thought it very delightful, very cute. Everything Desi did was delightful and cute. The friend had come by that afternoon and had noticed how tired Lucy was.

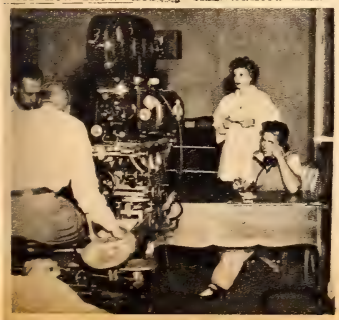
Lucy laughed and admitted that she was tired. "Do you know what happened?" she'd said to the friend. "The funniest thing. In the middle of the night—oh, it must have been around 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning—Desi woke up and said to me, 'Honey, please get (*Continued on page 71*)

of her life – what more could a woman give?

6. 1953 brought a second miracle, the birth of the son they longed for. They named him Desi



7. Lucy fought everybody to get Desi onto her new show—nobody else wanted him.



8. And I Love Lucy became the biggest moneymaker in TV.





9. They bought an entire studio. Lucy gave out the word, "Desi's the boss."

10. She had given him children, wealth, and 20 years of her life.





From Mr. and Mrs. Richard Egan

The story of Trish: our game little premature baby

■ Richard Egan had waited a long time to marry. He was in his thirties when he proposed to pretty Pat Hardy of the moonlit hair and Irish blue eyes.

But once he had carried Patricia over the threshold of his sprawling, modern home in Brentwood, he decided it would be a good idea to get started on a family as soon as nature would permit. "All the playing around's been done," he said. "The bachelor living is over. I want to dig in as a father as well as a husband. I can take care of a family. No sense waiting."

Patricia felt the same way. Every month she hoped to become pregnant. It seemed like forever to her before she had the first indications

that a baby would be on its way. It was the day before Father's Day last year that the doctor gave her the good news. Although bursting to tell Rich, she kept the secret to herself all that day. The following morning, Richard found an elaborate Father's Day card under his coffee cup. "To be cashed in next year," it read, and he almost choked on his toast.

Along with Patricia, he read up on pregnancy and baby books until his tennis cronies began to call him "Doc." Happy plans were made for the baby, due in February.

They'd come home from a big Christmas party at the Walter Wangers' late at night when Patricia began to have cramps.

"It must be the rich food. After all, it couldn't *possibly* be the baby. The nursery isn't ready," she protested with a desperate show of logic.

Something made Richard awaken in the middle of

(*Cont. on page 56*)



Cary Grant and Madlyn Rhue



Childless and discontent, at 56 Cary Grant has dared to submit himself to controversial medical treatment—a mysterious new drug called *L. S. D.* which intensifies the emotions and unlocks hidden desires. Under L.S.D. Cary says he is now ready to fall in love for the first time in his life... Here is the extraordinary account of THE LOVE DRUG

On that most important day of his life, almost two years ago, Cary Grant walked purposefully to his room, closed the door, and sat down to take stock of his life. He had to know, clearly, realistically, what his years had meant to him, and what he felt about his future. Because he was about to make the greatest decision he'd ever made, and no one could help him make the choice. He had never, in his lifetime, felt so alone.

He was past fifty; he was a rich man; he was a star very much in demand, with salary and terms of his own asking; he was adored by women, teen-agers and grandmothers; he was idolized everywhere; he was welcome in palaces and aboard yachts; he was an international symbol of male elegance. Yet all this had brought no happiness, and he was facing it, painfully, now. That suave charmer the fans

(*Continued on page 66*)



ONE LITTLE GIRL AGAINST THE WORLD

by Helen Weller

■ Why was Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter, taken out of Beverly Hills High—out of her grandmother's lovely home in Beverly Hills—out of a 'normal' atmosphere—to be committed to a State institution for wayward girls, El Retiro School? I spoke to many people, including the head probation officer of the County of Los Angeles.

He told me: "There was no one specific incident that made us decide to send Cheryl to El Retiro. She did not commit a specific misdeed. It was only that living in the outside world had become very difficult for her. She was being reminded again and again of that terrible episode in her life (the stabbing) and these reminders were having a terrible effect on her. No one could have taken it, least of all a sixteen-year-old girl.

"Cheryl is a growing girl—sixteen going on seventeen (she will be 17 in July). She is passing through the most difficult years of her life. We felt she could no longer be exposed to the finger-pointing, made directly or indirectly. It might have ruined her forever. Cheryl (*Continued on next page*)

ONE LITTLE GIRL AGAINST THE WORLD *cont'd.*



Mother Lana and current boyfriend Fred May

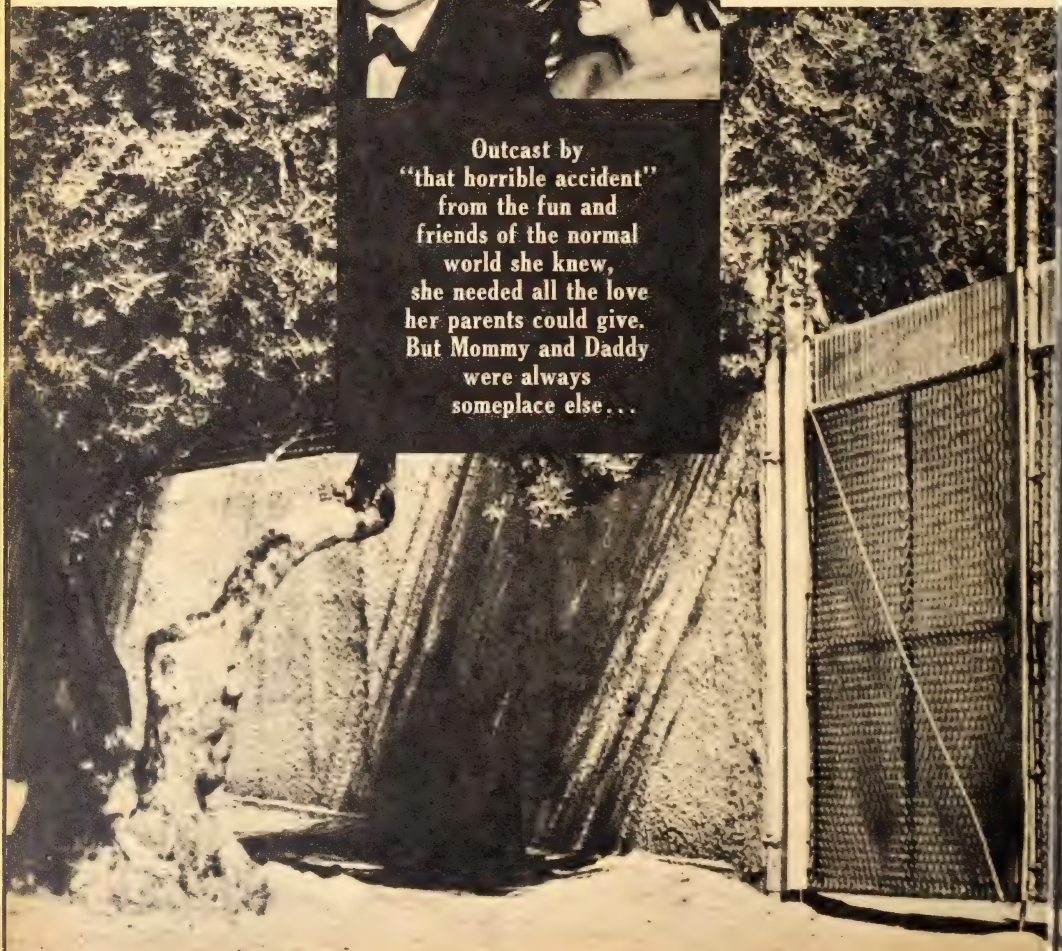


Father Steve Crane and current girlfriend Helen Demaree

Grandmother Mildred Turner



Outcast by "that horrible accident" from the fun and friends of the normal world she knew, she needed all the love her parents could give. But Mommy and Daddy were always someplace else...



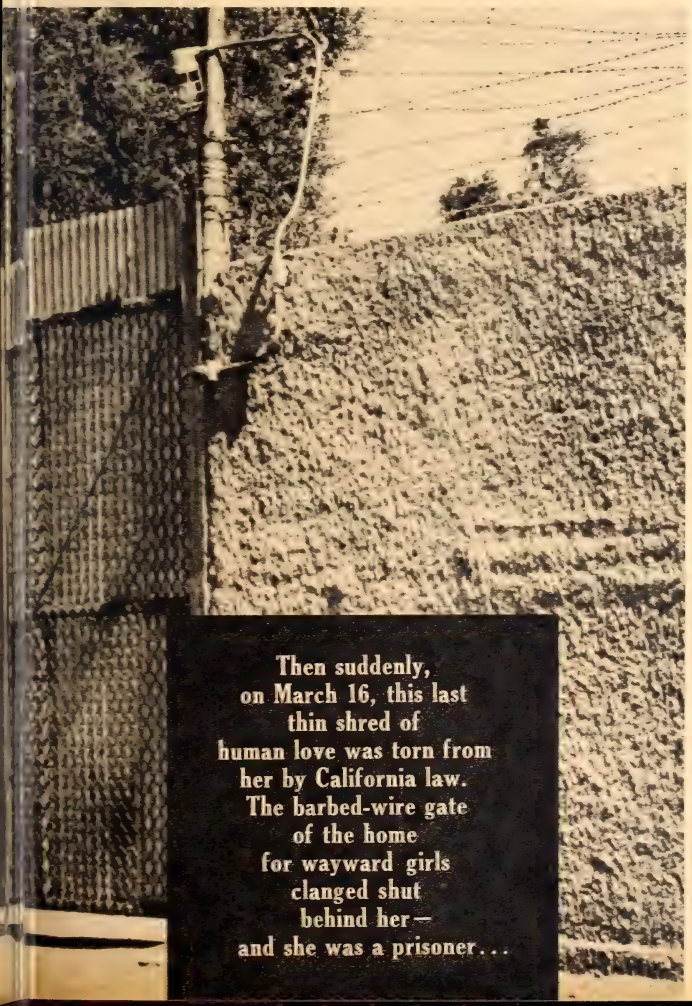
Probation officer
Jeanette Muhlbach

Car-hop
Robert Martin Gunn





**Friendless, homeless,
exiled to grandma's house,
guarded constantly
by a probation officer,
Cheryl escaped at night
to find with car-hop Bob Gunn
affection and solace
no one else could offer...**



**Then suddenly,
on March 16, this last
thin shred of
human love was torn from
her by California law.
The barbed-wire gate
of the home
for wayward girls
clanged shut
behind her—
and she was a prisoner...**

had been completely exonerated by a coroner's jury of the stabbing. She had been cleared by the court of any intent to commit a crime. Because of her youth, she was made a ward of the court. The court placed her in the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Turner (Lana's mother). Everyone tried to co-operate—the grandmother, Lana Turner, the father, Steve Crane and Cheryl herself. We tried it that way. But in the end, it didn't work.

"Cheryl's case has been such an extreme one that the ordinary probationary care couldn't handle it. The slaying she had been involved in had made the front pages for months. We had hoped that permitting Cheryl to live nearly as normal a life as

(*Continued on next page*)

Inside the walls of El Retiro, tall oleander and olive trees create an illusion of peace. Within the rooms, photos, dolls, precious bits of memory, remind each girl of the lost bright world outside.









possible would be a good one for her," the probation officer continued. "So the court allowed her to live with her grandmother. She was permitted to go to a public high school, Beverly Hills High, where she would associate with teen age boys and girls.

"She also had constant sessions with a psychiatrist outside of high school life. Her probation officer, Mrs. Jeanette Muhlbach, met with her very frequently—more times than the probation officer (*Continued on page 64*)





They Do It To Music

It's no secret. Your favorite stars have been keeping in trim, outwitting weight problems, and looking younger every day by exercising to music. Those lovely 36-22-34 dimensions floating before your eyes on the screen aren't always gifts of nature. Almost all of Hollywood's beauties have to work at it—and work hard—to keep their lovely, slim silhouettes. Some struggle with a too-thin problem, a tendency to skinny arms and legs and flat chests. Most, however, must fight the fat bugaboo, just as most of the nation's fair ladies have to. And although they diet to gain or cut down on calories to lose, Hollywood's celebrated stars know the total answer is not merely taking on or sloughing off pounds. Without exercise, flabbiness and saggy muscles result. So, Hollywood exercises. Where? At home, of course. Stars are usually too busy to take time to romp around a gym every day or to maintain a steady salon program. For their daily exercises, they do their calisthenics before breakfast, before going to bed at night. To make it more fun and to get the job done, they do their setting-ups to music. And now, Modern Screen has taken the best of the Hollywood stars' favorite slim 'n' trim exercises and set them to Academy Award winning songs like "Buttons and Bows," "Thanks for the Memory," "Mona Lisa" and many more for RCA's special "Modern Screen Hollywood Method" record album. See samples of these helpful exercises as they appear in the album's accompanying booklet on the next two pages. In addition, the booklet offers a complete calorie counter, purse-size, to clip and tuck away for reference. The photographs below and on the next pages are the same ones used in the album to show you step-by-step performance of each individual exercise set to music. Easy to master, easy to do, Modern Screen's slim 'n' trim exercises will help you keep fit.





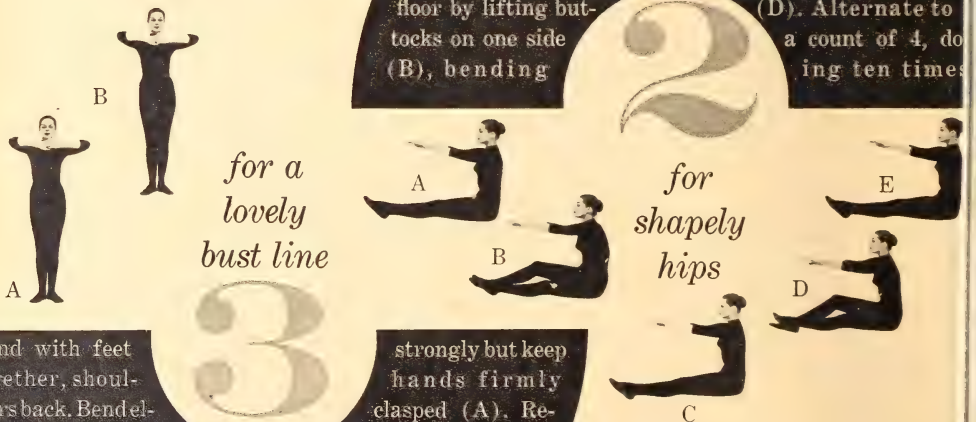
for lovely legs, ankles and thighs

1

Stand with heels together and arms held loosely at shoulder height (A). Rise on toe (B). Bend knees all the way, deeply, and quickly sit on backs of heels (C). Rise up on toes again (D) and return to position (E). Repeat to a count of 4. Do ten times the first try. Increase to 20 later on.

2

Sit on floor, back straight, with arms extended forward at shoulder level (A). Move forward along floor by lifting buttocks on one side (B), bending knee on that side, digging heel into floor and inching ahead, (C). Repeat on other side with other leg, (D). Alternate to a count of 4, doing ten times

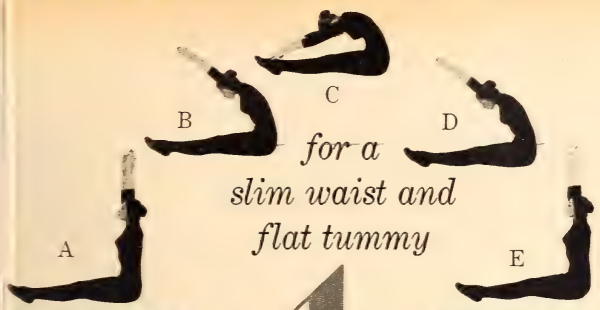


for a lovely bust line

for shapely hips

3

Stand with feet together, shoulders back. Bend elbows and raise arms to shoulder height. Interlock fingers or clasp hands in front of you at eye level. Pull or tug away strongly but keep hands firmly clasped (A). Relax (B). Pull should be felt in arms, shoulders and chest muscles. Repeat pull-and-relax to count of "one-two."



for a slim waist and flat tummy

4

Sit on floor, legs and feet together, back straight, toes pointed. Raise arms high (A). Bend halfway forward (B), reaching toward feet. With the knees, legs held straight, toes still pointed, touch insteps (C). Return to halfway position (D), pausing, then back to start (E). Repeat to count of 4. Do five times first, more later.

These and more helpful exercises, all set to your favorite music, are recorded in Modern Screen's Hollywood Method album, released by RCA Camden Records ($1.98 Monaural, $2.98 Stereo). Instruction booklet, complete with step-by-step pictures, for 12 slim 'n trim exercises, is included with the album. Plus feature: a Modern Screen Hollywood Method complete calorie counter, purse size, to clip and save.





for a pretty chin and throat line

5

Sit cross-legged on floor with hands on hips. Relax. Drop head forward for starting position (A). Roll head to side toward right shoulder (B). Then, slowly drop head forward again (C). Roll head to side toward left shoulder (D). And back to start (E). Repeat to count of 4. Do slowly, evenly, five times.

Why Liz Is Taking the Children Away

(*Continued from page 36*)

Eddie got up and stood beside her and looked, too.

"What do you see?" Liz asked.

"New York—Park Avenue," Eddie said. "Your favorite city—your favorite street. . . . And mine," he added.

"But is this the right kind of place for the *children?*" Liz asked.

Before Eddie had a chance to answer, she went on:

"Eddie, why kid ourselves—it's *not* right for them . . . It's not right, first, that they should be cooped up in a hotel suite most of the time. That when they go out—for a walk up the street, just to get some fresh air and some color in their cheeks—they have to go with a nurse and not with us, or else they may get mobbed . . . That's not right, is it?"

Eddie shook his head. "No," he said.

"And it's not right," Liz went on, "that they live in a place where there's no chance for them to make any friends . . . Who, Eddie, *who* was their best friend these past few months here?"

"Jimmy?" Eddie asked.

"Yes, Jimmy—the bellhop," Liz said. "And what did they do last week when he told them he was quitting, that he'd gotten a better job at the Waldorf. They cried their eyes out for two days, didn't they?"

Eddie nodded.

"And Nature, or the natural life that children love and need, or 'The Outdoor Bit,' whatever it's called," Liz said, "—trees, grass, flowers, grounds to play on, sunshine that doesn't necessarily come through a twelfth-floor window pane . . . they don't get any of that here, do they, Eddie?"

"Huh-uh," Eddie said.

"They certainly do not," Liz said. "And besides"—she bit her lip—"I didn't want to tell you this, I didn't want you to worry. . . . But yesterday, I was standing here, at this window, just looking down. . . . And I saw the children, the three of them coming back from a walk with the Nurse. They were crossing there"—she pointed down to the wide avenue—"and they were halfway across when this taxi came zooming towards them. As if it were out of control. . . . And for a second. . . . And for a second—"

She stopped.

A great idea

"Honey," Eddie said, after a moment, putting his arm around her, "I just had a great idea. . . . What do you say we leave this town and move ourselves up to the country?"

Liz looked up at him.

She smiled first.

And then, she began to laugh.

"Eddie," she said, "a place of our own, in the country—do you know how nice that's going to be? A house, some land, trees, fresh air, a babbling brook—"

"A what?" Eddie asked.

"I've got a mad thing for babbling brooks, all of a sudden," Liz said, "—and that's the one thing I want for *me* . . . All right?"

"Sure," Eddie said. Then he took Liz' hand and led her from the dining room to the breakfast room next door, where the children—Mike Jr., seven; Christopher, six; and Liza, nearly three—were finishing their morning meal.

"Kids—" he called out, "big announcement time!" He told them of his and Liz' decision to look for a place in the country, asked if the idea was okay with them (they okayed it enthusiastically), and then he said, "Now, as long as this is Saturday morning and we've got nothing planned, what do you say we all hop into the car, drive up to Connecticut and have a look around?

"Before we go, though," he added, "one thing more— Since we're all going to have to live in this place we choose, I want to make it clear that the choice has to be by unanimous vote."

He pointed to himself: "I've got to like it," he said.

He pointed to Liz: "Mom has to like it."

To Mike: "You."

To Chris: "You."

And to Liza: "And you—we've *all* got to like it."

"How about Matilda?" little Liza asked, pointing to a pet monkey who'd just toddled into the room. "Does she have to like it, too?"

Eddie bent and hugged the girl. "As long as *you're* there, sweetheart, and as long as we keep buying Matilda bananas, she'll like it, don't worry about that," he said.

The others laughed.

"Okay," said Eddie, looking down at his watch, "I'd better call an agent. . . . Then, half an hour, and we're off!"

He started to leave the room.

He was, in fact, just about out when he turned, once more, to Liz, and asked:

"Babbling brook?"

She winked.

"Or *I* won't vote yes," she said. . . .

Estates and mansions

The agent Eddie had phoned was only too delighted to serve the Fishers, when he realized just who the Fishers were. "Elizabeth Taylor and Edwin Fisher, yes, of course," he said, as he got into the car with them, the dollar signs fairly popping onto his forehead. "And such an adorable little brood of children," he said, glancing towards the back seat. "And a monkey, too," he added, forcing his already forced smile, "—how de-lightful. . . !"

"Now this magnificent estate," he was saying, a little while later, as he showed them all around the first place on his list, "this is a buy I doubt you will be able to resist. It is, in fact, one of *the* great Connecticut showcases. . . . The house—or mansion, as I liked to call it—contains twenty-three rooms, all of them huge, as you can see. You are surrounded by 350 acres of choice land. There is a private lake, a swimming pool, a riding ring—the children will treasure that, eh? And then there are 135,000 spring trees, deer and sheep sheds. *And* the recent addition of a mink ranch—*with* mink, of course."

"Of course," said Liz.

"And how much is this buy?" asked Eddie.

"Ahem," said the agent, clearing his throat. He checked his list. "Exactly $590,-000," he said.

"Wow," said Mike Jr., who happened to be standing close by at this point. "That sure sounds like a lot of money to me . . . And besides, it wouldn't get my vote anyway, even if it were a whole lot cheaper."

"Why not?" Liz asked.

"It's too big," the boy said. "A person could get lost in here, Mom, and it'd take a couple of days to find him, at least, I figure."

"Yeah," said Chris, seconding his brother's motion. "Besides, it's too flat outside. And, long as we're going to move, I want some hills for my bike."

"And," said little Liza, piping up, "me and Matilda don't like it, neither."

"Why not?" asked the agent this time.

"I dunno," Liza said, "*we* just don't like it."

The agent looked from the girl, to her monkey, astounded; then up at Liz and Eddie.

"I guess," said Liz, "that this isn't it—right, Eddie?"

"Right," said Eddie.

"Ahem," said the agent, "so I can see. . . Well," he said then, forcing back his smile again, "we have other places, lots of others to show. The Cranshaw estate—naturally the swimming pool with the lucite cover cost $250,000 alone. The Gruenther estate—one hundred acres, a twenty-one room main house, several ten-room guest houses, two tennis courts, a seven-car garage—only $625,000. The LaSalle estate—ah, the LaSalle estate, with a marvel, a true marvel, a half-acre hothouse, patterned after an actual patch of tropicana in the Hervy Islands, with copra growing, real coconut trees, citrus, orchids—surely the monkey, at least, will appreciate that—with mangoes and guava, papaya and passion fruit—" And on and on he went.

And on and on they all went for the remainder of that morning and part of the afternoon, looking at estate after estate, marvel after marvel, the agent always stating he hoped, ahem, that *this* place was *the* place, his hopes always dashed immediately by the three children who voted everything down moments after he'd finished making his high-class pitch.

The country man

And on and on this might well still be going, weeks later, were it not for the care taker at one of the last places on the agent's list that Saturday afternoon—a very old man, "a country man," as he described himself, "who gets into the act when he's not wanted sometimes, but who can't help trying to help people who need it when he can. . . ."

"Now," he said, getting into the act much to the agent's annoyance, "it looks to me like what you folks are seeking is more intimate place than this here cavern— A place where you can enjoy yourselves, where the kids here 'specially can have a good time.

"Well," he said, "'bout two mile from here is just that place. Smallish. But lovely as you can imagine, with character, and history, and a whole spirit about it that says 'Hello, folks, how are you . . . It sure is nice to see you!' "

"What," asked the agent, "is the name of this estate?"

"Ain't an estate, Mister," said the oldtimer, "and ain't got no name . . . It's just a house I'm talking about."

"And do *you* represent the owner in this transaction?" the agent asked then, beginning to fume.

"Sure," said the oldtimer, "anybody around here wants to show it, does . . . And gets a flat five percent on the sale if he makes it, too."

He turned back to Liz and Eddie.

"Like I was saying," he went on, "it's got a spirit about it, this house. And it's got good solid land around it. And there's room for one and all to have fun, inside and out, smallish as it is. And come the summer, there's this brook down the property apiece—"

"A brook?" interrupted Liz.

"Nothing wrong with having a brook on your property, is there?" asked the oldtimer.

"No," Liz said. "I was just wondering. I mean, does it babble, this brook?"

"Of course it does," said the oldtimer. "Who ever heard of a brook that don't babble?"

He shook his head.

"Now," he said, "I ain't got all day

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK





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New Delicate

stand around here and talk to you people, nice as you seem to be. So if you want to see the house, let's go. If not, it's been a pleasure meeting you . . . Well?"

Liz nodded. "I'd like to see it," she said.

"So would I," said Eddie.

They looked over at the agent. "You don't mind, do you, sir?" Eddie asked.

The agent swallowed hard. "Not at all, Mr. Fisher," he said. "Ahem—as long as there'll be time for me to show you a few other properties I have on my list afterwards."

"Time," said the oldtimer. *"To everything there is a season,* Mister, *and a time to every purpose under the heaven.* That's from *Ecclesiastes.* Means there's plenty of time for you to try to make your commission, for me to try to make mine."

"One-line Bible quoters," the agent muttered, loud enough for everyone to hear.

Ignoring him, the oldtimer clapped his hands.

"Now come on, kids, and you too, monkey," he said, looking down at the little group that had gathered around him these past few minutes. "It'll be too crowded if we all pile into that Caddy there. What I suggest is the big folks follow in the Caddy. And"—pointing to his car, a relic, almost as old as he—"me and the kids and the monkey take my old gal over there and lead.

"So come on, let's go, before I talk myself blue in the face. *Because he that hath knowledge spareth his words.*"

He faced the agent once more.

"One-line Bible quoter, indeed," he said, as Liz and Eddie tried hard to hold in their laughter. . . .

A house that says, "Howdy"

The children hadn't seemed impressed with the house. Or else why would they have barely looked at it before running off somewhere to play?

And the agent—*he'd* even refused to step foot inside the place once he'd seen it, preferring to remain on the porch, "until," as he'd said, "you are ready to rejoin me on our tour of our State's more livable domiciles."

And, to tell the truth, even Liz and Eddie were sorry they'd said they'd look at the house at first because, well, because it was, now that they saw it, a very plain old house that might have been very lovely in its day . . . a couple of hundred years ago . . . but that certainly had little to recommend it now.

In fact, it was only the oldtimer who seemed to be impressed with the whole thing; who, as he proudly showed the Fishers around, seemed to become nearly transported by something wonderful that neither Liz nor Eddie, much as they tried, could somehow really put their finger on.

"Just look," he said at one point, as the three of them entered a first-floor room which, he pointed out to them, was the kitchen. "Have you ever seen anything more homey? . . . Naturally, it's a bit old-fashioned. And those brown walls don't help any. And, anyone who moves in is going to have to spend a few dollars to get rid of that old ice-box there and change that sink and make some replacements. But I mean, folks, have you ever seen a room in your life that said, 'I'm a real *kitchen,* folks'—like this one does?"

"No," Liz and Eddie both had to admit, "we haven't."

"And," said the oldtimer, showing them the living room, "sure there's a few cracks in the walls here—but plaster 'em up and paint 'em over and they won't bother you no more. And *that* done with, can you imagine what this room could be like—the beauty of it, the honest-to-goodness beauty of it?"

"No," both admitted again.

For the next half hour or so, the oldtimer continued showing them through the house . . . carefully, slowly . . . not missing a thing . . . showing them the upstairs, the downstairs, the cellar, the attic . . . apologizing at times for some of the obvious imperfections, but assuring them that with a few changes those imperfections could be easily corrected.

"Well," he said, when the grand tour was over, "—how do you like it?"

Neither Eddie nor Liz answered. They'd been whispering between themselves all during the tour—wondering just how they were going to tell this good old man that they couldn't possibly take the place.

When the old man smiled, suddenly, and said, "I know, it fairly takes your breath away, the whole thing—don't it?

"And—" he started to say.

But he stopped, as the front door opened and as the children—Mike Jr. and Chris and Liza, with Matilda—came running into the room.

"Mommy . . . Eddie—we just voted yes," shouted Mike, excitedly. "This is the place we want to take."

"You what?" Eddie asked.

"Mike, children," Liz said, "you haven't even *seen* the house yet."

"That doesn't matter, Mommy," Mike said.

"No," agreed Chris.

"No," said Liza.

"You see," Mike explained, "when we were playing before, the three of us and Matilda, we saw a house next door, through the trees. So we decided to go have a look at it. We thought it might be haunted or something—like this one looked . . . And guess what?"

"It was?" asked Eddie, grinning at them.

"Nooooo," said Mike. "There were people living there. Real live people. A mommy, and a daddy—and a whole bunch of kids."

"Three boys," said Chris.

"And a girl," said Liza.

"That's right," Mike said. "And do you know what?"

"I can guess," Liz said, sighing. "You all started to play together."

"That's right," the children said.

"And you had lots of fun," said Liz.

"That's right."

"And," said Eddie now, "it felt good having other kids to play with."

"That's right."

"And—you told them we might buy this house here, next door, and that if we did, then you could be their friends and play with them lots and lots more times."

"Oh no," said Mike Jr., shaking his head. "We told them"—he looked down suddenly and said the rest softly—"that we already did buy it . . . and that we're going to move in."

Chris and little Liza looked down now, too.

"That's—right," Chris said. "That's what we told them."

"Because," said Liza, "they liked us—and Matilda—so much."

Liz and Eddie turned and faced one another.

"Oy," said Eddie.

"Double oy," said Liz.

"It's really a nice place, like I told you," the oldtimer said at this point. "All you need's a couple of coats of paint and a little fixin' here and there—"

Liz and Eddie said nothing, not for a long, long while.

No one did, in fact.

Not until Mike Jr., obviously sorry for what had happened, walked over to his mother and Eddie and started to say, "If you want us to change our votes—we'll understand. Honest, we will."

Liz looked up from her son, and back over at Eddie. "How about it?" she asked. *"I'm* getting to like it"—she gulped—"little by little."

"I am, too," said Eddie, slowly.

"Sold!" shouted the oldtimer, suddenly.

"S-sold?" asked Liz and Eddie, stuttering in perfect unison.

But their question, their stuttering, were drowned out by the happy shouts and laughter of the children.

And so—laughing themselves, finally—did Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher realize that they had just bought themselves a house in the country. **END**

Eddie and Elizabeth both appear in BUTTERFIELD 8, *for MGM. Liz is also in* CLEOPATRA *for 20th Century-Fox.*

The Story of Trish

(*Continued from page 42*)

the night. When he discovered that Patricia wasn't in bed he got up and found her lying on the living room floor, curled up in pain. "It's false labor. It will go away. Don't bother the doctor at this hour, please. . . ."

Richard sat down to keep her company, and took out the book on pregnancy they kept handy. Opening to a certain chapter, his eyes on the book, he asked her casually: "Do you have a pain now?"

"Yes."

A few minutes later.

"And one now?"

"Yes."

Richard jumped up.

"Holy smoke, that's not false labor. You're about to have your baby, darling. That's what the book says here."

"That's ridiculous, darling," said Patricia weakly. "It can't be. . . ."

By this time Richard was on the phone talking to Dr. Aaberg.

Happy hearts and empty arms

The doctor ordered Richard to take her to St. John's in Santa Monica immediately. He bundled her up in the brand new mink coat he had given her for Christmas only the day before. Driving to the hospital, he tried to whistle to prove how calmly he was taking the whole thing. The whistle stuck in his throat. Patricia put her hand on his. "Don't worry, darling. I'll be all right. You'll see. They'll send me right home. It just can't be. Not for two months. . . ."

She was rushed into the labor room immediately. An unutterably lonely feeling overwhelmed her as she lay there waiting for the ordeal of bringing her baby into the world. Suddenly. she felt a hand—a large, firm hand—reach for hers. Richard's. She looked up at him foggily and smiled. "I'm with you, honey," he said, his own voice slightly shaky. "I'll be right here."

Expectant fathers are not ordinarily permitted in the labor room. Richard had asked Dr. Aaberg to be allowed in. The doctor hesitated, but only for a moment. "Okay, Rich. I can tell when a man can be sent into the labor room. Go on in."

If Patricia needed Richard beside her as she faced the moment of giving birth, she needed him even more after the baby was born.

A beautiful baby girl with black hair and exquisite doll-like features, but she was a premature baby, and like most "preemies," her tiny life wavered. She

was taken from Patricia and placed into the incubator immediately.

There was, at first, the great anxiety shared by Richard and Patricia as to whether their baby would survive. After the first night, baby Patricia Marie was given a good chance. There remained the added anguish for Patricia of lying in bed in the hospital and hearing the happy noises in the corridor when the other babies were brought by the nurses to their mothers, while her own baby remained in the incubator. Patricia's arms felt intolerably empty and her body hungered for the feeling of her baby pressed close to her.

Richard was with her as much as the hospital would allow. The card on the three dozen long-stemmed roses he'd sent Patricia brought tears to her eyes: *To my darling wife—a game little girl. And to that game little girl of ours. I love you both.* He'd look in on the baby through the glass window of the incubator and rush back to Patricia's room to give her reassuring accounts of the baby's progress.

"She's gained weight, I swear it. She's a knockout," he told her, and Patricia's face began to brighten. "She even recognized me. She absolutely did. Looked smack into my eyes and winked straight at me."

The house seemed strangely quiet when Patricia came home from the hospital. The baby had to remain in the hospital nursery until she had gained the proper weight.

"It's funny," Richard remarked the first morning Patricia was home, "we've lived here for a year and a half, and suddenly it seems so empty without the baby."

Mornings he would hang around the gay yellow bassinette, peering forlornly inside. "Can't wait till that little doll's in this," he'd say.

It was on a morning that they were planning to sleep late that the phone rang. They'd stayed up late the night before at a party. Richard had insisted that Patricia go to the party. It had been three weeks since the baby was born, and Patricia had been moping around the house. Richard himself found it hard at times to pretend he wasn't worried. At the party they'd deliberately been the last to leave in order to forestall facing the emptiness in their own hearts.

Sunday special

Richard was groggy when he answered the phone that early Sunday morning. Suddenly he sprang to life. "You mean *this* morning . . . ?"

Patricia knew before he told her, what the call was about. Only one bit of news could have made Rich spring up so happily and exclaim, "It's a wonderful day today—a wonderful, wonderful day."

He strode into the hospital, his chest bigger, as he announced, "I've come to get my daughter."

Since they had both agreed they didn't —*definitely* didn't—want a nurse to take over the care of their baby, Patricia insisted upon sleeping in the same room with the baby. Rich found her making up the bed in the nursery.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"I'll sleep here in the nursery with her so that you won't be disturbed in the middle of the night."

Rich looked hurt.

"The baby will sleep in *our* room with *us*," he announced. "I don't care if she keeps me up all night. I don't want to miss one minute of my baby. I've missed enough time. . . ."

In the middle of the night Pat woke to the soft chuckling sounds of the baby. By the dim light of the night lamp she saw Richard sitting in the rocking chair, singing softly to the baby cupped gently in the cradle of his arms.

He not only takes pictures of Trish in every position, asleep, awake, on her tummy or on her back playing with her toes, he also has his tape recorder going something like twenty-four hours a day picking up every sound she makes.

He holds the baby in the crook of one arm and carries on the most amazing conversations with her.

"Now see here, young lady," he says seriously, "when you start seeing one young man in particular, I'd like you to let your old man in on it. I won't interfere, you understand, if it's the right thing, but I can't have a daughter of mine going with just any guy. . . ."

Trish looks up at him very soberly out of round blue eyes and emits knowing gurgles.

"She knows what I'm talking about, all right," he boasts to Patricia. "This little tootsie roll knows exactly what her old man is saying. She's a very intelligent baby. . . ."

He moves her bassinette into his dressing room as he shaves, and father and daughter continue their profound conversations, with Richard making big talk about the coming presidential election and the stock market, and Trish responding with delighted chortles.

Patricia Egan is a very happy woman. She looks at the baby held so securely in the crook of Richard's arm and says, "There's the other woman in my home. And it's pretty obvious why she arrived ahead of schedule: she just couldn't wait to be hugged and kissed by Richard Egan!"

END

Richard can now be seen in A SUMMER PLACE, *Warner Bros.*



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Cuticura *Squeeze Bottle* SHAMPOO

Wonderful new way to wash your hair!

Endsville

(Continued from page 31)

beloved "old R.J.," sounded so serious and "wealthy" I couldn't help but laugh.

"Well, get *you, both* of you," I chuckled. "When did this love of elegance crop up?"

"It really hasn't *cropped* up," Natalie smiled. "Both Bob and I love beautiful things, we always have—and we can afford them. This is our first home and nothing is going into it that we do not love and value."

"But I've always thought of you as so practical, Natalie," I pursued.

Up spoke R.J. "But who says valuable and beautiful things aren't practical? Look at today's market for paintings and objets d'art."

"All right, all right—I give up," I conceded. "From now on just tell me about the lovely things you are getting—you've *sold* me!"

"This room," went on Natalie, indicating the playroom where we were sitting, "is the only one completed. It's to be the only informal room *in* the house."

Certainly, sheer comfort and hospitality dominated this large room. The color scheme of the large chairs are beige, pale green and coral, each chair having its own ottoman. The fireplace has been resurfaced with travertine. "And there's always a fire crackling there—whether it's warm or not," said Natalie, the proud home-maker.

One whole wall is taken up by a built-in television, built-in radio and an elaborate hi-fi set. An opposite corner is occupied by a poker table and chairs. The complete effect is of color, comfort and hominess, including the enormous coral divans with multi-colored pillows.

Said Bob, "There's nothing in here we can't either lie on or put our feet on."

"Just remember that," laughed Natalie. "But please come now and let us show you the rest of the place and how it is going to be."

Visualize the rest of the house

We crossed the black and white marble entrance hall to a large high-ceilinged formal living room which was bare of furniture.

"But visualize this," said Natalie almost bursting her buttons with enthusiasm. "Deep white rugs will be placed over part of this black and white marble floor. The fireplace, too, will be black and white marble. The walls will be stark white and the furnishings of vivid lipstick red and dulled gold."

The words were literally tumbling out of Natalie as Bob stood by proudly seconding her happiness.

"One thing that should interest you particularly," went on the tiny Mrs. Wagner, "are the wrought iron gates which will be gold-leafed and open from the hall into this room. They were purchased from the San Simeon estate of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Also, the really beautiful crystal chandelier which will center the living room. Bob and I treasure these things so much, coming from the estate of such a great man who loved beauty so much that his former home is now one of the art show places of the world."

What a tug at my heart it was to remember the magnificent San Simeon and the many happy hours and days I spent as the guest of my former boss, the great W.R. Hearst. I think Mr. Hearst would be pleased to know that even a few of the treasures he had searched the world for had come into the possession of these two young people who love them and value them so highly.

Adjoining the living room, I could see an open, walled-in section which had already begun to be planted with beautiful foliage and unusual blooms. I ventured, "Is that a *lanai*?"

Bob burst into laughter and squeezed my hand. "Well, it's the Grecian equivalent of a *lanai*, and that's good enough. It's actually an integral part of what will be an indoor-outdoor garden room. During the warm weather months—it will always be opened. For the cold weather there is an enormous glass door closing it off but not shutting it out. In addition to the planting we have two Greek statues with orchids blooming at the base which go there."

In spite of my promise to be good, I just couldn't help gasping: "But all this must be costing a *fortune*!"

Natalie and Bob slipped their arms around each other and turned beaming faces on me. "Not a cent more than our business manager, Morgan Maree, has okayed," they chorused practically in unison. "He must think what we are doing is okay because he won't usually give a nickel where a nickel isn't due. Not even for our allowances."

Natalie started back toward the playroom. "There's no need to take you on a tour of the second floor—not enough to show you. But our room is going to be in all shades of red from the most brilliant to the palest pink. And our bed is a masterpiece—it's eight feet wide and the backboard is a 15th Century hand-carved gold frame, another treasure from the estate of San Simeon."

The bedroom, in fact the entire back of the house, overlooks the only salt water swimming pool in all Hollywood!

Natalie, the hostess

Once more seated in the comfortable chairs of their "one room" ready-to-use, Bob stretched his legs out toward the fire as Natalie gave a gesture to bring in hors d'oeuvres and the makings for cocktails.

Taking the platter of appetizers from the maid, she served me and Bob, herself, after taking a good first look that they were prepared as she wanted them.

I couldn't help but be impressed by what a good and thoughtful young hostess Natalie is. It was a new angle to her personality and I'll admit I liked her new dignity and pride.

She must have caught my thought for she said suddenly, "I hope you don't think Bob and I have been bragging. Far from it. Bob, of course, has always had a very nice home when he was growing up and living with his parents. But having all these beautiful, exquisite possessions is all so new to me. I'm so appreciative of everything—I hope it doesn't sound like boastfulness."

"It doesn't," I quickly assured my big-brown-eyed young friend.

She went on, "As you know, after we were married we first lived in Bob's bachelor apartment, later in my small apartment, and than on our boat—and having this wonderful, wonderful place just seems like a dream come true to us."

"You wouldn't be human if it didn't," I assured both of them. "Imagine being young and so in love and having so much which you've built together. It's been a charmed marriage, hasn't it?"

"It's been wonderful from the moment I slipped that wedding ring on Nat's finger," Bob said seriously; "But it isn't true that we haven't had some rough spots. Not between *us*, you understand—but during our first year of marriage Nat was having serious career trouble."

He referred to the year Natalie was on suspension at Warner Bros. and she could not accept any outside pictures.

Bob went on, "It's a curious thing and I doubt if many people realize it—but at that same time when Natalie was out of work, I was working. Then there was a period when I had a long wait between pictures. There were moments when we were worried.

"But instead of our career troubles making a wedge between us—they brought us closer together."

Natalie interrupted, "I can't imagine being married to anyone who hasn't the same interests. I never accept a script without having Bob read it and he has never agreed to do a picture without getting my advice. We both make suggestions and while we don't always agree—each listens attentively to the other."

This Garden of Eden

"Don't you ever have any good old fashioned quarrels?" I laughed. There must be some disturbing element in this luxurious Garden of Eden.

"Seriously, not many," Bob answered. "If you want to know the truth we're always too busy to let personal differences disrupt our lives."

Natalie seemed on the verge of saying something but Bob reached out his hand, patting hers. "I just want to say this: I believe that the woman is the most important facet in married life. She sets the pattern. She makes the home and the social life. And in our particular case, she is a full business partner.

MARILYN MONROE'S

Untold Story

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"I'm a lucky man to have a wife who is so beautiful and who has a wonderful disposition as well. You can't be around Natalie for any length of time and feel discouraged or blue. Whether she is actively conscious of it or not, she has a great philosophy of life. She believes that anything that happens to you is enriching—and that goes for the bad spots as well as the good ones. Add to this her sense of humor and, well—you have a mighty fine girl."

A world of affection

It had been, for Bob, a long "speech." He looked a bit sheepish because Natalie and I had been listening to him so intently. But I knew Natalie was deeply touched. She was absolutely glowing. But what she *did* was typical.

She threw a pillow at him and said, "Oh, old R.J. How you go on." But what a world of affection there was in that gesture and that remark!

It was such a nice sentimental moment that I was really being facetious when I said, "And does all this 'togetherness' go for when you are working together on a picture?" The young Wagners had just

npleted their first co-starring stint in *The Fine Young Cannibals* at MGM. 'Yup!" they both laughed, a la Gary pper.

'What about your boat? Are you still at-crazy?" I wanted to know.

The Wagners had practically existed on b's boat before and right after their rriage. But they said they had sold the at.

Natalie said, "We still love the water and ats. But we couldn't have both the boat d the house. And the house means so ch more."

Bob laughed, "But we're playing it art. We have good *friends* who have ats! We're usually available for their ek-end invitations."

Among their waterfront pals are Claire evor and her agent husband Milton en who have a lovely home on popular o Isle. The Wagner boat used to be ored next to the Bren boat and through ir mutual love of the water the couples ame good friends.

'Claire's an excellent artist, too," Natalie d me. "She recently completed an oil of b that is really very good. We're hang- it right *there*," she said, pointing to the ace over the fireplace.

Bob said, "Well, go on. As long as we're ting our hair down to Louella tell her at else we have acquired in the line of ntings."

Like a small girl listing off her most zed Christmas or birthday presents, talie obliged. "Bob just surprised me th an original Vlaminck—a really beau- ul thing, I'm so proud of it."

'And then, we enjoy the new young ists. There is Walter Keane, a new nter Nat likes very much. We went on buying spree and bought several paint- gs of his. Both he and his wife are artists. prefer the wife's work, Natalie prefers ane's paintings of children—so we set- d this difference of opinion by buying veral of each!"

Said Natalie archly, "Good investments the future, you understand?"

understood. I also understood that these o, "old R.J." and his Nat are two very ppy people in this frequently unhappy wn.

slipped my arms around Natalie's slen- r shoulder as they walked to the door th me. She's such a little thing.

'How much do you weigh?" I asked rs. Wagner.

'Ninety-four pounds, five-feet-two and es of—brown!" she chuckled, paraphras- g the old song. And Bob was about to n her in a slight duet when there was e loudest sound of barking I ever heard tside a kennel. Apparently, other "mem- rs" of the Wagner family had heard ir masters' voices raised in song and cided to join in.

Sure enough, as Bob opened the door, in aped, jumped and skidded a tiny toy odle and a big Labrador retriever, both mping all over Natalie and R.J. in sheer light.

Above the yelps and din, I heard Bob y that Bing Crosby had given them the triever. I didn't get much of a chance to ally view either pooch, including Mr. osby's gift, as dog-like, the animals were w making a race track of the entire wer floor chasing each other, then run- ng back to leap toward Bob or Natalie. My parting shot was, "Is this house ever ing to be so elegant that these dogs can't me in?"

'*Never!*" said Mr. and Mrs. Robert agner who, you can be sure, are going have a *home* as well as a mansion to e in.

END

Nat and Bob star in ALL THE FINE YOUNG NNIBALS, *for MGM.*



The Sinatra Women

(Continued from page 27)

began to smile. "—Like I said," he went on, "who's the first witness then?" He looked straight at Tommy as he said that. "A father-in-law to be, *if* that's what I'm going to be, he's got to ask some questions first before he makes up his mind, doesn't he?"

"Sure," Tommy whispered, a very hoarse whisper.

"Okay," said Frank. He paused. Then he asked: "Do you love my little girl here?"

"Oh yes sir . . . Frank . . . Mr. Sinatra," Tommy said, sitting forward on the couch, reaching for Nancy Jr.'s hand. "I love her. I sure do love her."

Frank stared at the boy.

"How much?" he asked.

"With all the love that's in me," Tommy said. "Practically ever since the first time we met, I—"

Frank brought up his hand. "Whoaaaa," he said, "and tell me about that; the first time you met, Mr. Sands. The story, if you please."

That first meeting

"Well . . ." said Tommy, clutching at Nancy Jr.'s hand, ". . . I was singing at the Cocoanut Grove and a gang of young people came by one night and I went over to their table to say hi. Nancy here was one of them. I don't remember exactly any more if we said more than five words to each other then, at that time.

"But," he said, "I do remember that when I went back to the bandstand to do my next song, I couldn't take my eyes off Nancy. And she couldn't seem to take them off me . . . At least, that's what I imagined."

"You were right, Tommy," Nancy said. "I couldn't."

"Well," Tommy went on, "well, as soon as I finished singing, the group Nancy was with got up and left. And I didn't see her again for a long while—not until Thanksgiving time.

"Then, around that time, I met a pal of mine, fellow named Buddy, who'd been with the group that night back at the Grove. I happened to mention Nancy to him. 'Seems like a nice girl,' I said.

"Buddy said, 'You been thinking about her all this time, from that one night you said hello?'

"I said yes.

"And he laughed and said, "Well, don't waste your time, pal. She's going steady.'

"I've got to admit this made me a little sore—the way he laughed. And so I said, 'Who's wasting time? I only said she seemed like a nice girl. I didn't say I wanted to marry her.'

"'Okay, okay,' Buddy said, 'take it easy—I just wanted to clue you in, to make sure you knew the score.'

"Well, about a month passed after that. The worst month of my life, I guess. I don't know how to describe it exactly, except that I was lonely. I felt empty inside me, like there was something important. I know now it was love. But even then I wasn't sure. . . ."

He looked over at Frank again.

"Go ahead," Frank said.

"And then, one day, who do I run into again but this fellow Buddy, who says, 'Say—did you hear about Nancy Sinatra? She's not going steady anymore.'

"That simple.

"She—is—not—going—steady—anymore.

"And the rest of the day it was like a new song in my head, the lyrics spinning over and over again in my brain.

"*You* know how it is with some lyrics, how they keep spinning up there?"

Frank pursed his lips, and said nothing.

"Well," Tommy said, reaching into his pocket for a handkerchief now, wiping some of the perspiration from his forehead, "I called Nancy later that night and I asked her for a date. And she said, 'Tommy, I'd love it'—just like that; no airs, but simple and nice and sweet, like she really meant it.

"We had a great time that night, Nancy and I," he said then. "And I began to think to myself . . . Here I am dancing with a girl I barely know, talking away, yakking away, like I've done so many other times in my life—but this time I think I'm falling in love. . . .

"Well," he went on, "what happened after that happened quickly.

"Two days later I got a note from Nancy. It was an invitation to a party she was having the coming Saturday. At the bottom of the invitation she wrote a P.S., telling me how much she'd enjoyed our last Saturday night together.

"I called her to say thanks. And we talked for two hours. My mother moaned about my tying up the telephone, but I couldn't help it. We talked and talked, and by the end of our talk we'd made a movie date for Friday. And then that next night, Saturday, was the party . . . And that's when it all really happened."

"What happened?" asked Frank.

". . . After the party ended," Tommy said, "I stayed to help Nancy clean up. We were in the kitchen. I'd never kissed her before this, on either of our two dates. But now I did. I took her in my arms and kissed her—because I couldn't wait to kiss her anymore. And then I asked her if she'd be my steady. And she whispered yes.

The secret

"We decided to keep our going steady quiet. We didn't want the newspaper columnists to get hold of this and make a big thing of it. We just wanted to be alone together, without the whole world looking in at us. So we went together for a couple of months, dating three or four times a week, going to movies, having dinners in small restaurants, taking long drives.

"In February, towards the end of the month, I flew to New York to do a TV show. A few days later Nancy flew out to get ready to do some work for you, welcome Elvis back from Germany, and greet him on behalf of your TV show. Well, we were together there for a couple of days. But then I had to return to the Coast before Elvis arrived, so we really didn't have too much time together.

"And it was back in California when it began to hit me, how much I missed being separated from Nancy, how I couldn't stand being separated from her.

"After two days of this I phoned her, at the hotel where she was staying.

"I told her, 'Nancy, I miss you . . . I miss you so much!'

"'And I miss you, Tommy,' she said.

"There were goosebumps all over me, just from hearing her voice.

"'Nancy,' I said, 'maybe you'll think I'm fresh, maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but Nancy, I love you . . . And I want to marry you.'

"She didn't say anything. I waited, holding the receiver. But there was nothing at the other end—"

"I asked, 'Nancy, are you all right?'

"And after a pause she said, 'Yes, Tommy, I'm all right. I'm just so happy that I'm crying . . . Yes,' she said then, 'yes, Tommy, I'll marry you. I love you, too. And I want very much to marry you.'"

"Very, *very* much, I said," Nancy cut in here. "Very *very* much."

To make everything complete

Tommy looked back at Frank now.

"To finish up," he said, "—the next day I went and bought a ring. And when she came home to California, after her meeting with Elvis, I gave her the ring as she got off the plane. Then we went to see Mom here"—he indicated Nancy Sr. again, "and ask for her permission. She said yes . . . And now, to make everything complete, I'm asking your permission. To marry your daughter."

The room was very silent, suddenly.

"Do you think I might have any objections?" Frank asked.

"You might," said Tommy.

"Like?"

"Religion, for one thing," Tommy said. "Nancy's Catholic. I'm not . . . You might object to that."

"And?"

"And maybe"—Tommy swallowed something which seemed to catch in his throat—"maybe you don't want her to marry a singer. To be truthful, it's an up-and-down life and you might not want your daughter to go through those ups and downs, and the trouble that it can cause, sometimes, between married people."

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr., quickly, then back at Tommy.

"And?"

Tommy shrugged. "And," he said, "there's always a chance that you might not like me, that you might not think I'm the guy for your daughter."

Frank said nothing for a moment.

Then, he got up from his chair and, slowly, he walked to a window.

"You know," he said then, "about this religious thing—I'm no square. Why should I care?

"About being a singer," he said then, ". . . well, salesmen and truckdrivers have their problems, too."

"One last thing," he said, "about me liking you, or not liking you—"

He stopped when he got to the couch. He put out his hand.

"I like you fine, Tommy," he said. "My decision is yes."

"Oh Daddy," Nancy Jr. shouted, joyously, jumping up and throwing her arms around Frank. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Thank you. . . ."

And for those next few minutes as the others laughed—Frank and Tommy and Nancy Sr.—the girl continued hugging her father, thanking him, kissing him.

Until, finally, Frank said something about this being a time to celebrate, left the room, went into the kitchen and returned, a few minutes later, with a huge bottle of cold champagne and four glasses.

The courtship of Frankie and Nancy

For the next half hour or so, the four of them continued sitting around, drinking a little, talking, Nancy Jr. doing most of the talking, actually—telling Frank excitedly, happily, about her plans for the wedding, the exact kind of gown she wanted, the kind of reception, the friends and family she wanted to ask.

Until at one point she stopped, rather suddenly, and her voice a shade softer than it had been, she asked, "Mama, Daddy, what kind of wedding did you have?"

Frank laughed.

"Things were a little tougher for me in those days."

"But was it nice?" the girl asked. "I mean, do you remember what it was like, exactly, after all these years?"

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr.

"Sure . . . I remember," he said. "But women are supposed to remember these things better . . . *You* tell them, Nancy,

just how it was." He smiled hesitantly.

Nancy Sr. sighed.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "the date was February 4, 1939."

She paused.

"That was a Sunday," she said.

And she paused again.

"And it was a very cold day—I remember that," she said. "—The religous part of the wedding was in a church, of course. Our Lady of Sorrows, in Jersey City, where I used to live. And then, after the church, we went to my parents' house for the reception."

"On Arlington Avenue," Frank said. "Number 172 Arlington . . . Right? . . . A memory I've got?"

"Yes," Nancy said, nodding. She went on then: "And we had the reception. It was very simple. We had just the family, my brothers and sisters, my folks, daddy's folks. And for food, lots of pastries. And football sandwiches—those were ham and salami sandwiches wrapped in wax paper that the kids, the nephews and nieces, used to toss around; so they called them football sandwiches. And wine . . . And I guess that's all."

"*And*," Frank said, "I didn't sing."

"That's right," Nancy said. She smiled. "I think it was the first and last party your daddy went to that he didn't sing—he was so nervous."

Frank winked. "I should have though. . ." he said. "I knew I had a good deal. You were a typist, damn good, too, and I knew I had a gal who was going to go out and make at least twenty-five bucks a week and keep me in clover . . . Right?"

Nancy nodded, and sighed again.

"That's right," she said.

First baby, first dreams

"Man, *man* the money situation those days," Frank said. "Most of the time I didn't have two nickels to make a dime. And sometimes to pay the rent at that first place—"

He looked up from his glass and over at Nancy again.

"You remember that first place?" he asked.

"Audobon Avenue?" Nancy said.

"The Audobon *Arms*, Number 12 Audobon Avenue, Apartment 37—three rooms, forty-two bucks a month," he said. "*I* remember."

He looked over at Tommy.

"That's where Nancy Sandra was born," he said, "your bride, our first baby . . . Number 12 Audobon . . . It was right across the street from Audobon Park, this place. And I was just beginning as a singer then. Lots of time away. Lots of night work and rehearsals. But, man, came the afternoon and I'd be home and I'd pick her up from her crib, my baby, and put her in her carriage and out I'd go, wheeling her through the park for an hour, to show her off to the neighbors, to show her all the squirrels and the birds and the trees . . Real nature bug I was then. . . ."

He faced his daughter.

"You remember, baby?" he asked.

"No, Daddy, not really," she said.

"*You* remember?" he asked, facing Nancy Sr.

"Yes," she said, softly.

His glass empty, Frank re-filled it now, drank some more of the champagne, and said: "Number 12 . . . We had our good times there . . . Dreams were born right there, right at Number 12. . . .

"I was nothing then. . . .

"And we used to dream what I might be. . . .

"We dreamed hard. . . .

"And they came true, the dreams . . . didn't they?"

"Yes." Nancy said, again



"And then what happened?" Frank asked.

Nancy said nothing now.

"So then," Frank went on, "what happened? Everything continued going fine. We had another baby, a son. And then another daughter. And we moved to California, and we got a house . . . Where was that house, Nancy?"

"Toluca Lake," she said.

"Yeah," said Frank, "that's right. A big house. Big. With a yard that ran right down to the water. And we had our own landing and our own boat. And every Sunday was picnic day—lunch on the grass, a ride in the boat, the whole family, you and me and the kids.

"And you remember the kids then? . . . Boy, they were small . . . And Sundays, before the picnic, Nancy Sandra here all dressed up on her way to church, in those white gloves?

"White gloves," he said, turning to his daughter. "I was always buying you white gloves. Two and three pairs a week. And how you loved to wear them. How—"

He stopped as he watched his daughter get up, suddenly, from the couch and lower her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, Daddy," Nancy Jr. said.

"So why are you crying, honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said. "I don't know why."

She took Tommy's hand, and he rose, too.

"I had the best once"

Frank put down his glass.

"Where you going?" he asked, as he watched them walk to the door.

"Where—"

But they were gone, suddenly.

And Frank shook his head. And looked over, once more, at Nancy Sr., who'd remained in her chair all this while. And he said, after a while, "I didn't mean for anything like this to happen . . . I wanted this to be nice for her. Happy and nice."

"I know," Nancy said.

Frank's head fell against the back of his chair, and he mumbled something.

"Are you all right?" Nancy asked.

"Sure," Frank said, his voice flat.

"You look tired all of a sudden," said Nancy.

"Maybe I am, a little," Frank said. Again, he mumbled something.

"You've been working hard, Frank," Nancy said, "—on this picture here in Vegas, on everything."

"That's what happens when a guy decides to ride a merry-go-round," Frank said. "He can never stop . . . You should know that, Nancy; *you* should remember. It never stops. You get twenty-four hours and somehow you have to make a day of them. Sometimes it's strictly from bedlam. Sometimes I don't even remember what day it is . . . You tell yourself when you're young that you've got to be nine feet tall, and not a shrimp—and you never lose that feeling."

For a long while after that, he said nothing—he just sat there, looking up. And as he did, Nancy could see his face turn paler, could hear his breathing growing heavier, and heavier.

"You're *sure* you're all right?" she asked again.

"Yep," said Frank.

He took another deep breath.

And then he looked down, and across the room, at her.

"And how about you?" he asked. "How's everything been going? We see each other quite a bit, sure. But it's funny, isn't it, how we never really talk about those times? How about you, Nancy?"

"I'm fine," she said, in a quiet voice.

"Happy?" Frank asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Have they been tough, too tough, these past ten years?" Frank asked.

"At the beginning, they were tough," Nancy said. "But you learn to live with your life, the way it's got to be, after a while . . . And then it gets less and less tough."

"You going to get married again?" Frank asked. "You've been going out for quite a while now, to parties and things. I know he's a nice guy, from people who know him. I know he's proposed to you. That he wants to marry you. But that you keep saying no . . . Isn't that right?"

"That's right," Nancy said.

"Why, Nancy?" Frank asked.

"I've said it before," she said. "I guess I can say it again . . . I had the best once. I can't expect anything more in life than that. . . ."

"You know where to call"

She smiled, and tried to change the subject.

"I hear, Frank, that you've been going pretty steady recently . . . with the dancer . . . Juliet Prowse?"

"Yeah," he said.

"She seems lovely, Frank," Nancy said. "I saw her in *Can-Can*. I've seen her on a couple of your shows. . . ."

"She's hip," Frank said. "And she's a good gal. She's one of the few who didn't come after me for what she could get."

"That's the way it should be," Nancy said.

"That ain't the way it often is," said Frank, more than a little bit ruefully.

Again Nancy smiled.

"Tommy," she said, "—he's an awful nice boy, isn't he, Frank?"

Frank nodded.

"And our girl," Nancy said, "did you ever see her look prettier, more radiant, happier, than she was when she was sitting there, looking at him, while he was talking to you."

"She looked beautiful," Frank said.

Nancy nodded.

She rose from her chair.

"Well," she said, "I'd better be going now."

Frank got up, too.

"We'll be here through Sunday, Frank," Nancy said, walking towards him, taking his hand in hers, gently. "Are we going to see you sometime? Tomorrow, maybe?"

"Tomorrow . . . sure," Frank said.

"Well," Nancy said again—she kissed him on the cheek now— "You know where we're staying . . . And if you're not feeling well tonight, and you need somebody to come take care of you—you know where to call."

She was gone a few moments later.

And Frank, alone now, completely alone in the big room, walked back to the chair on which he'd been sitting and he sat again.

"Ten years ago," he found himself asking, after a while, "*what* happened ten years ago?"

He found himself looking over at the couch to the left, to the spot where Tommy, his son in law-to-be, had sat a little while earlier.

"I had everything," he remembered the boy saying before, during those awful nervous minutes for him, when he was asking for Nancy Jr.'s hand, "—except I'd get lonely. I felt empty inside me, like there was something important missing. I know now that it was love. . . ."

"I'd get lonely," Frank repeated the boy's words to himself now.

He nodded.

Lonely, he thought.

He laughed an empty laugh.

As he remembered his own loneliness now, these past long years.

And how he'd fought it.

With women—with woman after woman after woman after woman—so many, he couldn't list them for you right now, not for a thousand bucks.

Women.

All kinds of them.

Good women, bad women, happy women, miserable women, love-making women, fighting women—starting from A and going through Z, and Z finished with, starting with A, all over again. . . .

He slumped even further back in his chair.

He looked from the spot where Tommy had been sitting, with his daughter, Nancy Jr., and over to the chair where Nancy, the other Nancy, had sat.

He stared at the chair, for a very long time.

And he closed his eyes, wearily.

And he tried not to think, nor remember, any more.

END

Frank will star in OCEAN'S ELEVEN, *Warner Bros.; and can be seen right now starring in 20th Century-Fox's* CAN-CAN.

The Sal Mineo Story

(*Continued from page 21*)

Thirty years ago my eye wouldn't have had a chance. The doctors tell me I'd have been blinded the very first time I neglected the pain.

And now, all through these warm spring days, I sit in my dark room, waiting, hoping, praying this crisis will pass.

Occasionally I walk over to the window, and although I shouldn't, I peek through the slats in the Venetian blinds. My dark eyeglasses distort the color of the green buds unfurling in the outstretched branches of the apple tree, and, in the distance, the bright gold of the April sun silvers the Long Island Sound. And, within my heart, I thank God for the beauty He has given the world, the beauty we so often take for granted until suddenly we're shocked into consciously appreciating it.

This latest relapse of my eye trouble—the crisis I'm going through now—occurred a couple of months ago after I finished working on my movie, *The Gene Krupa Story*. Not only did I have to learn to play the drums the way Gene played them, but I sat for weeks and weeks with the writer and producer working out the 'little things' in the script. I'd be up at dawn, drive to the studio, act in front of the cameras all day, finish at seven or eight o'clock. I'd grab a quick bite to eat, go to rehearsal hall to rehearse the drum numbers, then, by ten o'clock I'd hurry to the projection room to catch the rushes of the day's shooting. I'd get home by one, only to wake up again at five. I never had a moment to stop and breathe. It was go, go, go all the time.

Guilty secret

They say a runner never feels tired while he's running. It's only when he stops that he's out of breath. Or feels the keenness of pain in his heart from overstrain.

And suddenly when I finished filming *The Gene Krupa Story*, I was out of breath, on the verge of collapse. I woke up that first morning after the shooting was over, and there was that terrible and excruciating pain in my right eye. I closed my eye. I wasn't imagining it; it was there, a pain that felt as though hundreds of sharp-edged knifeblades were hacking at my eyeball.

For three days I didn't tell anyone about the pain. I was scared, petrified. I'd been warned about what could happen. By the end of the third day the pain became so torturous and unbearable I screamed in my sleep. And my mother knew my secret.

"Sal, Sal," she cried as she ran to my room, her eyes flooded with tears, "why haven't you told any of us? What's the matter with you? Do you want to destroy yourself?" Her voice was kind, loving, sympathetic, and I felt like a heel. But like a child I kept hoping against hope the pain would pass, that it was only momentary.

Deep down within my heart I knew better. I knew the pain was worse than it had ever been, and the doctors had warned me twice before. Mom didn't lose any time. First thing in the morning, she had my brother, Mike, drive me to Dr. Hubert's office in the East Sixties in New York, and when I got there and Dr. Hubert looked at me, he shook his head impatiently.

"Sal," he said, raising his voice, "you'll never learn, will you. When I operated on this eye, what did I tell you? That if you didn't look after it, you'd be in real trouble, that you were playing with fire as far as this eye was concerned. What's the matter with you? Can't you understand plain English?"

He was right. He had warned me. But that had been part of my trouble all my life; the fact that danger fascinates me. When I went to Mexico one summer, for instance, I took a chance and didn't get all the inoculations (I hate needles going into my arms!) Once I rode a wild horse and it was one of the greatest moments of my life: the challenge of whether or not the horse would throw me. It did, and for weeks I suffered with a broken knee cap that wouldn't heal. But the broken knee cap was worth the thrill of excitement.

"Sal," Dr. Hubert continued, after he had examined my eye, "this is it. Your last warning. Your eye muscles are so weak it's a miracle you can see out of your right eye. If the pressure isn't eased, we'll have to operate again to alleviate it. But, Sal, stop and take inventory of yourself. What in the world's bothering you? Something's eating at your insides for you to have such a terrible pressure crippling your eye."

I didn't say anything. What *was* bothering me? Everything. And nothing. The desire to do right by my work, the desire to keep growing as an actor. You know an actor's only as good as his last movie. And although I had thousands of fans, I was strangely lonely.

"You must go into seclusion for a month. At least! If there's no improvement, there's the danger of complete atrophy which will. . . ." He stopped, pursed his thin lips together. "Let's say this: that if the eye improves we stand a chance of saving it."

"My own enemy"

His words didn't sound real to me. They sounded far away like an echo, as if someone was calling from another world. I probably didn't want to believe what he was saying, and when I left his office and walked out into the sunlight I wore a black leather patch over my right eye and my dark glasses. Dr. Hubert told me I'd have to confine myself to dark rooms for the next month. He didn't want the other eye strained.

And for a month now I've been wearing my patch and waiting for hours to pass in my dark room at our new home in Mamaroneck. I keep thinking how strange destiny is. Here I am, with a new home, and unable to enjoy it. I wonder if perhaps God isn't punishing me, sentencing me to this confinement to prove to me how precious life is, that it mustn't be taken for granted.

And as I sit in this dark room, day after day, unable to read, listening to music on my hi-fi set, I realize how much I've been my own enemy. Seven years ago, when I was fourteen and understudying the Crown Prince in the Broadway musical, *The King and I*, I was constantly on the go, trying to get TV roles, studying acting, going to school. I'd get up at the crack of dawn, study my lines for television, go to school, rush home for supper, take the subway to the theater, finish the performance by eleven-thirty and get home by one in the morning.

Call it ambition, call it drive, call it what you like. One week end I remember there was an elevator strike, and on Saturday morning I decided I'd still make the rounds of the producers' offices and casting cubicles, in spite of the elevators not working. So I climbed up and down flights and flights of stairs to ask producers, casting directors, secretaries to place my photo in their files.

That was around the time the first pain began. It started that spring, and I tried to ignore it, to pretend it wasn't there, but by midsummer it was too sharp to neglect. Whenever I walked out into the steaming hot sun, it was as if my eye was on fire, and I felt feverish and dizzy.

Finally I told my mom and dad. We were living at Wenner Place in the Bronx then, near the Whitestone Bridge. Mom was fit to be tied. She couldn't understand why I hadn't said something about my eye before.

Mom and Dad made an appointment for me with Dr. Miller, who's died since, and it was Dr. Miller who performed the first operation on my eye.

"Never, in all my years of practice," Dr. Miller said, "have I known a young boy to be afflicted with this dendritic condition. Usually it occurs in the early forties or fifties. It's a . . . a warning. . . !" He paused. "Had you let this go another week, young man, you might have lost your vision altogether!" He rushed me over to the Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital, and that following morning he performed the operation.

He explained he couldn't give me an anesthetic because he had to see the eye react. The operation lasted forever, and the pain was devastating, but the pressure was relieved.

"Don't kill yourself"

For three weeks I lay in that bed with a bandage over my eyes. You'd think that I would have had time to think, to re-evaluate, but I was young and flip and probably in love with the drama of it all. But living in darkness for three weeks seemed like an eternity. Voices took on new colors, sounds became so personal and important. At the end of the three weeks, the doctor came into my room one morning to remove the bandages and I could sense his nervousness as he unwrapped the bandage from my eyes. His hands were steady, but there was an unevenness to his breath. When he lifted the bandage, I blinked and for a minute closed my eyes.

"Sal," Dr. Miller announced, "the operation's a success. You've blinked against the light." I opened my eyes. He was right. I had blinked my eyes against the sudden harsh whiteness of the hospital room.

"Sal," Dr. Miller continued, a firmness in his deep voice, "I know you have a lot of ambition and that you have a long way to go in this business. But remember Rome wasn't built in a day. If you ask me, you're trying to build it in an hour. Relax. Take things easy. Don't kill yourself. You're young—enjoy the world!"

For the next three years everything was all right. I heeded Dr. Miller's good advice. I tried to take things easy.

Then I came home one summer after making my movie, *Dino*, a film I loved and believed in. I decided to tour for six weeks to promote it. On tour I didn't sleep and eat regularly. When I returned to New York, my head was throbbing from the pressure, throbbing so hard it nearly burst. The pain was worse than ever.

I told my folks. Mom tried to set up an appointment with Dr. Miller but he had died. So I went to Dr. Hubert who didn't spare any words.

"Your eye is damaged," he told me, staring at me from behind his rimless spectacles. "I can't operate for months. It's too dangerous. It's like a deep wound that needs healing before I can possibly attempt to touch it.

"Mineo," he called me, before he got to know me, "I'm afraid of complications so I want you to have a complete check-up."

I went to a physician who examined everything from my heart to my reflexes. And do you know what he said? "You're so calm on the outside, but you're churning inside at a wild pace. You don't have to function at a 100-mile-an-hour speed in order to get the most out of life. Why are you killing yourself?"

For two months Dr. Hubert and the physician confined me to our house. I couldn't watch television, read, use my eye in any way that would strain it. I listened to music for hours on end, and my love for it grew and grew.

Then, I had my second operation.

For weeks afterward I spent hours and hours in my dark room, listening to my records—jazz, swing, Dixieland. I wished I could have punched a punching bag to get rid of the tension, but Dr. Hubert insisted on total rest so I learned to release the tension inside me by listening to the music, letting its powerful drive carry me away.

"Man enough to face it"

For four months my eye was bandaged, and I wore dark glasses all through that time. At one point, I got so depressed I found myself actually wishing God would strike me dead and that my life would be over because I hated being a burden to everyone. But that was sinful. My mom and dad had Masses said for me at church as did thousands of my fans. I received get-well cards from all parts of the world, also holy crosses and mezuzahs from people everywhere who cared.

Gradually my eye improved, and the pain relaxed, and Dr. Hubert told me everything was all right for the time being. But he warned me strongly against overworking. His final words to me then, as I left his office, were, "Sal, *don't* let this happen again. The next time may be. . . ."

He never finished the sentence.

But, fool that I am, I flirted with fire again. I got caught up in the momentum of my work on *The Gene Krupa Story*, and now, for the third—and Dr. Hubert tells me, the last—time my eye is in danger. Dr. Hubert says the eye won't be able to take it the next time; it's given me a final warning, the last chance to know better.

God has given me my last warning. I must be man enough to face it. Or lose the vision in my right eye for the rest of my life.

END

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One Little Girl Against the World

(Continued from page 50)

ordinarily meets with her charge. This was because of Cheryl's extreme situation. And also because a very warm relationship had grown up between Mrs. Muhlbach and Cheryl. Mrs. Muhlbach has two children of her own, and she grew to love Cheryl. Cheryl and Mrs. Muhlbach were more like mother and daughter than probation officer and charge.

"We wanted Cheryl to have as normal an environment as possible, hoping this would be the best thing for her. But with a child like this it's a gamble," the County probation officer sighed.

"Before the school session began at Beverly High last September," he went on, "Mrs. Muhlbach went to the school and spoke to the principal, the dean of girls and several faculty members to pave the way for Cheryl, who would be starting her Junior year there. There was not only the problem of Cheryl's being accepted in school in spite of the notoriety connected with her, but also the question of Cheryl's ability to do well in school. She'd been in and out of so many schools in the past that even without the notoriety it still would have been a problem. She's not the best student.

"Cheryl attended Beverly High and tried to be one of the crowd. The students tried to accept her as one of them. But things happened that were beyond control. Cheryl became nervous and withdrawn. She didn't mingle freely. She felt self-conscious, even though most of the kids there tried to treat her like everyone else. Things were happening inside this girl to make her feel different. She shivered and shook. The more she was with the other girls at school, the more she realized how different she was. Even though she was treated like one of them, she was always *afraid* of what might come up. This kept her in a state of tension and nerves, which was destroying her.

"She lived in a constant state of fear and apprehension. She wondered what the students at Beverly *really* thought of her.

"And she lived, always, in constant fear of having the newspapers suddenly print her story again. About every two or three months a rash of publicity would come out about her, re-hashing the old episode. The sorry mess in her life was always being dug up and splashed in the papers. She was terribly frightened. Even though the case was over and she had been completely exonerated, she wasn't allowed to forget it."

Here's what the kids thought of her:

One Sunday Cheryl woke and discovered that the Sunday supplement of the papers had made a big story of the *Cheryl Crane Case* all over again, as part of a series they were doing on sensational murders. When Cheryl saw it, she became sick. Her immediate reaction was that of shame—and fear. She said to her grandmother, whimpering, "I can't go to school tomorrow. I just can't. All the kids in school have read this. How can I face them? Yet I can't stay away from school. They won't let me. I'll have to go back some day. What shall I do?"

She slumped on the bed and sobbed. The poor child was trapped. The grandmother didn't know how to handle it. Neither did Lana, when she was called.

As she did so often when she was confused and frightened, Cheryl turned to Jeanette Muhlbach. Mrs. Muhlbach came over—knowing how desperately Cheryl needed her—and held Cheryl's hand in hers, talking to her for a long time, trying to comfort the weeping girl. Strengthened by this session, Cheryl decided that she would go to school the next day and face it.

Mrs. Muhlbach was so proud of her. She said, "I loved her all the more for arriving at that decision. I said to myself, 'You're worth saving.' She had to fight the world all by herself. That's the tragedy of her life right now—fighting the world."

Back in school the next day, Cheryl tried to hide from the other girls. She was even quieter than usual. When any girl approached her, she ran, fearing the criticism or taunts she was sure would come from the girl. She ducked a group of girls at lunch. As she passed hurriedly along the broad green campus to her next class, a girl ran up to her and handed her a paper that was rolled up and covered with wax paper. "Here," said the girl. "This is from us. Take this and look at it when you have a chance." Then the girl ran away to her own class.

Cheryl stood there, her heart pounding, unable to move. Shame froze her. She didn't know whether to throw away the rolled paper or not. She dreaded looking at it. She remained this way like a frightened little animal for many moments. Finally, she slipped off to a quiet corner and opened it, her hands trembling.

When she finally managed to smooth the paper, she read what it said:

Dear Cheryl,
We girls at Beverly High want you to know that we read the Sunday paper. We also want you to know that this made no difference to us at all. We think you're a good sport and a fine girl. We like you very much. Forget that story in yesterday's paper. We're forgetting it, too.

Underneath it were the signatures of 360 girls at Beverly. . . .

The probation report continues

"Of course," says the probation officer, "this incident did a great deal to help Cheryl. But the fear and shame she experienced earlier was something that left another scar on her spirit. All of these experiences, accumulating, couldn't help but have a damaging effect on her. Every time she turned around, went anywhere, she was afraid somebody might be staring at her, whispering about her. Often they were. Every time she picked up a newspaper, she was afraid her case would be blazoned across the pages again. She could never get away from it. She felt trapped. She was a teen-age girl with the usual emotional stresses of a teen-ager. But with the additional problems of those fears, and the feeling that she was an outcast. We couldn't let her go off the deep end.

"We were watching her closely. We could see this happening. We couldn't continue to expose her to the unexpected blows of the outside world. This girl had to be protected, particularly during the crucial teen years when she was developing into a woman. In a sense, she had to be placed in a protective shell, to be shielded from the wear and tear of the outside world. Continued exposure might have ruined her beyond powers of rehabilitation.

"So we recommended that she be placed in the El Retiro School for Girls. She needed the guidance, the counseling and protection of El Retiro. Cheryl tried her best to adjust to the outside world. I'm afraid the outside world couldn't let her. People can be cruel sometimes. . . ."

The first cruelties

Even though the kids at Beverly High tried hard to treat Cheryl like one of their own, things would crop up to hurt. At the beginning of the school year last September, when it was first learned that Cheryl would be attending the school, there were many jokes about it. The main one being: "I hear Cheryl is going to work in the school cafeteria—in charge of knives." Later, as the kids got to know her, this crack was never uttered again.

Also, although the girls at Beverly really liked her, she could never, ever really be one of them. She could never really live down that horrible "Thing." Like the girls in all high schools, there are cliques at Beverly. Cheryl was not excluded—but well, when the girls would make dates to spend the night at each other's homes, Cheryl was never one of those invited. You know how it is. The mothers didn't feel quite right about permitting a girl who'd done what she'd done to be in such close contact with their own daughters.

The kids at Beverly say Cheryl was quiet. Actually, she was withdrawn, and scared.

It would have taken a remarkable person to give Cheryl the guidance and home atmosphere she required. This was not the normal child. Mrs. Mildred Turner loved Cheryl, but the girl was beyond her. Mrs. Turner—as the probation officer said—"hadn't had an easy life herself." She is not young—fifty-nine—not experienced in raising a teen-age girl in normal circumstances. When her own daughter, Lana, was a teen-ager, it was Lana who ran Mama, not Mama who ran Lana. Lana was quite wild, was a movie star and breadwinner. Mrs. Turner is a mild little woman, unable to wield authority.

Also, she herself was frightened. She was afraid for Cheryl. She was always afraid that the child might get into trouble, without meaning to. This would be disastrous. The child is a ward of the court, on parole, and any misstep could lead her into deep waters again. Also, she realized that the girl, now developing into a tall, full-busted young woman with maturing desires, would have all the problems—and more—that go with teen dating. The child was extremely vulnerable. Some boys wanted to go out with her in order to get to Lana and have Lana get them into pictures. Maybe the girl would get into trouble with a boy. The girl wanted so much to love and be loved. She was so confused. Mrs. Turner didn't know what to do with her. And the grandmother was very lenient with her, felt sorry for her—the probation officer could see that she couldn't really control this girl.

As for Cheryl's parents—they gave her everything money could buy. Little else. They meant well, but neither Lana nor Steve Crane have the kind of sense of values a girl like this needs. Lana bought Cheryl a white mink stole, beautiful clothes—bulky Italian sweaters, bought dresses for her in quantities of a dozen at a time. Lana took her to previews and premieres, arranged dates for her with charming young movie actors, like George Hamilton, for instance. George is handsome, suave, a real charmer—but Cheryl was tongue-tied and felt inadequate with him. "I'm sure he doesn't like me." she thought miserably, but her mother and Fred May joined them later, and she tried so hard to pretend to her gorgeous, poised mother that George Hamilton was impressed with her. The kid was subjected to so many tensions, to so much she felt she couldn't live up to. Everything was piling up to make her feel more insecure. She often felt, in those social contacts that Lana arranged, that she was disappointing

her beautiful, gay, and charming mother

Her father, Steve Crane, handsome, suave, a former man-about-town now a successful restaurateur, loved her. But he was always busy—busy with his work, his social engagements, with his new girlfriend. Steve and his girlfriend, a gorgeous girl, had Cheryl join them for dinner at the Beverly Hills Luau (which Steve owns). Cheryl walked in, felt eyes on her. Sat next to Helen (the girlfriend) and wanted to shrink. Cheryl felt "so big and ugly" next to beautiful, graceful, smiling Helen whom her father obviously adored.

Steve Crane couldn't give his insecure, tormented daughter much comfort, but he tried to give her what he could buy. On her sixteenth birthday he gave her a car, a smart sports job.

Understanding from a car hop

The day after her sixteenth birthday party, Cheryl still felt that great insecurity and inadequacy. The party had been a knockout, at the Bel-Air Hotel, but had she lived up to it all? Her mother looked so beautiful—was she, Cheryl, clumsy?

Restless, she drove the car along Wilshire Boulevard, that evening. Dropped in at Dolores' Drive-In which is a hangout for teen-agers. Sitting in her new car, waiting for her order of hamburger and coke, she noticed a tall, blond boy working behind the fountain. And the boy looked at her as though he was admiring her. Cheryl felt a tingle inside her. The boy leaped over the counter and walked up to her. He was wearing the jaunty little white cap of the carhop, the white apron. He was long-legged and good-looking, and had a friendly grin. "Hi," he said, "you look cute." They chatted. Cheryl glowed. He seemed to like her for herself. They made a date. They went to a movie later.

The boy is Robert Martin Gunn, from Sandusky, Ohio. She liked Bob. As she grew to know him, she was thrilled at his attentions. She felt loved for herself. She felt beautiful and important. Bob gave her understanding. He's nineteen and seemed to talk her language. He was working at Dolores' Drive-In at night because he wanted to be an actor.

Bob worked late at the drive-in—till 1:00 a.m. To see him, their dates had to be late.

Cheryl liked Bob. She had him at her grandmother's house for dinner. Lana met him. However, in order to see him, the dates usually had to be late (after work). Much later hours than a sixteen-year-old girl should keep. Her grandmother told her she could no longer see him at 1:00 a.m.

One night, after Cheryl went to bed, after the grandmother had retired for the night, Cheryl slipped out of bed, got into her car and went to meet Bob at the drive-in. The grandmother got up and noticed Cheryl gone. She panicked. Called Lana.

This was a dangerous situation for a girl like Cheryl to be in. Any offense or misdeed by a person on probation is magnified. Here was this child on probation, a ward of the court, driving her own car in the wee hours of the morning. Anything could happen. An incident with the boy. Even a traffic violation at that hour for a teen-age girl on probation could be ruinous. Lana was at the house when Cheryl finally came home. The grandmother and Lana were almost hysterical. Together with Mrs. Muhlbach they realized the girl had to be protected from herself. What Cheryl was doing, we must assume, was being done in teen-age innocence or impulsiveness. But it could have dreadful consequences for her. She just had to be protected.

This, plus all the hurts and terrors she was experiencing in everyday living, finally made all of those concerned with Cheryl's welfare realize that it was becoming increasingly dangerous for her to continue as she was.

El Retiro School seemed more and more the answer. . . .

A poem Cheryl wrote last November gives an insight into the heart of this brave, tormented girl. It shows the search she is making for something bigger than herself. *Introspection* won first prize in a literary contest run by the literary society at Beverly High, Quill and Scroll. MODERN SCREEN is proud to be the first (outside of the school paper) to publish it.

Introspection
by Chérie Crane

My Father
Long have I sought in many lands
That for which I long
And never, never found.

Long have I waited
In blindness,
In hate, fear and human frailty
In all that this outer shell which
covers me
Longs to possess.

But I,
Myself, underneath and deep
Have touched this long-sought thing,
Have reached out with the fingers
of my soul
And touched
Ever so lightly.
The sweetness of that moment
Has filled me ever since.

Oh, God,
It fills me to an overflowing. . . .
Of love.
The night-tide is dark—
All around me is quiet,
And I wait in the never pausing
solitude.

My Father
YOU ARE MY LONGING,
You live within me;
Only You share the house of my
inner-self,
And look out from the shell
within me,
As only I do.

Oh God,
Now when Your vastness
Fills the void in my heart,
It is enough.
Only look with me through the
windows,
Look through the mask
At the outer world
While all the time sensing
With the fingers of my soul
Such sweetness as I could share with
only You.

. . Can the girl who wrote this be a "bad girl"?

Cheryl's new school

What is El Retiro like?

El Retiro School is in the San Fernando Valley, in the town of Sylmar, some thirty-five miles from Beverly Hills.

When Cheryl was first told she would be sent to El Retiro for Girls she was frightened. What is it like? How could she leave Beverly High? This home she knew? Bob? What was she going into? The poor kid was scared. It took long conversations with kindly Mrs. Muhlbach to calm her fears.

The morning she was to leave, Cheryl wanted to take all her lovely clothes. Clothes mean so much to a teen-age girl. And Lana and Steve had been generous. Cheryl had beautiful clothes. Lovely evening gowns, stunning Italian knits, racks

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and racks of smart sport blouses, rows of skirts, many of them imported wools, chic mad sport things from Jax in Beverly Hills.

Mrs. Muhlbach told the girl gently, "You won't need all these things. Take just a few—a very few simple things." It was explained to Cheryl that she could wear her own clothes at El Retiro—Cheryl was comforted to learn she would not have to wear a uniform. But the closets are small there, and shared. She wouldn't need her party dresses. Just one. No low-cut formals that she was so proud of. Not the beautiful strapless gown she'd gotten for her Sweet Sixteen party only a few months earlier.

Weariness engulfed Cheryl as she discovered she had to leave her beautiful things behind. She took a small suitcase and packed it with the things she would need—a pathetically small amount, a few cotton shirtmakers, some skirts and shirts. "May I take this?" It was a stuffed animal she'd slept with. Mrs. Muhlbach realized this girl who had been through so many sordid, worldly experiences, was still a little girl. She nodded. Cheryl took her stuffed animal.

It was decided that Mrs. Muhlbach would take Cheryl to El Retiro. Lana might break down. It would upset Cheryl too much to have an emotional sendoff.

Cheryl walked out of the house in Beverly Hills she'd lived in for the past two years with her grandmother, a very tall girl but looking, all of a sudden, like a frightened little child. She walked down the path slowly and stepped into the car, placing her little suitcase next to her, the stuffed animal on top of it. Mrs. Muhlbach sat next to her, at the wheel.

They started the drive—past Beverly High and its campus and its football field. Past Blum's, the ice cream parlor where the Beverly kids hang out, past Wil Wright's Ice Cream with its gay red-and-white striped awning . . . and then drove onto the Freeway, toward El Retiro. They sped along the Freeway to Ventura Boulevard in the Valley, past the stores and the traffic in the Valley's business district, past the low ranch homes in the Valley. Farther and farther out they drove, toward the hills, with the houses farther apart. Past Hanson Dam, where there is a playground, where Cheryl looked out and saw girls her age and their boy friends in boats on the small lake. It was country now, with lots of trees, green mountains rising on one side, the foothills of San Fernando Valley in front of them. There is the small suburb of Sylmar. The air is always clear and crisp in Sylmar, so high above Los Angeles.

There is a twelve-foot concrete wall surrounding El Retiro, with a barbed wire running on top of that wall. A heavy, locked steel gate.

The little car stopped outside the gate. The probation officer announced her name. The steel doors opened. Cheryl, clutching her little suitcase, entered with the officer. And the heavy iron door closed behind her.

There is a peaceful atmosphere inside El Retiro, as though to give sanctuary and peace to the troubled young girls within. Tall oleander and olive trees abound on the grounds and give it a sleepy atmosphere; the grass dotted with the olives that have dropped from the trees.

Here are girls of all races and creeds. Some of the inmates have committed a misdeed against society, some girls may not necessarily have committed any offense but are here because they cannot adjust to outside life. They need psychiatric therapy and that extra guidance and care which they have been unable to get in their own homes. It is a State institution for handling girls who are wards of the court and are in need of a character building program in order to prepare them for successful living and adult responsibility. El Retiro is a *correctional* school. It is there for the purpose of rehabilitation, not punishment.

The girls are allowed freedom on the grounds, but the tall steel gate is always locked. And the girls are under constant supervision. Cheryl is the thirty-eighth girl there, and the girls range in age from thirteen to seventeen.

Also, there is much done in the way of psychiatric therapy which Cheryl, and the other girls, are exposed to as part of their rehabilitating treatment. They need to make the adjustment so that eventually they can live in the outside world again.

There are many long, low cottages on the grounds—the dormitories where the girls live. The dorms are named after famous women: Florence Nightingale Building, Susan B. Anthony, Jane Addams. At the beginning, Cheryl was placed in the Receiving cottage, in a room by herself. New girls live in a room by themselves for the first few weeks—to adjust. Later, she will share a room with another girl in one of the long low dormitories.

Much is done to eliminate the "institution" look. The furniture is simple, the rooms plain, but the rooms are brightly painted and the girls hang up photos of their favorite rock and roll singers and idols. Covers of MODERN SCREEN are up on the wall. One girl has her parakeet in a cage next to her bed. Girls can keep their perfume bottles and make-up on shelves. Cheryl carefully laid out her expensive perfume bottles, those beautiful perfumes her mother and father had given her. The girls looked at them longingly, and Cheryl promised to give a bottle to one of the girls who had nothing.

Cheryl takes care of her own room, does her own laundry (except sheets), is learning how to iron, helps set the table, clear the table, helps with the dishes in the kitchen. The girls divide chores in the dining room.

Cheryl now goes to bed at 9:30, is up at 6:45. On Friday and Saturday nights, to bed at 10:30. Once every other month there is a dance at El Retiro. To this dance come boys who are carefully selected. Some of the boys are from families in the community. Some are carefully selected from the Youth Honor Farm, a correctional institution for boys. Dancing, punch—all supervised. To warm-blooded girls who no longer are able to join their crowd for school dances and parties at home, this is eagerly awaited.

During the first month or six weeks, Lana will not be able to visit Cheryl. Afterwards, she can visit her every week end. Months later, perhaps, Cheryl will be permitted to spend a week end at home, if Lana is not busy working in Europe.

Cheryl will undoubtedly take Lana around the grounds, show her the Recreation Room where she and the other girls watch TV at night, or sew clothes for themselves. There is a record player, and perhaps Lana, noticing how few records there are, will come some Sunday loaded with record albums for Cheryl and the other girls. Cheryl will show her mother her room and how she has dressed it up with photos on the wall, made it "hers."

Maybe some day Lana's lost girl will no longer be lost. Maybe this little girl who had tried so hard to hold her head up against the world, when she leaves El Retiro, will be—with God's help—a happy, secure young woman. **END**

Lana will star in PORTRAIT IN BLACK, *Universal-International.*

The Love Drug

(Continued from page 45)

admired on the screen ("I'm bored with that word charm," he muttered) had to admit he didn't like himself. He was, he told himself harshly, "emotionally immature, painfully shy, egocentric and at fault for the failure of the three marriages."

Those marriages . . . what had he brought to them, what had he left of them, but a feeling of emptiness . . . Actress Virginia Cherrill, heiress Barbara Hutton, and his partner of the "perfect marriage," Betsy Drake. Lovely women, good women, blonde, blue-eyed beauties, well-bred, elegant ladies. Three marriages, fruitless matches. The years would go by, a procession of emptier and emptier years; he would get older. That's all. He'd never know the meaning of life, he'd never know the fulfillment of watching a child, his child. grow.

"All my life I've searched for peace of mind . . . Yoga, hypnosis, mysticism—nothing has given me what I needed . . . All my life I've been running away from what I wanted most . . . What do I want out of life . . . ? Beautiful women? Fantastic houses? No . . . Courage to live in the truth . . . before it is too late. Before it is too late."

He had been offered a chance, a last chance perhaps, and he would take that chance. No matter what the risk, he would take the plunge into the unknown. . .

What L.S.D. does

The experiment that Cary Grant turned to in desperation involves psychoanalysis with the aid of lysergic acid diethylamide (L.S.D.). Dr. Mortimer Hartman, the man who administerd the treatment, described L.S.D. as a "psychic energizer which empties the subconscious and intensifies emotion and memory a hundred times."

Under the drug's influence, given in small doses only under the supervision of a doctor, patients find that memory blocks are broken down and past experiences, even away back in childhood, are vividly relived. This provides an emotional release and may hasten a new understanding of their problems. In large doses, it induces a dream-like state in which the patient has bizarre hallucinations, sees a dream world in brilliant colors, and feels disassociated from reality.

Since November, 1958, Cary has spent many hours in sessions with Doctor Hartman. The L.S.D. pills, and mood music and Hartman's promptings brought out fantastic self-discoveries.

"A lot of scientists on the West Coast are grateful to me and a few others who volunteered for the treatments," Cary said. "Some people may think us nutty, but the doctors don't."

Cary explains, "What L.S.D. does is release the mind to a fantastic degree. You have waking dreams, and sometimes weird and wonderful hallucinations. But, most important, it cuts down psychoanalysis to a very short period. For anyone like me, who has a deep-rooted desire for understanding and peace of mind, it's almost like a miracle

"I feel now that I really understand myself. I didn't ever before. And because I never understood myself, how could I have hoped to understand anyone else? That's why I say that, now, I can truly give a woman love for the first time in my life . . . because I can understand her."

The changes L.S.D. has brought about in Cary are remarkable and astounding. For one thing, he is willing to talk about it. Or any other topic. Before L.S.D., he always managed to turn off or change the conversation when it came too close to his personal life or feelings. "If I was a snob in the past," he says now, "I was looking down on my faults in other people. If I didn't like humanity, it was because I didn't like myself. For the first time in my life, I'm ready to let people in."

Disturbing discovery

One of the disturbing facts Cary discovered about himself was that he had always felt rejected by his mother, and consequently, "I've always shied from women who look like my mother." His mother, Mrs. Elias Leach, was a tall, black-haired beauty with olive skin, who lives alone now, in her 80's, in England, where Archibald Leach was born. Her son looks like her, and their personalities are similar. Mrs. Leach will admit today that she's proud of him, but snaps, "But then he should be proud of *me*, as I brought him into the world." She used to be a singer and mimic. When Archie was twelve, his mother was placed in a mental institution, suffering from a severe mental breakdown. She was just gone, disappeared, as far as the boy knew—no one told him the truth for a long, long time. He locked his misery inside himself, his father took off with another woman, and the boy left home.

The L.S.D. therapy has brought out at last all the tormented feelings of those lonely boyhood years that Cary Grant had kept welled up inside himself so long.

He says, "It was horrendous. I had to face things about myself which I never admitted, which I didn't know were there. Now I know that I hurt every woman I loved . . . I was hiding behind all kinds of defenses, hypocrisies and vanities. I had to get rid of them layer by layer . . . That moment when your conscious meets your subconscious is a wrench. You feel the whole top of your head is lifting off."

He adds, "I think I'm ready at last to have children. I'd like to have a whole brood chattering around the dining-room table. I think my relations with women will be different too. I used to love a woman with great passion, and we destroyed each other. Or I loved not at all. or in friendship. Now I'm ready to love on an equal level. If I can find a woman on whom I can exhaust all my thoughts, energies and emotions, and she loves me that way in return, we can live happily ever after . . . My attitude toward women is completely different. I do not intend to foul up any more lives. I could be a good husband now."

Now that Cary Grant realizes that he was deliberately avoiding women who looked at all like his mother, he no longer has to hide from them. Lately he is seeing a lot of Madlyn Rhue, a young actress with black hair, fair skin, enormous dark eyes with thick brows, a girl who comes from nothing like a society background.

Madlyn has had to fight for everything she wanted. Before she was born, her father had abandoned her mother, and her early childhood had its resultant deprivations. Her mother had to go to work to support Madlyn and an older sister, and Madlyn lived with a succession of uncles and aunts all over the country. Her mother loved her children, but at times it was physically impossible for the mother to work and also keep house for them.

When she was fourteen she was in Los Angeles with her mother, who had just remarried. Madlyn was used to working—she knew she had to work for what she wanted.

She wanted very much to be an actress. Her mother wasn't for it, because she thought Madlyn would be hurt. However, when Madlyn earned her own money to finance a trip to New York, she consented.

In New York she was completely on her own, and developed a brand of courage that young girls on their own often do. She studied drama by day, danced at the Latin Quarter by night. Once, in taking a routine X-ray, she was told she had TB. She collapsed in her apartment that night and was 'out' for four days. She was finally discovered by Jim Downey, who owned the restaurant where she usually ate. He had become worried when he didn't see her. He sent her food, and Madlyn began to recover.

We are usually the product of our early circumstances. All these things could have destroyed Madlyn—or made her a strong, vital, cheerful and gutsy girl. She is the latter. She learned from her experience that the human spirit has great resiliency and that abounding faith and courage will see a person through black periods.

The reason this has significance is that this girl is a type different from any of the spoiled darlings Cary Grant has usually been attracted to.

In Hollywood Madlyn met Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, who were fond of her. Tony told her about *Operation Petticoat* and thought she would be good for the voluptuous young Army nurse who is Cary's *vis-a-vis*. Madlyn phoned her agent at three in the morning, awakening him, and told him that she wanted to have an interview for the role. "I will phone you every hour on the hour until you promise you'll get me the interview." She phoned him again at 4:00 a.m. Then at 5:00 a.m. At 6:00 a.m. her weary agent said, "Okay. I'll get you the interview."

She got a role in *Operation Petticoat*—not as leading lady to Cary, but as one of the five nurses. She went to Key West, Florida, on location, and he showed his interest in many little ways—like sending her a single rose. Or, on the set, saying suddenly to her, "Let's dance," and dancing while production waited. She says, "I love that man. Even if I marry another man, I will always love him."

When he takes her to the movies, it's to a drive-in in the Rolls-Royce, with champagne to sip while watching the movie.

Neither Madlyn nor Cary have actually said that there is a wedding in the offing. But he does say, "My next marriage will be complete. Or, if this one to Betsy (he and Betsy Drake are only separated, not divorced) persists, this will be a full, happy, utterly satisfying union. I just don't know yet. But I do not intend to foul up any more lives. I could be a good husband now. I am aware of my faults, and I am ready to accept responsibilities and exchange tolerances. Even if I stay alone, that will be all right, too."

The important thing now is that Cary Grant is ready for life, ready for love. As he says, "Every day now is wonderful. I wish I could live 400 years. I am convinced I will live to a healthy old age, but if I drop dead within the next ten years I will have enjoyed more living in the latter part of my life than most people ever know."

The daring experiment with the drug called L.S.D. has proved to be a success.

END

Cary stars in THE GRASS IS GREENER, *Universal-International.*

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Dare She Wear White?

(*Continued from page 23*)

We now present for you this strange and miraculous story . . .

It is a story that begins in the attic of a small house on a small Texas farm, back in 1945, when Debbie Reynolds—then Mary Frances Reynolds—was twelve years old.

She had been visiting her grandmother for the past two weeks. And now it was nearly time to leave. And her grandmother, who had promised her a very special present when she left, had taken her up to the attic to show her the present.

"What is it, Gram'?" Debbie had asked, excitedly, all the way up the stairs. "What is it?"

"It's nothin' that'll overjoy you now, Mary Frances," the old woman said as they entered the room, flicking on the light, "—not a two-wheeler bike or a new ketcher's mitt or whatever it is a tomboy your age craves. In fact, it's not even something I'm goin' to let you take away with you now. It's too precious to be trusted on one of those busses all the way to California, with all that dust and grease and everything. Come the time, though, and I'll send it to you by Santa Fe. That's the only way I'd trust that—"

"But what is it, Gram'?" Debbie interrupted.

The old woman led her across the crowded room, to a box, a huge cardboard box which sat alone on the top of an ancient bureau, a somewhat tattered box, but shining-free from dust, as if, from time to time, it had been wiped clean—tenderly, lovingly, specially.

"Go ahead," the old woman said then, "take the lid off and have a look for yourself . . . Go ahead."

Debbie began to remove the top of the box.

"Phew!" she said, crinkling her nose, when the top was halfway off.

Her grandmother nodded. "That's just what the moths say when they git that close—phew!" she said. "Now come on, keep liftin' and take your look and then let's be off with you."

When the top was removed, finally, a few moments later, the old woman stepped back a bit and squinted her eyes and watched her granddaughter's expression.

She was pleased to see the girl smile as she looked inside the box.

She was pleased to see her reach and lift out the white dress that lay there.

She was pleased to see her stare at the dress for a little while and then to hear her say, "Gee, Gram', this is pretty."

"It's my weddin' dress," the old woman explained, simply. "The dress I wore when I got married, and that your own Ma wore when *she* did." She pointed back into the box. "And see," she said, "there's the veil that comes with it—and it's the veil and the dress I'd like for *you* to wear when you get married."

The smile disappeared from Debbie's face.

"But I'm not going to get married, Gram'," she said.

"I know, I know," said the old woman. "I was twelve years old once myself, Mary Frances. And just like you, believe it or not—a little hellion of a gal who loved to play with boys but who thought to herself, 'Me, I'm never going to *marry* one of 'em!' . . . Well, child, someday you're goin' to be a young lady. And you're goin' to meet a fellow. And instead of roughhousin' together, you're goin' to find yourself wantin' to be together. And then you're goin' to find yourself wantin' to marry together. And that's where this dress is goin' to come in. . . ."

She took the dress from Debbie and she held it herself now and looked down at it, as she continued talking.

"It was that way with me and your Grandpa, lots and lots of years ago, you know . . . We fell in love with each other. And we decided to get married. And first thing I thought of was, 'Well, I've got to have me a real nice dress the day I get married. Real nice.' And so, even though I didn't have much money to my name, I wrote to New York City and sent for this material—this lace and this satin and that veil stuff and those little hand-made lilies of the valley on the veil—and I didn't flinch a mite even when I saw the bill. For thirty-eight dollars it was; a lot of money in those days. But I just sat down and made my dress and came the weddin' and I wore it."

She paused for a moment. Then she looked back up at her granddaughter.

"You know, Mary Frances, truthful, at the time," she said, "I didn't know why I needed so special a dress—not really, I didn't know. I even thought to myself from time to time, as I was sittin' there sewin' it together, I thought, 'Miss, you sure are a vain and selfish young lady spendin' all this money on something you're only goin' to wear for one short day in your life.'

"But later on, pass time, I began to realize why I'd really wanted it, my dress, my white long fancy dress on my weddin' day.

"And that reason was, pure and simple, that I got to realize that my weddin' day was the most important and beautiful day in my whole life . . . A day I was on my way to bein' a wife . . . And, eventually, a mother . . . And, then, a woman, a real, grown, bona-fide woman. . . .

"And that for that one day that I was so special, it was right for me to want to go lookin' so special."

She winked.

"And child," she said, "there's practical reasons behind it all, too. Like the walkin'-down-the-aisle-of-the-church part, I remember that. And that fellow, your Grandpa, standin' there lookin' at me like I was something special. I remember that. And I think *he* remembered it, too, pass time. So that as we lived together and got into the little tiffs, sometimes the big tiffs, all married folk get into, I'm sure there were times he stopped a bit in his bickerin' and remembered me not as an agin' lady with hands red from hot water and field work and wrinkles formin' near my eyes and my body slowly gettin' different-shaped, but as that girl he saw that one day, that special day, all young and dressed up in her pretty white dress and—"

She stopped.

And cleared her throat.

"Am I talkin' too much, Mary Frances?" she asked.

Her granddaughter shook her head.

"Well," the old woman said, "I guess I am, really. But I'm near through now. And all I want to say before I finish is that I feel somewhere in my bones that this dress brought me and your Grandpa a lot of luck in our married life. And your Ma, she wore it, and it's brought her a good lot of years with your Daddy. And someday, Mary Frances, I want you to wear it, for luck in your marriage. And maybe if you ever have a daughter—"

She stopped again.

"Now I *am* talkin' too much, too far ahead, eh?" she said. "—Oh, what a terrible gabby old lady I'm gettin' to be."

She turned now, and placed the dress back into the box.

"There," she said, when the lid was on the box again. "Now let's go back downstairs so you can get ready to get your bus."

She began to walk towards the door.

"Are you comin', child?" she called out to her granddaughter, who hadn't moved from the spot where she'd been standing.

Debbie nodded.

"Yes, Gram'," she said, "except I just want to say two things before I do come and go away—two things."

"What might they be?" the grandmother asked.

"First," said Debbie, "you're not a gabby old lady, like you said."

"I'm not?" the old woman asked, softly.

"No," said Debbie. "No . . . And second, I'm not saying I ever will—but if I ever *do*, find a fellow someday and get married to him, well, I just want you to know that I'll be honored to wear your dress at my wedding, Gram'. Just like you did. And my Ma did."

"That's nice of you to tell me that," said the old woman. And then, reaching for a handkerchief, she said, "Now here. Take this and dry your eyes . . . Come on . . . Come on, child."

Suddenly, Debbie ran across the room and into her grandmother's arms.

"My, my," the old woman said, holding her close, trying to laugh, trying to push back her own tears. "What kind of hellion are you, anyway? Gettin' so mushed-up over an old weddin' dress? And cryin' like this—as if you were forgettin' you got good strong Texas blood in you. . . ."

The fate of the wedding dress

To this day, no one knows exactly how the fire started. Some people say there was a short circuit in the electricity, and that started it. Others will tell you that the Texas sun was so hot that summer of 1947 that it acted like a match to some of the old wooden farmhouses down in the southern part of the state and actually burned them up. At any rate, there was a fire. And it spread very quickly through the little house, burning to ashes everything as it went. Burning, up in the attic, amid everything else, a long white wedding dress, a dress that had been worn twice, and that would never be worn again.

Debbie Reynolds had forgotten about that dress by the time her own wedding day came around, some eight years later. It was, in fact, too hectic a wedding to think of anything but getting it done with. Debbie was an actress by this time, one of the brightest young stars in Hollywood, and she'd been going these past couple of years with Eddie Fisher, one of the most promising young singers in the country. They'd been engaged for a while now. Theirs had been one of the most up-and-down, on-again off-again engagements in show business history. So that, finally, when the wedding did take place, it was put together as quickly and frantically as a Saturday lunch for unexpected visitors.

The site for the wedding was a resort in the decidedly un-mountainous Catskill Mountains, about forty miles from New York. The atmosphere surrounding the entire affair can best be described as circus-like. Guests at the resort peeked through the windows of the makeshift chapel, some with autograph books in their hands, ready to corner the bride and groom on their way out. Photographers, refused admittance to the actual ceremony, drowned out the wedding march with their hollering. Reporters, pencils and

pads in hand, hovered over the couple to catch and describe their every word, and breath, even their beads of understandable perspiration.

The next day practically every one in the country read these reporters' stories of the celebrated wedding in their newspapers.

And only one woman, a very old woman, squinting at her newspaper as she sat on a porch some 2,500 miles from the Catskill Mountains, shook her head sadly when she read the words:

The bride wore a lovely new dress. . . .

Debbie today

By this day in early April of 1960, Debbie Reynolds was one of the most successful young women in the United States. True, her marriage with Eddie Fisher had been a flop, and had ended in divorce. But, at age twenty-seven, she could list as assets two good and healthy children, a healthy career (as movie actress and TV producer), and a fund of energy that promised to boost this career beyond imagination.

What was Debbie like—within—on this particular April day?

There are people who will tell you, "She was, and is, a fortunate girl. She has everything a girl can ask for. She has good looks, a family, money, a future. She is happy-go-lucky, forgiving of the past, unafraid of the future. She is optimistic, carefree. She is, most important, happy.

And then there are people who will say, "She was, and is, a very sad creature. She moves ahead, but without reason, without direction. Her gaiety is an act. She laughs when there is nothing to laugh about. She is a bitter young woman. Her marriage was a shambles, her divorce a terrific hurt, and she tries desperately now to make light of this shambles, this hurt. She wisecracks too hard. She works too hard. She lives and does everything too hard. And, doing this, she kids nobody."

Whichever side is right, we know only this:

That on this day in April, just a few short weeks ago, Debbie Reynolds forgot about everything concerning herself, the good, or the bad, and thought of someone else. . .

It was a busy day for Debbie, an unusually busy day. She'd had a few TV conferences in the morning, an interview at lunch, a movie rehearsal following. And now it was late afternoon and she had to rush for a final wardrobe fitting for her latest picture, *The Pleasure of his Company.*

"Okay, I'm here," she called to Edith Head, Paramount Studios' fashion designer, as she entered the fitting room. "What've you got for me today?"

"One last dress," said Miss Head. "The wedding dress—for the final scene."

"Oh boy," said Debbie, joking. "I can hear the old organ music now . . . Dum dum de-dum, dum dum de-dum . . ." she laughed.

Miss Head laughed too, and left the room to get the dress.

It was a few minutes later when she returned.

She walked over to Debbie.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," said Debbie, half-looking. "—Now what do you say I slip out of this, try on that, and get it all over with so I can get home, okay?"

"Oh, Debbie!" said Miss Head, when the dress and veil were on. "I don't think I've ever seen anything lovelier . . . I don't think I've ever seen *you* look any lovelier."

"Sure," said Debbie.

She turned and looked into a floor-length mirror on the other side of the room. Her reflection shimmered back at her.

"Sure," she said again.

"And now," she started to say, "if the fit's okay with you—"

But she didn't go on.

She was looking at herself in the mirror, still.

Staring.

"Debbie," Miss Head asked, after a moment, "is something wrong?"

Debbie shook her head.

"No," she said. ". . . No."

"You're sure?" Miss Head asked, after another moment.

"No," Debbie repeated. ". . . Nothing's wrong."

She tried then to look away from the mirror.

But she couldn't.

"This dress," she said, finally, softly. "This dress—"

"What?" Miss Head asked.

"This dress," Debbie said. "I've seen it before, Edith."

Miss Head smiled. "Oh no, dear," she said. "This is what they call 'ze original from Paree.' It arrived this morning, Deb. Air France, special delivery . . . There were sketches, yes. But you didn't see them . . . Nobody did."

"I know," Debbie said, turning to her now. "I know it sounds strange, Edith. But I *have* seen this dress before . . . When I was a little girl, I saw a dress once, a wedding dress, with lace on the skirt like this, and with this same top, and with the sleeves puffed just like this—and the veil, too, Edith, the crown, the lilies of the valley—just like *this.*"

Miss Head looked puzzled.

"Where, Debbie?" she asked.

"In Texas," Debbie said.

"Texas?"

Debbie told her about that afternoon, when she was twelve, with her grandmother—how her grandmother had shown her the wedding dress both she and her daughter had worn.

"It's amazing," said Debbie, "—but this, Edith, this was that dress."

"For thirty-eight dollars?" asked Miss Head, laughing again. "Honey . . . honey, I don't know exactly what you remember about that dress. But this one was made for us, specially. For exactly four-thousand dollars . . . I mean—"

"Edith," Debbie interrupted. "It's the same dress. I swear to you, believe me, it's the same dress.

"I remember," she said, going on, "how it looked as I lifted it from that box.

"And I remember my Gram', and how she looked that day.

"And what she said to me.

"How she took the dress from me after a while and held it, like this, so lightly, in her fingers, and how she said certain things to me—"

For a long while after that, Debbie was silent.

And then, suddenly, she said, "Edith, I *want* this dress."

"You mean, to keep?" Miss Head asked.

"Yes," said Debbie. "I want to buy it, after the picture."

"Why?" asked Miss Head, directly.

"I *need* it," Debbie said, just as directly. "I lost it once. And now I've found it again . . . And I need to have it."

Miss Head shrugged. "If you want it to buy, dear, it's all yours," she said. "Though to tell you the truth—"

"I need it, Edith," Debbie interrupted. "I want it . . . More than I've needed and wanted anything, in a long long time. . . ."

It was a few weeks later.

The picture was over.

Debbie left the studio and drove home.

Carrie Frances, her four-year-old daughter, met her at the front door.

"Mommy, what've you got in that big



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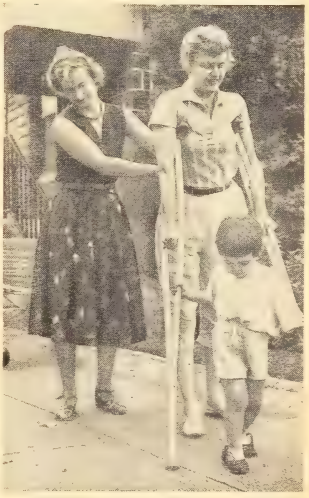
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box?" she asked, after Debbie had kissed her hello. "Is it something for me?"

"Yes," Debbie said.

"What?" the little girl asked.

"The most beautiful dress in the whole world," said Debbie.

The little girl clapped her hands.

"Can I wear it for my birthday?" she asked.

"No," said Debbie, "but someday, darling, when you're a big girl, then you'll wear it."

"Oh," said Carrie Frances, disappointed.

Debbie smiled.

"You're right," she said. "It's nothing that'll overjoy you now. But someday," she said, "someday it's going to be the most special dress of your life."

She took her daughter's hand.

"Do you want to see it," she asked, "—before I put it away, upstairs in the attic?"

"Okay," said Carrie Frances.

And they walked, together, towards the stairs. . . .

"What a touching story," our secretary, Cookie, said, brushing aside a tear. "You know, it's a shame, that if Debbie ever gets married again—and let's face it, she probably will—she won't be able to wear this particular dress herself."

"Yes, it's a shame," another girl, an artist said. "Like I mentioned before, a girl who marries a second time can never, never, wear white. It's a tradition. A tradition nobody'd dare break, not even in Hollywood."

"I know," said Cookie. "But in a case like this, when, almost as if by a miracle, this dress was returned to her—don't you think there could be some kind of special dispensation made, so that she could wear it and—"

"It's not a case of anybody making a dispensation," said the artist, interrupting. "It's a case of respecting tradition!"

"Well," said the secretary, "I have a feeling, a real strong feeling, that Debbie would want with all her heart to wear it. And in this case I say to heck with tradition."

After a little more talk, the two girls turned to us, the editors of MODERN SCREEN.

They asked our opinion.

We told them, in all honesty, that we didn't know—that we would like to present the question to our millions of readers, and especially Debbie's millions of fans.

Well, readers, what do you think? **END**

Debbie stars in Paramount's THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY *and* THE RAT RACE.

When a Girl Becomes a Woman

(Continued from page 34)

put on her most precious nightie—a shocking pink nylon affair which made her look very grown up—and very sexy. She wanted to wake up feeling grown up and sexy.

Instead she woke up feeling exactly the way she had the morning before and the morning before that and the morning before that.

"Must get up," she said to herself. "Really must get up. There's so much to do."

But before she could she heard a soft tapping on the door.

"Come in," she called.

Her mother entered the room, carrying a breakfast tray.

"Good morning, birthday girl," she said as she kissed Sandy on the cheek.

"We're not going to make a habit of this breakfast in bed, you know, but it's not every day a girl is eighteen. And I thought you'd like to look at your cards while you're still in bed."

"Oh, thank you, I would," Sandra replied. "But I promise—I'll be up soon."

"Take your time," Mrs. Douvan answered. "Remember. This is your day."

Then she left the room.

Message from a friend

Sandy sipped her orange juice and opened card after card. It seemed as though *everyone* remembered.

Some cards were cute and sentimental, some gay . . . and a few comic.

Then she came across one which she read over and over again.

For under the printed message was scrawled—*How does it feel to be eighteen at last? How does it feel to be a woman?*

Why, thought Sandra, *it doesn't feel any different at all, really. I look the same. I feel exactly the same as I did when I was 17 years 366 days old—tossing in an extra day for leap year.*

It's silly for anyone to ask, "How does it feel to be eighteen?" as though one extra day will bring a miraculous change in you. And yet, maybe it's not so silly. When I went to sleep last night I secretly thought there would be a difference in me this morning.

She kept thumbing through her cards—and another message seemed to jump out from the white parchment paper upon which it was printed. It was a quote from Longfellow:

Look not mournfully into the Past.
It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the Present,
It is thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowy Future,
Without fear and with a womanly heart. . . .

The card was simply signed . . . *"a friend."*

Sandra wondered who could have sent it and why there was no name attached to it. Then she read the words again and began to understand the significance of the message—and the significance of the day.

Look not mournfully into the Past. . . .

Why, she thought, *for the past five years, ever since Daddy died, I've been doing just that.*

Her thoughts wandered to her beloved step-father, the late Eugene Douvan—and she felt the same stab of pain she always felt when she thought of him too much. During the past few years she'd finally become adjusted to her loss—but there were times, like Christmas and her birthdays, when the knowledge that Daddy was irrevocably gone was almost more than she could bear. Particularly on her birthday.

Memories of years and years of birthdays kept coming back. She thought of the evenings when he'd come home from work with a sly smile on his face and a package behind his back—and he'd pretend not to remember what day it was—but she knew he wouldn't forget.

She'd be dressed up in her prettiest party dress and the whole family would go out to some wonderful restaurant that Daddy would pick for the occasion. And there would always be a cake and candles and his wonderful voice would boom out "Happy Birthday" and it would be the most wonderful night of her year.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly. Daddy bought her her first formal—and her first heels. The shoes were white satin, the strapless dress, white, trimmed with red roses. And as a special present Daddy allowed her to wear lipstick for the first time, because they were going out dancing at a very chic and grown-up night-club.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly—not only because of the shoes and the dress and the lipstick and the fun, but because it was the very last birthday she shared with Eugene Douvan. A year later he was dead. Snatched from her and her mother by the cruelty of a fate she couldn't and wouldn't understand.

When her fourteenth birthday rolled around, she refused any kind of celebration. "What is there to celebrate?" she asked her mother bitterly. "I'm not happy and I can't be happy without Daddy—ever." She wouldn't leave the house—she wouldn't touch the beautiful pink and white cake her mother brought home.

Her next three birthdays found her a little happier. She had gone from being a successful model to being a successful actress. She was getting all the best parts and every material thing her heart desired. On her sixteenth birthday she got her first car—a beautiful white Thunderbird.

If only Daddy were here to see me drive, she thought. And then even that day lost much of its glory because he wasn't there at all. . . .

Look not mournfully into the Past.
It comes not back again.

Room for improvement

Sandra repeated the words to herself. *It's true,* she thought. *I've looked back—too much. There may never be another man as dear as Daddy, but even if there is, I wouldn't be able to see it if I keep on making comparisons. Of course I miss him. But I mustn't go on missing him for the rest of my life . . . It's immature—it's futile. He wouldn't want me to be unhappy. I'm luckier than most girls—that I had such a wonderful person in my life even for a little while.*

Wisely improve the Present,
It is thine.

Those words went whirling around in Sandy's head as she got out of bed.

She looked at herself in the large mirror over her dressing table. She stuck out her tongue to the image she saw reflected.

Oh, that's a childish thing to do, she thought. *But nevertheless there's still room for improvement. Have to stick to my diet and watch those hips. No more of those crash diet affairs or anything as silly as taking epsom salts to hurry things along. I've got to stop behaving like a fourteen year old when it comes to eating. I've got to stop raiding the ice box at three o'clock in the morning, and stuffing myself with hamburgers and those quarts of ice-cream my unknown suitor leaves at the house each week. If I become as plump as a butterball, Cary Grant will never ask me out.*

I've got to stop that too. Daydreaming about men like Cary Grant—and getting crushes on all the older stars. It's absolutely sophomorish . . . It's one thing to get a crush on Paul Newman when you're fourteen . . . and hate Joanne Woodward for two weeks after they got married—then switch to Rex Harrison and Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. But to blush a

fire-red and hardly be able to say hello when I was introduced to Mr. Grant and then go home and day dream about how I'd dress and act and talk when he took me to La Rue's and Chasen's—how young can I get?

What Mother said

It's no wonder with thoughts like these that I haven't been able to seriously think of a permanent relationship. Mother told me my crushes are harmless—and that they only meant that I wasn't ready to fall in love and was only playing at it with improbable and impossible suitors. She's probably right. But it is time that I begin to get ready. This means no more Grants or Harrisons in my thoughts. And it means I should stop constantly dating young actors whose only thoughts are on publicity dates and themselves. Sure, they are safe. And publicity dates are occasionally necessary. But they will lead absolutely nowhere. I'm not worried about being an old maid—not at eighteen. But unless I start leaving myself open for relationships that can have substance, I may never find the right boy. And as much as I tell people that I'm in no hurry to experience love, that I have no time for it, I secretly look forward to the moment when I'm drawn to someone with all my heart.

Sandra began zipping one of her prettiest new dresses. She looked around her lovely bedroom and shuddered. Her luscious nightie was crumpled in a ball on the floor where she had dropped it. One bedroom slipper was by the window, the other half-way under the bed. Her robe was tossed carelessly over a chair, or rather over a dress which she had tossed over a chair. Her beautiful room was a mess.

This has got to stop, she told herself. *I must be neater. My mother isn't my maid to go around picking up after me. But when I finish with anything I just leave it like a two year old. I'm always in such a hurry and so anxious to get on to the next thing—even if the next thing is bed.*

She started to apply her lipstick, then stopped and for the first time that she could remember began putting everything neatly away. *Now if I can only continue doing this, I will have really accomplished something. I will continue doing this,* she resolved.

There is so much I want to do, she thought. *I want to stop being afraid of going to bed unless a light is burning just outside my room. I want to stop staying up until all hours of the night because I think it's so chic. I want to be able to control myself and my moods so I won't think the whole world is beautiful and I love everybody and everything one day and then the next day convince myself that life isn't worth living and that I'd just as soon shoot myself as not.*

I want to make friends. Oh sure, I know I said that having friends is like having strawberry shortcake. If you don't have it, you don't miss it. But I would enjoy the companionship of a girl my own age; someone to go shopping with and share secrets with—and just know.

I want to end this dependency I have on Mother and she has on me. I want to let her know that I would think it would be right for her to remarry and have a life of her own. I know she's waiting until I'm twenty-one before she starts thinking of herself—but maybe she shouldn't wait. She's still so young and pretty. She should have her chance for happiness—and not worry about me.

Two years ago Ross Hunter told me not to hurry and grow up, that I have a whole lifetime ahead for that. Maybe that was wonderful advice for a girl of sixteen who couldn't wait till she painted her face and perfumed herself to the hilt—or who only wanted to wear black slinky dresses. That's phony hurrying and false growing up. But real growing up is a day-to-day process—and now is the time to start.

Sandra heard her mother calling to her from the living room.

"Hurry and come outside, Sandy," she called, "and see what's waiting for you today."

Sandra knew what was outside. It was her beautiful new silver Imperial sedan.

It was also the future. And she went forth to meet it without fear and with a womanly heart. **END**

Sandra stars next in GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN, *Columbia, and* PORTRAIT IN BLACK, *Universal-International.*

Where Did I Fail?

(*Continued from page 41*)

me a glass of water.' That's what he said to me."

"And . . ." the friend had asked.

"And," said Lucy, dimpling, "I got up. How, I don't know. I was still half-asleep—and got him—and got him the glass of water."

The friend was shocked. Lucy still remembered how surprised she was at her friend's outraged reaction.

"Lucille, do you mean to say you got up in the middle of the night just to get your husband a glass of water? Don't you know you're spoiling him? That's no way to treat a husband! You'd be smart if you got *him* to spoil *you*."

Lucy couldn't understand that at all. She'd said to her friend, very simply, "But I love him I think every woman ought to spoil her husband. I love to spoil Desi."

She'd believed that with all her heart.

Not long afterwards, she and Desi had gone on a camping trip. They slept in a tent. She remembered how frightened she had been in the dark, how she wanted Desi to turn on the little flash lamp. He'd grumbled that he couldn't sleep with a light on. So the tent remained dark, while she shivered with fear like a small child.

She'd believed it was up to a wife to change herself into the kind of woman her husband wanted her to be. Lucy had waited a long time to be married. Although she'd always had a strong, independent streak, once she married she leaned to the opposite extreme, her friends felt. She felt it was up to her to make her marriage a success.

The man is the boss

Looking back at those early years, Lucy realized how people must have talked about them, not able to understand what it was that had made her cater so to her husband. To Lucy, at the time, it seemed the only thing to do.

She loved Desi. He was handsome and dashing, and even his changeable moods and fiery temper kept her in a state of constant excitement. He was a big, blustering male. He had the Cuban attitude about marriage. The man was the boss. Lucy did her best to conform to his tastes.

It wasn't easy. With little movie work to do, Desi became a band leader and was constantly on tour. Lucy would have given up her career to be with him, but—well, that was a lot of bacon to give up, the band business being what it was, and some people not quite aware yet of Desi's great talent.

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JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in June, your birthstone is the pearl and your flower is the rose. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

June 1—**Marilyn Monroe**
Pat Boone

June 3—**Paulette Goddard**
Carol Ohmart
Tony Curtis

June 4—**Rosalind Russell**
John Barrymore, Jr.

June 7—**Dolores Gray**
Dean Martin

June 8—**Dana Wynter**
James Darren

June 9—**Robert Cummings**

June 10—**Luciana Paoluzzi**

June 12—**Vic Damone**
William Lundigan

June 14—**Dorothy McGuire**
Gene Barry

June 18—**Eva Bartok**
Maggie McNamara
Richard Boone

June 19—**Pier Angeli**
Marisa Pavan
Charles Coburn
Louis Jourdan

June 20—**Audie Murphy**

June 21—**Judy Holliday**
Maureen Stapleton

June 25—**Charlotte Greenwood**

June 26—**Eleanor Parker**

June 29—**Robert Evans**

June 30—**Susan Hayward**



Mona Freeman
June 9



Jane Russell
June 21



Richard Todd
June 11



Gower Champion
June 22

He was on tour most of the time, or playing late dates in town, and she was in Hollywood on an early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine, and only now and then did they get together. Lucy wanted desperately to put down roots, so they bought a big house in the Valley. It had eleven rooms, most of them unoccupied, but to Lucy—weaving dreams about her marriage—it was a symbol of permanence.

Sometimes the two of them got a break, like the time Desi got a night club engagement right in Hollywood, at Ciro's, then at the height of its fame. Desi was still relatively new at band leading. He didn't have a big following yet, but Lucy was going to prove to the town that her man was popular. She was working in a picture and had to be up early, but in spite of that, she was at her ringside table every night, entertaining a different group of friends, applauding Desi. Night after night, she'd sit there, her body sagging with fatigue, but a bright smile pinned on her face so that everyone could see how much she enjoyed Desi and his show.

Her love for him was almost a form of worship. She hadn't realized how much she doted on him until just now—so many years later. There was the time, years ago, when a friend came to visit her. Desi was still working nights at Ciro's. Lucy had a day off. The friend came over for lunch. Afterwards, Lucy—and she recalled now how full of love her heart had been then—said to the friend brightly, "I'd like to show you something." With the friend behind her, she'd tiptoed into the darkened bedroom where Desi lay sleeping. She'd turned to her friend and whispered proudly: "There. Isn't he beautiful?"

She couldn't understand then just why her friend had said to her, "Lucille, honey, don't show him off that way to others. They'll all think—well, they'll think you *idolize* him too much."

Lucy had been annoyed then at what her friend had said and had paid no more attention to it. Now it struck her what the friend meant—she had been wearing her love for Desi like a bright, red badge. She had been building him up *too* much. Smart women didn't do things like that. Smart wives would try to make their husbands worship *them*.

The first time he left

The thing of it was that it was easier to be that way than to buck Desi. There was the day a married friend came to their house in tears, to talk over her own marriage problem. Desi had taken the man's side, Lucy the wife's side. Soon, they were arguing between them and the argument was worse, much worse, than their friend's had been! Lucy wanted Desi to tell her she was right. But he was adamant. That night, the quarrel had reached such a white heat that he packed up his clothes and moved out of the house.

She remembered how it had affected her. She hadn't been able to sleep that night. She'd become sick about the whole thing. If he'd only come back. . . .

He did, the next day. And she decided it was much easier to give in to him than to have those quarrels—those dreadful quarrels which might end again with his packing his bags and walking out, leaving her in tears, her heart in pieces. . . .

But she still had moments of being the spirited redhead she used to be, and the quarrels had become more frequent. It had ended in her impulsively filing for divorce. But even filing those papers hadn't finished the marriage. For they were so in love that they had fallen into each other's arms again and made up. They didn't even have to remarry, because the divorce papers had never become final. But so anxious was Lucy that this become a strong, strong marriage, with a fresh start, that she insisted upon another marriage ceremony.

It was almost with a kind of desperation that Lucy had said to a friend then, "Sometimes second marriages are happier than first ones because people who've made a mistake apply the lessons they've learned to their new marriage. Instead of Desi using his knowledge on a new wife, and me on a new husband, we just treated each other like new mates."

All this now came back to her. She looked at the empty closet and went to it and slowly closed the door.

If only I could shut out all thoughts of the past with the shutting of the closet door, she thought.

But there was no way to shut the door on her thoughts.

We were so happy for the next few years, she recalled.

During the next few years friends often had occasion to tell her what they'd said early in the marriage: "Lucy, you're spoiling Desi terribly."

The whole household had to revolve around Desi. Lucy could still remember the first Christmas they celebrated, when Desi informed her that he considered a Christmas incomplete without a suckling pig on the festive table.

"Ugh—how can we sit there and watch the poor little pig on a turning spit all day?" Lucy asked in horror.

"You're just being sentimental," Desi had laughed.

And so eager was Lucy to please that she sat in the patio, watching the suckling pig, even turning it over, so that Desi would feel that Christmas was everything he wanted it to be.

Yes, thought Lucy sadly. *I tried in so many small ways to make you happy, Desi. Where did I fail?*

The way Desi wanted

She remembered their first argument over a vacation. "A vacation in the snow," Lucy had said, her eyes dancing. "Let's go to Sun Valley."

Desi, remembering his happy years in Cuba, shivered.

"Snow?" he said. "How can you want such a vacation? No, vacations should be in the sun."

And so the vacation and most vacations after that were in the sun—the way Desi wanted them.

There was one dream they both shared. Lucy's lips curled into a sad smile as she remembered the one big dream they had realized. Sure, it had been wonderful that they had been able to make a success of the big TV show, *I Love Lucy,* in which she starred. It had been fun making producers who said that it was all wrong to co-star Desi in the series, that she should have an American actor play her TV husband, eat crow. She'd insisted that Desi be permitted to co-star with her in the shows, over the objections of practically everyone in TV, and she'd been right. They'd been a hit, and she'd insisted that Desi be given equal credit with her in that success. But the big dream had been of something bigger, more important than the success of their early *I Love Lucy* shows. Even more important than the development of the television kingdom Desi had begun to build.

From the time they were first married Lucy wanted a baby more than anything else in the world.

She smiled faintly now, remembering the three scrapbooks. Other actresses keep scrapbooks about their screen and TV triumphs—but Lucille's three scrapbooks

were different. They were started in the first year of her marriage. Three scrapbooks full of photos of babies which she'd cut out from every imaginable source. And under each picture of a baby there was a caption Lucy had written herself in her own meticulous handwriting, as though the written words were from the mouths of the adorable babies themselves. *"Hi, there, isn't it about time I showed up?"* And farther on, *"Hey, kids, what's the delay?"*—*"Say, what's holding me up?"* Month after month Lucy cut out fat little babies, and tried to hide her own deep disappointment with the funny sayings.

The big dream hadn't come to fruition easily. The years went by and there were only pictures in a scrapbook to reveal the dream.

And then one Sunday night, after they'd been married ten years, they were appearing together at the Roxy Theater in New York. Between shows they were relaxing backstage, listening to the radio, Lucy making some embroidery bits, Desi lying down.

All of a sudden the voice of Walter Winchell came over the air: *Flash . . . Desi and Lucy are going to have a baby.*

"What?" they'd both screamed. "How does *he* know?" They themselves didn't know. Lucy had been to the lab on Friday for tests and had been told to come in on Monday for her report.

They rushed to a phone to find out from Winchell himself what was up. He had actually gotten the report from some informant at the lab.

They'd spent the next hour holding each other and crying with joy. Lucy smiled softly at the recollection. All through her pregnancy Desi had treated her like she'd never been treated before, "as if I were a *papier maché* doll." But that did not last very long. Tragedy struck: the pregnancy ended in miscarriage . . . as did the next one. . . .

Desi was wonderful then

Lucy brought herself back to the present again with a sigh of relief. She thought of the two children who'd gone to sleep only a little while ago in their bedrooms down the hall. A wistful smile played on her lips as she remembered the birth of her first baby.

"Desi was so wonderful to me," she recalled, "when I was carrying Lucie." It almost seemed as though Desi wanted to make up to her for having lost the other babies and finally having borne one, that he began to treat Lucy like a baby. It was a new experience, having Desi wait on her, bring her breakfast in bed and scold her when she wanted to move a chair from one spot to another.

Their little girl was everything they'd hoped for. Lucille thought she and Desi had surely found Paradise together.

But right after little Lucie was born, Paradise ceased to be perfect. When Lucille told herself everything was wonderful she may have been kidding herself. Desi began to go off on fishing trips by himself. When they'd go to Las Vegas for fun, Lucy used to hate it when Desi would spend hours at the gaming tables. She never could understand why he found the dice and roulette tables so fascinating. "It must be his Cuban blood," she would tell herself, but that didn't help.

When she learned that another baby was on its way she hoped it would be a boy. It would make Desi so proud to have a son carry on his name. Maybe that was what he needed . . . Like everything attached to her marriage, Lucy embarked on even this project with a great deal of intensity. She carried Desi's baby picture around with her in the hope that it would be a son who looked just like him. Her doctor laughed at her when she told him. But somehow when her boy was born, he did look exactly like Desi. They named him Desiderio Alberto Arnaz. IV.

She stood up and walked over to another corner of the room where a photo of big Desi and little Desi stood on a tall chest of drawers. She picked up the picture, looking at them both, comparing them proudly as she had done so many times in the past. The little boy was almost a replica of his father—the same large, black eyes, the round face and richly curved mouth. He even seemed to have inherited Desi's love of music. So far, fortunately, the little boy showed no signs of having inherited Desi's quick, Cuban temper.

She had always said that she hoped the children would have their father's mentality when they grew up, and her moderation. . . . The thought of their growing up now in a house without a father was more than she could bear, and she groped blindly in the top drawer for a handkerchief . . . and there was the ring.

Her wedding ring. Not the one she wore, even now. But the one she wore the day they got married.

They had decided to get married suddenly, just like that. They went to a preacher's in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Desi realized that he had no ring. "So he ran to some dime store and bought me one for exactly that—ten cents," Lucy whispered, remembering, and smiling in spite of her heavy heart. "And I wore it for all those years . . . till it wasn't even round enough anymore for me to keep on my finger without cutting into it. Then it turned black. And I had to take it off and keep it in this little drawer, where I could come and look at it once in a while. . . ."

Back then, when they were first married, people would say, "The marriage won't last six months." Lucy enjoyed fooling them—fooled them for nineteen years. "How I wish," she thought ruefully, "we could have fooled them forever."

But she herself was fooled. She and Desi had conquered so many problems. They'd proved so many people wrong so many times. Perhaps she was too self-confident. In the last few years she thought nothing could come between them.

But after the early years had come the worst years of their lives. Not economically but emotionally. Something began to go very wrong at a time when everyone believed their life together was running smoothly. In the beginning Lucy had always been afraid that people would give her too much credit for the success of the *I Love Lucy* shows. She'd always been quick to point out that the series was a success only because Desi had made it a success. Without his genius as a producer where would they both have been, she'd ask.

When people tried to tell Lucy that she'd been the shoulder behind the wheel, the star of the family from the beginning, she'd burst into anger; "Why, that's nonsense. Desi has always been a big shot in show business. People just didn't realize it, that's all."

Some of her friends had been aghast when she insisted that Desi become the head of their newly-formed Desilu Productions. She'd become very angry at a friend who had pointed out, "You're the one who made the *Lucy* show so big—not he. Why make him the big one? You'll be sorry." Lucy hadn't spoken to that friend ever since. Had that friend been right, after all?

There was a sign on his door, PRESIDENT, and everyone on the huge studio lot they had bought bowed and scraped to Desi, as Lucy had hoped they'd do some day. She'd seen what happened to other women stars who shone more brightly than their husbands—seen their marriages fail. But that, she vowed, would never happen to them. She was all for Desi being the big one in the family.

Desi was a colossus in the business world as well as in show business, as head of one of the most powerful empires in TV. As producer and host, he was involved in many big television productions without her. He was busy—busy—busy—seldom home now. She couldn't see him as often. People swarmed over him, fawned over him. There was a new swagger about him. He didn't seem to need her. . . .

A kingdom without a king

When people, because of the power Desi wielded now, bowed and worshipped him, he might not need a worshipping wife quite so badly. If the whole world bows down before a man and calls him emperor, the time may come when he really believes he is an emperor.

Had Desi reached that point?

She tried to shut the hateful thought out of her mind.

"But what is the good of a great kingdom when the king hasn't time to play very much any more with his children or give his wife any real companionship?"

She twisted the ring on her finger.

"I've tried so hard. Where did I fail? Oh God, did I love him too much?"

She heard a call down the hall. Lucie was nine but, like most active children, would awaken with a start now and then. Lucy had tried to keep the atmosphere at home the same, but you can't hide much from children. They sensed something.

Lucie called out again. Lucille got up and hurried down the hall. She felt strong again. She was needed.

"All right, darling," she said, rushing in and holding Lucie close. "Don't worry. Mother's here. . . ." **END**

Please God, Don't Let Him See Me Cry . . .

(Continued from page 32)

her hands up to her eyes, and held them there, hard—"don't let him see me cry . . . Don't *let* me cry . . . I mustn't. I mustn't. . . ."

In the hospital a little while later, she walked over to his bed.

His face was completely covered with bandages.

"Lee," she could hear a voice moan from under the bandages. "Lee—"

As she looked at the figure on the bed, as she heard the voice, a heavy shiver ran through her body, and something seemed to snap inside her, and a voice in her mind cried out: *No, this can't be!* . . . then: *No, it's not!*

She turned quickly and walked over to a doctor who stood nearby.

She smiled strangely.

"But that's not him," she said. "The voice is different. You must have made a mistake . . . That's not my husband."

"There's no mistake," said the doctor. He reached for a sheet of paper. "Accord-

ing to cards in the wallet police found on him, he's William Colleran. TV producer, director. New York address: 167 East 61 Street. California address—"

"I don't care, he's not my husband," Lee interrupted, looking back at the bed, staring. ". . . The voice was different."

"Of course, it sounds different," the doctor said. "He's practically unconscious . . . Don't you realize what's happened?"

Lee didn't answer.

"I told you on the phone," said the doctor. "Don't you remember?"

Still, Lee didn't answer.

"He'd been to a party," the doctor said, then. "He was in his car, alone, coming down a hill, steep, very steep. It was dark. It was late. He must have fallen asleep at the wheel. The car hit a tree.

"When the police got to him, they thought he was dead at first," the doctor went on. "I got to him a little while later. The heartbeat was weak, but I could see he was still alive. I gave him some serum. Then we rushed him here. We've examined him. He's suffering from multiple fractures, and a severe concussion of the brain. We've got to operate. We've held up till now, to give him some blood. But very soon, if we're to save him—"

"That's not my husband," Lee said.

The doctor touched her arm.

"You may not want him to be, but he is," he said.

Lee pushed him away. She stood rigid now. "He's not," she shouted. "He's *not!*"

Again she smiled strangely, as if she had won a victory of some kind.

"Look," the doctor said, "I know how you feel. But I think you'd feel a lot better if you admitted you understood—"

"No," said Lee.

"*Admitted* you understood," the doctor said, "—and even cried, if that's what you really feel like doing . . . That is what you feel like doing right now, isn't it? . . . This is a shock, a terrible shock. I know . . . Now, come on, cry a little and—"

"No," said Lee. "I never cry. I mustn't cry . . . And besides, there's no need for me to cry."

"*Lee,*" she heard the voice moan once more, from under the bandages.

"No," she said.

"*Leeeeeee*"—it came again.

"Bill?" she whispered.

"Bill?"

And then, as everything in the room came racing towards her, she fell, fainting, to the floor. . . .

"Get her to talk"

She felt the blanket around her. She realized she was lying on a couch . . . that there was someone else in the room.

She opened her eyes and, turning her head only slightly, she saw the nurse, a big woman, big-boned, middle-aged, the steel rim of her spectacles shining under the shining white starchiness of her cap, seated beside her.

"Well," she heard the nurse say, softly, "time you came around . . . How do you feel, dear? Do you feel all right?"

Lee nodded slightly. "Where's my husband?" she asked.

"Upstairs . . . in the operating room," said the nurse. "The operation began about an hour ago. It should only be another hour more, maybe a little less."

The nurse remembered the chat she'd had in the hallway, with the doctor, a little while earlier. "I'm worried about her," he'd said. "Get her to talk, if you can. Get her to talk and get some of this hysteria out of her system."

"Would you like to talk?" the nurse asked now.

Lee sighed and lay her head back a little and looked up at the ceiling overhead, as if she were trying to look through it, to a room above where Bill lay now.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I'd like to talk, a little."

"Tell me," said the nurse, pulling up her chair a little, "about your baby. I've read a little about you in the newspapers. I remember reading when you had a baby last year . . . What's her name?"

"Kate," Lee said. "She was christened Kathleen. But we call her Kate."

"I bet she's a doll," said the nurse.

"She is," Lee said.

"Does she look like you?"

Lee shook her head.

"Like her daddy?" asked the nurse.

Lee closed her eyes. "More like her daddy, yes," she said. "Her face is round like his. And she has his eyes and lips. And she's gentle the way he is . . . gentle and lovable, just like he is."

"Where is she now?" asked the nurse.

"In Tennessee," Lee said. "I was making a picture there. I mean, I *am* making a picture there, I guess . . . In Cleveland, Tennessee . . . Kate was with me and a girl I hired. I left her with the girl when I got the phone call—"

How Lee became an actress

Her voice began to trail off.

"*Get her to talk—*" the nurse remembered the doctor's words.

"Tell me," the nurse said, suddenly, changing the subject, "a person like me who watches TV and goes to movies, we never get to meet actresses, like you. And we wonder so many things. Like how do they become actresses?"

Lee shrugged.

"How did *you* become an actress, Mrs. Colleran?" asked the nurse. "Come on. Don't be modest. Tell me all the interesting facts now."

"There's nothing very interesting about my story," said Lee, opening her eyes. "When I was a little girl, in Boston, I used to watch my great-grandmother. I guess she's the one who started me off, in a way."

"Was she an actress?" asked the nurse.

"No," said Lee. "She was a minister, a Methodist minister . . . And from my earliest years I can remember watching her in church every Sunday, talking to the congregation. I used to think it was the most thrilling thing imaginable, somebody standing and talking to people and holding them spellbound, moving them . . . I made up my mind that *that* was what I wanted to do someday, be a lady minister and talk to people. . . ."

"Now I think that's *real* interesting," said the nurse. "Go on . . . Go on, and tell me more."

Lee said nothing.

"Go on," said the nurse. *"Get her to talk—"* she remembered.

"Well," Lee said, "—I learned in time that to be a minister you needed to have a calling—some kind of divine calling, either from within yourself, or from God. I never had the calling. But still," she said, "I wanted to talk to people, to groups, to congregations of one sort or another. And one day, I remember, my mother took me into town to see a play. And I realized then, sitting in the audience, watching the actors on the stage talking out to me and all the other people, that this was like a church, in a way, and that being an actor was like being a minister, in a way—at least, in a way important to me—"

The nurse smiled. "So you began to study acting hard and your mother and father sacrificed every penny they had," said the nurse, "and then one day you were discovered, sitting in a restaurant—and boom, you were a star. Right?"

"Partly," Lee said. "I didn't study acting very hard as a child. And if I had, it wouldn't have been a sacrifice to my parents. They were not poor. In fact, they were wealthy—" She paused for a moment. "But yes, you're right," she said then, "I was discovered, in a restaurant."

"How do you like that?" the nurse said, pleased with herself. "Well!"

Two discoveries

"It was a restaurant in New York," Lee said. "I was living in New York with my mother and we went to dinner one night. And just as we were about to leave this man came over. He said he was a producer, that he had a play that had just started rehearsals, that he had one part open—for a girl who looked like me, and that he'd like it if I came to the theater and tried out. I did. And I got the part."

"Just like you read about," said the nurse.

"Yes," Lee said, "—except the play flopped."

"Easy come, easy go, eh?" said the nurse, laughing a little. "Then what happened, Mrs. Colleran?"

"I did some television work," said Lee. "Then I did a picture, my first picture."

"Which was that?"

"It was called *A Face in the Crowd.*" Lee said. "I had a small part. I played the drum majorette, who marries Andy Griffith—"

"Ohhhh," said the nurse. "Now was *that* you?"

"Yes," Lee said. She smiled a little.

She seemed to be remembering something. The nurse, glad to see the smile, wanting to see it stay for a little while, at least, leaned forward and asked, "And what did I say that was so funny?"

"Just what he said," said Lee, "—the very first time I met him."

"Your husband, I'll bet," said the nurse.

Lee hesitated.

"Tell me about it," said the nurse, "if I'm not being too nosy . . . That first time you met."

"It was at a party," Lee said, after a moment. "It was a few weeks after the picture opened. There were lots of people there—some of the biggest names in the business. And I was a nothing. But when I'd be introduced to them, always as the girl in *A Face in the Crowd*, they'd say, 'Oh of course, you were wonderful, just wonderful.' At first, it made me feel good, very good. But then, after a while, I noticed that all of them, every one of them, said it exactly the same way . . . I began to think that half of them hadn't even seen the picture, or me . . . And I began to feel sad."

"And then," said the nurse, "Prince Charming came along—and he *had* seen the picture."

"Yes," said Lee. "The person who introduced us, me and Bill, mentioned *A Face in the Crowd*. Bill looked puzzled. I told him I'd played the drum majorette. 'Ohhhh,' he said, 'now was *that* you?'—just the way you said it. And then he said, 'You were pretty good, Miss Remick. You aren't going to win any Academy Awards for what you did. But you were pretty

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good.' . . . And do you know what I did?"

"What?" asked the nurse.

"I felt so good, hearing this," said Lee, "that I began to laugh. I took his hand and I told him about how I'd been feeling up to that point. I'd been on a high and lonely cloud, I told him, and he'd come along and brought me right back down to where I wanted to be . . . I told him all this, still holding his hand, as if we were old friends. And while I was holding his hand, there, that first time, I fell in love with him . . . Does that sound silly?" she asked.

"No," the nurse said.

"We were married a few months later," Lee went on. "We went to Venice on our honeymoon. We stayed there for three months. We said to heck with everything, our jobs—everything. We were there and we were happy and we stayed. We lived in a *pensione,* one of those small hotels. And it was only the beginning, really. Because after that we grew more and more in love—something I didn't imagine possible—and we were happier still—"

She stopped.

And she looked up again, towards the ceiling, thinking of the room upstairs, the big white room with all the doctors, where her husband lay, fighting for his life.

For a few minutes, neither she nor the nurse said anything.

And then, softly, the nurse spoke up.

"Mrs. Colleran . . . may I ask you something personal?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lee, vaguely. "Yes, of course, if you want."

"I was in the room before," the nurse said, "your husband's room, when you were—" She paused. "When the doctor told you to cry . . . said it would help make you feel better. When you told him that you wouldn't, you couldn't, that you never did, that you mustn't."

"That's right," said Lee.

"What did you mean?" asked the nurse.

Lee sighed. "It's a long story," she said. "You wouldn't be interested. Really, you wouldn't."

"I see," said the nurse. "I'm sorry—" she started to say.

When, suddenly, Lee said, "My aunt—it was she who told me that I mustn't cry."

"Your aunt?" asked the nurse.

Lee didn't answer, just sat there, still.

"Your aunt?" the nurse asked again.

"A long time ago," Lee said, finally. "When I was five. I was only five, you see," she said, "and one day I heard that my mother and father were going to be divorced. Neither of them had wanted to tell me about it. And so they asked her to tell me, my aunt. . . ."

"It must have been a very hard moment for you," the nurse said, as Lee sighed again, deeply.

"I cried when she told me," Lee said. "I cried . . . It's been a long time since that day. But I remember the tears running from my eyes—I remember that. They ran down my cheeks and some of them ran into my mouth and I remember they burned the insides of my mouth and they began to choke me.

"And I remember starting to cough at one point and my aunt slapping my back, hard.

"And saying, 'Now you stop that, do you hear? Crying is for fools, for silly people who don't have fiber, strength, character, breeding. Crying is for weak people. Weak people. Not people like us!'

"And I remember her slapping my back harder and harder as she said that. And her saying, over and over, 'Now stop. You look ridiculous. You should be ashamed of yourself!'

"Until, finally, I did stop.

"And, from that day to this, I've never cried. . . ."

"Because," asked the nurse, "you didn't want to appear weak?"

"I don't know any more," said Lee, "not exactly."

"Don't you know," said the nurse, her voice calm, very calm, "that it's a natural thing to cry . . . that there is often great relief in tears . . . that babies, little babies, are born crying; their very first sound . . . that Jesus wept . . . that everyone must weep sometimes?"

"*I* can't," said Lee. "I'm different maybe, but *I* can't . . . And now, if you'd talk about something else . . . Or else *not* talk for a while—"

"All right," said the nurse. "I'm sorry."

The silence that followed was intense.

Until finally, some ten minutes later, it was interrupted by the phone.

The nurse got up and answered the call. Then she said to Lee, "It was the doctor, calling from the operating room. He'll be down soon. But he wanted you to know now that the operation is over, that it was a success, that your husband is going to be all right."

"He is," said Lee, not asking. "Thank God."

She got up from the couch, dazedly.

At one point, she seemed to falter, and the nurse took her arm.

"I'm all right," Lee said.

"Is there anything I can get for you? Do for you?"

"No," Lee muttered.

She looked down for a moment; then back up at the nurse.

And then, suddenly, she threw her arms around her and she buried her head in the big woman's shoulder.

"—He's not going to die," Lee said.

"No," said the nurse.

"He's not going to die."

And then she smiled as she felt the girl's tears beginning to wet her sleeve. **END**

Lee stars next in 20th-Fox's WILD RIVER.

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE LEE REMICK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

new movies

(Continued from page 6)

father deserted him and whose devoted mother, it develops, entertains men while Warren's in the study hall (b) Tuesday Weld, whose bedridden, nagging mother has already led her to seek more than solace in the arms of (c) Michael Callan, a motherless boy cynically taking lessons in crime from a local butcher, who does his real work at night. These teen-agers can grow up to be social outcasts—or butterflies, depending on Dick Clark's help. There's really nothing dull about this movie. (James Darren, in a guest appearance at a high school dance, sings the title song.)—COLUMBIA.

THE UNFORGIVEN

race hatred in Texas

Burt Lancaster
Audrey Hepburn
Audie Murphy
Lillian Gish
Doug McClure

▪ Life in the Texas Panhandle (of the 1860's) has a desolate beauty about it, although the presence of Audrey Hepburn enlivens the area and overcomes its sense of isolation. She is part of the Zachary family. Mom (Lillian Gish) raised her from infancy as her own, and the brothers, Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy, Doug McClure, adore her. All would be well if it were not for the sudden, eerie presence of a crazy old man (Joseph Wiseman) who looms like a threat of disaster: He has spread the news that Audrey is really an Indian who was kidnapped from the Kiowas by the now dead father of the Zacharys. Not only is the news shocking (and vehemently denied by Lillian Gish) but it turns all the neighbors, including the stricken Bickford family, against Audrey. Love scenes, battle scenes, bronco-busting scenes, scenes of idyllic days fill the screen with charm and passion, and with fine entertainment.—CINEMASCOPE, U.A.

CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS

children of war

Lilli Palmer
Sylvia Syms
Yvonne Mitchell
Ronald Lewis
Michael Goodliffe

▪ Many Italian soldiers had little enthusiasm for World War II. Certainly they didn't enjoy being jailers of children. This movie, based on fact, is set in 1943. On a hill in northern Italy stands a beautiful convent in charge of Mother Superior Lilli Palmer. Below it is a 'transit' camp mainly occupied by Jewish children. The children have dug a tunnel. As many nights as possible, groups of them—starved, frightened, orphaned—crawl through it. They are met at the far end by nuns and shipped by truck (whose driver is Sister Meg Jenkins) to Partisans and safety. The camp commander (Ronald Lewis) looks the other way. Then the Germans take over and in the very next rescue mission a nun is killed. Nazi Colonel Albert Lieven promises the same fate to anyone else who disrupts the camp. Finally he invades the convent, surprises a group of children at religious service (Hebrew), swoops down on the nuns at their devotions and decides that he is going to place Sister Lilli before a firing squad. The children, of course, can break your heart—and Sister Lilli's nobility is inspiring.—PARAMOUNT.

THE SWORD AND THE DRAGON

Russian spectacle

Boris Andreyev
Andrei Abrikosov
Nina Medvedeva
Alexei Shvorin
Sovol Martinson

▪ Here is a spectacle whose costumes, scenery and action will dazzle you, partly because it was made in a foreign country (Russia) but mainly because the Russians have let themselves go. In telling this famous folk legend they bring monsters to life, casually mix magic with reality, shamelessly (when they think it's called for) flood the screen with a presentation of 'nature's wonders' that you would expect to find in an animated cartoon. The total effect is deeply satisfying. The story is about Ilya Muromets, for centuries a Russian folk hero. The impossibly heroic Ilya (a handsome, bearded giant, usually glittering in mesh armor), a cast of one hundred thousand and an old-fashioned rendering of blood and gore will hold you enthralled.—VITALITE.

THE TRIAL OF SERGEANT RUTLEDGE

court martial of a Negro

Jeffrey Hunter
Constance Towers
Billie Burke
Woody Strode
Juano Hernandez

▪ Under the direction of John Ford, a not very original plot takes on stature and dignity. The scene is the Arizona Territory, the court martial is of a Negro sergeant (Woody Strode) who is accused of the brutal murders of a young white girl he's known all her life and of her father, a Major in command of the Post. If possible, Strode has made things even worse for himself by deserting the post after the killings. Overtaken by Lieutenant Jeffrey Hunter, who later defends him, Strode claims he deserted because he knew that no one would believe a Negro's story. The most moving portions of the film are due to the face and carriage of Woody Strode, and his great presence and reserve.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNER BROS.

7. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

8. I LIKE LUCILLE BALL:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

9. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

10. I LIKE CARY GRANT:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

11. I LIKE LANA TURNER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **THEY DO IT TO MUSIC** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

13. How many phonographs do you have in your home? (if none write "0") .....

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

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CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....


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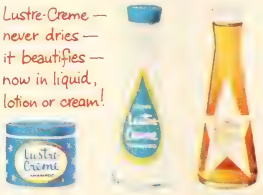
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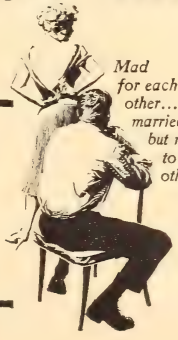
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As Presented On the Stage
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Directed by
VINCENTE MINNELLI

Anne's WRETCHED



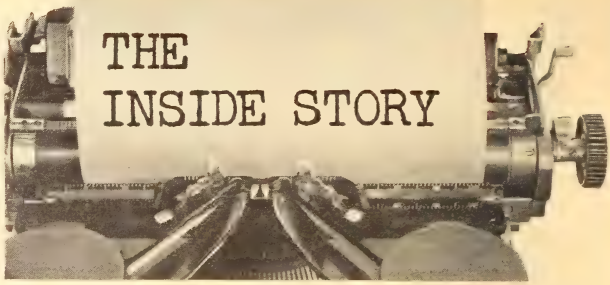
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q There's a report that **Shirley MacLaine** and her brother **Warren Beatty** refuse to talk about one another for publication. Is this because Shirley is opposed to having **Joan Collins** as a sister-in-law?
—E.S., Evanston, Ill.

A *No. It's because Warren is opposed to making it as a star on his sister's fame.*

Q How come after all her publicity—and I do mean *all*—**Jayne Mansfield** faded so much from the Hollywood scene? Did the public resent the imitation **Marilyn Monroe** bit?
—I.L., Dallas, Tex.

A *They resented having Jayne pushed down their throats. If you recall it was the public that discovered Marilyn in small roles . . . and it was the public that demanded better roles for her. With Jayne it was vice versa.*

Q I read a great deal about **Marilyn Monroe**'s recurring illnesses while she was in production with Let's Make Love. What was the state of her health during the month-long actor's strike when she didn't have to work?
—K.H., Boston, Mass.

A *She had a slight cold.*

Q What was the real cause of the **Suzy Parker**-Pierre LaSalle breakup?
—D.L., Montreal, Can.

A *Throughout their marriage both made a thing about being able to go their separate ways. This time they went too far.*

Q There was a rumor circulating that **Dean Martin** had a brain tumor. What are the real facts about this?
—H.G., Lawrence, N.Y.

A *There was a suspicion of a tumor. Ex-rays proved otherwise—and Dean's dizzy spells are suspected of being the result of too much high living. At the moment, however, he's not taking advice to slow down too seriously.*

Q How serious is the feud between **Tony Curtis** and **Glenn Ford**, and how did Tony feel about not getting an Oscar nomination for *Some Like It Hot* when **Jack Lemmon** got one?
—T.H., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A *Because of their heated differences over the Actor's Strike (Tony was violently for it, Glenn just as violently against it), it's unlikely Glenn and Tony will talk to one another again. Tony still speaks to Lemmon but was sour over his own lack of nomination.*

Q What are the chances of **Bobby Darin** marrying **Jo-Ann Campbell**?
—R.D., Bangor, Me.

A *Excellent—if the romance can survive the long separation of Bobby's new public appearance tour.*

Q I have been a fan of **Lana Turner**'s for more than 20 years and can't ever remember her going on personal appearances. I read she is doing some for *Portrait In Black*. Is she doing this to cover the bad publicity she's been getting because of her daughter Cheryl?
—T.W., New London, Conn.

A *No. Lana owns 50% of the picture. The more interest she can create, the greater amount she figures to make.*

Q Do you think **James Garner** will legally be able to walk out of his Warners contract—even though he insists it became null and void when the studio put him on suspension?
—A.C., Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

A *The studio will fight the case to the highest court to keep Jim in its fold. As long as they keep fighting, Jim will be unable to work for anyone. Hollywood bets Jim will be back at Warners.*

Q The columns seem to be linking **Lucille Ball** with Morton DaCosta, the producer-director of her new Broadway show. What are the chances of this turning into a *serious* romance?
—C.B., Tucson, Ariz.

A *Nil—for any kind of romance.*

Q After all they went through to be able to get married, is it really true that **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado** are having serious problems after less than six months together?
—E.W., Savannah, Ga.

A *They were having serious problems after less than* three *months together.*

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** are planning to live in Switzerland for good in order to avoid paying exorbitant U.S. income taxes?
—S.S., Ithaca, N.Y.

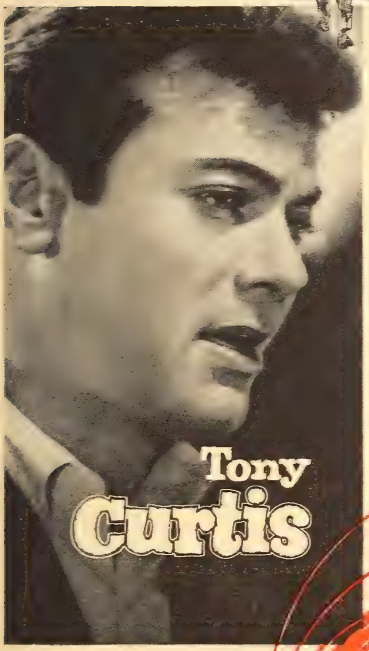
A *Liz and Eddie may set up a business in Switzerland. They plan to live there only for the duration of* Cleopatra.



The naive guy from Milwaukee who got caught in the rat race..



The talent from Tampa who became a ten-cents-a-dance girl..



"You talk about breaking New York open in three months. It might take you all your life—and you still won't do it. Just wait till it slams every door in your face. You'll lie, steal, cheat—and that's only the beginning!"



Tony Curtis

Debbie Reynolds

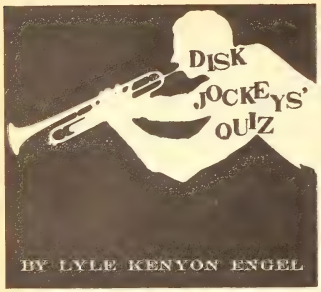
in the PERLBERG-SEATON production of GARSON KANIN'S

the rat race



co-starring **JACK OAKIE / KAY MEDFORD / DON RICKLES** / TECHNICOLOR® with JOE BUSHKIN • SAM BUTERA • GERRY MULLIGAN

Directed by Robert Mulligan • Screenplay by Garson Kanin • Based on His Play • A Paramount Picture



BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Lee Case
Station WCBM
Baltimore, Md.

1. *They are three little fellows who are always getting out of line. They are saucy little fellows who have had several million record sellers. These little characters were created by David Seville.*

2. *She has acted and sung in many pictures, with leading men like Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Vic Damone. Her first big platter was* TAMMY. *Her latest is* AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET?



Bob 'Coffeehead' Larson
Station WRIT
Milwaukee, Wis.

3. *Every year he's voted the top popular instrumental guitarist in the U.S. He started out on WSM's* GRAND OLD OPRY. *He's RCA Victor's A & R man for Country and Western Music.*



Ira Cook
Station KMPC
Los Angeles, Cal.

4. *These four singers, Tony Williams, David Lynch, Paul Robi and Zola Taylor, have had many top record sellers. They met and formed their group when they were parking lot attendants in Los Angeles. Some of their big hits were:* THE GREAT PRETENDER, ONLY YOU *and* HARBOR LIGHTS.

5. *This singer was born in Texas in 1939. He still conducts his band which he formed in high school. He records for Mercury and has made a million-record-seller,* RUNNING BEAR.

6. *As a child she sang in her hometown choir in Newark, New Jersey. She later became a band singer with Earl Hines, Billy Eckstine and John Kirby. Her latest is* YOU'RE MY BABY.



Mike Woloson
Station WNTA
Newark, N. J.

7. *He's been blind since the age of six because of a childhood illness. This great pianist worked with many bands at 15 and organized his first trio at 17. His latest album is called* THE GENIUS OF ——.



Don Bell
Station KIOA
Des Moines, Iowa

1. The Chipmunks
2. Debbie Reynolds
3. Chet Atkins
4. The Platters
5. Johnny Preston
6. Stanley Turrentine
7. Ray Charles

letter to an adopted child

■ James MacArthur is a happy young man, with a promising career as an actor, who only smiles to himself when he hears the old question—should you tell an adopted child the truth about his birth?

The answer is "yes, but gently—and with love."

Jimmy learned that because he himself is the adopted son of one of the world's best-known stage actresses, Helen Hayes, and the late Charles MacArthur.

It was while Charles MacArthur was serving in the Army during World War II, that he decided ten-year-old Jimmy should learn he was adopted.

One day he sent a letter with a special message for Jimmy:

FROM: Charles MacArthur, Major, U.S.A.

TO: Helen Hayes MacArthur

SUBJECT: Promotion of Corporal James MacArthur.

1: It has come to the attention of the undersigned that, since James Gordon MacArthur adopted *the Army as a career, his conduct has been consistent with the highest standards of military behavior and deserving of promotion.*

2: Helen Hayes MacArthur, in the absence of his Commanding Officer, is hereby empowered to promote the said James MacArthur to the grade of Master Sergeant.

3: A pair of Master Sergeant's chevrons are enclosed.

Charles MacArthur
Major, U.S.A.

Helen Hayes read the 'orders' to Jimmy and when the inevitable word *adopted* was read, and the inevitable questions followed . . . the unmistakable love that was concealed in those Sergeant's chevrons, the love of more-than-real parents, carried the day. There wasn't a kid in upstate New York, or the whole world, for that matter, who strutted around as proudly as James MacArthur, wearing his Sergeant's stripes!





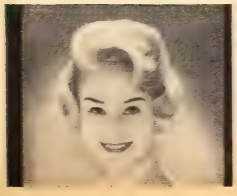
Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep* . . .
brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!











LINDA COUCH, *Freshman, Univ. of Tampa, Tampa, Fla. says:*
"I was heartsick — just before a talent contest, blemishes broke out on my face. I was going to quit, but my dad brought home a tube of Clearasil. The very next day, my skin looked better and by contest time it was completely clear."
Linda Couch

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. *Penetrates pimples.* 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. *Stops bacteria.* Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. *'Starves' pimples.* Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

FABIAN HATED HIS NAME



■ When Fabian was in grammar school, he hated his name.

"I was named for my grandfather and it seemed to me that no one else in the world had the name of 'Fabian,' " he said. "I wished fervently that I'd been christened Joe or Mike or even Anthony which was my middle name.

"When I told my mother I wanted to drop the Fabian and use Anthony, she was so mad, she chased me out of the house."

In school, the kids gave Fabian a hard time. They hooted and poked fun at him because of his 'grand' name. When a commercial came out that said 'Fab washes whiter' they had a field day.

Fabian was a safety lieutenant in school. His job was to keep the kids off the water tower during fire drill. He couldn't leave his post so he had to stand there while all the kids filed past him chanting "*Fab* washes whiter."

But when Bob Marcucci discovered him, Bob said, "You have an unusual name. Odd names make people remember you." And he proved it by coming around to Fabian's house a second time and talking of making him a singer.

In time, they tacked 'Fabulous' on to 'Fabian' and Fabe began to feel that all the punishment he had taken in school was worth it.

"Don't feel sorry for yourself, if the kids make you a target," he summed up. "What you think is a drawback might turn into an advantage if you make up your mind to make the most of it."



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *nicest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!



Neet®



Charlton Heston

DINING WITH THE STARS

by Blanche E. Schiffman

■ If you were to visit Hollywood, one of the first things you'd want to do, perhaps, would be to take a tour of a movie studio and have lunch at the studio commisary. So did I.

So when I called Nick Adams for an interview, and he suggested, "Let's have lunch at the Paramount commissary at 12:30," it took less than three seconds of deliberation to say "Fine"—and somehow I got there by 12:12 (all the better to get an advance look at the place).

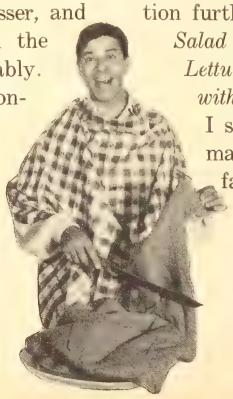
I was stopped at the studio gate by a guard, but after he found my name on the appropriate list, I was permitted through and directed to a square, flat building about two city blocks from the entrance. I passed buildings which housed a barber shop, a tailor and a hairdresser, and reflected that you could live within the studio walls for a week quite comfortably.

The commissary, called the "Cafe Continental" at Paramount, is a square building one story high, with a small vestibule at the entrance. It looks like a tearoom, floored in shining linoleum, with square tables the size of bridge tables set up throughout the room, and wide aisles in between.

A waitress directed me to a table, and handed me a menu: a large square of cardboard folded in half, printed in royal blue and bearing a Paramount crest across the front.

Nick Adams arrived to find me chuckling over the menu. "I think I'll have this," I said, pointing to: *Dean Martin Special, Egg Shells on Toast with Cracked Crab à la 5-Iron . . . 7 yen.* "In case you're running short of yen, you might want to try this," Nick laughed, pointing to: *Jerry Lewis Special, Breaded Tweed Jacket With Almond Sauce and Roasted, Lemon Juice with Peas and Canned Pot Roast . . . $7.00.* "That's just for the tourists. Here's the entry for the home folks," I declared, coming across another notation further down on the menu: *Jerry Lewis Salad (This Is For Real), Chopped Cucumber, Lettuce, Tomato, Celery, and Green Pepper with Special Dressing . . . $1.75.*

I studied the menu carefully, trying to make up my mind which of the stars' favorite dishes listed on the menu I would choose: deliberating between the relative merits of Turkey and Eggs à la Crosby, Spanish Omelette à la Alan (*Continued on page 12*)



Jerry Lewis

NEW!
Shampoofs!



Helene Curtis
Shampoo plus egg
in the handiest packets you ever poofed

First purse-size shampoo for girls who go places . . . Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg in spillproof, leakproof little plastic packets! Just nip off the tip and *poof* a Shampoof . . . two heady headfuls of rich, rich lather. See the Golden Plus of egg, nature's lusterizer, relight your highlights, whatever your hair color. Poof a *Shampoof* today . . . with Helene Curtis **shampoo plus egg** 2% T.M.



1 complete shampoo (2 luxury lathers) in every 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢. Also in handy beauty bottle, 59¢ and $1.

■ Twenty four hours after the boy had gotten up his nerve, and she'd smiled shyly and said, "Why I'd love to go dancing with you!", they were at the Cocoanut Grove, at a candle-shaded table. To a kid who, until very recently, had been more interested in athletics than girls, this was the life. It was also his very first date . . . alone and unchaperoned with A Girl!

In the interim he'd asked a friend, "How do you take a girl dancing for the first time?" Replied the friend, "Give her a gardenia, call for her in a taxi, dance with her, pay the bill, take her home in a taxi—and kiss her goodnight. It's that simple."

He'd bought the gardenia and it had gone over well. She was wearing it now, sitting across the table from him, but he couldn't see it any longer. Instead he was looking at the small silver tray with a discreetly turned-down white slip: the bill. And it was then that he discovered he had left his wallet at home!

For a breather, he asked for another dance, and when it was over he excused himself. The Maitre d'Hotel was sympathetic. He was a nice clean-cut youngster; he could sign the bill with his name and address and leave his gold wrist watch

ROBERT STACK'S CHARGE ACCOUNT

for collateral, to be redeemed next day. As for the girl, she was none the wiser.

But the worst was to come—he had no money for cab fare. As they alighted before her house, he muttered, "Wait for me," to the driver. Following them to the door, the driver's eyes bored holes in his back. At last the great moment for the kiss had arrived . . . and, of all moments, this was the one that had to be chaperoned! Awkwardly they shook hands, both murmuring thanks for a lovely evening, and he scuttled ignominiously back to the cab.

"Why didncha kiss her?" asked the cabbie disgustedly.

"Because," said Robert Stack, with sheer frustration in his voice, "you were watching, you kibitzer . . . and I couldn't pay you off and send you away, because I haven't any money . . . and the only way you're going to get your fare is to take me home and wait while I go up and get my wallet off my bureau."



(*Continued from page 10*)

Ladd (made with eggs from Alsulana Acres) and Strawberries Heston. Finally, in deference to my host, I decided to try "The Rebel" Special à la Nick Adams.

When we'd finished, I asked Nick if his wife could send me the recipe. She could, and she did. If you'd like to try it, serve it with toast and coffee, and charge yourself $1.60—just as they do at the Paramount commissary.

"THE REBEL" SPECIAL À LA NICK ADAMS

4 links small country sausage
2 eggs
dash salt
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 3-inch square slice of American or cheddar cheese

In a small skillet, prepare country sausages according to package directions. Set under a tiny flame to keep hot. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, and beat again. In another skillet, melt the tablespoon of butter and add the well-beaten eggs. Cook over a low flame until eggs are set. Then fold each side one-third toward the center, so that edges overlap. Top with the slice of American cheese and place under the broiler until cheese melts. When done, slip the omelet on to a hot china plate, and place the sausages vertically across it.

And—in case you'd like to try some of the other stars' favorites on the Paramount menu—here's the way to do it.

STRAWBERRIES HESTON

1 container frozen strawberries (whole or sliced)
1 half-pint light sour cream
2 teaspoons honey
cinnamon

Defrost strawberries as per package directions. Divide into two portions. Top each portion with half of the sour cream. Add one teaspoon of honey to each portion, then dust with cinnamon. Serves 2. (In the Paramount commissary, fresh strawberries are served, but frozen strawberries are the next best thing.)

TURKEY AND EGGS À LA CROSBY

3 large slices leftover turkey
2 eggs
2 teaspoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
pepper

Butter an ovenproof dish. Place turkey in the casserole. Top with eggs which have been broken carefully so that yokes remain whole. Add salt and pepper, then sprinkle 1 teaspoon of milk or cream over each egg. Bake on the lower shelf of a moderate oven for ten minutes, or until eggs are set. Makes one serving.

SPANISH OMELETTE À LA ALAN LADD

2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
1 tablespoon butter

Melt butter in a skillet. Beat eggs well, add milk and salt, and beat again. Cook over low heat until mixture is set. When it is an even consistency, fold over and top with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter
¼ chopped onion
¼ chopped green pepper
½ cup drained canned tomatoes

Brown onion in butter, add green pepper; cover and cook until soft. Add tomatoes. Cook till thoroughly heated. One serving.



Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!



New glide-on applicator! Just twist the bottom . . . cream comes out the top!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a *real cream deodorant* can give *plus* glide-on convenience—*both* in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. *3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.*

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FOR LOVELIER HAIR



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HOLD-BOB® BOBBY PINS
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Brush'n roll®
COMFY CURLER KIT
with
REMOVABLE BRUSH



BRUSH GOES IN for easy rolling and setting.



BRUSH COMES OUT leaving flexible roller in hair.



FASTEN with GAYLA HOLD-BOB, the only bobby pin that holds rollers correctly . . . and sets and holds all hair styles perfectly.

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Chicago 16, Ill.

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

THE FUGITIVE KIND

the despair of Tennessee Williams

Marlon Brando
Joanne Woodward
Anna Magnani
Maureen Stapleton
Victor Jory

■ No vague, symbolic metaphor obscures Tennessee Williams' philosophy in this film. With agonized (and sometimes boring) clarity he says: brutality and evil will sure enough conquer the world, there's no use fighting it. All we can do—in helplessness and nostalgia—is to value the few rare wild birds who fly into our world now and then, flutter their wings courageously against the downdraughts of evil and then die—violently, and in vain. The bird in *The Fugitive Kind* is Marlon Brando. He wears a snakeskin jacket, carries a guitar (his life's companion) and drifts, at thirty, into the life of storekeeper Anna Magnani. Anna is a bitter woman who never recovered from the fact that her father's house and grounds were burned out by unknown hoodlums of this very town. She's married to cruel Victor Jory who's just come home from the hospital to die. All of Williams' characters (except Brando and the ineffectual Maureen Stapleton) feel like victims and make no effort to get out of the muck they're in. Joanne Woodward can react to her life only by becoming a defiant tramp; she is always around (looking like an unkempt ghost) to lure Marlon back to his old ways. Resisting her (it isn't hard), he gives in to Anna's great need for warmth. Anna plans to open her "confectionery"—an outdoor cafe—on the very night that Jory is dying. By this time Brando is caught. Like a bird he flutters to fly away, but the forces of evil embodied by the town sheriff, the dying husband, the pervasive smell of rot, the strangling grip of town history, all serve to destroy him.—UNITED ARTISTS.

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN

love and war

Van Heflin
Sylvana Mangano
Harry Guardino
Vera Miles
Richard Basehart

■ The very confused thinking in this movie is swept away, in the end, by such a stand for the dignity of man that you find yourself accepting unbelievable people in a story that seems to have been filmed for its sensational appeal. The story opens in occupied Yugoslavia where a Nazi officer (Steve Forrest) seduces one girl after another. The girls give in for various reasons—one wanted coal for the stove; another wanted to save her brother; another (Barbara Bel Geddes), come hell or high water, is determined to become a mother; still another (Sylvana Mangano) hates war and wants love. The five girls have their heads shaved (as punishment for making love to the Nazi soldier) and are expelled from the village. Hunger makes them tough (they steal); necessity (to protect herself from the unwanted advances of a soldier) makes Sylvana kill, and the next thing you know the girls have joined up with the guerrillas—after first being warned not to become involved with them in love affairs. Too bad Vera Miles (one of the branded girls) succumbs to Harry Guardino (one of the



In Tennessee Williams' The Fugitive Kind, Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando are two tortured characters who try to find happiness.

lusty guerrillas). They're both shot at dawn. One of the girls (not B. Bel Geddes) waits out her pregnancy in camp, while another (Jeanne Moreau) finds it very hard not to fall in love with a Nazi prisoner (Richard Basehart). Sylvana, fighting like a lion, takes part in a daring raid on her home town during a Nazi celebration. Heflin (and life) are beginning to teach her that violence, is sometimes necessary.—PARAMOUNT.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
Eddie Hodges
Tony Randall
Mickey O'Shaughnessey
Andy Devine
american classic

■ Huckleberry Finn is admittedly a classic, but why people think it's for children remains a mystery. Huck is a child (Eddie Hodges), but they don't make them like that any more —thank goodness. He has more 'personality' almost than you can take—and crafty? Such a little liar has rarely been found the whole length of the Mississippi. His saving grace is that he lies for the sake of a greater truth and, also, to stay alive. His father (Neville Brand), a mean, miserable alcoholic who lives in a filthy shack, orders the two gentle ladies who've been harboring Huck to sell their slave, Jim (Archie Moore), for $500 and give him the money—or else give him Huck. Huck and Jim escape on a raft. Together they run into 'slicker' Tony Randall and his companion, Mickey O'Shaughnessey, who overpower the pair and use them to swindle a couple of young girls out of their inheritance. When, through Huck's efforts, Randall is exposed he promises to get even. Huck becomes a cabin boy on a riverboat and runs into Randall again. Learning that Randall plans to have Jim captured as a runaway, Huck and Jim swim to shore, where Huck talks their way into Andy Devine's circus (offering Jim as an exotic King of the Patagonians). Randall catches up again and this time bloodhounds are set after Jim. This is a lively picture of the Old South from the pen (although several times removed) of Mark Twain.—CINEMASCOPE. MGM.

HERCULES UNCHAINED
Steve Reeves
Sylva Koscina
Primo Carnera
Sylvia Lopez
Gabriele Antonini
ancient western

■ Rest assured you can bend Hercules (Steve Reeves) but you can't break him. He is a walking gymnasium, completely equipped. That may be why Queen Omphale (Sylvia Lopez) wants him for her king. This queen has one king after another. The reason Sylvia has access to so many kings is because there's a spring in the bottom of her garden which, if you drink of it, makes you forget everything. By the time Hercules has quenched his thirst he's surrounded by a bevy of beautiful handmaidens. This is dangerous because Hercules has just left a beautiful bride (Sylva Koscina) at Thebes and has a message he must deliver within three days to Mimmo Palmara. If Hercules doesn't get through, Mimmo and his horde of Argives will swoop down on Thebes and massacre its inhabitants. All because Mimmo's brother, who's been ruling Thebes for one year, has gone back on his word to let Mimmo rule the second year. Mimmo's brother, aside from being stubborn, is insane. He's been amusing himself by throwing tiger trainers into a pit with tigers. Well, now that the last trainer in Thebes has been slaughtered, he's willing to give up the throne to Mimmo—and that's the message of peace and goodwill that Hercules must deliver. But Hercules and his young companion Ulysses (Gabriele Antonini) weren't counting on magic spells to delay them. Wherever this picture was made it's certainly out of this world, which, I suppose, is its major charm.—EASTMAN COLOR, WARNER BROS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES (MGM): Doris Day and David Niven have a healthy family of four boys, and a happy marriage. They do, that is, until David leaves his teaching job to become a drama critic. It seems a critic worries over whether he's got any real friends, and his wife worries about all those actresses. But, the problems here are small enough so everybody has a good time.

TALL STORY (Warners): On *this* college campus is co-ed Jane Fonda who doesn't know anything about basketball except that she wants to marry the team star, Tony Perkins. The money they need to get married is offered Tony if he'll throw a game against a visiting Russian team. Tony's conscience and his professor (Ray Walston) are active participants in the teamwork.

CAN-CAN (Todd A-O, 20th-Fox): In the Paris of the mid-nineties, the illegal can-can dance might be seen in Shirley MacLaine's cabaret (if the gendarmes had been bribed). If they hadn't, Shirley might be seen before Judge Maurice Chevalier. Frank Sinatra and Louis Jourdan, both lawyers, get involved legally and romantically. Cole Porter's music and the dancing of Juliet Prowse and Shirley are a few delightful ingredients in this Parisian cake.



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Out of the shocking conflict that twisted their lives... that drove them to the very brink of terror... comes a story that is unsurpassed for sheer dramatic suspense!

LANA TURNER
ANTHONY QUINN
SANDRA DEE
JOHN SAXON
LLOYD NOLAN
as "MATTHEW CABOT"

A ROSS HUNTER PRODUCTION
Portrait in Black
IN EASTMAN COLOR

CO-STARRING
RAY WALSTON
VIRGINIA GREY · ANNA MAY WONG
AND ALSO CO-STARRING
RICHARD BASEHART

Directed by MICHAEL GORDON · Screenplay by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Produced by ROSS HUNTER · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is the ruby and your flower is the larkspur. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

July 1—**Leslie Caron**
Olivia DeHavilland
Charles Laughton

July 3—**George Sanders**

July 4—**Gina Lollobrigida**
Eva Marie Saint
Stephen Boyd
George Murphy

July 6—**Janet Leigh**
Luana Patten

July 9—**Bob Hope**

July 10—**Jeff Donnell**
Nick Adams
Edd Byrnes
William Smithers

July 11—**Yul Brynner**
Tab Hunter

July 13—**Sidney Blackmer**

July 14—**Nancy Olson**
Dale Robertson

July 15—**Phil Carey**
Murvyn Vye

July 16—**Barbara Stanwyck**
Milly Vitale

July 18—**Red Skelton**
Chill Wills

July 19—**Patricia Medina**

July 20—**Natalie Wood**

July 22—**Perry Lopez**

July 23—**Gloria DeHaven**
Michael Wilding

July 25—**Walter Brennan**

July 27—**Keenan Wynn**

July 29—**Richard Egan**
Robert Fuller
Stephen McNally

July 30—**Jacques Sernas**



Farley Granger
July 1



Polly Bergen
July 14



Ginger Rogers
July 16



William Powell
July 29

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The Academy Awards

Oscar Parties

Kim In Love







Liz Taylor had hopes of winning the best actress award, but when she lost to Simone Signoret she smiled bravely and graciously congratulated her and her husband Yves Montand.



Natalie Wood graced Oscar Night with a new hair-do and a $650 gown.



Janet Leigh's gold-bead gown weighed 21 pounds.



Anna Maria Alberghetti's gown cost $1,000!



Doris Day's slim sheath was also a $1,000 dazzler.

Highlights of the Academy Awards

Simone Signoret was almost ill from nerves—she was shaking all over and her hair was sticking to her forehead—an hour after she received her Oscar. When I congratulated her at the Ball at the Beverly Hilton, she looked like she'd been under a sprinkler and kept saying, "Thank you, Madame—I am so excited now I have forgotten all my English—and I practice so hard."

Every time **Charlton Heston** (who had *not* expected to win) stood up at his table to receive congratulations, he'd grab his Oscar in one hand, then lean down and give Lydia (Mrs. H.) another kiss. No wife was ever so thoroughly bussed in public by an Oscar winner! . . .

The gowns were the most costly ever worn to an Oscar night: **Natalie Wood**'s short and stunning chalk-white jewel-embroidered creation cost $650, with an added $75 for her shoes made of the same material . . . **Doris Day**'s floor-length sheath, solidly encrusted with silver-white bugle beads, cost $1,000; **Janet Leigh**'s nude chiffon on which were crocheted 186,000 gold bugle beads, weighed twenty-one pounds and was so expensive she won't tell how much—but it was *plenty*.

Another magnificent gown in the $1,000 bracket was **Anna Maria Alberghetti**'s all-over jewelled white Italian brocade with sheath front and great overskirt.

And, three-time loser **Liz Taylor** (I must say she was a gracious loser and most complimentary about the winners) didn't pick up that Grecian styled white French jersey with its white mink-lined jacket for peanuts. When I stopped by Elizabeth's table, she was smiling —but **Eddie Fisher** wasn't.

Speaking of clothes, the ecstatically happy **Shelley Winters** ("I waited fifteen years for this Oscar") said she didn't know how to dress. "I didn't know whether to go 'low and sexy' or covered-up and dignified," said Shelley, so she settled for a conservative black lace and jersey. She told me that her husband **Tony Franciosa**, her mother, daughter and thirty friends yelled and screamed so much watching the show from New York that a neighbor called the police!

The biggest and most spontaneous hand from the audience inside the Pantages Theater went to **Olivia De Havilland**, the lovely young Hollywood 'veteran' returning from France to make one of the presentations. Many onlookers felt it was a bigger hand than went to **Ingrid Bergman** when she was a top returnee.

Stephen Boyd (who should have had a nomination for *Ben-Hur* and didn't) almost vaulted over the railing when Charlton Heston arrived at the banquet and was one of the first to congratulate the winner.

Although Steve's date at the Ball was lovely Romney Tree (from his native Belfast) he was overheard whispering to someone at his table, "Have you seen **Hope Lange** here?" She had been at the theater—but I don't believe she came to the Ball.

Beaming *Ben-Hur* director William Wyler had lipstick all over his face and after I added some of my own I asked if he would like it wiped off, "Oh, *no*!" he protested. "It's been too much fun getting it there."

And so, another of Hollywood's biggest nights goes into the history books.



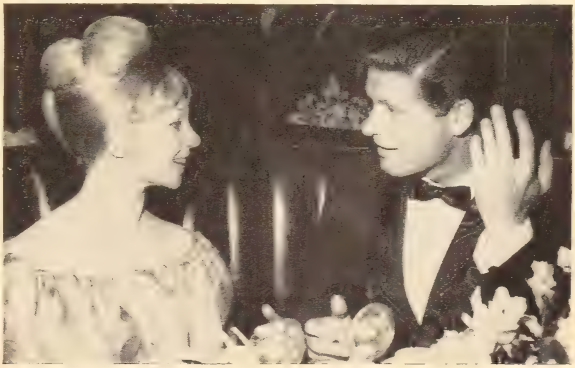
Charlton Heston never let go of that Oscar as he and his lovely Lydia read congratulations.



Yves Montand is so proud of his Simone Signoret; she was so excited at winning the best actress award she forgot her English!



Shelley Winters waited 15 years for this Oscar; she couldn't wait to phone her daughter.



Lovely Romney Tree from Ireland tried to cheer up her date Stephen Boyd, who should have had a nomination for Ben-Hur *but didn't.*

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Kim says her own true 'heart' is Director Dick Quine. She's doubly excited at prospects of appearing at a Command Performance and seeing Dick again.

Rock's Off Again

We won't be seeing **Rock Hudson** around these parts for about a year—(not that we see him too often when he's here). If there ever was a social recluse it's Rock who prefers to spend his time on his boat to any gala event Hollywood has to offer.

When you read this he will be in Mexico making *Day of the Gun* with **Kirk Douglas** although for a minute or two it looked as if Rock might balk at this. Didn't think his role was big enough and wasn't too keen about a Western.

But whatever troubles there were were smoothed out to Rock's satisfaction and off he went for the long and arduous location jaunt. After this, Italy to do *Come September* with **Gina Lollobrigida** and then Java for U-I's *Spiral Rock*.

So long, Rock. Drop us a card now and then —particularly if you meet any pretty girls who interest you.



Rock's so busy he won't be around for a while . . . first stop: Mexico.

This Is My Only Love

Kim Novak never spoke as frankly to me about her real feelings as she did before leaving for London to meet Richard Quine and to attend the Command Performance of *Once More With Feeling*.

"Dick (Quine) is the only man I love," said Kim—the first time she has ever made such a statement about any of the many beaux who have pursued her.

"So you may be married in London?" I put in quickly while she seemed to be in this mood of letting her hair down.

"I don't know, honestly," she replied. "There are so many things to think about. Marriage, to me, is such an irrevocable step. I have never been married before—and it keeps turning over in my mind 'Is this the right thing—is this the right thing?' "

"But if you love Dick so much and I know he loves you—what is the chief stumbling block?" I knew one of the answers to that question myself although I did not bring it up to Kim. In her quiet way, she holds her religion dear and Dick is a divorced man.

But her answer was, "Dick and I are both career people. He is just as wrapped up in his directing as I am in acting. And I'm not sure two careers under one roof really mix."

"They sometimes do, and very successfully," I said.

Kim laughed, "And sometimes they *don't*!" But believe me, she made no bones about being a happy girl that she was again seeing the good-looking Dick who is in England completing *The World of Suzie Wong*.

She was also excited about the beautiful gown Edith Head had created for her to wear to the Command Performance. It's white lace, over Kim's favorite color of lavendar, embroidered in tiny violets.



Dorothy and Jacques are just delighted over new daughter Mimi.

A Girl for Dorothy and Jacques

Just let me congratulate myself that I have a Saturday or Sunday morning to sleep late and sure enough a baby gets born, somebody else gets a divorce, or a couple that jolly well might have done it a week-day—elopes!

But **Dorothy Malone** was so overjoyed when she called me from St. John's Hospital that she and **Jacques Bergerac** were the parents of a brand new baby girl—"A real beauty," the proud mother enthused, "and her name is Mimi"—I didn't care about being roused from my sound sleep.

Mimi was due as an Easter present—but arrived three weeks early much to the delight of Dorothy and Jacques.



June's new hair-do got many reactions but Fred likes *it!*



George Hamilton was with Susan Kohner, who looked exotic.



Olivia DeHavilland looked like a vision in white lace. She is a very, very happy girl these days.



A very handsome Rossano Brazzi gallantly raises his glass to toast his wife, at an 'Oscar' party they attended.

Parties . . . Parties every night

The Academy Awards always inspire a lot of social activity and the week before Oscar-night was a big one for lovely affairs.

Olivia De Havilland's old friends vied with each other to welcome her—and her handsome journalist husband Pierre Galante back to her old home town after so many years of living in France.

At the dinner given by the Lew Schreibers, Livvy looked like a vision in white lace with that authentic Paris look. But it takes real inner happiness to give a gal that glow Olivia wears these days—and she is *very* happy with Pierre.

Natalie Wood and **Bob Wagner** were there—excited about their coming-up trip to New York with **Liz** and **Eddie Fisher.** Natalie was 'previewing' the new hairdo she later wore to the Academy Awards, short and straight with a sweep of bangs across her forehead.

This same night MGM production head Sol Siegel and his wife hosted a joint birthday party honoring Sol and Mrs. Walter Lang. It was so amusing to note that William Wyler (everyone was sure he was a cinch for best-director Oscar for *Ben-Hur* which, of course, he won) kept reminding people "there's many a slip, etc. . . ." whenever he was congratulated in 'advance.'

Rossano Brazzi and his Lidia were there and if there's a more handsome man than Rossano I don't know who he is—much more handsome than he photographs, I think.

Several people kept telling **June Haver MacMurray** that they liked her better as a blonde than with her new black hair but the man who matters, **Fred MacMurray**, voted for the brunette June—and with her, that's all that counts.

Groucho Marx, with cigar of course, was in a serious frame of mind about affairs in and out of Hollywood and cracked no jokes.

The Sunday night before the Oscars, another party was given for Olivia and Pierre by Frank McCarthy and Rupert Allen at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Saw many of the same guests we had seen at previous affairs—but a standout was **Hope Lange**, who is really a beauty. She hasn't been dating much since her separation from **Don Murray**—but if the smitten bachelors in this town have their way she soon will be.

Following this cocktail party, Jimmy McHugh and I went on to the home of Joan (Mrs. Harry) Cohn who was entertaining at a dinner honoring **Laurence Harvey**, and later giving her guests a look at his British-made comedy *Expresso Bongo*.

This really looked like a preview of the Oscar contestants—so many were present and wishing each other well (with their fingers crossed, I suppose).

Elizabeth Taylor and **Eddie Fisher** had just flown in that morning from New York and I saw them chatting with **Simone Signoret**—both ladies in the running for best-actress prize.

Pretty, fresh-looking **Susan Kohner** (herself contending in best supporting-actress) was there with **George Hamilton**—who else?

Susan was done up in a most exotic style—a truly beautiful oriental costume.

Laurence Harvey and Liz and Eddie had much to talk about as all three are stars of the (strike) interrupted *Butterfield 8* and at that time they were wondering when they would be back at work again. (Come ten days later.)

Yes, Oscar time is a big season in Hollywood.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Newlyweds Doris, and Yul Brynner.

Love 'n' Marriages

Love 'n' marriages sprung up with Spring—some of them really surprising.

Debra Paget, a belle who is usually pretty cool-headed, married director Budd Boetticher after knowing him just two weeks (and separated after three weeks of marriage). Everyone *had* thought that Budd might reconcile with his former girl, **Karen Steele**, for the 'umpteenth time. He and Karen had a stormy and consistent romance for several years—even if he did toss her in the swimming pool with her clothes on, on several occasions.

Equally surprising—redheaded **Rhonda Fleming** knew good-looking TV actor **Lang Jeffries** just three months when she lived up to her Leap Year threat and took herself a husband. "I've been searching for love and companionship and I found it in Lang," explained Rhonda after her elopement to Las Vegas to tie the knot.

But no one lifted an eyebrow when the flash came out of Mexico that bald-headed lover **Yul Brynner** had interrupted work on *The Magnificent Seven* to marry Doris Kleiner, the young and beautiful non-professional who has been his constant companion ever since Yul's marriage to **Virginia Gilmore** went on the rocks.

You might say ditto for director Otto Preminger who took time off shooting *Exodus* in Haifa, Israel, to marry the stunning looking brunette (also young) Hope Bryce. Preminger, too, had to sit out a divorce from wife Mary which threatened at one time to furnish explosive charges. Luckily, they didn't come off.

Young and popular **Michael Callan**, the boy who scored in *They Came to Cordura*, his first film after registering a hit on Broadway in *West Side Story*, kept the secret for five weeks that he had taken **Corlyn Chapman** as his bride in Las Vegas on March 5th. At one time Corlyn was thought to be in love with and about to marry **Vic Damone.**

Why did she and Mike keep their marriage a secret? Who knows? Maybe for the old-fashioned reason that he thought the movie fans might like him better as a bachelor.

But he didn't keep up the pretense for very long. When his contract studio, Columbia, asked him to fly up to Phoenix for the premiere of *Because They're Young*, a press agent said he would reserve an extra room for Mike's girl, Corlyn.

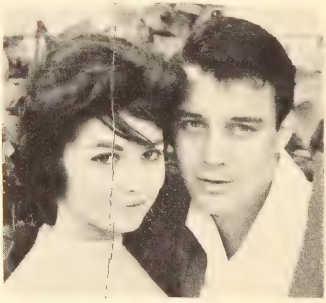
Whereon young Mr. Callan knocked the p.a. cold by replying, "Oh, we'll only need one room. Corlyn has been my wife for over a month!"



Third marriage for Rhonda Fleming.



Also Hope Bryce and Otto Preminger.



Mickey Callan's secret's out: Corlyn.



Debra's second marriage lasted 3 weeks.



I nominate for **STARDOM**

Nancy Kwan

The twenty-year-old porcelain-china doll who not only replaced unhappy and temperamental **France Nuyen** in *The World of Suzie Wong* but *is Suzie*—according to movie producer Ray Stark.

So enchanting is this Hong-Kong-born charmer in her very first picture that **William Holden**, no softie about star billing, has cheerfully consented to the co-star tag going to Nancy.

What isn't too generally known is that Ray Stark had considered Nancy for the role of the 'yum-yum' girl in his film before anyone else. Then he decided he needed a 'name;' also France Nuyen had played it on Broadway. But when France blew a fuse—it didn't take him long to remember Nancy and summon her to London.

"No, I was not surprised," Nancy said, over the trans-Atlantic phone, in excellent English. "A seer had told me the role would be mine—and we Orientals believe in the words of seers. All the time Miss Nuyen was working in *Suzie* I was preparing myself, studying, making ready for the call!" (How do you like *that*?)

Although she was born in Hong Kong of an English mother and Chinese architect father (since divorced), Nancy was educated in England and studied with the Royal Ballet for two years. Later, she studied drama under Salka Viertel in Hollywood and after France Nuyen left the stage cast of *The World of Suzie Wong*, Nancy stepped in as an understudy of the star who replaced Miss Nuyen.

When the show took to the road, Nancy was scheduled to step into the star spot in Toronto—but before she could don her costume for the opening night, the magic call came from London—the role of the movie *Suzie* was hers!

By the way—that same fortune teller said she would be married at the age of twenty-two. "I don't know *who*," she said, "but I guess I will!"

Shirley's Big Plans

Talked with **Shirley MacLaine** the day she returned from Japan where she had been with Steve Parker and where she entered little Sachie in a Japanese school for six months.

"I just don't know how I'll get along without her," wailed Shirley about her little red-headed carbon copy of a daughter. "I miss her so much already I could break out crying. But it's only fair to Steve that Sachie should be with him some of the time, particularly when he's been so ill."

Shirley said she had gone to Japan for a second honeymoon with Steve whose movie production work keeps him in the Orient. "Instead he was in the hospital so very ill with hepatitis," she said. "He was there all the time I was in Tokyo. The only good thing about it is that I could be with Steve when he needed me most."

It tickles Shirley that Sachie is learning to speak Japanese in the school she is attending "and the way she's going—she'll be talking like a native by the time I return."

Missy MacLaine would not have returned to Hollywood except that she was due to start her new Hal Wallis picture with **Dean Martin**, *All in a Night's Work*.

When this is completed, she planes back to Tokyo immediately to stay for a long time while she stars in an independent picture her husband will produce.



Shirley MacLaine is tickled at the way her little mimic Sachie is learning Japanese. Sachie will soon be talking like a native—and have to teach mama.



It's sad that the promise Audie Murphy made his wife didn't hold true.

A Surprising Separation

While we are in the Vital Statistics Department—the only surprising parting was that of **Audie Murphy**, America's most-decorated World War II hero and well-known star, and his wife of nine years Pamela Archer. Audie married the former airline hostess soon after his divorce from **Wanda Hendrix** and Audie and Pam have two children.

This was the second time the Murphys had parted—but the reason I say this second rift came as a surprise is because of what Audie said when they reconciled: "I'm the happiest man in the world that Pam took me back. We won't separate again."

Sadly, that promise didn't hold true.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



An irate fan is really bitter about Liz not winning an Oscar for Suddenly.



Hope Lange may not be Stephen Boyd's (left) next wife—she hasn't filed yet.



Tuesday Weld is dressing better now and combing her hair.

LETTER BOX

Hollywood continues to show its mean narrow-mindedness by again refusing to vote ***Elizabeth Taylor*** *the Oscar she so richly deserved,* writes Mrs. Mabel Cummings, Salt Lake City, who is really bitter about Liz not winning for Suddenly Last Summer. *What kind of thinking is it that blames Miss Taylor for being a party to a marital break-up and then salutes a foreign star who was forced to make explanations that she is not a Communist sympathizer?* Yours is not the only letter I received along these lines, Mrs. C. . . .

George Cody, Centerville, Iowa, asks: *Does the fact that a movie star becomes a success on TV mean that she is through on the screen? I refer to my two favorites* ***Loretta Young*** *and* ***Donna Reed*** *who appear to have abandoned movies since TV.* Both of your favorites are in popular series which run thirty-nine weeks annually, George. Doesn't leave much time for movie making. . . .

I cannot give my name because I might lose my job. But I am in a position to know the exact amount of money brought into the box office by certain pictures last year—and what a shame it is that ***Rosalind Russell*** *and* ***Lana Turner*** *were left off 'the first 10 at the box office.' Rosalind's* Auntie Mame *did $9,000,000 domestic gross and Lana Turner's* Imitation of Life *did $6,500,000 domestic gross—and I can assure you that this business is greater than that pulled in by five stars on the official list—(signed)* Anonymous. Those figures are most interesting. . . .

Penelope, Philadelphia, wants to know—*Why doesn't someone ever say anything about the male stars who are overweight and yet keep on poking at the girls like* ***Judy Holliday, Shelley Winters, Zsa Zsa Gabor.*** *How about* ***Tony Curtis, Eddie Fisher, Raymond Burr*** *and some other gents who could shed some poundage?*

I have a T.L. for you, writes Viv Wagner, 17, New York. *I met Fabian coming out of Church last month and asked him if he thought Hollywood columnists were fair and square to young singers? He said 'Yes' and spoke of you as being the one the younger generation feels is a real friend. Nice?* Certainly is, Viv, and nice of you to repeat it to me . . .

Maxie Sondheim, Brooklyn, writes: *Now that* ***Tuesday Weld*** *is dressing better and trying to improve her former scatterbrained antics, why do you continue to write about her as 'mixed-up'?* Didn't know I had since she started wearing shoes and combing her hair.

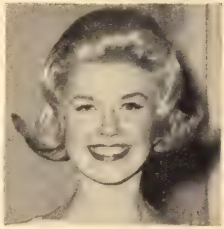
You seem much more partial to ***Fabian, Ricky Nelson*** *and* ***Frankie Avalon*** *than you do to the one and only* ***Elvis Presley,*** chides Anna McDonald, Houston. Oh, come on—I'm going to argue this, Anna. No one has called more attention to the fine way Elvis conducted himself in the service and given him more compliments than I. True I am very fond of Fabian and the others you mention but I'll never agree that I've neglected Elvis. . . .

Polly M., San Diego, says she is a hairdresser in one of the leading hotels and comments on the hair-dos of the belles on the Academy Award TV show: ***Natalie Wood*** *had the sharpest hair style—a knockout. Ditto* ***Doris Day.*** *Also* ***Barbara Rush.*** *There was a nice absence of that long, outdated shoulder length style that hasn't been good since* ***Rita Hayworth*** *was a starlet. . . .*

Is ***Hope Lange*** *going to be the next Mrs.* ***Steve Boyd***? is the thunderbolt query sent by Ada Condonito, Brooklyn. All I can say is don't hold your breath—Hope hasn't filed for divorce from **Don Murray** yet.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O. Parsons



Knockout hair styles: on Doris (above), Nat (center) and Barbara (below).







The new light, bright fashion tones, Fashion Coral and Fashion Orchid

American designers have a way with color... American women have a talent for wearing it. Ask Paul Whitney, noted California designer. Ask Sarmi, famous New York fashion creator. Each has a flair for color. Each has used that flair to interpret for you the new all-American lipstick and polish shades by Cutex. "Fashion Coral" done in taffeta by Paul Whitney. "Fashion Orchid" translated into chiffon by Sarmi. "Colors Americana," the new light, bright fashion tones for your lips and finger nails!



Fashion Coral



Fashion Orchid



These 9 lovely hairstyles* came out of this one bottle of protein waving shampoo



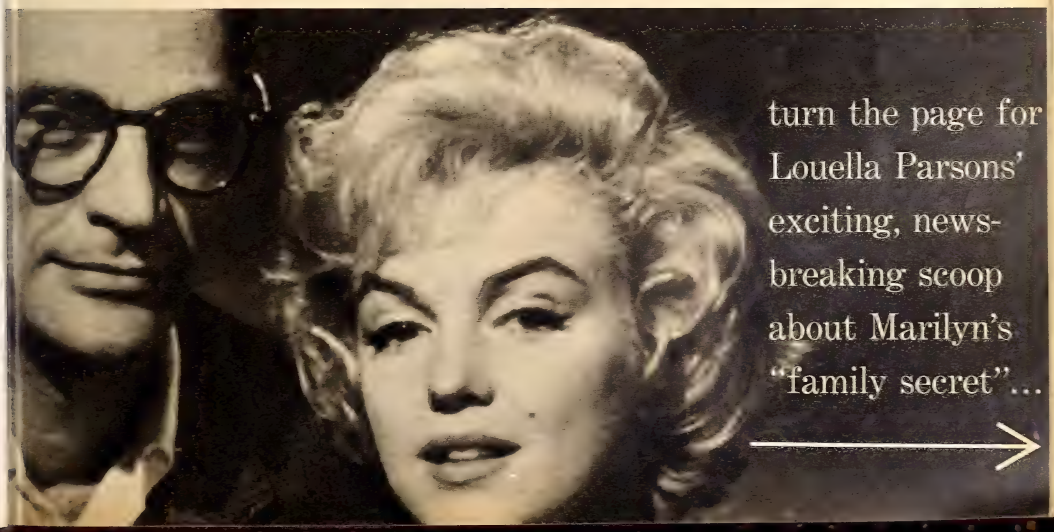
THE GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE THE HOME PERMANENT!

wash 'n curl by Lavolia Plan $1.50 plus tax

Yes, nine shampoos! Less than 17¢ a hairstyle! Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, then just rinsed and set. You, too, can shampoo and set in waves and curls like these. And Wash 'n Curl cleans, shines and conditions as it curls. Your hairstyle will last from shampoo to shampoo!

**FREE booklet of these easy-to-do hairstyles by Enrico Caruso with each bottle of WASH 'N CURL.*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION MARILYN MONROE FRANKLY DISCUSSES HER PRIVATE LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND



turn the page for Louella Parsons' exciting, news-breaking scoop about Marilyn's "family secret"...



.....I am going to adopt a baby

Ask any movie star, or practically any woman, the highly personal questions I put to Marilyn Monroe and you'd probably get a "It's none of your business" retort—or even a fast "Get lost."

Even to someone you've known as long as I have Marilyn, you might hesitate to ask:

Do you think you would be as madly in love with your husband if he weren't who he is—the brilliant and world-famed playwright, Arthur Miller?

Which of you is boss in your marriage?

Isn't it true that he babies, pampers and pets you like a child?

Do you feel close to his children by a former marriage?

Are you a married movie queen—or do you make a serious effort to be a real homemaker for your husband?

If your deepest wish is denied and you never have a child of your own—would you adopt one?

Do you think your frequent illnesses before the start and during the shooting of a movie are psychosomatic?

These, my friends and fans of MODERN SCREEN, are some of the blunt questions I put to my friend of many years, Marilyn Monroe, the world's most famous blonde darling.

And, to end the suspense, she answered them and others, with intelligence, humor, understanding and the complete honesty that has marked our relationship ever since I first met her, a devastingly beautiful and mixed-up girl trying for (*Continued on page 64*)

Whatever happened to those nice kids down the block?

Sharing a love
for God and a love
for humanity,
Don Murray and Hope Lange
married and had children.
It was easy
for everyone to love them
since they loved
each other.
Who dreamed it would
all end in misery?





■ On the night of the Foreign Press Awards last March Hope and Don Murray looked absolutely radiant as they walked past the barrage of cameramen in the corridor of the Ambassador Hotel.

They smiled happily at one another, gazed into each other's eyes fondly and gaily quipped with the newsmen.

They looked as though they were newlyweds instead of the parents of two children, about to celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary.

They looked anything except what they were.

Finished.

They were invited to be among the presenters of the Golden Globes for many reasons.

Because they were two popular and talented young stars.

Because they were a rare example of a normal happily married couple in an industry where divorce and dissension are too common.

And because they had devoted so much of themselves and their salaries to help displaced European refugees.

(*Continued on page 74*)



HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH

HOW MUCH DO MY CHILDREN REALLY NEED ME?

This letter is one of many I have received from young mothers who feel they should work: Dear Janet: I married when I was seventeen and had my baby on my eighteenth birthday. Jackie is now three and I would like to go back to work. I have a wonderful husband, but with the high cost of living, his salary never seems quite enough. I can go back to my old job with the insurance company, but some of my friends say that if I do my little boy will suffer. You're a working mother and you have two beautiful children. I've read about them in the magazines. But the magazines haven't told me what I want most to know. How can a girl work without her children suffering? Have you ever been sorry, Janet, that you're a working mother? Are you ever resentful of the time you have been away from them? What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill when you are working? And most of all, do you think the children feel that they are cheated? Can you work and still be a real mother to your child? Please tell me, (*Continued on page 80*)

Candid confessions of a "WORKING MOTHER"

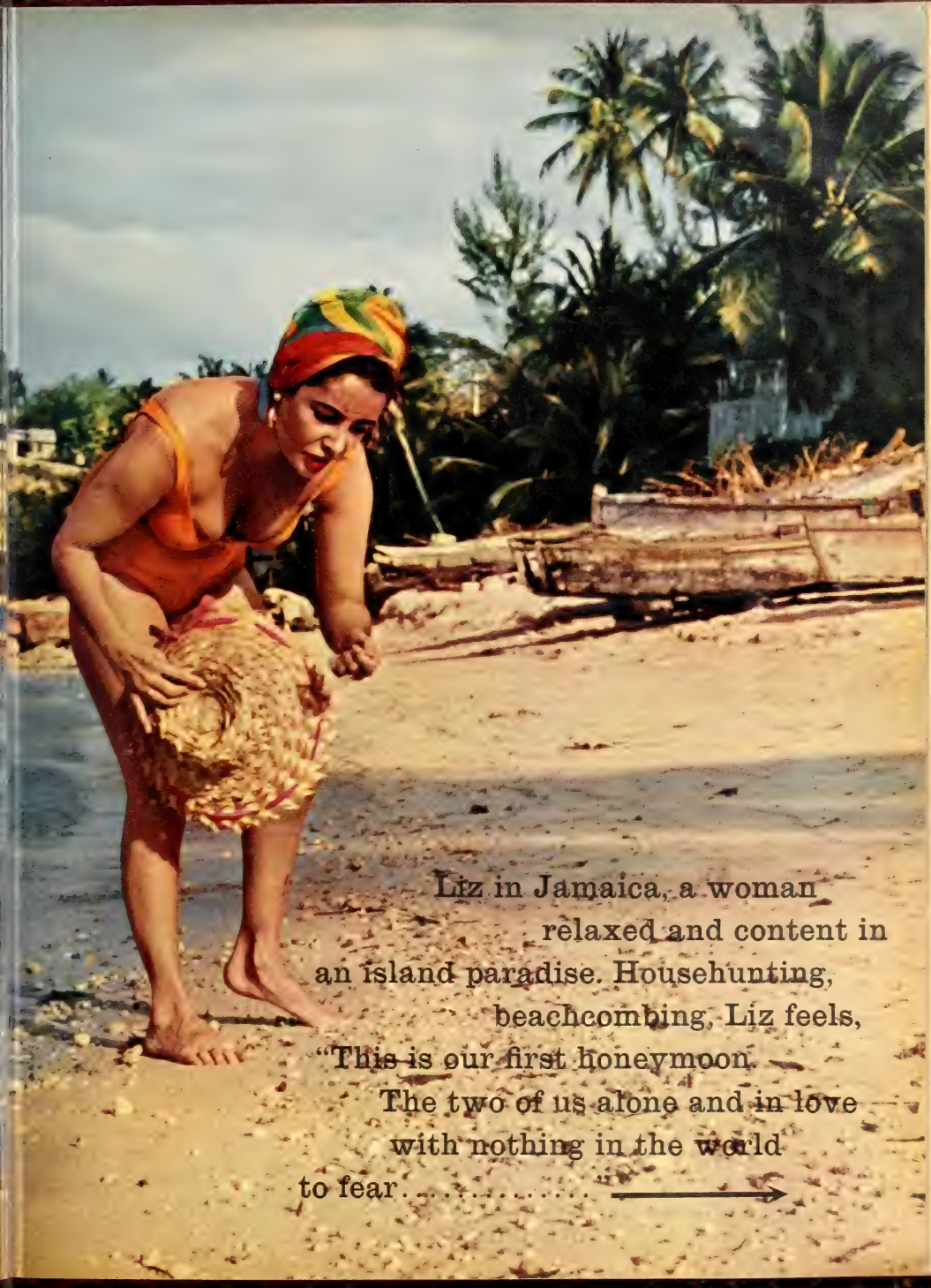
by Janet Leigh











Liz in Jamaica, a woman
relaxed and content in
an island paradise. Househunting,
beachcombing, Liz feels,
"This is our first honeymoon.
The two of us alone and in love
with nothing in the world
to fear. . . . . →

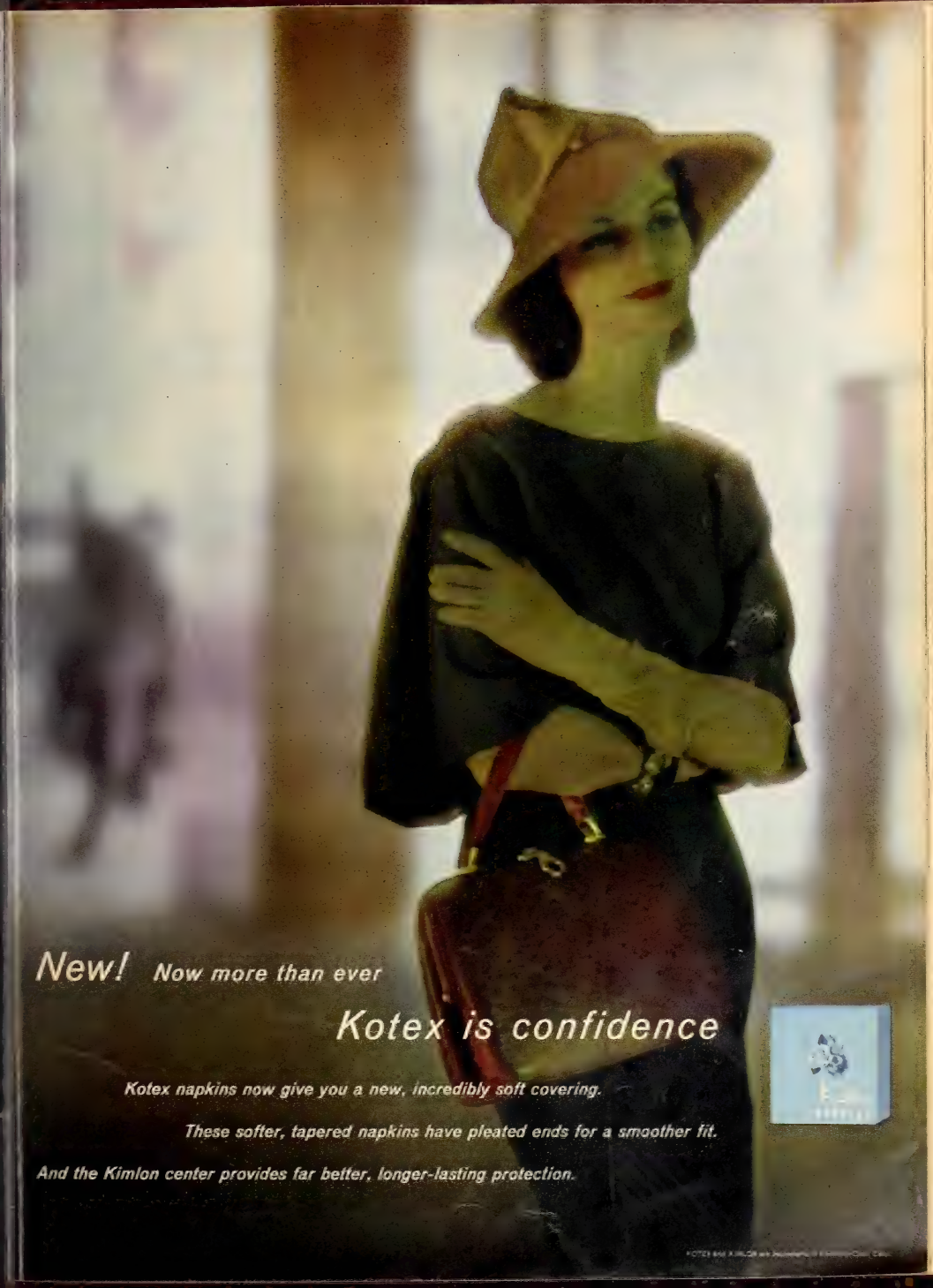
. but, is Liz afraid to have a baby with Eddie?

■ It was morning in Jamaica . . . Liz and Eddie lay on the rock, their tiny private island, a few yards out from the beach, half a mile or so from the big hotel. They'd discovered the rock early in their stay of this, their second honeymoon, that really felt like their *first* honeymoon. That rock had become *theirs*, the place where they would come after breakfast-and-a-quick-swim and where they would soak up the sun and relax and where—with nothing but the sea in front of them, the sky above them—they could be alone for a while, completely, completely alone.

Usually they would lie on their rock and they would talk—Liz doing most of the talking, actually; talking about what they'd done the night before, whom they'd met, how the people they'd met had impressed her, what they might do this night, what she'd probably wear . . . traditional and unadulterated wife-talk.

While Eddie, the husband, would nod traditional husbandly uh-huhs and yesses to what Liz was saying, and would even doze off occasionally, only to be awakened by a handful of sea water smack in his face and a playful warning (sometime accompanied by a kiss, sometimes by a poke in the shoulder) that if he dozed off again he would find himself "swimming underwater"—as Liz liked to call it. (*Continued on page 65*)




New! Now more than ever
Kotex is confidence
Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.
These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.
And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.

the terrible price I paid to be a star * A DARING UNCENSORED CONFESSION BY ROCK HUDSON * The First Of its kind Ever Printed In an American Magazine *

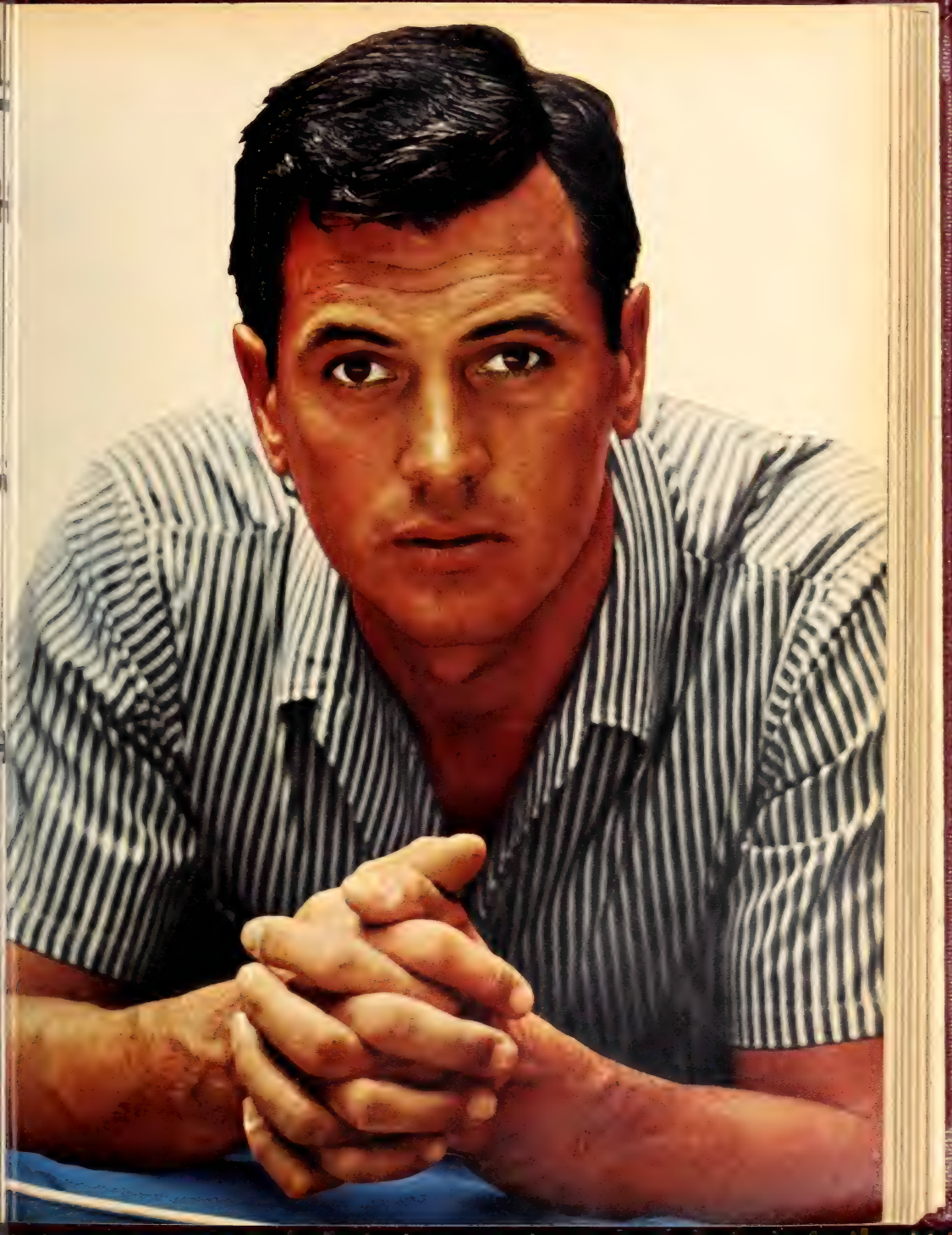
as told to Richard C. Hubler

■ I can say at this point—aged 34—that I'm a success in my profession but I'm not a success to myself.

I've been a movie actor for ten years and a star for nine. I've appeared in 40 pictures whose budgets have easily run over a total of $80,000,000—about 20 times the amount paid all of the presidents of the United States.

Out of this total, I've received a gross salary of about $250,000 for myself. But for the various studios in the past ten years, I've earned above $50,000,000. Figures prove it. And that at least makes me marketable if not marvelous.

My income goes 90 percent to the United States government, after ten per cent is taken out by my agent (*Continued on page 76*)



THE HAUNTED HONEYMOON

■ "It is a laughter-filled city, my Copenhagen," Evy Norlund would tell Jimmy Darren before their marriage, as they would sit and plan their honeymoon. "You wait and see, Jimmy—and listen," she would say. "You will hear the laughter from all over . . . From the couples sitting in the Tivoli gardens, holding hands, sipping their beers, hearing the band music that comes from behind the trees . . . from the calliope. From the youngsters who sweep by you on their bicycles, so carefree and gay . . . From the waiters in the big restaurants, on the *Bredgade*, who are so pleased to see you that they laugh . . . Laughter . . . From everyone but the tiny mermaid who sits sadly in the harbor watching the boats go by. And *she* does not laugh, only because she is a statue, and because she is sad not to be alive in Copenhagen. Like the others. . . ."

Jimmy had looked forward to Copenhagen, to all these gay, happy sights.

...A honeymoon should be private but everywhere Jimmy and Evy Darren went a small ghost went with them...

He'd looked forward to marrying Evy, of course, Evy whom he

(*Continued on page 62*)



"Where are you, Eddie, I need you!"



Suddenly, one night just a few weeks ago, their little boy's life was in danger. How could Debbie decide alone whether to let them operate? Frantically, she called Eddie—but there was no answer...

■ "Operator, are you sure there's no answer?" There was fear in Debbie's voice. She could barely make out the voice of the operator in Jamaica in the British West Indies, but she just had to get through to Eddie. "This call is so important. Please try him again. . . ."

Down the hall Debbie could hear the sound of her little boy crying. Todd had been in great pain for some hours now, and she was quite beside herself. She'd noticed the little boy, always so bouncy, hadn't been himself tonight. He hadn't been able to eat his dinner and he'd begun to whimper, something her little two-year-old seldom did.

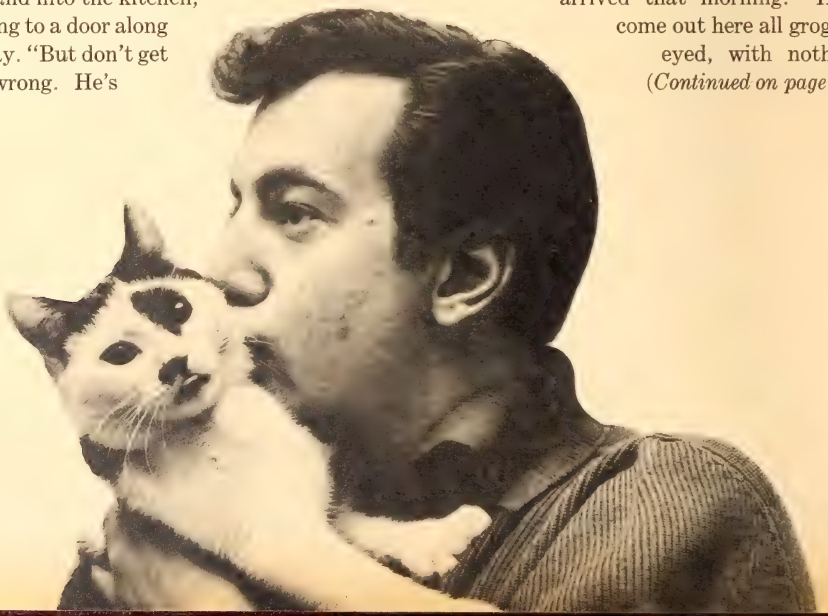
When his cries had continued, she'd called the doctor. What the doctor told her came as a shock to her. "Todd needs surgery—the sooner the better."

At a moment like this, a woman hates to be alone. No operation is ever a minor affair. Even if it's 'minor surgery,' anything can happen under (*Continued on page 60*)

THE SMALL WORLD OF MR. BIG

■ *The assignment: To find out what Bobby Darin, the controversial, much-written-about singer, is* really *like. The place: Bobby's home, in Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, thirty-five miles from New York City, where he lives with his sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey; her husband, Charlie; and their three children—Vivi, sixteen; Vana, twelve; and Gary, four. The time: A Saturday morning, a few weeks ago.* . . . "He's asleep—in there," Bobby's sister said, as she tiptoed us through the living room and into the kitchen, pointing to a door along the way. "But don't get him wrong. He's not doing this because he doesn't want to talk to you, or to make a big-shot effect. A phony my brother is not—no matter what some other people say and write about him. It's just that his plane was six hours late and he got in a little while ago, and the way he looked —he *needed* to get to bed for a while. But he'll be up soon." "And you know what he'll do?" asked a girl, seated at the kitchen table, looking through a batch of letters, obviously fan mail arrived that morning. "He'll come out here all groggy-eyed, with nothing

(*Continued on page 68*)



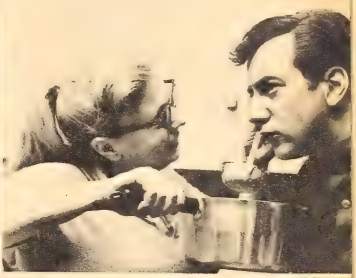


obby's little nephew Gary sings just ke him.



His niece Vivi wants to be famous, too.

His sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey, tries to take the place of his mother.





The family all together at suppertime, that's really living.

Bobby Darin's been called the most conceited guy in showbusiness. Is he really? C'mon along with us to a humble little cottage on Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, and be the first to meet the real BD





You are not a cold girl....

You are not a thoughtless girl....

THE MISTAKE



Why then are you coldly and thoughtlessly making....

OF YOUR LIFE



On your big hometown day, all Bayonne turned out in your honor.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANDRA DEE

But your father and five-year-old brother waited hopeless hours for a phone call that never came.



This was the day for reunions. You hugged your grandfather and great-grandfather.



You spent precious minutes with your Aunt and cousins . . . all your mother's relatives.



This day, your former priest came to the house to have a warm talk with you.



Young Brownies from your old girl scout troop came to bring you a rose bouquet.



And you and your mother were excited by the reception at your old public school.



Sandra, you even found some time to try and cheer a shy little stranger.

On the day of your greatest triumph you had time for Aunts and Uncles, girl scouts and policemen, priests and strangers... but not a moment for the two human beings whose hearts you were breaking.

■ Dear Sandra,

You broke two hearts one day not long ago.

Your father's heart, and the heart of a little boy named Kenny—Kenny, whom you've never met, your five-year-old half-brother.

You came back to your hometown of Bayonne, New Jersey, that day—Tuesday, March 22. You spent more than twelve hours there, an official guest of the city; a girl who had left a few years earlier, a nobody, and who returned now to be hailed as Everybody's Darling . . . rich, famous, beautiful. You greeted, said hello to, waved to an estimated 11,000 people that day.

(Continued on page 70)

A Love Story

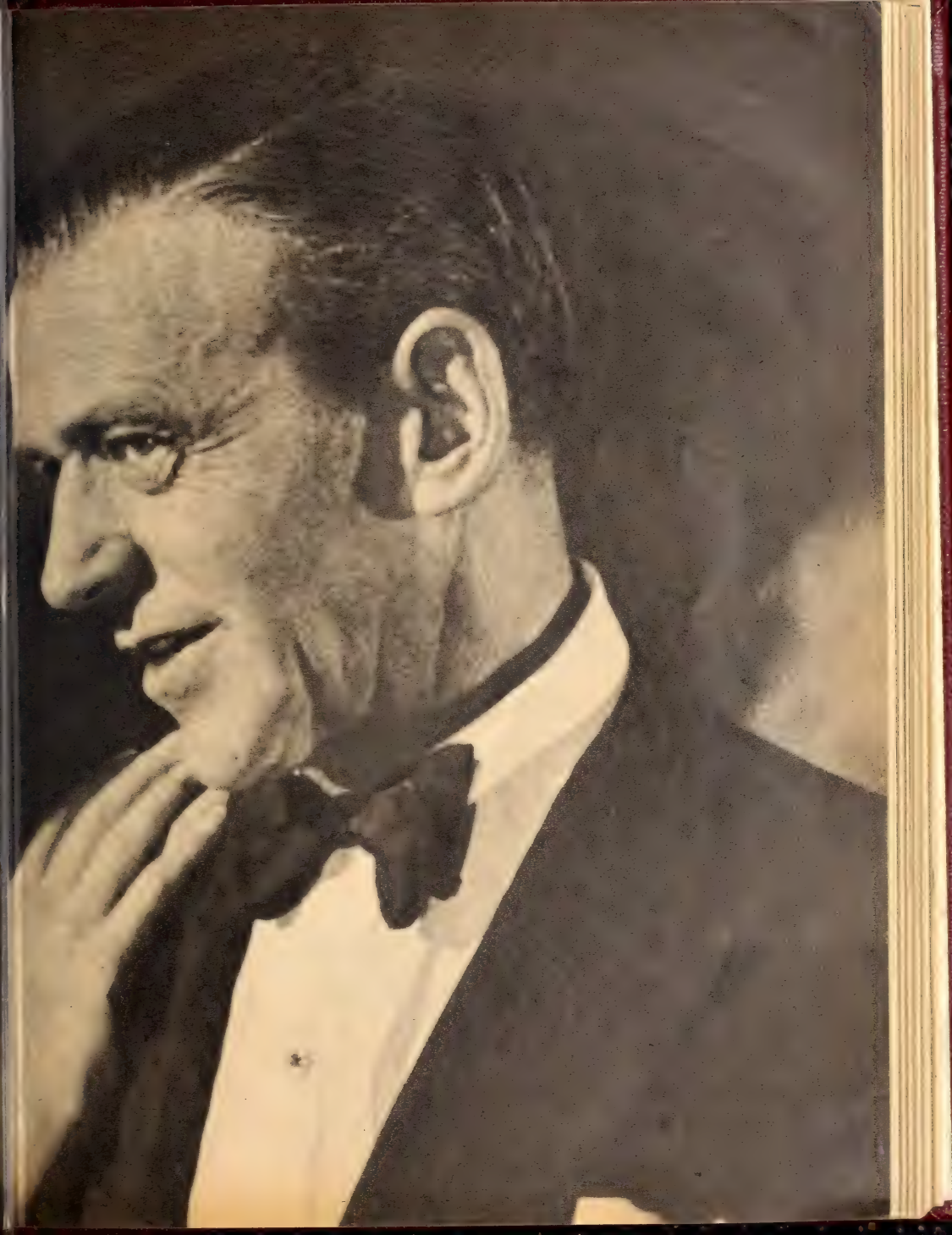
Across the gulf of thirty-seven years Fred Astaire reaches out his hand to young Barrie Chase. Dare she take it?



They met, officially, on a sound stage at MGM Studios where Barrie (she was then twenty-two; Fred, fifty-eight) was working as an assistant to the dance director there, Jack Cole.

"I remember," she said, "that Mr. Astaire walked in one day while

(Continued on page 78)





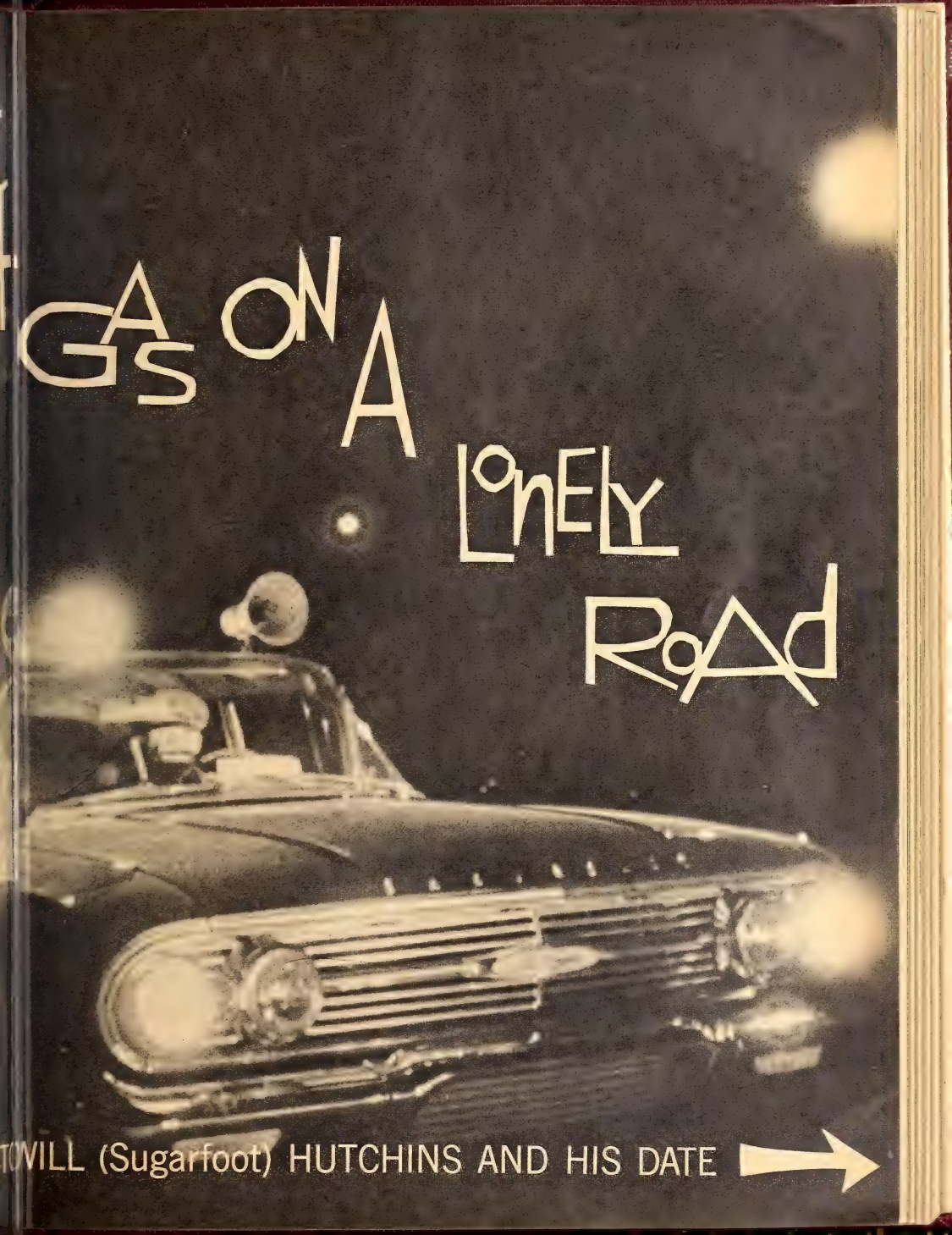
the life story of Henry Fonda's little girl Jan

PORTRAIT OF JANE

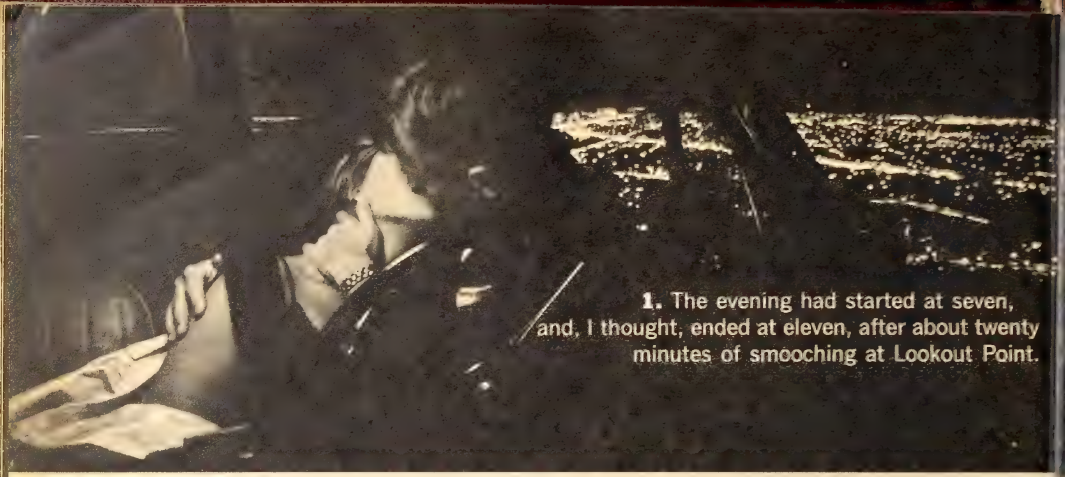
rom sheltered child, to teen-age rebel, to star

"Mother died when I was twelve. The shock left e numb. Too numb to even cry." Jane Fonda osed her huge blue eyes for a long moment. The ars almost seemed to come. Then, with the soft isp of a sad smile, Jane closed the tragic chapter her young life. *"Mother was quite lovely,"* Jane nispers in a soft voice. The memory still haunts r. . . . Jane's long graceful hands play with the rk gold mass of silky hair that touches slender oulders. Then, with a refreshing smile, e fills the room with a lightness that ushes out the dark clouds of her vn personal tragedy. *"You ow, I never even thought out becoming an actress."* ne, the daughter of ovie star Henry Fonda, as brought up in a ther sheltered atmos- ere, far from the mov- glamour that her fa- ous father was exposed daily. *"We lived on a rm in California. Dad ver brought any of the mov- crowd out to the farm. So I ver knew how much of a star ever was. Nor did I know any- ing about actresses."* Her father, owing the heartbreak that sometimes n befall a young girl wrapped up in wanting be a movie star kept her as far away as possible om any undue influences in the movie world. *He was just like any other father. Never talked out movies. Never tried to impress me with how portant he was. And, we had a lot of fun together the farm."* A twinkle comes into her eyes when e recalls the early days on the farm. She per- med all the farmgirl chores, and thoroughly joyed doing her share of the work. Her early schooling began in a school filled with famous-parent children. Some of her schoolmates included Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter, and Christina Crawford, Joan's girl. She was never too chummy with any of them. *"They went their way. And I went mine."* None of her school pals ever made her aware that her father was a famous star. Nor did they tease her about it. Her early years were filled with the everyday pleasures that any girl of eight or nine goes through. Her brother, Peter, was her closest pal. They romped in the fields, and played pirates. Then when she was ten, her father took the family to live in Greenwich, Connecticut, while he was doing a play on Broadway titled *Mister Roberts*. Jane got her first taste of what play-acting was like. *"I used to play with a trunkful of stage clothes, and a box of make-up. Peter always played the heroes, and I played the heroines."* But for Jane it was only little-girl play-acting. She thought she might want to become a painter. Her art work was rather good, and she did paintings in oil and water colors. She was enrolled in school in Greenwich, and developed the usual schoolgirl crushes and also broke her share of twelve-year-old male hearts. *"I was a little shy though."* Jane was totally unaware of her rapidly developing good looks. Her resemblance is almost look-alike to her father. But at the time, her thin face bothered her. *"I looked skinny as a rail. And, I thought I'd grow up to be the ugliest duck that ever walked. . . ."* (Continued on page 72)

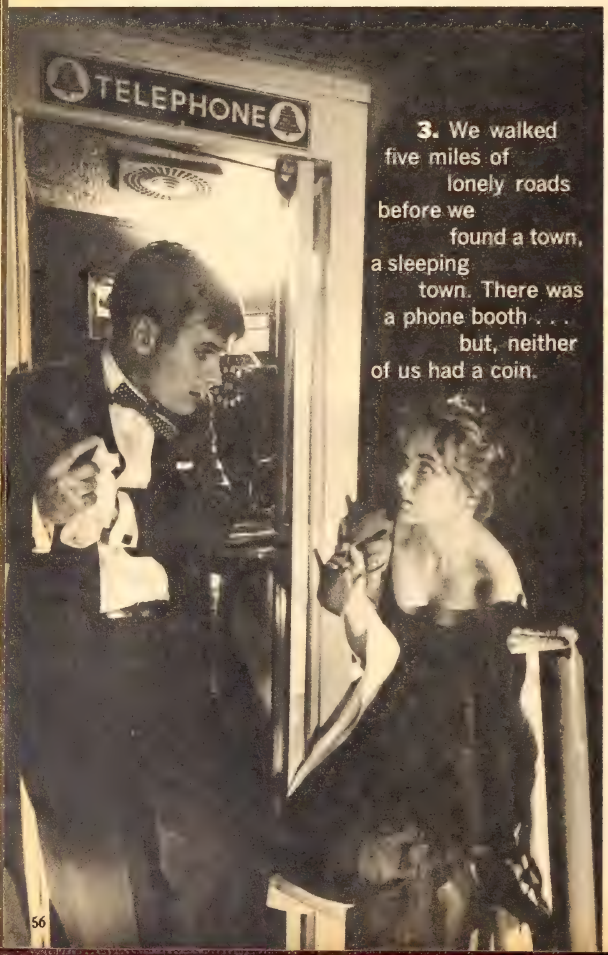

THE NIGHT WE RAN OUT OF
THE TERRIFYING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO



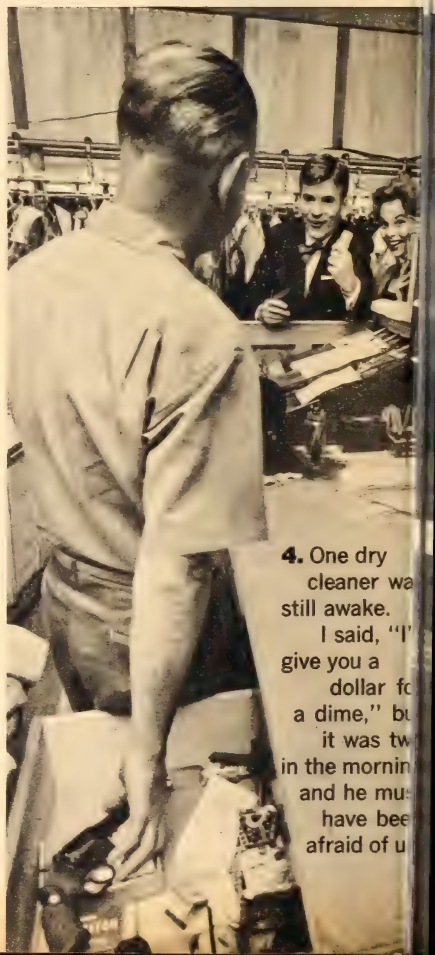
TOWILL (Sugarfoot) HUTCHINS AND HIS DATE



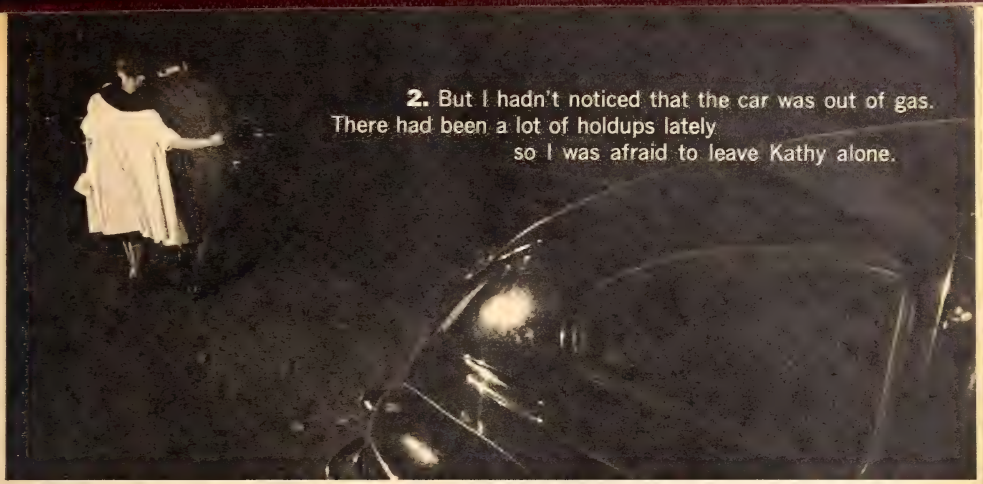
1. The evening had started at seven, and, I thought, ended at eleven, after about twenty minutes of smooching at Lookout Point.



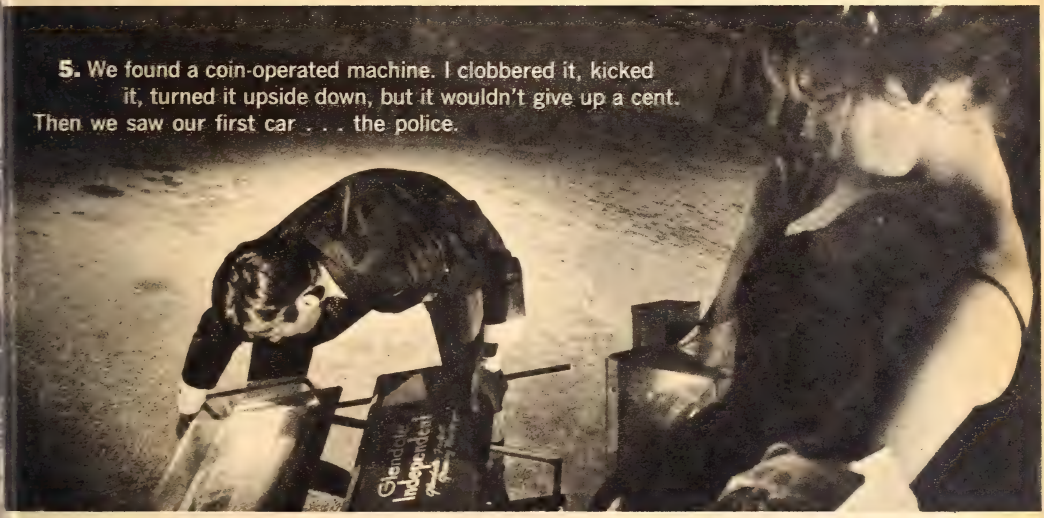
3. We walked five miles of lonely roads before we found a town, a sleeping town. There was a phone booth . . . but, neither of us had a coin.



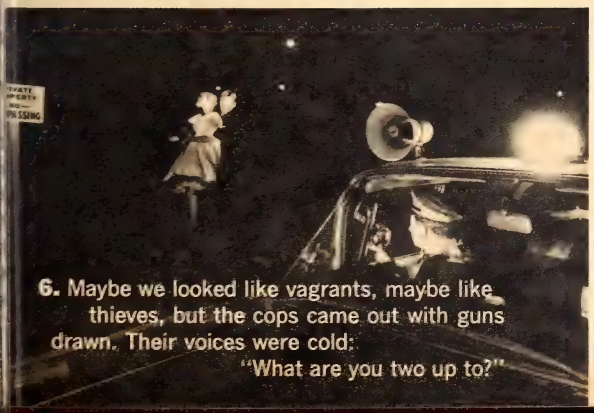
4. One dry cleaner wa still awake. I said, "I' give you a dollar fo a dime," bu it was tw in the mornin and he mu have bee afraid of u



2. But I hadn't noticed that the car was out of gas. There had been a lot of holdups lately so I was afraid to leave Kathy alone.



5. We found a coin-operated machine. I clobbered it, kicked it, turned it upside down, but it wouldn't give up a cent. Then we saw our first car . . . the police.



6. Maybe we looked like vagrants, maybe like thieves, but the cops came out with guns drawn. Their voices were cold:
"What are you two up to?"

7. By the time the police believed we were harmless and helped us get gas it was four-thirty. I finally got Kathy home at five.

Then came the real adventure of the evening . . . saying to her father, "I'm sorry, Sir, but you see, we ran out of gas."

It even sounded lame to me. Someday I may see Kathy again.

Today all I get on the phone is "She's not at home . . . to you."

(Kathy re-enacted by Carolyn Komant)

Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow

In a civil ceremony in a hotel room, with only one bridesmaid and the families attending, a twenty-year-old divorcee who had lunched on a hot fudge sundae married the richest boy in the world. This is the only intimate account you will read of it. Here, direct from Jill St. John's own mother, is the exclusive, behind-the-scenes story.....

The Biggest Little Wedding of the Year



■ *How curious that everyone is so calm,* I thought, as I was standing behind my daughter who was about to be married to Lance Reventlow by Supreme Court Justice Marshall McComb, in the royal suite of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel.

There was no uneasiness, no tears, no sniffling, and none of the usual type of excitement that customarily accompanies weddings. *(Continued on page 59*

(Continued from page 58)

Here these two young people were being tied to each other for what they hoped would be the rest of their lives, and yet they seemed as relaxed as if they were discussing whom to invite to a party!

There were only a few of us present: Lance's mother, Barbara Hutton, who had come in from Cuernavaca, Mexico, especially for the wedding; Lance's best man and cousin, Jimmy Woolworth Donahue; my daughter's bridesmaid, actress Nina Shipman; Lance's childhood nurse, Barbara Latimer, who had flown in from England for the ceremony; his butler, Dudley Walker, and of course my husband and me.

Lance hadn't wanted a big ceremony because, as he put it, "I didn't want to make my wedding a three-ring circus." He had chosen San Francisco because both he and Jill feared that if they had restricted the guest list to so few people in Los Angeles, a lot of their friends might have been hurt.

But what the wedding lacked in people, was more than made up by the picturesque setting.

The suite was beautifully decorated with peonies, irises, daffodils, and sweet peas. It looked like a fairyland. And Lance was so handsome and distinguished-looking in his dark suit, and my daughter so beautiful in her pink silk suit. Of course she wore something old and something new. Both were provided by her new mother-in-law, the 'old' being diamond earrings given to her by Barbara Hutton last Christmas, the 'new' a double-strand pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, which Miss Hutton put around her neck just before the ceremony. I lent her my pink veil for something 'borrowed,' and something 'blue'—a pair of blue garters—was given to her by a girlfriend the day before.

Later on someone told me that the ceremony had taken only ninety seconds, and by doing so had set a speed record! But it seemed longer to me, for during that time my mind wandered back to the time that Jill first told me about the handsome young man she had met at a party at Ronnie Burns' house, almost three years ago.

Lance

Frankly, I was surprised by my own impression of Lance when I first met him. He seemed nice, shy, and quite unlike the mental picture I had formed of him.

His shyness did not last long, and as he relaxed it was easy for me to detect a wonderful sense of humor.

There was only one time that I was dubious about this marriage—and that was exactly forty-five minutes before the ceremony started!

Maybe I better go back a few hours to tell you what happened. . . .

I don't think Jill slept much the night before. Even after I said good-night to her, I could hear her move around in her room. Her light must have been on till 2:00 a.m., when she finally turned it off.

Although Jill and Lance had planned to come back with us the very same night, my husband and I decided we'd better take our own car to the airport, because with these two kids you could never tell what they might do, so at least we could get home in case they decided to stay in San Francisco overnight.

We arrived at the airport shortly before 11:00 and were greeted by at least two dozen reporters and photographers!

All our efforts to keep the departure as well as the place of the wedding a secret failed when, as I was told, someone from the Mark Hopkins Hotel gave the news of all the arrangements to the local papers!

Lance arrived a few minutes after we

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?



Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is *this* kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and *stop* offensive stains and odor. And now it's here . . . a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion . . . during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It's wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop,* the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor . . . stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in . . . you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in . . . rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So . . . to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop* stops perspiration stains . . . stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop* to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trade Mark

did with his butler, his former nurse, and Nina Shipman.

I was a little afraid of his reaction when he saw all the photographers, and so was Jill. But he came through very well. He smiled amiably and, although he didn't dilly-dally to pose for pictures, was very pleasant to the photographers.

The flight to San Francisco took only a little over an hour. There we were greeted again by an even larger group of reporters who were surprised when Jill answered some of their questions before they were asked. Like, "Don't ask me any silly questions about my family. I can only give you the standard, phony answers—like seven children would be just fine."

They were all in a happy frame of mind because they laughed and waved at us as we climbed into the big black limousine provided by the studio. We were whisked to the Mark Hopkins Hotel, where all of us retired to our own suites, Miss Hutton had the Royal Suite, my husband and I had the Ambassador suite, and for the life of me, I can't remember the names of all the other beautiful suites. However, they were all on one floor. In fact, Miss Hutton had taken over the entire floor to make sure that the ceremony would be undisturbed. Judging by Lance's reaction, nothing could have pleased him more.

It was about two thirty when we all assembled in Miss Hutton's suite, excited and gay, and anxious for the ceremony to start, although it wasn't scheduled for another hour and a half.

Jill's craving before the wedding

And then, at three o'clock, it happened.

I was standing next to Lance when Jill came over and tugged on his sleeve. "I feel like a hot fudge sundae," she grinned.

If Lance was surprised, he didn't show it. But Miss Hutton certainly did.

"What youth will do!" she exclaimed.

Lance was all against Jill's idea. First of all he didn't feel like a hot fudge sundae an hour and a half before he got married. Secondly, he didn't know where she could get one at this time.

"I noticed a very nice little ice cream parlor right across from the hotel," Jill informed him cheerfully.

Lance still wasn't in favor of the idea. "If we go out there, we'll be recognized by reporters."

"We can sneak out the back way," Jill pleaded.

While Lance was determined not to go, he didn't mind letting his bride-to-be take off with Nina. And so the two girls secretly sneaked out of the hotel, dashed across the street, and without being seen by the thirty or more reporters who had assembled on the floor below for the brief press conference Lance had promised them after the ceremony, walked into the ice cream parlor—where they were promptly recognized by a local reporter who joined them. Said Jill, afterwards, "He was so nice—he even paid the bill!!!"

Yet as the minutes passed by, I became more anxious about what was happening to them. I couldn't help glancing at my watch every few seconds wondering whether my daughter would get back in time.

She finally did—with about five minutes to spare.

Although the ceremony was brief, it was beautifully performed, and I could see my daughter's happiness by the way she kissed Lance after it was over. But they were no longer willing to kiss in public.

After we had the most delicious hors d'oeuvres—everything from caviar to imported French champagne, Jill's bridesmaid announced that she had a very special surprise for the newlyweds. "Close your eyes and stretch out your hands," she ordered.

Jill and Lance did as told. Two seconds later they heard a click as Nina handcuffed them with a gold-plated pair of handcuffs. We all thought the shackles were very funny, although I said a silent prayer that Nina hadn't lost the key.

They were still shackled to each other when they walked downstairs for the ten minute press conference they had agreed to give. It was then that one of the photographers asked them to kiss in front of the cameras.

Lance came back with a very emphatic, "Not here." And then Jill refused to show her ring, because she thought that would be vulgar.

About seven we had a wonderful dinner, arranged by Miss Hutton. We had shrimp, waldorf salad, beef stroganoff with wild rice, and of course, the beautiful two-tiered wedding cake—which I took home with us.

Only a few people were at the airport when we left, but there was a wonderful feeling of gaiety once we got on the plane. The local papers had covered the ceremony, and you could see passengers turn around from wherever they were sitting and stare at Jill and Lance. And then they came over, one and two at a time, to wish them good luck and all the happiness in the world.

I was quite exhausted as I moved my seat back, and tried to relax. But I couldn't help overhearing one cynic remark behind me, "I wonder how long this is going to last?"

I knew what he meant. Jill had been married before, and it didn't work out.

Moreover, my daughter is an actress, and supposedly everybody knows that a career and a marriage don't mix.

I don't agree. First of all, Jill was only sixteen when she married Neil Dubin. And they had known each other less than three months. It was no surprise to anyone that the marriage didn't work out.

Lance and Jill have known each other for three years. They're sure of themselves and each other. From the beginning, Jill was impressed by his straightforwardness, his manners, his sense of humor—just as I think Lance appreciated that Jill was never impressed by his wealth. She had traveled in pretty much the same circles as Lance. A number of fellows she dated were equally well-off. And if there was a time when she couldn't afford something, my husband and I always gave it to her.

As far as her career is concerned, they have talked this over in great detail. Lance has not insisted that she give it up as long as she wants to stick to it. And quite frankly, she does. Jill is not one to come out with a pat answer like "If my marriage and my career don't mix, I'd quit working." She is determined to go on with her career just as she is determined to make her marriage work out. And she's convinced that she can do a good job with both. For that matter, Lance has already adjusted himself quite well to the role of a movie star's husband.

Jill changed him

When Jill and Lance first met, he used to shun any type of publicity gathering such as premieres, or big parties. Gradually Jill persuaded him to change his attitude. For the sake of her career, she has to be seen in public, with or without Lance. And one night she told him quite frankly that being seen with him made people want to write more about her.

Lance appreciated such honesty. While he kept teasing her that she really didn't want to become an actress, just a movie star, he kept going along with little grumbling, to whatever functions she was requested to attend. And while at one time he would have balked altogether at stopping to pose for pictures, now he will not only pose, but even force a smile for the cameras once in a while.

Of course Jill has shown a willingness to do things for Lance's sake as well. Like sports—the mere thought of which she detested a few years ago! Today she's quite expert at skin-diving and skiing. She is also a good hostess, and I think this will help Lance who loves having people over to his house once in a while.

It was after midnight when the plane finally landed at Los Angeles' International Airport. It was too late, and we were too tired, to drink another toast to the new couple who were anxious to get home, not only because it was their wedding night, but also because they had planned to get up early to go on their skiing honeymoon, at Mammoth Lakes.

As my husband and I saw them drive off, I couldn't help remembering Barbara Hutton's parting words a few hours earlier. "I'm glad they got married," she told me. "They seem so good for one another."

She was so right. Lance found in Jill what he wanted, just as she found in him what she needed. **END**

Jill stars in 20th-Fox's THE LOST WORLD.

"Where Are You, Eddie, I Need You!"

(*Continued from page 43*)

the knife. It was a frightening responsibility.

Debbie needed reassurance badly. Though the bonds of love were dead between them, she needed Eddie at this moment. In this moment when the life of their child might be lying in the balance, she couldn't just turn to anyone. Not even to Harry Karl, the man many people think she will marry. Only the child's father had the right to say, "Yes. Let the doctor operate," or "No—let us consult another doctor."

And if the child was to face surgery, his father should be beside his bed when he opened his eyes after the operation, became conscious, and became panicky at the thought of being in a strange place between strange covers. At such a moment a boy, even the smallest child, needs not only his mother, but also his father.

But his father was vacationing in Jamaica, out somewhere—pain creased Debbie's forehead—with the woman whose love had meant more to him than her love or staying with his children.

She'd tried to get through to him through almost 4,000 miles of telephone wire.

The operator had grown tired of calling "There's no answer," she said. "Do you want to leave a message?"

"Doesn't anybody know where Mr Fisher is?"

"Sorry, he didn't leave any message Shall I ask him to call you back?"

Debbie bit her lip. "No. I'm sorry, I don't think there will be time."

She hurried to the side of her sick son and sat on his bed, holding his hand. "Darling, Mommy will take you to someone right away who will make you feel better."

With God's help

Her brother Bill's face was white as he waited to drive Debbie and the boy to the hospital. Bill lived in his own quarters in Debbie's large home in Holmby Hills. He felt that Debbie would be too nervous to drive to the hospital, and he was going to take them there. Her mother, who lived in Burbank, close by St. Joseph's Hospital, was waiting for them there.

Carrying the crying boy in her arms, Debbie stepped into the car. Her face was tense; almost as pale as the child's.

"I hurt, Mommy," he said.

"Yes, darling, I know," she said. "But at the hospital they will do everything to make you better."

With God's help, she thought. *May God be with the surgeon tonight. May He guide his hand. They say that when a surgeon goes to work, there are always three in the operating room: the doctor, the patient, and God. Please God, be there and watch over my child.*

It was a balmy night in late March and the sky was studded with stars, but inside the car, Debbie shivered. She had never known such fear. To face this alone . . .

"Stop it, Debbie," she told herself. "You're being hysterical."

But another voice within her whispered: "How can I stand it—taking such a grave responsibility. The doctor said if there were no surgery, there might be complications."

Complications? The vague word carried its own cargo of terror. From the time little Todd was first born the threat of this moment had hung over him. "Hernia," the doctors had said then. "Some day it may become serious, requiring an operation. But he's an infant now and it isn't called for right now. We'll wait."

She and Eddie had agreed it would be wisest to wait till surgery was absolutely necessary. How could she have dreamed then that when the moment did come she and Eddie would not be together—that he would be married to another woman and that her frantic telephone call would not reach him in that distant spot in the British West Indies?

For a moment she was bitter. This was the bitterness she had tried so hard to fight, that she had promised herself she would never let overcome her.

"Well, I can take anything life hands out," she told herself firmly. "If I expected too much of Eddie, it was my fault, not his. But why should Todd have to be let down, too? The child is his baby, too. Why should he be on a holiday in Jamaica, while Todd and I have to go through this ordeal together?"

It was unreasonable of her to resent it; she knew that. Eddie hadn't known that terror would strike in the middle of the night while he, perhaps, held the woman he loved in his arms somewhere under a Caribbean moon, or danced together in a gay Island night club.

She ran her fingers through Todd's hair; touched his cheek tenderly. "Darling," she thought to herself, "it's awful to go through this moment, through this night, but I wonder if your father knows what he's missing most of the time. He's missing some of the pain, but a lot of the joy, too.

The car wound up the hospital driveway and stopped in front of Admissions. A white-uniformed orderly placed the child in a wheelchair.

"Mommy will be right with you," she said, comforting the frightened child.

When Todd was being prepared for surgery, a slip of paper—her authorization of the operation—was handed to Debbie. For a moment the words danced in front of her eyes. The words sounded so threatening with their promise to absolve the hospital of any blame.

"It's just a formality," she was told.

She took the pen and signed the release, praying as she wrote her name that all would be well.

Todd was still crying. She stayed as long as they let her, while they gave him a shot to make him drowsy and his eyes closed. She walked out into the corridor, then, and watched them wheel her little boy on the stretcher down the hall.

In the corridor, she pressed herself against the wall, looking very small. The people around her seemed like shadows in the night. How she wished that one of those shadows could be Eddie. . . .

It seemed ages before the surgeon came out. There was a smile on his face. "He's all right. Your little boy's been taken to his room. He's still 'out' but he'll be fine."

Debbie started down the corridor. "I said I'd be right there when he opened his eyes. I want to be with him." She walked down the hall to his room, alone. . . .

It was two days later when Eddie arrived in Hollywood, with Liz. He arrived the day his son was ready to be discharged. He drove directly to St. Joseph's. Todd, like the healthy child he was, was recovering beautifully. But even so, he had come too late to save Debbie from the night of fear—when the phone call she'd made to Eddie hadn't gone through. **END**

Debbie will guest-star in PEPE, *for Columbia, and stars in Paramount's* THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY.



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The Haunted Honeymoon

(*Continued from page 40*)

loved so desperately, so very, very much.

He'd looked forward to their wedding day.

But most of all, strangely, he'd looked forward to this city in faraway Denmark that Evy had talked so much about.

To get away, for a while, at least, from Hollywood, from California, where there had been little laughter for him these past few weeks—ever since that day he'd sat with his son, his little boy, and explained that things were going to be different for them both from that day on. . . .

They'd been at the airport that day. Gloria—Jimmy's wife, Jimmy Jr.'s mother—had gone to a counter to pick up her tickets for Las Vegas. And they'd sat alone, father and son.

The boy was worried-looking, confused.

"But why, Daddy," he asked, "why can't you come with us? I thought you *were* coming. Why *can't* you come?"

Jimmy didn't answer immediately. He couldn't. Instead he put his arms around his son and he wondered, "How do I tell you what's happening, baby? How do I tell you the truth—that you and your mother are flying away so your mother can get a divorce, so that I can get married again? How do I tell you, my three-year-old baby? . . . How will you even understand what I'm talking about?"

"The son I've always wanted"

For the next minute or so, Jimmy lied. He began to say something about a picture he was working on, a picture that would take him very far away. "So," he said, "I thought that this would be a good time for you and your mama to take a vacation. And Vegas, you know, that's real old Indian territory. And I thought—"

But he stopped. Because lying to the boy, trying to fool him, was no good, he knew. He remembered other times he'd tried. Those mornings after the separation from Gloria when he would leave his apartment on his way to the studio and drop by the house, to be with his son for a little while. How the boy would throw his arms around him and ask, "Daddy, where you been this morning?" How he would answer, "To the grocery store—I got up early and went to do some shopping." How the boy would nod and say, "Oh sure, Daddy, you been to the grocery". . . But how he hadn't been fooled. Not really.

"Your mama and you," Jimmy found himself saying now, suddenly, "you're both going to Las Vegas for six weeks . . . And before you come back, I'll have gone away, too . . . First to New York. Then to Europe, a place called Europe . . . I'll be gone for two, maybe three months . . . I'm going with Evy. Evy—the pretty girl you met, you remember? The girl we went to the beach with on Sundays sometimes, the three of us? . . . I'm going to Europe, baby. And I'm going to go with Evy. Because, you see, I'm going to marry Evy—"

Again he stopped.

And the little boy, beginning to cry, asked softly, "Are you going away because you don't want me anymore, Daddy?"

Jimmy hugged his son.

"Of course I want you," he said. "I always did want you. And I always will." He tried to smile. "Why, before you were even born, you were exactly the baby I wanted," he said. "Before your mother went to the hospital, where you were born, you know what I said to her? I said, 'Mrs. Darren, you give me a boy, my son, and I'll get you two dozen beautiful roses. Otherwise,' I said, 'you don't get anything.' And she gave me my boy . . . *you*. And I gave her the roses, two dozen, just like I said.

"Yes, Jimmy," he said. "I wanted you, wanted you very much. And I still do. And I always will."

He let go of the boy now and reached into his pocket.

He removed a wallet, and a picture from it.

"Do you recognize this funny face?" he asked the child, trying to smile again.

"It's you, Daddy," the boy whispered.

"That's right," said Jimmy. "Now here, you put this in your pocket . . . like this . . . and once in a while, till I come back and see you again, you take it out and you look at it. So you don't forget your daddy, this funny old face of his . . . All right?"

"All right," said the boy.

And then he'd begun to cry again, burying his face in his little hands, and sobbing.

And Jimmy, unable to watch, had gotten up and walked away.

And gone back to Evy.

Back to the girl he loved, and would marry.

Back to the talk of their wedding, their honeymoon, only a few weeks away. . . .

He was gloomy those next weeks. For the first time in his life he was edgy, nervous, afraid, sharp-tongued.

Even with Evy.

They began to fight. About silly things. Evy would say something and Jimmy would blow up one minute and he'd say to hell with any wedding, to hell with everything—and then he'd grab her and hold tight to her and kiss her. And everything would be all right.

He became abrupt, too, with the press, a drastic switch for a fellow known as one of the best and most pleasant interviewees in all of Hollywood.

According to one reporter who talked with him during this period:

"I asked him first to answer those fans who wondered why he was marrying a European girl and why he wasn't giving an American girl a chance. It was meant as a light question, an opener.

"But he got snappy and he said, 'How do you answer a question like *that*? You fall in love with a person, not a nationality . . . Is that a good enough answer?'

"Then," the reporter went on, "I mentioned an article somewhere in which Gloria had stated—and I quoted—'I hope his second wife doesn't go through what I did . . . Jimmy couldn't let me be an individual after we got married. He was intensely jealous . . . I never really had clothes, anything new. We were struggling along at first, of course, even after Jimmy signed his picture contract. I worked to help out. Every cent we had went for clothes for Jimmy in his new career . . . Today Jimmy can't even seem to see why I should have any alimony. It's taken us months to straighten that out. . . .'

"'How about it, Jimmy,' I asked, 'what do you say to this?'

"And he said, 'Gloria's entitled to say whatever she wants, I guess. I have no comment to make on what she says.'

"Then I brought up another quote, this one attributed to Jimmy himself.

"It went: 'Evy and I don't plan to have children right away because children don't go with careers.'

"I'd just started to say that this remark had left people wondering just where this left his son, when Jimmy blew up and said, 'First of all, I never said that, about me and Evy going to wait to have children. I don't know where they dream up that kind of stuff. But *I* never said it.

"'And second, about my kid—it's nobody's business what I feel about my kid. I happen to love him. I happen to miss him. I happen to feel as though I'm going to bust sometimes, break down inside of me, just thinking about him.

"'But that's *my* business, mister.'"

"Maybe we shouldn't get married"

One friend recalls that "at any of the parties we had for him and Evy, Jimmy would sit around quiet, brooding, looking most of the time as if he were sorry he'd come. Oh sure, he'd snap out of it once in a while—smile, joke around a little, act like the old Jimmy. But those times were rare. . . .

"The worst time came the night before they left, I remember. I was in this restaurant having dinner with them, Jimmy and Evy and a couple of other people. I remember we'd just started to eat when Jimmy got up from the table and disappeared for a while. And when he came back he looked as if his best friend had just died . . . I found out later that he'd gone to phone Gloria in Vegas, to ask her if he could say a few words to his son, say good-bye; that the manager of the hotel where they were staying said Gloria wasn't accepting any calls, that the boy was asleep already and that it was too late. . . ."

When Jimmy and Evy arrived in New York the next day they had, in Jimmy's words, "another of our fights. Here we'd come to make final arrangements for the wedding. But we ended up arguing about something. And I said, 'Look, maybe we shouldn't get married now. Maybe we should go back to California and think things over for a while.' Evy was too hurt to say anything. She said only, 'You're the man, it's up to you.' Then, the next day, after a long night, a sleepless night, I realized how much I loved her and wanted to marry her. I sent her flowers to her hotel. . . ."

The wedding took place in the Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Saturday, February 8.

And two days later Jimmy and Evy were in Copenhagen, Evy's city of laughter.

The first stop of their strange and haunted honeymoon. . . .

Jimmy seemed happy enough, outwardly, meeting Evy's mother and father, her old friends and neighbors.

To Evy's mother in particular, reputedly one of the best cooks in Denmark, he was a dream come true, a son-in-law who, though he could not speak her language, learned quickly how to say *Jeg er sulten* (I'm hungry), thus sending her scooting happily into the kitchen a dozen or so times a day.

Feast night

It was, in fact, on the afternoon of his third day at the Norlunds' when Jimmy, in the kitchen watching Mrs. Norlund prepare something, found out about the special feast she was planning for that night.

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"I know, Jimmy," she said through Evy, her interpreter, "—you don't like any big crowds. You're tired of them, too many people at once . . . But just this one night, I must have the big feast. In your and my Evy's honor . . . Just for the family—" She winked; "—about thirty of us; maybe a few more . . . In your and my Evy's honor."

By eight o'clock that night the party had begun. And the relatives—hordes of them—began arriving.

They came from all over, from Copenhagen proper, from surrounding towns and farms outside those towns; by car, by trolley, by train, by foot.

They included an uncle, who played accordion, for those people who would dance; a few aunts, who sang, for those who would listen; several other women, aunts and cousins and nieces, who brought along quantities of homemade foods, to add to Mrs. Norlund's already-plentiful smorgasbord.

By nine o'clock the party was in full swing and Jimmy, despite his silent apprehensions at first, found himself having a good time, a very good time.

He danced.

He sang along with the ever-singing aunts.

He ate.

And, though normally not a drinker, he drank a little of each of the several drinks being handed out by a jolly-faced oldtimer—a little beer at first, then some wine, then some of the hard stuff.

And, more and more, he found himself having a good time, a very good time, for the first time in a long time.

Until suddenly, at one point, while dancing with Evy, he saw a couple enter the room from the outside hallway—and with them a small boy, four or five years old.

"Look," Evy said, spotting them too, at practically the same moment, "my favorite cousin, Helga, and her husband . . . And they've brought the little son, Kurt."

She led Jimmy over to them and introduced them, first Helga, then her husband, then the boy.

"Hello," Jimmy said to all three, but never removing his eyes from the boy's.

"Now Jimmy," he heard the girl called Helga say, after a moment, "though we do not speak English well, my husband and I, we have taught our boy to give you a greeting in your language . . . Go ahead, Kurt . . . Say what we taught you."

The little boy stiffened, and cleared his throat.

And then, very slowly, he said:

"My name is Kurt . . . I give you welcome . . . I hope you like our city . . . And I hope when you return to the United States of America that you will bring my greeting to your own city of—"

He stopped.

"Hollywood?" asked Evy.

"*Ja,*" said the boy, "—Holly-vood."

The others laughed.

Jimmy nodded.

"Thank you," he said, not laughing, "thank you very much."

He put his hand on the boy's head and, for a short moment, he closed his eyes.

And then, opening them, he excused himself and turned and walked back across the room, through the still-dancing crowd, to the spot where the jolly-faced oldtimer was still handing out the drinks. . . .

The haunted honeymoon

Evy looked over at him from the bed, as he stood near the window, staring out at the night, intently, the way he had stared at the boy, downstairs, a little while earlier.

She looked at him for a long time, saying nothing.

And then, finally, she spoke.

"Why don't you talk about him, Jimmy?" she asked, softly. "It will make you feel better."

"Talk about who?" asked Jimmy, his voice little more than a flat whisper.

"Your son," Evy said. "I know you're thinking of him. I understand how you feel . . . You never talk about him, Jimmy. But please, turn around—and talk about him to me. It *will* make you feel better."

"No, Evy," he said, not turning. "I won't feel any better. And you'll feel worse."

Then he said, "Haven't I done enough, enough to spoil this honeymoon of ours?"

"It's a beautiful honeymoon," Evy said. "You haven't spoiled anything . . . It's a beautiful honeymoon, Jimmy."

He shook his head.

"I wanted it to be," he said. "But how can it be? . . . A honeymoon is for two people, Evy. That's a simple fact about honeymoons, Evy. Everybody knows that about honeymoons . . . But we're not alone, are we? There's a third person with us. He's been with us since the minute we started. He's going to be with us, more and more, as we go along . . . I know it's not right . . . But I can't get him out of my mind."

"He's your *son,*" Evy said. "You must *never* get him out of your mind. You must think of him always."

"Think of him?" Jimmy asked, laughing suddenly, a low and hollow laugh. "Think of him? . . . That's all I do, Evy, is think of him. And it's not fair to you . . . I think of him. I dream about him. And in all my thoughts and dreams, do you know what he's doing?"

He paused.

"What?" Evy asked.

"He's forgetting me," Jimmy said. "Day by day, hour by hour, he's looking around for me with those big black eyes of his. And he doesn't see me. And so he's forgetting me . . . Like you forget anything you aren't around all the time. Like with me, when I go back to South Philly sometimes, to the street where I was born, where I used to play, where I grew up—I realize when I get back there how much I've forgotten about it . . . All because I've been away so long. . . ."

He took a deep breath.

"That's how it is with people, things, Evy," he said then. "How it was with me. How it is with my son . . . You forget . . . You can't help it. And God, Evy, *God,* but I don't want my little boy to forget me!"

Evy got out of the bed and rushed over to him and took him in her arms.

"Jimmy," she said, "it's getting cold here, by the open windows. You should come to bed."

Again he shook his head. "Not now," he said, "not for just a little while."

"Jimmy," Evy said, "I'm not going to leave you till you come back with me. I'll stand here all night."

"Just a little while more," he said. "I want to be alone, just a little while more."

"Jimmy—please," Evy said, begging now.

"No," he said, his voice loud, angry. "I said I—"

But he stopped.

And he clutched her suddenly.

And he buried his face in her neck, and he began to cry.

As she said, very softly, "Jimmy, Jimmy . . . It's going to be all right . . . You'll see. . . ."

How it is in Copenhagen

It was the following morning.

Evy walked into their room and handed Jimmy a letter that had just come from the States.

The handwriting on the envelope was Gloria's.

But the return address was marked "James Darren, Jr."

Jimmy opened the envelope and pulled out the sheet of paper inside it.

On the paper was a drawing, crude and comical, of a little boy.

Below it, printed in large and slanting letters, were the words:

"DEAR DADDY, I LOVE YOU"

Jimmy and Evy looked up from the paper after a while, and at one another.

And somehow, they both began to laugh.

"I told you," Evy said, "that this is the way it would be in Copenhagen—on our honeymoon. Didn't I, Jimmy?

"I told you," Evy said, laughing even more, and bending to kiss her husband. "I *told* you—!" **END**

Jimmy will star in GUNS OF NAVARONE, *for Columbia.*

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I Am Going to Adopt a Baby

(*Continued from page 29*)

fame and fortune here in Hollywood.

Since she married Arthur Miller and moved to New York and Connecticut to live, we do not see one another as often as we did in the beginning of her career when her agent, Johnny Hyde, was deeply in love with her (he was my good friend, too) and the powerful and influential producer Joseph Schenck befriended her and gave her the advantage of his wisdom and understanding.

Yet, we have never lost touch. When she comes to Hollywood to work, not too frequently in the past years, she always calls me, "because you are my friend."

Last year she telephoned to say hello on a day when I was giving a garden party and I invited her to come, hardly expecting she would accept as she had just flown in that morning. But she came—a ravishing creature in a black cocktail dress, delighting my guests, posing for pictures, laughing in that soft child-like voice of hers—truly a 'social show-stopper.'

And, when she returned to the West Coast to start (the currently strike-struck) *Let's Fall In Love* for 20-Century Fox, she had called to invite me to a studio party she was hostessing to introduce her friend and co-star, the talented Yves Montand. I hadn't been able to accept because of an early dinner appointment.

So what happens? Marilyn left her party before it officially ended to come over to my house, catching me with my hair in pin curls just before I got under the hair dryer—a strange and weird time to be receiving the world's most glamorous woman, you must admit! Marilyn wasn't in the least fazed and we chatted and gossiped, as women do, in that short time we had before both of us were due for other engagements.

A real heart-to-heart

It wasn't until later that it occurred to me that Marilyn and I had not had one of our real heart-to-heart talks that so frequently marked our early friendship in a long, long time. Deciding to put the thought into action, I called the studio and asked if it would be convenient for me to see her that very afternoon on the set of *Let's Make Love*.

She sent back word for me to come at my convenience (and this is the star who has frequently been accused of being so difficult and aloof?).

I hadn't, however, exactly been prepared for Marilyn to meet me at the entrance to 20th, accompanied by none other than Arthur Miller, their arms linked as they walked forward to greet me!

Marilyn had taken the short stroll from the *Let's Make Love* set wearing her costume for the scene, a black tight-fitting ballet outfit with a touch of deep pink and slippers with high pink heels. She looked slender, far more slender than when she first arrived, and even the heavy screen make-up and the exaggerated beading of her eyelashes couldn't hide that she looked well, healthy and happy. Miller was in casual sports attire and some of the California sun had tanned him. He looked younger than I had expected, standing there with his famous wife, his arm now around her shoulder.

Marilyn's introduction was simple, "I want you two to know each other and be friends," she said.

Arthur shook hands, "Don't you remember we met at Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh's party for Marilyn and me in London?"—which, of course, I did.

He told me he had just returned from Ireland where he had conferred with John Houston who is going to direct Miller's independent picture starring Marilyn, *The Misfits*. We chatted for a moment about Ireland which we both love and then Arthur excused himself.

"I'm on my way back to the hotel to work on the story—and besides you two don't really want a man around," he laughed. And this tall, dark, intelligent and brilliant man didn't worry about spoiling his wife's make-up as he kissed her goodbye.

Luckily, Marilyn was not immediately needed in the scenes as we returned to the set and found two comfortable chairs where we could sit and talk uninterrupted.

As we sat down I said to Marilyn, "It's only fair to warn you that I am going to ask you a lot of personal questions as to what it's like being Mrs. Arthur Miller and how Arthur fits into your life of glamour." Everyone knows that Marilyn's private life with Arthur Miller has been a well-guarded secret and I believe this is the first time she has discussed her personal life with her husband with anyone.

She gave me one of those 'upswept looks' so famous in her screen close-ups. But she was smiling, and *waiting*—so I took the plunge.

"Do you think you would be so madly in love with Arthur if he weren't Arthur Miller, the brilliant author of *Death of a Salesman, The Bridge* and other Broadway successes?" I started.

She didn't hesitate. "Of course I would. I am in love with the man, not the mind. When I first met Arthur I didn't even know he was the famed writer of plays and the Arthur Miller I became attracted to was the man—a man of such charming personality, warmth and friendliness."

Marilyn went on slowly, "I won't say that later I didn't fall *more* in love with him after I grew to know him and to appreciate his great talent and intellect. But I would have loved him for himself without his fine achievements."

Life with a brilliant man

"But living with even a brilliant man can't be all aesthetic," I said, beginning to feel a bit like a dissecting surgeon. "There must be quarrels, at least differences between you."

"This may be hard to believe—but we do not quarrel at all! I mean by that—we don't indulge in ugly scenes and words. Of course, any marriage has to have some adjustments, but why can't they be made in good temper? Neither Arthur nor I are quarrelsome—we aren't quick to fly off the handle about trivial things. True, we do not always agree—but we always adjust these problems with our voices lowered," she smiled again.

"In your private life do you prefer to be called Marilyn Monroe or Mrs. Arthur Miller?"

She didn't have to think about this—"Mrs. Arthur Miller!" and her voice tingled with pride.

"In any marriage, one of the partners usually dominates," I said. "In yours, which one is the boss?"

Someone had brought us two paper-cups of tea and I had decided if this query got lost in the pleasantries of thank-yous, I would repeat it. But Marilyn waited only until we were alone again before she said:

"Well, now I suppose in New York, Arthur is the boss. And here, everything centers around me when I am working."

I had heard that Arthur babied, pampered and petted Marilyn almost as though she were a child. "He *does* baby you, doesn't he?" I said.

She really laughed now—leaning over to pat my arm. "Of course he doesn't, nor does he treat me like a child. I am his *wife* in every sense of that word.

"We meet on common and congenial ground but as a man and a woman!"—and you just know she meant it!

"Of course Arthur advises me and helps me to adjust myself. It has always been a problem with me that I am too easily frightened, retiring, unsure of myself—and he has helped me very much toward overcoming this feeling," Marilyn added.

"You know," I told her, "a psychiatrist said the reason you become ill before starting a picture and during the shooting is that you don't really *want* to be a motion picture star!"

All this time we had been talking, Marilyn had shown no displeasure or impatience. But she did now. Obviously, she had heard this charge before and it was just as obvious that she resented it.

"You, perhaps as well as anyone I know, know how very hard I have worked to become a motion picture star. I love my work; it has brought me much happiness and satisfaction. Any psychiatrist who would make a statement like that cannot be much more than a headline seeker. Such things are supposed to be secret and held inviolate."

She repeated, speaking hurriedly (for her) in her sincerity, "I *do* love acting—and when I am in New York between pictures I attend the Lee Strasberg School and study all the time Arthur is busy on his plays."

When in New York . . .

The mention of her life in New York gave me a rather welcome chance to change the subject and I did with, "Tell me something about the way you and Arthur live in New York."

Her good humor restored, Marilyn seemed happy at the opportunity to discuss her life in the East. "We have really a wonderful set up—an apartment in the heart of New York and a house with beautiful gardens in Connecticut. We actually live a very homey life—we aren't 'night-people,' either of us.

"Our most frequent visitors are Arthur's two children, Janie, fifteen, and Bobby, twelve." (Marilyn actually glowed when she spoke of the Miller children whom she had previously told me she likes very much.) They come to us for dinner every Tuesday, every other week end and for a third of their vacation. They are such nice, well-mannered children and I am very fond of them. I think they like me, too," she said softly but proudly.

I smiled, "Sounds like you run quite an establishment—rather, *two* establishments, Marilyn. Do you have a great deal of help?"

She answered, "To the contrary. We employ one permanent maid, we share a secretary and a cleaning woman comes in as often as we need her depending on how much entertaining we do. When we are in the country—I very often do the cooking."

This was almost too much! The idea of the beautiful, glamorous Marilyn, who looked like she could be kept under glass she was so lovely this day, laboring over a red hot stove was more than I could take. I had to laugh—and for the first time, even she gave that little giggle for which she used to be famous.

But she stuck to her guns. "You'd be surprised—honest. And whether anyone believes it or not, I can do more than scrambled eggs and prepare frozen foods.

I have learned how to make noodles that don't come out of a package—and I bake bread very well."

"Oh, come on now—you buy the mixes," I protested.

"No, I don't—I don't like mixes. I use yeast and set my own bread. Have you ever read *The Joy Of Cooking*? It's a cookbook that gives fine recipes but it also emphasizes the actual happiness there is connected with cooking—and it can be a big pleasure in a woman's life, not a chore. I read it often and it makes me feel happy."

I said, "Marilyn, here you sit looking like a poster girl and talking like a *hausfrau* with a dozen children under her feet!"

"I wish there were," my beautiful friend said softly. Twice Marilyn had lost babies through miscarriages, the last one with great jeopardy to her own life, and her face saddens whenever she speaks of children. She wants one so very much.

"And, I haven't given up hope," she said simply. "More than anything in the world I want a baby, lots of babies. And, God willing, for every baby I have—I'm going to adopt another one." That was a surprise!

"Then, why don't you adopt one now?" I asked. "They say it frequently happens that if a child is adopted, childless parents then are blessed with one of their own."

Marilyn looked thoughtful, "I don't know whether Arthur would like for us to adopt one *first*. But I'm going to take your advice and talk to him about it. Meanwhile, I do not want to seem sad or depressed about it to him—I'm very grateful and happy with my life. It is very full. We are rich in our work and in our family and friends."

"Just who do you and Arthur see the most often socially?" I put in.

The Miller circle

"I suppose our closest friends are Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rosten. He is the playwright-poet and he and Arthur have a lot in common. I like Mrs. Rosten very much, too. We also see Mr. and Mrs. Eitor Rella. He is also a poet and writes plays. Our little circle is rounded out by my husband's publishers and, of course, Paula and Lee Strasberg, dear and close personal friends of mine."

We had been lucky that we had enjoyed such a long chat uninterrupted, but Marilyn was now being summoned before the cameras. Director George Cukor walked over to personally tell Marilyn they were ready.

"Don't leave," she said to me, "I want Paula (Strasberg) to come and chat with you. You'll learn why I am so fond of her,"—and she beckoned for the famed woman-half of the dramatic coaching team to take her chair beside me.

Mrs. Strasberg is indeed a likable person, animated, warm and understanding and she is devoted to her famous pupil.

I told her, "I have never seen Marilyn as relaxed and as much at ease as she is today. Yet she still seems to have periods of illness and nervousness which keep her from working—why do you think this is?"

Mrs. Strasberg answered, "I think my husband has the solution: he says that nervousness indicates sensitivity and that's what Marilyn has, great sensitivity. And then, Marilyn is still frightened, although she is overcoming it. Lee says, 'Show me an actress who isn't frightened and nervous and I will say she won't go far.'

"Marilyn has God-given talent, really phenomenal talent. My husband says she is a combination of Jeanne Eagles and Pauline Lord. Like them, she is greatly misunderstood. Where Marilyn's work is concerned, she wants perfection and to achieve perfection in anything is well nigh impossible. But she constantly seeks it—even at the expense of her health and peace of mind."

Time was getting late and I should be getting off. But I wanted to say good-bye to Marilyn after she completed her scene with Yves Montand, the fascinating French 'one-man show' making his American debut with la Monroe.

Coming from in front of the camera Marilyn said, "Yves is the most exciting new male star of years," she laughed, "He's all *male*, too—a cross between Clark Gable and Marlon Brando. He's going to be a big success in American movies—watch and see."

"Does he win you in *Let's Make Love*?" I prompted.

"Yes, but he thinks I'm in love with Frankie Vaughn, the popular English singer also appearing in his first Hollywood movie. But that's all I'm going to tell you of the plot. Everybody will know what happens—and won't buy tickets," she laughed.

Marilyn linked her arm through mine and walked with me to the door of the stage where my car was waiting.

I was grateful to her for seeing me on such short notice on a day when she was working and I told her so as I kissed her good-bye.

"But you are my *friend*," she said,—as though that explained everything. And certainly to me, it explained much about this beautiful and complicated girl who is today's Star of Stars in the motion picture world. **END**

Marilyn will star in THE MISFITS, *United Artists, and* LET'S MAKE LOVE, *for 20th-Fox.*

Is Liz Afraid to Have a Baby With Eddie?

(*Continued from page 36*)

They had been fun mornings, these mornings on the rock.

Except that this morning, Eddie noticed, something seemed to be wrong.

For Liz was unusually quiet.

And there was a sadness about her, suddenly, in her eyes, in the set of her lips as she lay there on her back, staring up silently at the sky—a sadness Eddie had not seen in her for a long time now.

He tried, at first, to pretend not to notice; as if, if *he* made with the small talk now, tried to cheer her up, the sadness would vanish.

So he talked—about this, about that, about anything that came to his mind.

But, he saw after a while, that it was doing little good.

Finally, Eddie asked, "Honey . . . is there something wrong?"

"No," Liz whispered.

"Honey," Eddie said again, after a moment, waiting for his wife to look over at him.

She didn't.

"Honey," he said, louder this time, "is—"

"I'm sorry," Liz interrupted him, shaking her head, shifting her eyes to his. "I was distracted . . . I was just looking up at that cloud, that lonely little cloud up there, thinking about what it looked like. . . ."

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She looked back up, and Eddie followed her gaze.

"Well, to me," said Eddie, "—you know what it looks like to me?"

He hesitated.

"Like a lamb, all white, all fleecy . . . huh?" he said.

Liz said nothing.

"A pillow?" Eddie said. "A little bit crumpled up?"

Still, Liz said nothing.

"Okay," said Eddie, laughing. "I give up. *You* tell *me* . . . Come on." He repeated it. "Come on," he said.

"It reminds me," Liz said slowly, softly, finally, "of a baby."

"Hmmmmm," Eddie said. "A baby . . . No, I don't see that exactly. But—"

He stopped as he felt Liz take his hand, and squeeze it, tightly, desperately.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The wind," said Liz, still staring. "It's breaking it up . . . it's taking the cloud away. . . ."

A dream of a baby

She began to cry, suddenly.

"Liz," Eddie said, confused, worried himself now, "what *is* it? *What's* the matter?"

"It's—" Liz said. "It's that—"

She shook her head.

"It's what?" Eddie asked.

"It's that," Liz said, "that sometimes it comes, in the middle of the night. Like it came last night. Last night, Eddie. . . .

"What comes?" he asked.

"The dream," she said, quickly. "I had it last night. I hadn't had it for a while. But last night, it came again . . . The dream. . . ."

Eddie asked her to tell him about it.

And, after a while, a long long moment of silence, she did.

"It's a simple dream," she said, opening her eyes, looking back at him, "very short, always the same.

"I'm in a chair, sitting in a chair," she said. "And I'm holding a baby, a tiny baby, a new-born baby. And for a while, as I sit there, I wonder whose baby this is that I'm holding. I never know. Not really. And then, a little time goes by, and I look up. And I see someone standing there. And it's you, Eddie—it's you standing there. And you're looking down at me and the baby, and you're smiling. And I realize then that it's our baby. Our baby, Eddie. Yours and mine . . . And then—"

She paused.

"And then what, Liz?" Eddie asked.

"And then," Liz said, "then I wake up. I wake up and I find myself smiling, too, just as if it weren't all a dream, as if it were true. And I keep smiling till . . . till I realize that it isn't true, not at all true. That we have no baby, you and me. That we may never have a baby . . . Till I remember what all the doctors have told me, over and over again, about the risk for me of having another child after three caesareans . . . And I get afraid," she went on. "And then I try not to care. I lie there and I say to myself, 'Well, if you can't have another baby, Elizabeth—not now, as some of the doctors tell you, or not *ever*, as others of them say—well, there's nothing you can do about it, is there?'

"Oh," she said, "I have some lovely talks with myself after my dream. Very cheerful and friendly and understanding. And I feel better after them, too . . . Till—" she said.

But again she paused.

"Till what?" Eddie asked.

"Till," said Liz, "as I grow more and more awake, as I feel you there, lying next to me, you, my husband . . . it comes to me how much I must be disappointing you, Eddie. How much, how very much, I must be letting you down.

Eddie shook his head and started to say something, something that would calm Liz.

"I know, Eddie," she interrupted, "—you don't talk about it. We *never* talk about it, do we? But I know, Eddie, how much you must want a baby, a baby of our own.

"I know," she said, "how much any man who loves a woman and who marries her wants a child of their own to love, too.

"And I know," she said, "what happens sometimes, between two people, when there is no baby. When—"

She stopped.

"I know," she repeated, as again the tears began to come to her eyes.

A story of a marriage

Eddie let her cry it out for a while, wiping away the tears as he had done before, waiting for the sobbing to end.

And when, after a while, it did end, he smiled, and he said, "Honey . . . Liz . . . I want to tell you a little story. An old, a very very old story . . . You want I should tell you an old, old story, Liz?"

"Don't kid with me, Eddie," she said. "Not now."

"I'm not kidding," Eddie said. "This is a story I heard my grandmother tell me when I was a kid—a genuine, bona fide, serious story . . . Do you want to hear it?"

Liz shrugged.

"Well," Eddie said, starting anyway, "you see, my grandmother was taking care of me, at her house, this one day. And we were eating lunch, just the two of us, when this gal who lived next door—her name was Florence, I remember—walked in and took one look at my grandmother, who was, I should tell you, a sort of confessor to the whole neighborhood, and she started to cry and bawl all over the place.

"'What's the matter, Fagele, my dear?' I remember my grandmother asking her.

"'The doctor,' Florence said, 'I just came from the doctor, and he told me, once and for all, that I couldn't have a child. How,' she said, 'oh how am I going to tell this to my husband, for one thing? And, for another thing, how am I going to hold my husband now, a man who, like other men, wants a child? What,' she said, 'what is a marriage without a child?'

"And when Florence was all through talking and crying, my grandmother said to her, 'But honestly, my dear, don't you know the story of Baraak and Shoshana?'

"'Of who?' Florence asked.

"'Baraak and Shoshana,' my grandmother said, 'the lovers of old times gone by.'

"'You mean like Romeo and Juliet?' Florence asked.

"'I mean,' my grandmother said, a little annoyed, 'like Baraak and Shoshana. These lovers *I* talk of,' she said, 'were *married* lovers, thank you.'

"And then she told their story.

"She said, 'Baraak, my dear Fagele, he was a farmer, a very good man and a very good farmer. And Shoshana, a most beautiful young girl, she was his wife. And for the first few years of their married life they were so happy, so perfect together, that people from all over the place, from the other farms, all over, used to refer to them as Baraak and Shoshana, the most perfect and happiest of couples.

"'People used to envy them, and admire them, both at the same time . . . The way they worked together in the fields, planted and reaped their crops, side by side, all the time . . . The way, together, they built the house in which they lived, a lovely and handsome domicile, with their own hands, side by side . . . The way, together, they built another most magnificent edifice, a granary, where they could store their crops after the harvest . . . The way they did all sorts of things together, for one another.

"'Yes, people used to envy them, and admire them.

"'Except that after a few years, Baraak and Shoshana—especially Shoshana—did not feel that they were either so happy or so perfect.

"'Because of a very simple factor.

The wise man's answer

"'There was, you see, no child in their life. No son. No daughter. No nothing.

"'And oh, after a while, Shoshana would weep, all the time weep, because she was childless.

"'And her weeping would annoy Baraak, who wanted a little smiling around the place once in a while, and not all this weeping.

"'But Shoshana, she couldn't help it.

"'And so she wept.

"'Until her eyes, which had been at one time blue like the sky at sunrise were now red, like that same sky, at sunset.

"'Until the tears she shed became the best friends of her cheeks.

"'Until she became *atzboni*—which, in case you don't know, Fagele, my dear, is Hebrew, for nervous wreck.

"'Until Baraak, too, was becoming *atzboni*.

"'Until,' Grandma said, 'until the wonderful *zaken cha'cham*, the wise old man, came along that day and saw Shoshana sitting outside her house, weeping, and said to her, "My dear, what is wrong that you are weeping so?"

"'Well, Shoshana, who at this point would tell anybody her troubles, certainly told the wise old man.

"'And she said, "Because, *zaken cha'cham*, my marriage with Baraak is childless and because, as everybody knows, in children there is love and love is the most important thing in any marriage."

"'I see,' said the wise old man. 'I see . . . yes . . . hmmmm . . . yes.'

"'And then he looked behind where Shoshana sat, at the house behind her, and he said, "My dear, excuse me for being inquisitive. But this house behind you, it is certainly a handsome and lovely domicile.

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And, if you would be so kind to tell me—who built it, please?"

"'And Shoshana said, "The house? Why, that was built by Baraak and me, by our own hands, when we were first married, *zaken cha-cham.*"

"'Hmmmm,' said the old man, nodding, 'yes . . . I see.'

"'And then he said, "That wonderful-looking field out there, with the wheat and the corn and what-have-you, growing there, so strong and so well-tended . . . that was planted by you and Baraak, I imagine?"

"'Yes,' said Shoshana, 'by none but the two of us.'

"'So pardon me, but just one more question,' said the wise old man, sniffing in deeply. 'I smell coming from somewhere, from the kitchen of your house I presume, the most delicious aroma of cooking.'

"'And Shoshana said, "Yes, *zaken cha'-cham,* it is chicken soup I have made for me and for Baraak."

"'And then the old man said, "But tell me, dear, is there not love in all this?"

"'He sniffed in again, deeply.

"'In the chicken soup, *zaken cha'cham?*' asked Shoshana, incredulous.

"'Yes . . . yes,' said the wise old man. 'In the chicken soup, for one thing. Is there not love in that—in the preparation of food for your husband, to fill his stomach with good dishes and aromas and nourishment such as that after a hard day of work?'

"'Shoshana said nothing to the question, which struck her as very strange.

Love in this

"'And,' said the wise old man, going on, pointing to the house, 'is there not love in this, the house that the two of you have built together, with your own hands?'

"'He pointed to the field. "And in *that?*" he asked. "Is there," he asked, then, "is there not love in all of this—and is not love itself a child, your child, the child of you and Baraak?

"'You weep for a child, Shoshana,' he said. 'Well, my dear, that, *that,* the matter of being able to have children or not, that is a matter in the hands of God. To some he gives children. To others he does not.

"'Only God knows why.

"'But—and remember this, Shoshana—though God may deny a child to some people, as he may deny wealth to others, beauty to still others, certain things to certain others of us—there is one thing that he never denies.

"'And that is love, Shoshana.

"'Love—the child he gives to all married people; a love to be treated tenderly . . . like a baby. To be held tight and jealously to the breast. To be nursed, nourished. To be treasured. . . .'

"'He sighed.

"'And then he said, "I, Shoshana, I am only an old man who speaks to you. But," he said, "having seen much in my long life, let me add just this . . . *Ni Yodea?* Who knows? Who knows that someday this great and divine power that is God might not grant you the baby which you seek, for both yourself and Baraak . . . Eh?" he asked. . . .'"

Eddie stopped.

"And that," asked Liz, "is that the end of the story?"

"The way my grandmother told it, it is," said Eddie.

"But Shoshana and Baraak," Liz asked, "—did they ever have their child?"

"Ni yodea?" Eddie asked, "who knows?"

As he smiled at his wife.

As she smiled back at him.

Liz stars in TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *U.A.; CLEOPATRA, for 20th-Fox; and Liz and Eddie are in* BUTTERFIELD 8, *for MGM.*

There it was again. That odd sensation in his throat, that stifling headache. Not severe at all, but, as Jimmy Stewart complained to his worried wife Gloria, these minor aches just never seemed to go away.

Gloria had asked him before to see their doctor, but Jimmy always insisted that he wasn't a hypochondriac, and that he wasn't going to waste a busy man's time with an ailment he could hardly describe. So he'd down a couple of aspirin, straighten his tie, slam on his hat and tell her, "I'm going for a little walk. The fresh air will do me good."

But it wouldn't.

The slight headache, the vague sore throat was still there.

And Jimmy did nothing about it. . . .

Then the Stewarts got a wonderful invitation. The Maharajah of Cooch-Behar invited them to be his guests in Calcutta. The most exciting event of their stay would be an Indian tiger hunt.

They were looking forward to this thrilling adventure. As they got busy making plans, getting their shots, checking their passports, Gloria, with wifely intuition, suggested, "We'll be leaving in a few weeks, darling, so you'll have just enough time to get that check-up you promised me."

And so it was that next morning Jimmy Stewart straightened his tie, slammed on his hat, and set off for the doctor's.

When he got back he told Gloria, "Well, they couldn't find anything. I knew it was nothing. . . ."

A few days later Gloria presented him with two packages from a leading men's shop in Beverly Hills. "It's a prescription," she explained. "I got it filled for you. Open it."

Jimmy unwrapped the boxes in amazement.

Six white shirts and a hat.

"The doctor phoned this morning," she smiled, "and said that there certainly wasn't anything wrong organically with you, but that he noticed you seemed uncomfortable when you buttoned up your shirt and put on your hat. And he got to thinking, could be they were strangling you, just a little. Maybe all you needed was a larger size. . . !"

The diagnosis seemed to be the correct one.

. . . Jimmy admits that he hadn't changed his size since he was sixteen, and as they flew off on their vacation, reported that he was feeling great!

Jimmy Stewart:
SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION



The Small World of Mr. Big

(Continued from page 44)

on but his shorts, scratching his legs. And then he'll see you and he'll say 'Oooooops, why didn't you tell me somebody was here?'"

"This," said Nina Maffey, pointing to the girl, "is my daughter, Vivi."

"Hi," Vivi said. "I'm going to be an actress, and famous someday, I hope."

"And this," said Nina, indicating a girl seated next to Vivi, "is my other daughter, Vana."

"*She,*" said Vivi, "just wants to grow up and *marry* somebody famous—like Frankie Avalon."

"Shhhh!" Vana said, poking her sister, giggling, turning bright red.

"And this little one," Nina said, completing the introductions, pointing to a boy who'd been following us, "is my son, Gary. He's four. And you look at him and you see his Uncle Bobby when he was this age. Thin. Big brown shining eyes." She covered Gary's ears, momentarily. "Very cute, and *very* smart," she said, winking. Then, bringing down her hands, she walked to the stove to check some coffee that was brewing. And she said, "In fact, I think Gary here is the next generation's Bobby Darin. He's always singing, just like his uncle when he was this age."

"Mama," Gary asked, "are you gonna tell Uncle Bobby and the eggs?"

"Later, honey," Nina said. "—How about giving us a song for now?"

Without any hesitation, Gary said, "Sure."

"Just like Bobby—see?" Nina said. "I remember somebody'd come to the house and they'd say, 'You going to give us a song?' and Bobby'd say, 'Sure, watch me. I'm Bobby!' . . . All right, Gary."

The little boy took a deep breath and began to sing:

Oh the shark dear
Has such teeth dear
And he shows them
Poi-ly wife!—

Suddenly, he stopped, bowed and left the room.

Bobby and those moods

"Bobby started singing even younger," Nina said then. "When he was two and a half, I remember, he came over to me one day and he said, 'Nina, I sing for you, okay?' 'Okay,' I said. I thought I was going to hear something like *Mary Had a Little Lamb.* So what does he do? He begins to sing *McNamara's Band.* Honest to God. The whole thing, about twelve verses. Just from hearing it on the radio. And then he follows it with this song called *Turkish Delight*—word for word. And then he picks up a harmonica, one of those dollar-and-a-half Woody Herman things we had laying around the house, and he starts to play the *Saber Dance* by *Khachaturian!!* Well, I figured then, that day, that we had a real honest-to-goodness musician on—"

"Mom," Vivi said, interrupting, holding up one of the letters she'd been looking through. "Here's one from a girl in Texas who says that Uncle Bobby is a grouchy snob, that he is very moody—and conceited—and that nobody likes him for this."

"I don't like *her,* this girl in Texas," said Vana.

"She says," Vivi continued, "that she read this and she wants to know if and why Uncle Bobby is like this. 'Please answer,' she says . . . Should I, Mom?"

"*I'd* like to answer," Nina said, pouring the coffee now. "I'd like to answer all the people who say these things about my brother. And do you know what I'd say? I'd say the truth—that sometimes Bobby *is* grouchy, sometimes he *is* snobby, sometimes he *is* moody, conceited. But *this* is Bobby Darin, I'd say, and this is the way you've got to take him if you want to take him at all." She took a deep breath, brought the coffee cups to the table, and sat. Facing us, she said, "You know, when he was ten months old we could see that he was going to be the moody type. Ten months!—and there he'd be with a face this long half the time. And you could cootchy-coo him all you wanted, you could stand on your head, do *anything,* and it wouldn't matter. He was in a mood. And boy, there was no changing it.

"Even as he grew up," she went on, remembering, "he was moody lots of the time. We used to think it was his sickness, at the beginning. He had rheumatic fever something terrible and for years he was in the most awful pain . . . Thank God *that* ended. I don't know how he stood it. He'd have to lay in bed all the time, not moving, because to move caused him pain. And you couldn't touch him, he ached so much all over. And when he'd have to go to the bathroom and Charlie, my husband, would have to pick him up and begin to carry him and the way he'd scream—"

She paused, and shook her head. "Anyway," she said, "we thought then that this sickness was most of the reason for Bobby's moodiness . . . But even when he got better, after a few years, the moods remained. And you know, the fascinating thing is how where with other people, when they're like that, moody, you feel like saying 'Aw, get lost!'—well, with Bobby, it's always like a magnetic thing, the way people flock around him all the time when he's moody, and the way they all get so affected by these moods. . . . It's like a comedy sometimes."

"You remember the night with the pastrami sandwiches, Mom?" Vivi asked.

"I was just remembering," Nina said. "—You see, one night a couple of years ago, before Bobby became famous, he was sitting around the house with a whole bunch of people—his *entourage,* as they say."

"Uncle Bobby's entourage," Vivi interrupted, "started long before *he* did."

"That's right," Nina said. "So," she went on then, "they're all sitting around. And they're very quiet. Because Bobby is in a mood, about his appetite, what he wants to eat, of all things. And he's not talking. And *they're* not talking, of course. And then, all of a sudden, Bobby jumps up from the chair where he's sitting and he says, 'I know what I need to put me right. A pastrami sandwich. How about it?' he says to the others, smiling now. And they all jump up, too, and smile, too, and they say, 'Yeah, a pastrami sandwich—just the thing.' And they're all just about at the door when Bobby stops and says, 'Naw, pastrami's not going to do me any good.' And he goes and sits down again. And so do the others. Till about ten minutes later, all of a sudden, he jumps up and says, 'Chop Suey, that's what I want!' So, again, the others get all excited and they say, 'Yeah, that's it—Chop Suey!' . . . Well, to make a long story short, let me just tell you that when they got to the door Bobby decided he really didn't want Chop Suey, either, and so they all turned around and went to sit down again—and that this went on and on I don't know how many times, until at one point Bobby yelled out 'Pizza!', as if he really meant it this time, and the others cheered and said, 'Pizza! Yeah! That's swell!'—and, finally, finally, they all left."

Nina laughed heartily at the memory. And then she explained:

"Now this, like I said, is *before* Bobby became famous. So you can't say that these other people—the entourage—hung around and put up with these moods because they were getting paid for it or because they figured that no matter what Bobby decided to buy for himself he'd buy for them too. Bobby didn't have more than a few dollars to his name at the time. It was each man for himself. These people, they just enjoyed being around Bobby. And the moodier he was, the better a time they seemed to have."

Nina looked down at the letter again. "Conceited," she said, reading the word. "Now about his being conceited—" she started to say.

A fan comes to look

There was a knock on the back door.

Vana got up to see who it was.

"Hello," she said, seeing a little girl, standing there.

"Hello," said the little girl. "Is your Uncle Bobby home yet?"

"Uh-huh," said Vana.

"Can I come in to see him?" she asked.

"He's asleep now," said Vana.

"Oh," said the little girl, excitedly, "that's the way I'd really like to see him. When he's asleep—"

Nina sighed and walked over to the door. "Sweetie," she said, "you have a big brother, don't you? And does he like it if you walk into his room while he's sleeping, to take a look at him?"

"I never want to see *him* sleeping," said the little girl.

"Well then," said Nina, ignoring the answer, "Bobby wouldn't like it either. . . . Now why don't you come back later and take a look at him when he's awake. All right?"

"All right," the little girl said, disappointed.

"Some of these kids," Nina said, sighing again, closing the door. "—Now, where was I?"

"About Uncle Bobby being conceited," said Vivi.

"Oh yeah," said Nina.

She was just about to begin talking again when Gary walked back into the room, and over to us.

He was carrying a cat.

"This is Splish-Splash," he said. "He has six fingers on each hand, 'stead of five. And he thinks he's a dog . . . I have a dog, too," he added, quickly. "Uncle Bobby gave him to me. His name's Geronimo."

Nina leaned over and patted her son's head. "Why don't you see if you can *find* Geronimo," she said.

Gary looked up at her.

"Mama, did you tell the story about Uncle Bobby and the eggs *yet?*" he asked.

"Later," Nina said.

"Please, Mama—tell it now," Gary said.

Nina smiled. "All right. Real fast, though." To us, winking, she said, "This is Gary's favorite Uncle Bobby story of all time."

Then she said, in recitation-voice: "Once upon a time there was a boy named Bobby. His daddy had gone to Heaven and his Mama was sick and so he was very poor, and lived in a little dumpy apartment in The Bronx, New York. And Bobby didn't have many toys, he was so poor. And it was hard to have fun, being without toys and being so poor. So this one day he decided to invent a game, all by himself. First, he went into the kitchen and he found a few empty milk bottles. And then he went to the icebox and he found about three dozen eggs there. Now why were there so many eggs there? Because this

boy Bobby's family was on what they call Relief, and every week the family would get coupons for food—and sometimes the coupons were for only one kind of food—and this week they were only for eggs."

"That's why," Gary asked, "there was so many eggs in the icebox?"

"Yes," Nina said. "So Bobby," she went on, "to have fun this day, lined up all the milk bottles and then began to play bowling balls. With the eggs! And one by one, the eggs crashed against the milk bottles—and broke."

"How, Mama?" Gary asked, excitedly.

"Like this," Nina said. She closed her eyes and shuddered: "Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, pow . . . *pow!*"

Gary giggled in delight.

"All right with the egg story?" Nina asked, opening her eyes.

"Yes," Gary said.

All about conceit

"*Now,*" Nina asked, "you'll go find Geronimo?"

"Yes," the boy said, rushing away.

"And *now,*" Nina asked again, when he was gone, "*where* was I?"

"Conceit!" Vivi and Vana said together.

"Oh that's right," Nina said, "about Bobby's conceitedness: this is what I'd like to say to anybody who brings *that* subject up. Conceitedness, I'd like to say first, probably isn't the right word even. Because the word conceited means that you have the idea you're good, that you think you're good. Well, in Bobby's case, he *knows* he's good. And to me this isn't conceit. It's assurance. An assurance he has of his talent. . . Bobby isn't conceited about other things. Not about his looks, God knows. In fact one day a photographer was here taking pictures and he said, 'Okay, Jimmy, how about a shot over here?' And Bobby laughed and said, 'You've got it wrong, Mister—Jimmy Darren's the actor, the good-looking one. I'm Bobby Darin, the singer, the homely one.' . . . So it's not about his looks that Bobby brags, or anything like that. But about his talent. And if you say he's *bad* to go around bragging like this, then you've got to say equally well that it's *good* to be a hypocrite."

Nina put down the letter she'd been holding all this while, and she smiled.

"You know, though," she said, "it's funny how somebody like my brother can, at the same time he's bragging about himself, feel so strongly about other people—in such a quiet way, a humble way. I mean. I don't think that I have ever met a person on this earth who had less prejudice, *no* prejudice, towards any of his fellow men . . . big or small . . . especially small."

A phone, in the next room, rang and interrupted her.

Nina got up, excused herself.

A minute or two later, she was back. "That," she said, "was one of Bobby's would-be girlfriends, some dancer from New York."

"Goll-eeeee," Vivi, her daughter, said. "Soon as they know he's home they start calling for dates. . . . Is that what she wanted, Mama, to know what Bobby was doing tonight?"

Nina nodded. Then to us, she said, "You'd think they'd know by now that if there's one thing Bobby doesn't like is a pushy girl. I told this one, whoever she was, that he was sleeping and that she should call back later. But between you and me, I don't think it's going to get her very far."

We asked Nina to tell us something about her brother and his girlfriends.

"Well," she said, "he's never had any girlfriends, really—not as far as I know. I mean girls he's gone out with steady, over a period of time. . . . The very first time he went out on a real date. I remember, was his high school prom. I remember this because, being so casual about so many things, he was really excited about this, asking me all that day what he should do at the dance, what he should talk about. That night, I remember, I drove him and his date to the dance. I had this old Model-A Ford and I took them to this snazzy hotel down on Fifty-ninth Street. *And* I let them off about half a block from the hotel so I shouldn't embarrass them. . . . But what I remember most about the whole thing is the next day, Bobby saying to me that he'd had a nice time, that the girl was nice, all that—but that he'd decided that he wasn't ready to settle down to any single girl the way some of the other fellows at the prom seemed to be, that he wanted to take his time before deciding who the main girl in his life would be. . . . And, far as I know, this is the way it's been since. Bobby goes out. With lots of girls. But nothing very serious. He's still taking his time."

The girl he'd marry

We asked Nina then if she could picture the kind of girl her brother would eventually settle down with, marry.

"I can see her, yes," Bobby's sister said. "First, she will be a very feminine type. Very petite. She laughed. "Not like me, for instance, the hefty type."

"Mom," Vivi said, "you're *Junoesque.*"

"Call it what you will, sweetheart," Nina said, laughing again, "but the common word is hefty. . . ."

She thought for a moment.

"Then," she said, "for some reason, she will be fair-haired, light brown or blonde. Don't ask me why. I just see her this way."

Another pause:

"Then," Nina said, "she will be an understanding type, understanding from the word go. To put up with Bobby in these moods I was telling you about before, to help him when he's under some of the pressures of this business he's in—she'll have to be understanding, very very understanding."

"—And a good housecleaner," Vivi put in. "You should see Uncle Bobby with us. He always wants the house spick-and-span when he's home. . . . We're just through eating and he says, 'Okay, Vivi, you clear the table—and you, Vana, over to the sink and get that water pushing through the pipes.'"

"I wish," Nina said, nodding, "that he were home more often."

"It's true," Vivi said, chuckling, "he's a real slave-driver sometimes."

Nina nodded. And then she said, "—And I see her, this girl who marries Bobby someday, as having one other thing. A great sense of humor. Dry. So dry that she could pull his legs off with it and he wouldn't feel the pain."

"Like Grandma's," Vana said.

"Yes—like the kind of sense of humor my mother had," Nina said. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if, subconsciously, Bobby were looking around for a girl like our mom."

She paused for a long moment.

"Mom," she said, after a while, "—she was a remarkable woman. . . . Before she married my father she'd been in show business, a musical comedy star. But after she married she gave up the business—completely—until Bobby came along and she saw, after a while, that he could amount to something in this business she'd loved, respected, so much.

"She's the one who encouraged Bobby. I mean *encouraged* him—the one who told him, through all the years, that nothing could ever stop him as long as *he* never stopped.

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"People who didn't know Mama well criticized her sometimes," Nina went on. "Friends. Relatives . . . 'So he's got a nice voice, a nice style,' they'd say, '—but why do you make it as though he's the most marvelous thing since John Barrymore and Sarah Bernhardt combined?' And Mama would say 'Because he *is* the most marvelous thing, that's why!'

"As far as Mama was concerned, there was nothing that her Bobby could do wrong. I think, I really think, that if he walked into the house one day and said, 'Mama, I just killed somebody,'—she would have said to him, 'Well, killing is a bad thing, but *you* must have had some good reason, Bobby.'

"There was nothing she wouldn't do for him. If making sure that Bobby would be a success someday meant her jumping off the top of the Empire State Building, Mama wouldn't have thought about it twice. She would have jumped—smiling."

No one understood

Nina paused again.

Then:

"Some people—and there were more than just some people—quite a few people, in fact—wondered about this relationship they had, my mother and my brother. They thought it was too much. They used to be surprised the way Mama would talk to Bobby sometimes, like when out of the clear blue she'd say something like, 'Bobby, you have beautiful eyes—now learn to use them, so that when you get up in front of an audience you can really wow them!' . . . And they used to be surprised, these people, shocked, at the way Bobby would spend so much time following Mama's advice, like the way he'd stand in front of a mirror and practice with his eyes. But what they didn't realize was that my mother knew show business—and, more important, knew her son's talent and his love for show business. And that there was no point she wouldn't go to, to see that he made it in this business."

Nina looked down now, and was suddenly silent.

"Mom," Vivi said, "—you didn't even touch your coffee yet. It's cold. Do you want me to heat it up?"

But Nina didn't seem to hear her daughter.

She remained silent for a while longer.

And then, speaking again, she said:

"There was so much criticism. Even towards the end.

"It was only a year ago. . . .

"Bobby was at the beginning of making it big.

"Mama was very sick with her heart.

"Bobby had to be away on tours in California, TV shows, record hops, this, that.

"And there were people who said, 'You'd think if he loved his mother so much, that he'd be home more now, now that it's the end.'

"But—but if they'd only known how proud Mama was. How happy she was.

"Lying in her bed. Watching her son on the television, or listening to his records. Not caring that she was dying. But knowing that the talent in her boy, the talent she had seen so far back, so long ago, was beginning to *live*. . . ."

Nina looked up. And she wiped away some of the tears which had come suddenly to her eyes.

"There are always critics," she said. "—Like some of the people who said, just before Mama died, 'You'd think he'd buy her a nicer house than that place in Lake Hiawatha'—*this* place . . . 'After all,' they'd say, 'it's not very fancy, and a guy making that much money, who's supposed to love his mother so much, you'd think—' "

Nina stopped, and shook her head.

"If they knew," she said, "that Bobby knew Mama didn't have long. That he bought this place for her before he really made his big success, with some of the money he'd saved from his little jobs—

"If they knew that he knew he couldn't wait for his success to give her a little extra happiness, that he wanted her to have at least a little time in a better world than what she'd known, even a small house like this compared to that dumpy little apartment in The Bronx where she'd had to live most of her life—

"If they knew what *this* place meant to her. . . ."

Nina stopped again.

"Excuse me," she said, as she walked out of the room.

We got up, too, a moment later.

"Are you leaving?" Vivi, Nina's daughter, asked us.

We said yes, we were.

"But Uncle Bobby isn't up yet," Vivi said. "You didn't even get the story you came for."

We told Vivi that she was wrong.

We got the story, we said. **END**

Bobby guest-stars in Columbia's PEPE.

An Open Letter to Sandra Dee

(*Continued from page 49*)

Yet you did not go to see your father, nor your brother.

Nor did you phone him.

Nor did you ask anyone about them, how they were, where they were; not one question did you ask about them, not once did you mention their names.

Why, Sandra?

Why?

Oh yes, we all know about your family history—how your mother, Mary, and your father, John Zuck, were divorced twelve years ago, when you were six; how your mother then married Eugene Douvan, her boss, who loved you, took care of you, called you "my daughter" till the day of his sudden death in 1956; how since that day you have mourned Eugene Douvan, referred to him in stories and interviews as "my daddy." While, actually, your true father was still alive.

Your true father—yet a man whose existence you deny, a man whose existence you ignore.

Why, Sandra?

Why?

You are not a cold girl.

You are not a thoughtless girl.

On the contrary, you are and always have been one of the most delightful, most sincere, most lovely girls we have ever known.

We like you, very very much.

And it is *because* we like you so much that we are concerned about you—concerned that you are now, right now, this minute, making the greatest mistake of your life, living one of the most terrible lies a person can live.

As you did that Tuesday.

March 22.

That triumphant day of your homecoming when you smiled and waved and thousands of people smiled and waved back at you.

That day bands played in your honor.

That day kids and grownups alike screeched happily at the sight of you and begged you for autographs.

That day Mayor Brady and Congressman Gallagher's wife and all the others praised you in speech after speech.

That day you rode through the streets of your old hometown in a long black Cadillac limousine, escorted by two police cars, four motorcycles.

That day you said you would always remember—for as long as you lived.

That day, that same day, a man and a little boy sat waiting, in a small apartment over on West Twenty-fourth Street, that same apartment in which you had once lived, waiting to see if you would remember them. . . .

My sister Sandra Dee

Their day—your father's and Kenny's—began at exactly 7:45 that morning when the little boy awoke, rushed from his bed and ran into the kitchen where Pauline, his mother, your father's present wife, was preparing breakfast.

"Mommy, Mommy," he shouted, according to the way Pauline tells it. "Today's Tuesday, and my sister Sandra Dee is coming. Isn't she, Mommy?"

Pauline explained that you, Sandra, were indeed coming to *Bayonne*. But that she didn't know whether or not you would come by to see *them*.

"Oh yes she will, you wait and see," Kenny said. "She's my *sister!*"

At that moment, your father walked into the room.

"Won't she, Daddy, won't she come and see us finally?" the little boy asked again, as he'd asked many times before.

And again, Sandra, it was explained to him that no one could be sure.

"Maybe," your father said.

"Maybe."

He looked at the table then. It was all set.

"Now," he said, "let's eat. And later we'll see what's going to be. . . ."

It was a few minutes before nine o'clock when Pauline kissed Kenny and your father good-bye and left for work. You see, Sandra, your dad was in an accident a few months ago. He hurt his foot, pretty badly. Just at about the time he was set to go back to work things got slow at his place, and he was laid off. He hasn't been able to work since. And so Pauline, to help out, took a job as a clerk-typist at the Maidenform Co. plant. And so, this morning, she left for work, as usual, at about nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock . . . Just about the same time you were leaving the Hotel Drake on New York's swank Park Avenue that morning and—accompanied by your mother, your hairdresser, your tutor and a few publicists from your studio, Universal-International—got into the Caddy that would take you to New Jersey, and Bayonne.

It was, in fact, while you were making the drive to Jersey that Kenny and your father had their first long talk about you. *First* long talk, because normally your father doesn't talk much about you to Kenny. "It hurts me too much," he's explained, understandably.

But this morning it was different. . .

From real life

Kenny started the talk.

"Daddy," he said, "do you remember Sandra Dee, my sister?"

"Sure I do," your father said.

"But you never go see her in the movies like me and mommy," Kenny said. "How could you remember?"

"I remember her when she was a little

girl," your father said. He smiled. "From real life." he said.

"Like what do you remember," Kenny asked. "—best of all?"

"Little things," your father said. He thought for a moment. "The way her and I were buddies when she was small."

"Like us?" Kenny asked.

"Like us," your father said. And then he said: "The way I used to call her Cookie sometimes—just like I call you sometimes . . The way, when she first started school, I used to help her with her homework, especially the additions and subtractions, in arithmetic . . . The way I used to read her stories from those big fairy tale books, about the people who always ended up living happily ever after. She really liked those! . . . The way we used to go to the park together on nice days and buy popsicles, one for her and one for me."

Your father stopped.

"What else do you remember about my sister, Sandra Dee?" Kenny persisted.

"What else?" your father asked. "Well, I remember," he said. "I remember how when she was small, like you, I used to work as a bus driver then. And how sometimes I used to bring her on my route with me, let her sit in the seat next to where I did. All the way from Jersey City to New York and back again. That long a ride."

"What else, Daddy?" Kenny asked.

"When she was first born—I remember that, too," your father said. "She was born right here in this house. I mean, she was born in the Margaret Hague Hospital over in Jersey City. But she lived in this house from the day she came home. And boy, that day she came home. I was carrying her, from the car. And I was pretty young, and nervous. And scared, too, I guess. And as I was carrying her, I was just outside the front door when all of a sudden I almost tripped and dropped her."

Kenny laughed a little boy's laugh. "You almost dropped her?" he asked.

"Yes," your father said, not laughing. "And you know what I swore then?" His voice trailed off a little here. "I swore then that I'd never let my baby go . . . or let anything bad ever happen to her."

"And what else?" Kenny asked, impatiently.

"I remember the first time she did get hurt," your father said then. "Downstairs. The front door. Sandy, she always had a habit of wanting to open that door by putting her hand on the glass and pushing, instead of on the knob. I used to warn her about this. But one day—it was a Sunday, I remember; Sandy'd been playing over at Mrs. Skranko's house, next door—and I was inside, here. And I heard this crash. And I ran out, and there was Sandy—she'd come back from Mrs. Skranko's—and her hands had gone through the glass pane of the door and were all bleeding. I yelled at her at first. 'See. I told you,' I said. And then I picked her up and carried her to the sink and put her hands under the cold water. And then I bandaged them. And kissed them."

Again he stopped.

"Daddy," Kenny asked, "don't you think my sister will come and see us today?"

"I don't know, Son," your father said. "Doesn't she like us, Daddy?" Kenny asked.

And before your father had a chance to answer, Kenny said, "Sure she likes us. And you know what, Daddy—she *is* going to come to see us."

He got into your father's lap.

"I promise, Daddy, she *is*," he said.

And so, Sandra, for the next few hours, they waited.

Your father and little brother waited. And continued waiting. . . .

The Sandra Dee day

And you, Sandra. You, meanwhile—this is what you were doing those hours:

At 9:30, or a few minutes after, your limousine pulled up to the Lexington Shop, a lingerie store, just across from the DeWitt Theater where you would appear that night. You posed outside the store in the shivering cold for a few minutes and then you went inside and signed autographs and greeted old friends for about half an hour.

At ten o'clock you got back into the car and drove over to P.S. 3, the school you'd attended when you were a little girl. Those were a touching two hours that followed. So touching that you broke down and cried when you stepped onto that stage in the big old auditorium and when a couple of hundred kids rose and gave you the biggest ovation you've ever received. It was here where Dr. Phillips, the principal, made his speech of welcome; where Ronald Bressler, a boy you'd attended school with, made his. Where your three favorite teachers—Mrs. Sharf, Mrs. Pearl and Mrs. Tierney—came onto the stage to say hello. Where nine little girls came out then and sang and tapdanced to a song written specially for you. Where Elaine Kunecz, another student, presented you with a loving cup inscribed:

To Sandra Dee,
Famed Screen Actress,
Who Brought
Renown
To Her City.

Yes, they were a touching two hours.

As were the two hours that followed, over at the big Industrial YMCA on Avenue E, where the Kiwanis Club of Bayonne gave a luncheon in your honor. Where you sat on the dais, flanked by local bigwigs and tons of flowers and looked down at the table directly beneath you, where your mother sat, and your great-grandfather, and your grandmother and grandfather, and your Uncle Peter and Aunt Olga, and your cousins Hope and Michael, all of them proud, so proud.

Proud.

And smiling.

And even laughing when, at one point, Bob Brown, WNTA disk jockey and master of ceremonies at the luncheon, asked you: "Sandra, back in Hollywood, when those chi-chi actresses say, *'I'm* from Budapest . . . *I'm* from Paris . . . *I'm* from Rome'—what do you say?"

And you yelled out: *"Bayonne,* that's what I tell 'em!"

Proud.

And smiling.

And laughing—your family.

Or rather, half your family.

For remember, Sandra, that over in the little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, John Zuck, your father, and Kenny Zuck, your brother, were still waiting for you. . . .

The long wait

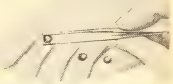
"How did I feel, waiting?" your father asked back, when we put the question to him, later. "I don't know. I guess you could say I felt deep down in my heart, at first, that Sandy would show up at one point, or call. I guess you could say I felt this way because this was the way I wanted it to all happen, and the way Kenny wanted it.

"But," your father went on, "after a while I got this feeling that it wasn't going to happen, not really. Pauline came home from work, for lunch, and then went away again. The clock kept ticking. Time passed. Every once in a while the phone

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rang and I'd pick it up thinking maybe it was Sandy—but twice it was friends, just calling, they said, and the other times it was crank calls from kids who kept asking, 'Is it true? Are you Sandra Dee's real father?'—and then giggling and hanging up.

"And so, more and more, I got the feeling that no, it wasn't going to happen, that I wasn't going to get to see my baby."

And then, Sandra, your father told us this story:

"Because," he said, "it came back to me what happened once before, the last time we ever saw each other. It was back when Sandy must have been fourteen or fifteen years old. Her mother had remarried by then—man named Gene Douvan—a man with quite a bit of money. And Sandy was living in New York with them, with lots of clothes and nice things. And this one day, for some reason, she happened to be in Jersey City and my brother, Custer, saw her. And Custer said, 'Sandy, why don't you get together with your father for a little while? He'd like that.' So Sandy came to where I was working. And we talked. And we had some laughs, and everything was going real nice. And so then I said to her, 'Sandy, why don't you and me get to see each other a little more?' And she said, 'All right, Daddy, I'd like that very much.' And I said to her 'How about Saturday? Why don't I take the day off and come into New York and the two of us can go to a show together and then go for a bite to eat together, and talk, and get to know each other again, a little bit at least?' And Sandy said, 'All right, Daddy, that would be fine.' She asked me for my phone number and said she'd call me that Friday night, so I'd know where to pick her up and what time the next day. And then she left. And boy, those next few days I felt great. After all, I was going to have a date with my kid. And it had to be right, I told myself, it had to be right. So first thing I went out and bought myself a new suit. And then I polished up the car, this old Buick I had. And I looked in the papers to see what movies were playing on Broadway, at Radio City, because I wanted to take my baby to the best show in town.

"And then," your father went on, Sandra, "—and then, Friday night came and there was no phone call from my Cookie. 'Well,' I figured, 'she's probably busy and she'll call me tomorrow morning.' But the next morning there was no phone call either. Till finally, I didn't know what to do, sitting there around the house in my new suit, waiting. And so I called her. And I spoke to her mother. And Mary, my ex-wife, she said, 'I'm sorry, John, but something came up and Sandy can't make it.' . . . And that was that.

"And so," your father told us, "I guess I remembered that incident this Tuesday, all these years later. And I figured I was just waiting around for nothing. And that I just better forget the whole idea of her coming, or calling, or wanting to see *me*."

Two faces in the crowd

Your father *did* get to see *you*, though Sandra.

That day.

March 22.

It was at Kenny's insistence.

"Please, Daddy," the boy kept saying, as the afternoon wore on, "if she's not coming, can't we at least go to see her—my sister? . . . Please?"

Your father tried to reason with him. "Son," he said, "if we go anywhere and people recognize us, it'll make it embarrassing for Sandy—don't you understand? People'll think we're there to make a scene. Sandy, if she recognizes us, she might even think that.

"Son," he went on, "remember a little while back I told you the story about when I carried her home from the hospital after she was born, how I almost dropped her and got scared, and how I swore to myself that I'd never do anything to hurt her, ever? Well, if we go now, if anybody sees us, this might be hurting her. And we don't want to hurt her, now, do we, Son? And so that's why we can't go to see her . . . Do you understand?"

But the little boy didn't understand, not at all.

"My sister," he kept repeating. "I want to see my *sister!*"

Until, finally, your father gave in, Sandra, and he and Kenny came to see you.

"It was all short, quick," your father told us, later. "We went down to Rosenberg's Hardware Store at about four o'clock, because I knew from the papers that that's where Sandy would be then, signing more autographs and giving out pictures of herself and things. Before she got there, there must have been about two thousand kids outside, waiting, pushing each other—they even broke a window in the store. And then, when the big car pulled up, and the escort, the kids started yelling so much and pushing around the car that I couldn't hear myself think, or barely see anything . . . And then, for a second, I did see her, Sandy, get out of the car. Just her face. She was pretty, all right, just like everybody's been telling me. She was half-smiling, too, and half worried-looking because of the big crowd. I grabbed Kenny and lifted him to my shoulders. 'That's her,' I said, 'my kid—your sister. You see?' 'Yes, Daddy,' Kenny said, 'I see her.' And he began to wave. 'You see *that*,' Kenny said then, 'how she waved back?' But I knew this was only his imagination because Sandy, she was in the store already by this time. I knew that my boy was only saying this to make me feel less disappointed . . . And then I put him back down on the pavement and the two of us went back home. . . ."

That, Sandra, is your father's story of your day in Bayonne.

The story of a disappointed man, and a disappointed little boy.

And why, we ask now, *why* did you disappoint them so much that day?

Why did you make it so clear by what you did—or rather, by what you didn't do—that you will continue to shun them, disappoint them, break their hearts?

We know that there are two sides to every story.

We haven't printed yours—because you, Sandra, refuse to discuss the matter.

But from the one side of the story we do know, we know this:

That, should you ever find any love lacking in your life, there is love waiting for you at a certain little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

That, should you drop by someday, even if for only a little while, that love will overwhelm you and fulfill you, the way no career, no big part in any big picture, no fancy houses or cars or swimming pools, no 11,000 people waving and smiling at you can ever fulfill you.

That you will be reminded, by looking around the apartment where you once lived, by seeing your father again, by seeing the brother you've never seen and who resembles you so, of some of the most precious years of your life . . . years which, sadly, you have obviously blocked from your memory . . . of your childhood . . . of a time you sat, a little girl, listening to the man, then the most important man in your life, who read to you from those big fairy-tale books about "the people who always ended up living happily ever after."

And doing this, Sandra, you will discover that happy endings are not only found in big fairy-tale books . . . not only in the Hollywood movies you've been making. But in life itself. . . . **END**

Sandra's in PORTRAIT IN BLACK, ROMANOFF AND JULIET, *and Columbia's* GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN.

Portrait of Jane

(*Continued from page 53*)

When Jane was fourteen, she attended the Emma Willard School in Troy. It was an all-girls school. That fact soured Jane on school life.

"It was ghastly. All girls, and that can be real unhealthy."

Jane graduated from Emma Willard, and was enrolled at Vassar. She rebelled almost immediately against it. The place stifled her.

"I wasn't getting much out of it. All the girls ever talked about was nonsense."

So much a rebel did Jane become that some of her antics put her in hot water with the school authorities more than once. She became the scourge of Vassar.

"One prank almost did me in. I sprinkled lighter fluid along a classroom door, then under the door. I lit the fluid and a fire ran in a straight line right into class. Everybody flipped. Mostly the school head, though."

She was called on the carpet, but talked her lovely head off and beat the penalty of expulsion. Her reputation in school was that of a light-headed brat. Jane prefers to think of herself as a rebel.

"They never got a chance to throw me out. I quit!"

With painting still on her mind, and her other ambitions temporarily derailed, Jane took off for Paris. She studied painting, and learned languages. Her painting improved in the romantic city of Paris. And her beauty began to attract more than a fair share of boys.

Her dates were confined mostly to dinners at little romantic places along the Left Bank. But, she kept strict hours, and dates were always aware of a curfew time.

"Daddy had set a curfew for me. I had to be home by midnight during the week, and by two on a Saturday. I never let him down. Even though my dates groaned about the curfew."

"Daddy was strict"

She almost lost her heart to Paris, and to a few of the young men of Paris. But one day, she decided to return to New York. She began studying painting at the Art Student's League. She liked the pace of New York. Dates became more frequent but still the curfew remained.

"Daddy was strict about it. He also wouldn't let me wear any make-up, except a light shade of lipstick. I looked a mess!"

Her dates thought otherwise, and her phone was constantly buzzing with new swains, but Jane never settled completely on any one boy. Her favorite dates were a

little restaurants that had checkered tablecloths and soft lights.

"There's something very romantic about a checkered tablecloth."

Along with her painting, Jane picked up a passion for reading. She devoured good books like a professor on a desert island.

"Books on psychology flip me. The human mind is a whole world in itself."

Jane also likes novels, and poetry. Her poet favorites change constantly. She discovers one poet, adopts him, reads everything he's ever written, then moves on to her next discovery. E. E. Cummings was the newest poetic darling in her life.

Jane is an independent, and outspoken girl. She has her own apartment, which she shares with Susan Stein. Susan's father is president of M.C.A., a representative of many stars, but not Jane.

"We get along great. Susan is one of the other Vassar rebels."

Their apartment is in a constant state of chaos. And the phone is forever ringing. Boys keep calling about every ten minutes without fail. Susan is a dark-haired girl with dark eyes that contrast with Jane's light features.

"Dates get a choice. Blonde or brunette."

"Modeling is a bore"

Jane earned her independence by becoming a photographers' model to pay her own way. She rapidly became a fashion magazine favorite, and her face graced the covers of such fashion slicks as *Vogue*, and *McCalls*. Men flipped at a cover and layout on her in *Esquire*.

"Modeling is a bore. If you look a certain way, you've got it made. If not, you're a failure. Your brains don't count for anything."

Jane looked different, though, and various photographers found her a delight to work with. One of the top lensmen said: "Janie is different, all right. She doesn't look like a typical clothes horse. She looks more like the kid who wrecked your home town."

She is spirited and will try anything if it presents a challenge. Anything, except sports.

"I hate sports. With a passion. Although I love to exercise. Every day I exercise like a fiend. But sports are *out!*"

Her lean figure attests to the constant exercise she undergoes to keep her figure trim. She also takes dance class regularly.

"I love to dance. It gives me a sense of freedom. And, it's darn good exercise, too."

Dating for Jane is filled with the same problems as for any other girl her age. In her case, it was made even tougher by the curfew.

"Until this year, Dad kept me on my midnight weekday, and two on Saturday curfew. He wanted to make sure I didn't become a good time Janie with nothing else on her mind."

Now, the curfew is relaxed. Jane sets her own hours, but they aren't far from the curfew hours. As for make-up, she still almost never uses any. Her satin-smooth complexion is kept free of any make-up irritants.

"I don't like to wear make-up. It gives me an artificial look. And, anything artificial just bores me to death."

Jane's dates

Her dates are usually inexpensive affairs. One of her favorite dates is going to the movies. She adores watching the different stars in action. She has seen her father on a score of occasions.

"He's wonderful. A really fine actor. Sensitive and warm."

They are close, her father and she. They talk over the many problems that confront her in her young life. Her father advises her. Never bullies her into decisions. She listens to him carefully, then makes up her own mind, after weighing his words.

"Dad always taught me by strict discipline. He wasn't a Hitler, or anything like that. He was just being protective about me. I thank him now for his discipline."

Her first acting job was playing opposite her father in *Country Girl* in Omaha. She played the ingenue.

"I was scared. Dad and Dorothy McGuire were the stars. And a million people seemed to be staring at us. But, it turned out all right."

She also worked with her father in other stock plays during the summer. She doesn't like to lean on him.

"A girl has got to move on her own. She can't always lean on dear old Dad."

Jane dates quite a bit now. Her current favorite is actor Timmy Everett.

"I usually hate to date actors. All they do is talk about themselves. But, Timmy is a lot of fun. So . . . we date."

She has yet to really lose her loving heart. But, she seeks love.

"Love is the only thing in life."

A former date said: "She's lots of date fun. Nothing phony about her."

Jane hates phonies. Nothing to her is more of a trial than having to put up with a phony. So, she usually tells them to get lost in her most candid manner. Wolves and playboys rate a big zero with her. They usually don't get a second date.

Jane Fonda is on her way. But, she remembers well all the warnings from her father of heartbreak and headaches that a career can bring. She does not want to get wrapped up in a dog-eat-dog career push. She does want to get married sometime.

"I'm in no hurry, though. Marriage can't be pushed."

More than one date has had the marriage gleam in his eye after dating Jane. But, she hasn't given that look back.

"My career is important to me. But when love hits me, it's marriage all the way."

Jane is impetuous by nature, flying into all kinds of experiences and adventures. But, when it comes to marriage, she plays it more cautiously.

The Fonda name

Jane has no acting idols. She never did. Those who appeal to her most are Anne Bancroft and Kim Stanley of the stage, and Garbo (when she appeared on the screen) and Joanne Woodward.

"They're all good. I don't copy any of their styles. I just like to watch them work."

Jane is a personality unto herself. And through trial and error she learns her craft. She knows the road to stardom is a hard one, but she is prepared to pay the price in hard work.

"Nothing comes easy. Dad taught me that. So, I sweat it out a little. It's better to learn anything the hard way."

She has been turned down for jobs before. The Fonda name didn't carry that kind of weight to get her any jobs. But, she admits that being Hank Fonda's daughter has certain advantages.

"It opens the door everytime. After that, I'm on my own. Dad doesn't get me anything. Nor would he want to, if he knew his name was the only reason I was being hired."

Jane Fonda is on the way to the top. Maybe she'll encounter more than her share of the obstacles. But if sheer heart and honest drive can make it, Janie can't miss. Not this year. Not any year. **END**

Jane stars in TALL STORY, *for Warner Bros.*



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Whatever Happened to Those Nice Kids?

(*Continued from page 31*)

Hope was called upon first to make her presentation. Then Don joined her. And when she stepped down he said, "Oh thank you so much, Miss—uh, what's your name again?"

And Hope laughed. And everybody in the audience laughed. It was corny—but it was cute—and because it involved these two it was even a little enchanting.

A few minutes later, Don rejoined his table. He and Hope chattered together and with their dinner companions. They danced together. And they kept smiling at one another.

Always smiling.

But when they got into their car to drive home later that evening, there were no more smiles. And very few words.

Hope stared out the window as Don drove the long distance down Wilshire Boulevard into Beverly Hills.

She stared and she thought and she said very little.

Don pulled into the driveway adjoining their large Tudor Style home.

"Are you too tired, or do you want to talk tonight?" he asked quietly.

"I think we better talk tonight," Hope replied. "I'll fix some coffee first."

"Yes. That will be fine. I can use some coffee. And I want to get out of this suit."

Hope brought the coffee into the den. It was her favorite room. The first room they had been able to complete when they didn't have enough money to furnish the entire house. It was warm and large and comfortable. A good room in which to talk. The room where they had managed to talk out most of their problems in the past, and to solve them.

Only tonight she knew her problems wouldn't be solved as simply as before.

Had they really ever been solved? she wondered. *Or were we just pretending to ourselves that they were, just as we were pretending to everyone else tonight that we were still those 'wonderfully happy Murrays,' that sterling example of the ability to mix marriage with two careers.'*

The talk

She toyed with her coffee. She wanted Don to speak first.

"I think," he said slowly, "that it would be better if I moved out during the week end. Before I start rehearsals for *Playhouse 90*. It will be easier that way for everyone—and I want to spend some time with the children. Will that be all right with you?"

"Yes, that will be all right."

"Hope—, Hope—what I want to say is—" Don faltered. "What I want to say is that we've got to give this thing time. For the children's sake. It can't be what *I* want—or what *you* want—or the way it is or isn't between us now. We've got to give ourselves time to think—to be sure. A great deal of time. I mean before either of us decide definitely about a divorce."

"Yes," Hope answered, "we'll give it time . . . and hope that's the answer. But we've made the important step. We've let it come out into the open, the way we feel. We're no longer pretending to ourselves that we're the nice young average couple. We're no longer pretending that we feel the same way that we felt five years ago. By facing the truth about ourselves, maybe it will work out. We'll give it time. We'll try to put things into the proper perspective."

They retired that night with a great burden lifted from their shoulders.

They kept their secret to themselves until Don left his home, the following week end. Then they made the inevitable announcement to the press:

We have temporarily separated to work out our domestic problems. No divorce is planned.

Short. Simple. Unrevealing.

To a cynical observer it was just another Hollywood marriage that hit the rocks. On the day Hope and Don released their statement three other couples in show business made similar announcements. The newspapers grouped them all under one large banner: HOLLYWOOD LOVE GONE SOUR. It was as though their marriage was buried in a mass grave.

But Don and Hope were different. Theirs wasn't another Hollywood marriage. Theirs was a marriage *destroyed* by Hollywood, by a world of make-believe and illusion.

Which was strange because they never had any problems when it came to reality. They were able to face reality fine—from the very day they met.

Two sensible people

They met on a double date. She was with another guy and he was with another girl and he didn't give her a second look. He was toting a torch for a girl in California. He thought Hope was a sweet child and nothing more. At seventeen, he felt she was far too young for a guy of twenty-one.

A few weeks later they met again—and he stopped thinking that maybe she was too young. He even stopped thinking about the girl in California. He invited her to be his guest at *The Rose Tattoo* in which he was featured. They went dancing and they talked theater because she, too, had been in the theater since she was twelve, and they found they had a lot in common. They started dating—at first regularly, then constantly, and when he was certain that she was the only girl in the world for him, he asked her to marry him.

Brigitte Bardot says, "I am neither a star, a pinup, nor a monster, but all three. Perhaps it is the devil that made me."

Paul Sann in the New York Post

Her heart wanted to say yes, but her head said no.

Facing reality, she told him, "Don, maybe we should think it over some more. I'm just too young to get married."

Understanding, he answered, "All right, Hopee. We'll give it time."

Two sensible people came to a sensible solution.

Hope went off to college. Don went on tour with his show. When he returned he was classified as a Conscientious Objector by his draft board, and he applied for Foreign Relief work with the Church of Our Brethren. He spent the next two years overseas working in refugee camps, trying to help the displaced people of Europe build new lives again.

He wrote Hope constantly. But she didn't answer his letters. Not once. She was being realistic. She didn't think a long drawn out correspondence would be practical.

He kept a farewell telegram and a Christmas Greeting with him at all times and in one letter, which she kept but did not answer, he wrote:

You know when we met, I was so confused, so mixed up, that I was beginning to question the values I lived by. It was hard to tell you really. But it was some thing like a terrible night that seems endless and you walk and walk and finally you come to the top of the mountain and you look down and there's a field of corn below, full of sunlight and goodness. That's what you were to me for all that you were so young—shining and quiet and good and sweet. You made me know I wanted you but more than that you made me know what I wanted from myself.

In the last letter he wrote from Europe, he told her the date he was returning home—and the name of the ship. He didn't expect her to be there—but he secretly prayed she would.

She was there—as beautiful as ever. She told him it was good to see him again—but gave no explanation for her silence. She told him she'd be very happy to date him again—but made it quite clear his return wasn't going to disrupt her life as she had been living it during the two years he had been away. She went right on dating other boys. She even sympathized with him for being in love—unrequited.

Fate steps in

A month after his return, he was back in Europe again to appear in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Again he wrote. Again she didn't reply. When he returned home, they caught up and became close. Later Don was to say, "From then on I saw Hope as a precious possession. I became openly possessive. I sought every way I could think of to be with her."

When he got a lead in a Broadway show called *Hot Corner*, he managed to pull some strings to get Hope a reading. When she was offered an understudy part, he persuaded her to accept it.

They were together constantly on the road, ate together, rehearsed together, traveled together. And once, they even had a chance to play opposite each other when Don's leading lady got sick.

Hope's sister flew in to see that performance. After the show she rushed backstage. "The love scenes were *magnificent*," she drooled. "Everybody in the audience was *positively* dewy-eyed."

And remembering them, Hope began to feel somewhat dewy-eyed herself.

For the first time in the five years in which they knew each other, she became bewitched by an illusion. The fantasy created on-stage and her relationship with Don off-stage became fused together. For the first time she believed herself in love.

When the show folded, after three fast performances on Broadway, they became engaged. But they didn't set a date.

They decided to be sensible and wait until Don had some form of security before they actually got married. A few months later, he was given that security by way of a 20th Century-Fox contract and the lead in *Bus Stop*.

He went west by himself and was so miserable alone that he wired Hope to come out for a vacation. Buddy Adler saw her at the studio, remembered her from a prior TV appearance and signed her for the role of the waitress without even knowing she knew Don. It seemed that fate had stepped in to keep them together.

Don and Hope talked vaguely about getting married when the picture was completed—but on April 14, 1956, while they were still in production, they decided to wed in a simple civil ceremony.

Later, Don laughed about it: "In Hollywood I had Hope in a vulnerable position. I was the only one she knew in town—so I finally broke her down."

Bus Stop made Don a star and it brough

Hope a new long term contract at 20th.

They were on top of the world.

They re-married in church in New York City with the entire family present.

Chris was born.

Hope was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance as Selena in *Peyton Place*.

The two worked like fanatics for their pet project HELP—an organization set up to clothe, feed and help some 50,000 refugees who have no identities.

Don and Hope ear-marked a large proportion of their salaries toward the project. She donated her services on a *Playhouse 90* to raise additional funds. He drove an old car. She went without furniture for her house.

When she became pregnant with her second baby, she refused to cancel a trip abroad and instead toured eight European Countries on behalf of HELP. She went with Don to Germany, Italy, Switzerland, London, Paris, Rome and Sardinia—and looked upon the hopeless, the old, the sick and dying children.

She let no one know that she wasn't completely happy in her marriage—that something was missing. Maybe she didn't want to believe it.

The illusion

She and Don were looked upon as model citizens.

She told the press— "If it was a choice between my career and Don's, there would be no question. Don's career comes first."

He told everyone who would listen, "Hope is my life. I see her as a mother, a child, a partner and a ward, a frustration and a satisfaction, a problem and a satisfaction—and a constant revelation. Each morning when I awake, I feel like exclaiming in wonder, 'Why, it's you.' "

He created the illusion—and she lived the part. Perhaps if they hadn't been so carried away, they might have seen the clouds that were gathering and done something about them before it was too late. They didn't refuse to face their problems. They just refused to recognize they existed.

There was the problem of Don's career. The pictures in which he was starred failed miserably at the box-office. He gave fine performances but he just failed to catch on with the public and the studio just stopped considering him for major roles.

Hope, on the other hand, caught on fast. Don said he was delighted. He was—but his masculine ego was slightly battered. He wanted out from his contract and talked about setting up his own production company abroad. He discussed the possibility of starring Hope in his first picture—if 20th would agree.

But 20th had bigger plans for her . . . starting with *The Best of Everything*.

Hope was co-starred opposite Stephen Boyd—and almost immediately there were rumors, disturbing rumors. "How," enquired reporter Mike Connolly, "can it be the 'Best of Everything' for that couple when Don Murray is barred from his wife's set?"

Hope and Stephen lunched together constantly to "work on their scenes"—and the rumors got louder—and louder. Don couldn't pretend to be unaware of them—but he could fight to stop them.

"Ridiculous," he insisted. "These rumors were started by our 'best false friends' working on the picture with Hope." To prove they were ridiculous he started showing up on the set and joining Hope and Stephen at lunch. To prove that they were ridiculous, he invited Stephen to his home to work on the script with Hope. And he cued them with their lines.

Boyd also shrugged the whole thing off with, "Hope and I are friends. How could there be anything between us when she's a married woman?" Then he added with a twinkle, "But this doesn't mean I wouldn't court her if she were single."

When the picture was completed Hope and Don were off on a 'second honeymoon' to Europe, a second honeymoon combining pleasure with publicity for *The Best of Everything* and *Shake Hands with the Devil*. They tried hard to convince themselves that everything was still idyllic.

Magnetism you can't ignore

They were still trying late last winter when they vacationed in Acapulco. They swam together and danced together and pretended it was all very romantic.

"We must come back here again, Hope," Don insisted. "What do you think about our buying a house? The climate would be wonderful for the children. Don't you think that's a great idea?"

"Yes. Don, it's a wonderful idea. We must come back again. . . ."

But deep in her heart she wondered if she ever would.

Later, much later, a friend, who was anything but false, tried to explain what was wrong. "When Hope and Don were in Europe, and later in Mexico their marriage was in serious trouble. But neither would really face that fact: In spite of her denials, Hope had been infatuated with Stephen Boyd. He's a tremendously vital man with an exciting animal magnetism most women find hard to resist. I doubt if she ever thought of divorcing Don then, but Stephen made her terribly aware of the excitement lacking in her marriage. Let's face it, the Murrays have known each other ten years. They had a warm and devoted relationship—but I doubt if they had the kind that sends the blood rushing to the head. Boyd can make a girl's head spin—and Dolores can do the same thing to a guy."

Dolores is Dolores Michaels. Don and Hope knew her casually for years. They said hello at the studio, nodded in the commissary. That's all. Up to a year ago she had been married and living in Laguna. Then she and her husband separated and she started dating John Duke. Everyone expected them to wed.

Last winter she was cast as Don's leading lady in his picture for 20th—*One Foot in Hell*. And suddenly, before either of them were really aware of what was happening, she and Don became disturbingly attracted to one another.

Hope heard about it, of course. There are always people who must talk about these things.

For a while she pretended to ignore it.

Then—neither she nor Don pretended any longer.

Since leaving his home, Don has dated Dolores openly. Sheilah Graham told her readers to *Look for Dolores Michaels to be the next Mrs. Don Murray.*

Sidney Skolsky told his readers: *Now that Don Murray and Dolores Michaels have discovered one another, don't be surprised if Stephen Boyd starts escorting Hope Lange.*

The picture is painted in bright red colors.

But the story isn't quite over.

Their friends are hoping that once Don and Hope have their outside flings, get whatever it is they have to get out of their systems, they'll realize the importance of what they had and get back together again.

If they do, their eyes will be wide open.

If they do, their halos will be gone—and they will no longer be trapped in the world of make-believe.

And maybe this time, they'll make it.

END

Don stars in 20th-Fox's ONE FOOT IN HELL.

■ Red Buttons and his wife had had quite a siege of it—as soon as one got over the flu, the other would come down with it.

At last they both seemed to be on their feet and Red told his Missis he'd like to take her out on the town to celebrate. . . .

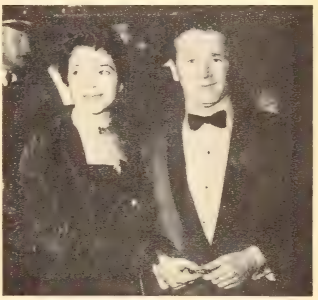
"I'm starving," Mrs. B. announced happily at the best steak house in town, and Red suggested the Sirloin Special. "Keep up your strength."

The great big thick juicy steak arrived and they eagerly plunged right in.

But after a few bites, Red's wife discovered to her dismay that her eyes were bigger than her appetite. "I can't finish it, Red," she moaned, "let alone start it. I'm so sorry."

"That's all right, sweetie," he comforted her, "don't worry about it."

"Oh, but I hate to leave it," she wailed. "$6.50, and I hardly touched it . . . I wish I could take it home. Maybe I'd feel more like it later, maybe for a midnight snack. . . . I know, I'll ask the waiter to wrap it for my dog. . . . People do say that, Red, don't they? I mean, people who have dogs



"RED BUTTONS PUTS ON THE DOG"

do sometimes take home left-over meat, don't they?"

(It must be pointed out that not only do the Buttons' *not* have a dog, but Mrs. B. is deathly afraid of dogs.)

"Sure, sweetie," Red reassured her. He took her hand and said, "Guess we came out too soon. A few more days of rest and you'll feel like eating again . . . then we'll go out and really celebrate— Well, here's the waiter."

The package the waiter handed them looked big enough to feed a horse.

"Got a pretty fancy meal here," the waiter grinned.

"Your dog's gonna have to go on a diet after this. . . !

"You see, I was wrapping this in the kitchen and I saw all this other meat that other customers didn't finish," he explained cooperatively, "so I just chopped it all up together for you!"

The Terrible Price I've Paid to Be A Star

(*Continued from page 38*)

ten per cent is taken out by Henry Willson, my agent, five per cent by my business manager, and sundry bits by lawyers and others. I spend up to my neck in insurance. I've been married, incorporated, and agented into so many pieces that I hardly know which of me belongs to myself. My marriage—to the executive secretary of my agent—began in November, 1955, and finally ended last year but not without a handsome settlement.

The result of all this is that ten years of Hollywood have given me a small house, a 40-foot sail-boat (not a yacht), and about $50,000 clear—most of it invested in insurance bonds (I'm trying to get back a little of what I have paid out to the companies).

As to my private, personal life, well, every week, in all sorts of publications, there are stories about me that are pure fabrications written by people I've never seen. I'm damned for planning to marry or not to marry; for being seen here or not being seen there. I tried to give a cute little girl some help in her career by reading lines with her—and instantly we were tagged as a romance. So now I just shut up about everything—including such titillating items as to whether I sleep raw, eat vitamins, or belch after a good meal. So, the writers hate me. I'm not a good interviewee. I clam up almost immediately. The result is that the writer has to guess who I'm in love with this Tuesday and why I eat yogurt on alternate Saturdays.

Louella Parsons is different. She's always tried at least to get my side of a story. On one occasion, when I was roasted by an unfriendly gal-writer, she called me and said: "I just don't like that story, Rock. I don't think it's true." I said: "It isn't." So I sat down with her and unburdened myself and she wrote a piece that for once tried to defend me.

Other writers have called me a "mechanical man," a big "kick-the-dirt" boy, and like to say that my acting is "pretty fair for an ex-truck driver." I used to be a truck-driver, sure—for six months in the early part of my career. I was a lot of other things, too, when I had to eat. But I've been an actor for ten years and, I hope, have made some improvements in the original. Some of this rubs off from the publicity stories handed out by the studio—where they even have me in the Navy as an airplane mechanic in the Philippines checking out a "four-engined" B-26 Marauder. The Marauder only has two engines and the fact is that when I was in the Navy I revved up the engine on one side so much that it chopped up a Piper Cub and I got assigned to the laundry detail.

The other facts are that I was a member of a glee-club, sang in a church choir, and was a city mail-carrier—as well as the King of Hearts in a pageant at the age of ten and one of the three wise men in a Christmas pageant at eight. In those days I knew I couldn't act and I knew it fourteen years later when I met Henry Willson. I showed him my pictures and when he asked me if I could act I told him, "No." He told me that might be an asset and got me my first job at Warner Brothers, a one-liner as a fighter pilot that I managed to botch on half-a-dozen takes. "Look at the backboard," I said again and again.

As for publicity people—studio or otherwise—I feel a little suspicious about them. I realize they're needed, like a tire needs a bicycle pump. But I still get edgy when they come around: they're too smart and exploitive. After all, I've had more than 2,000 fan magazine interview pieces—some real, some faked—and there's nothing more to be said about Rock Hudson. When even a spot of decay on a back molar becomes of interest to the general public, I retire into my shell. . . .

About fans

The perennial problem and the perennial lifeblood of any movie actor consists of his fans. I don't always expect to be cast as a romantic hero; ten years or so from now, when I look forty-five, I want to act forty-five, not eighteen. But it's hard to go to get a meal in a restaurant before the whispers and nudges begin—and finally the auograph fiends approach. Joel McCrea once told me that this is a modern development in movies. It never happened to those great old-time stars like Rudolph Valentino, for whom McCrea used to wrangle horses. The addicts of Valentino would mob him, tear his clothes—but they never asked him to sign anything.

Strangely enough, the teen-agers are pretty wonderful about this. They are courteous, patient, and understanding. So are most men. But the women in their late forties are tough to deal with. Usually they come up to me just when I'm about to take a bite of steak.

"Hi!" they say—and often they're slightly whiffed.

"Hello," I say.

"You don't have to be rude," they say.

I explain that all I want to do is finish my meal—and that I'll be happy to sign anything but a blank check then. This makes them huffy. "Well," they say, "I *was* your fan," and march off. Most of the time they look back over their shoulder and declare: "The least you could do is smile at me."

Other gambits are: "Here, sign this! You've got a pen, haven't you?" Or: "Don't think I'll go to see any more of *your* pictures!" The only recourse I have is a rather childish one: I often sign "Roy H. Fitzgerald" or I sign Rock Hudson backwards. . . .

I've found out that being an actor can't be a nine to five job. My office is in my head. I'm not talking so much about relationships with fans, or learning lines or having to make personal appearances or going to parties. I'm thinking of the twenty-four hours a day, asleep or awake, when my consciousness is running over all the things I've seen and figuring out how I can use them. A word, an expression, a twist of the mouth, a lift of the eyebrow, the way to open a door and how to say "good morning," seven hundred different ways. I have to be aloof and participate at the same time. If I seem absentminded, it's usually because I'm trying to dig into a part to find the clues to a character—especially if it's a bad script.

One of those was *Twilight for the Gods*. I didn't think the story—that of a sea captain plagued by a past mistake, slowly going insane with bells in the head and all that jazz—was any world-beater. But it was on the best-seller list. The script turned out worse than I feared. I didn't care about the character and apparently no one else did either. It might have been perfect as an Edward G. Robinson role but not for me. It even presumed that I was a full-fledged captain at the age of twenty-four. I asked the author why he had called it that and he said he just thought it was a good title. "I could have called it *Twilight of the Gods*," he said, "but a guy named Wagner had already used it so I changed it a little."

When a script in itself fascinates me, I get the urge to try to add my bit to it. In *Giant*, I spent hours listening to dozens of records of Texas dialect. So did Jimmy Dean and Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's accent, if you listen, is a perfect soft Virginian at first and changes through the picture until at the end she is speaking pure Texas. My own talents at this altered the script of *Pillow Talk*. They got me to impersonate a Texas oilman with good comedy results because they knew I could do it.

Friends and acquaintances

The trouble with continual study of course, is that I tend to become a spy on people. I suppose I can claim fifty to a hundred *acquaintances* in Hollywood. They say I have millions of fans but actually I have only five close friends; a carpenter, a liquor salesman, a piano teacher, and one actor and one actress. They respect me as I am, not as a shadow on film or the invention of some columnist.

My life is full enough to keep me from thinking about loneliness. I take singing lessons so that I can carry a tune outside a bucket and I'd like to do a Broadway musical sometime. I sail as much as I can, I study art, and I puzzle over investments. Someone else handles my money but I resent it. With me, money has become a personal thing.

A business manager, I suppose, is necessary in Hollywood. I just don't know my way around in taxes, budgeting, bills, and the like. But I feel ashamed of myself for not knowing it. Eventually I want to learn this end of the business and handle myself by myself.

I'm waiting with a good deal of anticipation the day when I turn forty-five or fifty and can move into the ranks of the character leads. This business of being the young romantic lover is not half what it looks like. The real challenge lies in the wonderful roles you can do until you're ninety-plus.

I guess in the final analysis it's people who fascinate me. Being in movies has given me the chance to meet some really different ones. In each case, I turned out to be the clod. I was introduced to the Queen of England in 1951 in a long receiving line. I held her hand while she hoped I was enjoying my stay and would come again. "T-thank y-you," I stammered. I forgot to let go of her hand and she just waited and smiled until I let loose. I was amazed to see how much more beautiful she was than any pictures of her.

I made another *faux pas* with Ingrid Bergman. I'd been a fan of hers for years and when I met her in Europe in 1956 at a party with twenty other people, I was paralyzed. She was very charming and chatted away while I was mum. Finally, just before she left, I blurted out: "You sure are tall." She said composedly: "So are you."

Actually, I'm convinced, my six-feet-four is the chief reason I got my chance in pictures. Women always like a man they can look up to—it makes them that much more feminine. I was in demand from the beginning for the five-foot-six or -seven stars. And with a camera, in any scene, a taller man can actually dominate a scene from the beginning no matter how awkward an actor he may be. I have great respect for men like Laurence Olivier—whom I can call a friend—who can dominate any scene by sheer force of their personality. When I visit him, he's always very kind to me in spite of my two left feet.

Working with real actors is always a delight. Tony Randall, for one, is fascinating to watch. What he does with a line is sheer magic to me. His expressions and

the movements of his hands and feet. his timing, the way he raises an eyebrow—these are textbooks of comedy. I like actors; I'm one myself. To me they seem frank and open, interesting and always concerned about getting better in their work. If they are egotistic, it is part of the hazard of the profession.

I'm fond of honest. constructive criticism. God knows. I need it. It's a hard commodity to come by. No one knows better than I that I have a long way to go in movies—but the offhand reviews in the papers really don't help much. I usually check them over real quickly, muttering, "Well, this one isn't bad," or "Man, they really shot me down in this one"—but a bad review doesn't shake me up the way it used to. . . .

On agents

Without seeming ungrateful to my agent—who has done very well with me—I must say that although a beginner needs an agent who will pay close personal attention to his career, an agency outfit like William Morris or the Music Corporation of America is the answer to an established star. Hollywood, after all, is simply a complex of pressure groups. These groups of collective smartness control stars, writers, properties, and studios. The old U-I studio, for example, is wholly owned by MCA—and last year, in TV alone, MCA has put out nearly $40.000.000 worth of products. This means that in a select market such an outfit has the power to make or break a career. It can deal on an even-steven basis with the heads of the big studios, something that an individual agent simply can't do. Henry, for example, can blow off steam to the studios when I complain—but generally they pat him on the back and go ahead and do what they wanted to do in the first place.

Nor is one agent's reaction to a script always the careful, analytical one that an actor is forced to use. The agent is thinking of percentages; the actor must think of making himself a believable human being to the audience. I received one script, well-written and one that will ultimately make a good picture based on a book of F. Scott Fitzgerald. My agent handed it to me and said: "My boy, this is one of the greatest opportunities of your life! You have a chance to drink, to cry, to make love, and you have a good fight, too! What more could you ask?" What I asked was to be able to read it. When I did I found out it wasn't for me! I couldn't make the hero comprehensible, not at least as far as I was concerned.

Not that the profession hasn't been more than nice to me. I was given awards galore: top male movie star by various magazines from 1954 onward, gold medals and cups right up to the present. I suppose it started with my bit part with James Stewart in *Bend of the River* where the fans really let loose on my personal appearance tour. The studio threw me into six films the following year. It was work but work I enjoyed.

On loyalty

This business of self-evaluation is one of the tough parts of an actor's life. How much does he owe to others? How much is due to himself? It's a hard question to answer, at least for me.

I wouldn't have moved off first base if the U-I studio hadn't seen something in me, given me a chance, and started my training. Where my 'loyalty' ends, I have no real idea—but I feel that after ten years, having earned millions for my sponsors on an investment of a few thousand (my agent spent $3000 on me in the early days), that my time of independence is close at hand.

This means I have to test out other interests such as music. I used to sing as a kid and I do it in the shower. I recently finished *Pillow Talk*, my first recording, and I liked it better than anything I've ever done. Not that it was that good—but it satisfied me. I like to hear music more than conversation. I drown in hi-fi when I'm home. The obvious goal I have is singing popular songs, knowing that my raspy baritone won't make even the bottom of the grade in any kind of classical music. I want to work on the stage, too, where I can have close enough contact with the critics and the audiences so I can use this to improve a performance night by night. In a movie, once it's on film, nothing can be changed. And you have to wait at least six months instead of six seconds before you hear any applause or boos. I'd like to live in New York, rather than in Hollywood: it's a city where things are always happening, where there are so many doings that no one could ever be bored—a classic Hollywood disease.

One of the times I was totally frustrated in doing a picture was in 1957. It showed me how rarely I could expect to put into movie practice what I had learned about acting.

The picture was called *Tarnished Angels*. It was taken from the William Faulkner classic called *Pylon*. I'm no enthusiast about Faulkner's writing. I know that he's a Nobel Prize winner and one of the American all-time authors but I don't dig him. I was told this was one of his easier books—but I had to read it three times before I understood it and probably I never did.

The script came out like fake Faulkner; too talky and too improbable for even me to swallow. It was a good example of movie blah-blah. But my 'character' interested me. I was to play a kind of renegade newspaperman of the '30's. As I saw him, he was a downbeat character in a downbeat story. He had found some people who were living on the thin edges of their lives and he wanted to write an honest story about them.

I felt the hero was a bum himself. He lived in a shack, disreputable and filthy, without hope or principle. I suppose he was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

I blurred my lines, I put in pauses and empty stares, I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed buttonholes, worn-out elbows, and half-shoelaces. Rumpled, unshaven, I worked out a really exciting concept with the director. Both of us were enthusiastic about my ideas. We did the first day's work with a "vim." The rushes went to the executives' screening room. The verdict came in the next morning: "Disgusting!"

The front office word filtered down. The director braked his enthusiasm and reversed his stand. I was shaved and my hair combed nicely. My worn elbows were covered with leather shooting patches. My shoes were polished and so were my lines. The crowning touch came when the producer and writer—both of whose names, I remember, began with Z, came to me and said I had to wear a hat. I protested wearily against this as I had protested all the other reversals.

"My boy," said the producer paternally, "all newspapermen wear hats. Don't they, George?"

The writer nodded solemnly. "I've been

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a newspaperman myself," he said, "and I *always* wore a hat." As a special concession, though, they let me turn the front of the hat down.

Ross Hunter

Producers are not always unhelpful. One of the chief factors in my career has been the help and understanding of Ross Hunter. He's a producer who used to be an actor himself and he knows the problems.

Ross has never criticized anything in my acting except on one occasion when he suggested, "Why don't you be a little more positive, Rock?" He has given me some slaps, though, on the cut of my clothes—which I invariably disregard.

I've done seven pictures with him. Though they aren't all the ones I might have wanted to do, most of them have boosted me along the way. It was Ross, for example, who got me into my first lead. He was a co-producer at the studio in 1953 when I got sick of being somewhere down the list of the cast. I sent a wire to the head of U-I saying that I didn't want to work for them any more. Nothing was said about it but a few weeks later I was assigned the lead in a show called *The Scarlet Angel.* Ross helped produce it and he and I went on from there together. It was his faith in my ability that got me the comedy role in *Pillow Talk.* When he said he was going to use me there, I don't think anyone in Hollywood agreed with him. "Sure, Hudson can do those heroic and tear-jerking roles," they told him, "but he can never do comedy. That takes a real actor." But Ross did it with me—and it happened to come off. The reason I know, is that I checked myself out with Tony Randall, whom I think is one of the finest comedians on the stage or screen. A couple of times he even said I did a "wonderful job." My ego isn't strong enough to resist a compliment like that. . . .

A couple of years ago, I was offered the lead in MGM's *Ben-Hur,* a job that would have grossed me a flat million dollars.

I turned *Ben-Hur* down because the easiest thing for an actor to lose in Hollywood is himself. The hardest thing for him to find is someone to trust. If I had done that picture for MGM, I would have had to surrender for two years my privilege of doing the pictures I want to do. Never in the last ten years have I been free from being told what to do and how to act on the screen. U-I, the studio that discovered and developed whatever talents I have, has made about thirty times the salary they have paid me by loaning me out to other studios. It still holds the third contract I signed—good for three more years.

I can say that only four pictures out of my forty have been pictures that I've really liked. They were *Giant, Farewell to Arms, Magnificent Obsession,* and my last one, *Pillow Talk.* They cost about $26,000,000 and I got roughly $100,000 in salary out of them. All were successful although *Farewell to Arms*—a remake of the Hemingway classic with me playing the old Gary Cooper role—barely made the grade.

For ten years I've been trying to make myself an actor. I think I've learned a good deal about it simply by watching people a lot better than I. I never went to drama school except for a short time to the U-I training group. I've always wanted to go to one of the really good New York schools of dramatic art. So far I've been so busy making money that I haven't had time off under my contracts.

Nevertheless, my experience has been invaluable. In *Magnificent Obsession,* for example, though I liked the role, I never liked the picture. It was too much of a weeper. It telegraphed its punches all down the line, like an old-time boxer. It told you when to laugh and when to cry. (In *Giant,* to offer a contrast, there were weepy moments—but tears were optional.) But working with someone like Jane Wyman was as precious as a handful of rubies. In any scene, having my doubts, I would go to her and ask her opinion. If she thought I had done all right, she would say so. If she had a hunch that I had slipped, she would say softly: "Better check it with the director, Rock, before they print it." It's awfully easy not to take advice when you're developing a good opinion of yourself. I was lucky to know Jane.

George Stevens

George Stevens, the director of *Giant,* was another person I was lucky to know. One of the great men in the business, he had my talents taped from the beginning. He knew what he could get out of me—something I never did. The night before we started the picture, I called him up in a frenzy. "Mr. Stevens," I said desperately, "I don't know where I'm going in this picture. I'm all confused!"

"Well, Rock," he said in his ponderous manner, "I'm all confused, too, right now. It'll work out in the morning. You go back to sleep."

He often shoved me onto the set and shot a scene long before I knew my lines or thought I was ready. I remember one instance when I was supposed to be a naive young Texan in Virginia at a society dinner, answering questions about myself and my ranch. Mr. Stevens put me at a couple of sawhorses with a board across them and a glass of water before me. He moved all the other actors twenty-five feet away and put a telescopic lens in the camera.

"Now, Rock," he drawled, "I want you to react. I know you've got lines but I don't care if you say them or not."

The result was that the other actors shouted at me. I reacted with embarrassment, confusion, and ignorance—which was just the effect Mr. Stevens wanted. He was always that kind of a director: unreliable for actors. I never knew exactly what he wanted me to do until I saw it on film. He kept me alive in movies because he kept me thinking—thinking what to do next. Most directors tend to over-direct, to tell you again and again what they want until you're screaming inside. Mr. Stevens usually told me half of what he wanted then said: "Now let's roll a piece of film." He liked to give me the impression that any bit I performed was *my* idea—but he never let an actor interfere with what he was doing. In *Giant* he shot a fight scene for weeks. Afterward, when I hung around his cutting room to see how it turned out, he gave me the iron eye. Long afterward, I told him: "I wanted to see that film real bad." He never batted an eye. "I know you did," he said "but at that point it was none of your business."

I'll always remember the drunk scene from that picture. It looked as if I was really drunk—mainly because I was. When I arrived at my dressing-room that morning, there was a bottle of bourbon on the table. It was gone at the end of the day. By that time I was feeling so natural that I didn't give a damn. We shot a sixteen-minute drunk scene without a cut—and put it on the screen that way with only closeups to vary the sequence. . . .

The study of acting remains the most important part of my life. I find that I have to discover or invent clues to create a character, especially in a bad script. A lot of the time I'm simply not equipped to do this alone—I need the director and producer. I want not only to keep my portrayals alive and interesting but I want to put at least 180 per cent of interpretation into what I'm doing—and hope that 50 per cent comes through.

To sum it all up, the 'real Rock Hudson' the press is always trying to find is more than one person.

To the producer, I'm the sign of the buck. To a publicity person, I'm material. To a director, I'm a chunk of clay. To the wardrobe, I'm a clotheshorse. And to writers, I'm usually somebody I don't even recognize. But I can't complain—I can just look at myself from afar. I have a good life and the movies have made it possible. **END**

Rock's next is The Day Of The Gun, *for U-I.*

A Love Story

(*Continued from page 50*)

I was working. To say the least, I was a bit nervous when I saw him standing there, half-watching me. I tried very hard not to be aware of his presence and kept dancing.

"This went on for a week. Mr. Astaire would pop in, and watch. And finally one day Jack did call me over and we were introduced.

"We spoke very little, because we were both quite shy, but I did manage to tell Mr. Astaire that I had worked with him a few years earlier, for one day, in a picture called *Daddy Long Legs.*

"'You won't remember,' I told him, 'but I was one of eight girls in the dream sequence you did with Leslie Caron. We slunk in and you took each of us in a back bend and—'

"'And,' Fred interrupted, 'you were very nervous.' He smiled. 'Yes, I remember,' he said. And truthfully I thought that would be the last time I'd see him. . . .

"But then the next day he showed up again, and we talked a little more. And the day after that. And then finally one day he asked me if I'd like to dance in *Silk Stockings,* a picture he was just beginning work on. He told me it wasn't very much of a part, but that it was something. And while he was apologizing I just stood there, dumbfounded, thinking that this couldn't be happening to me, a personal invitation to dance in a scene with Fred Astaire.

"Well, a few weeks later, when it came time to do the scene, I must have been literally shaking in my shoes because my shoe fell off. The director called cut, and we did it over again. The second take, poom again, the shoe. 'Please stay in your shoe, Miss Chase, and let's try it once more,' said the director, but the third time it happened again. Everyone was getting irritated. Even Fred was looking at me rather sharply, it seemed. Others were beginning to look sorry for me and I was scared. But we had to do it again and this time, all of us figuring it couldn't happen again, the cameras rolled. And poom, once *more* the shoe was off. And then it happened. Fred walked over to the shoe, slowly, he picked it up, slowly. And then, suddenly, he began to laugh. And everyone else was so relieved, they laughed. Even I, who was on the verge of tears by this time, started to laugh. . . .'

Their first evening

It was a little while later that day, after the scene was completed (with Barrie'

shoe *on*), when Fred walked over to her dressing room and joked a little about the incident first, and then asked her if she would like to have dinner with him that night.

"I don't like the big crowded places," he said. "But there's a small place, Italian, where we can grab a bite and have some wine and talk. . . . If you don't mind a small place, and some talk."

"Mind?" Barrie asked. "No, Mr. Astaire. I don't mind at all."

"At the beginning, I was petrified," she has said of this evening, their first together. "I rushed home and looked in my closet. I didn't know what to wear, what dress, what shoes. I didn't know how to fix my hair. And, worst, I didn't know what I would talk about that night. What would I be like, I wondered, sitting there with Fred Astaire, across the table from him. Fred Astaire—the greatest dancer in the world, one of the most sophisticated and most urbane men in the world. What would I say to him? What could *I* say to *him*?"

The conversation was a little stilted at first, Barrie recalls. Fred asked her to tell him a little about herself, and she did—about how she'd been a tomboy when she was a girl, how she'd liked to swim and ride horses even more than dance, how her father—a writer—had moved the family from New York to California when she was about seven, how—right off—she'd loved the California sun, the palm trees, the deep blue sky. How she'd been happy. Very, very happy.

"Till I was fifteen," she found herself saying then. "That's when my parents got divorced. I'd never known there was anything wrong between them. And then, all of a sudden, just like that, they were divorced. . . . I lived with my mother for a while, about a year. But nothing seemed the same anymore at home. And so I decided to move to my own place, to be on my own. I moved into my apartment—the same one I'm living in now, one-and-a-half rooms, very plain, a lot different from the big fancy place where we'd all lived.

"And I really wasn't very happy, there either," she said. "But I knew I couldn't go back home anymore, now that I'd left. So I began to study my dancing, all the harder. And I got some jobs, TV, pictures, bits. And that's all I did: studied and worked, ate and slept, went to an occasional movie. I didn't have many friends. I'd never had, not really. There's something about me and people—lots of times I find it hard talking, looking into somebody's eyes when I'm talking to them. I get afraid. I don't know why. I just do—

"So," she went on, after a moment, "without many friends, I was alone most of the time. And I was getting lonelier and lonelier. I was pretty miserable, in fact. And that's why I got married, so quickly, just like that, I guess.

"I was nineteen. His name was Gene. He was a hairdresser. I met him one day and a few days later we were man and wife. It only lasted four months. It wasn't a good marriage. I knew it, and he did, too. We split up. And I was back where I started.

"Alone. Lonely. Working, studying, eating, sleeping, going to a movie every once in a while—"

She stopped and smiled. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Why?" Fred asked. "Are you afraid you're boring me?"

Barrie nodded.

"Well, you're not," Fred said. "Because, believe this, Barrie, when you talk about loneliness, you're talking about a subject I know very well."

Barrie looked surprised.

"Yes, that's right, *me*, Old Ham Daddy, Old Happy Feet," Fred said. "I've been lonely these past few years . . . I've known what it's like . . . I've sure known. . . ."

And then, softly, slowly, he began to talk about something he rarely ever talked about, to anyone. About Phyllis—his wife.

"My beloved Phyl . . . ," as he said.

Fred's beloved wife

"We were at Santa Anita, sitting in our box between races. And Phyl said, suddenly, 'I think I'll have to go home. I don't feel well. It's nothing—just some dizziness.' . . . So we left. . . . And that's the way it started.

"It was cancer, the doctor said.

"Cancer.

"This was a Tuesday, I remember. We were to move into St. John's Hospital on Thursday, two days later. . . .

"'People don't die so easily, Phyl,' I told her. 'It's hard to die,' I said. 'You have so much to live for; you're so important to so many people. This isn't your time to go. It couldn't be. I know it.'—And I did know it. *Then.*

ATTENTION DEBBIE

Eddie misses Carrie
and Todd so much,
he's moving back!
Don't be shocked,
read next month's

MODERN SCREEN

On Sale July 5

"The operation was performed that Friday, Good Friday. It was a long one. It seemed successful. The entire recovery seemed successful.

"But then, a few months later, another operation was needed. We returned to St. John's for more major surgery. The operation was again called a success.

"Phyl came home with some slight improvement.

"But she never regained her strength. And the definite downtrend set in. . . .

"She never lost that sweet expression on her face.

"She slipped away from us at ten o'clock, on the morning of September 13, 1954.

"She was only forty-six years old. . . ."

He paused for a while.

"So I've been lonely, too," he said then. "But I find ways of fighting it. One has to."

"How do you fight it?" Barrie asked.

Fred's remedy for loneliness

"Very simple," Fred said, smiling a little. "I make friends with the cops, and with churches. . . . Cops are nice fellows. I have a lot of friends on the police force. And some nights when I have nothing to do I just phone them and ask if I can ride around in a prowl car. Here in Los Angeles, and New York, those are the best places. I get in one of those cars and it's like going on a hunting trip. You suddenly run into some excitement. And the boredom, the loneliness, it goes a little . . . Like with churches, Barrie. Same thing. Comes an afternoon when I've nothing to do, I'm feeling low, and I go to church. St. Bartholomew's if I'm in New York. Any of several here, if I'm here. And I just sit, alone, for hours at a time. And it's a beautiful thing, the comfort I find those hours. I think of everything—my life, my work, the hidden meaning of the good and bad things that have happened to me. I come out spiritually refreshed. It often helps me to go on."

Again, he smiled.

"Maybe that's what you need, Barrie," he said, "to make friends with the cops, the churches."

"Maybe," she said.

"Or maybe, for now," Fred said, "just having dinner with me again some night, and talking again. Talking things out with Old Ham Daddy here, Old Happy Feet. . . . How does that sound?"

"Yes," said Barrie, nodding finally, "that sounds fine. . . ."

Rising star

"My whole life took a turn after this night," Barrie has said. "Plain existing was over for me. I began to live. Fred and I went out quite a bit, always to small quiet places, the kind we both liked. We went riding—we share a tremendous enthusiasm for horses. And, of course, we talked. About lots of things. Even about my career. Fred suggested that I begin aiming higher, that I get an agent and turn down bit parts here and there and aim for the top. 'You'll make it someday, if you really try hard enough,' he'd tell me. I got an agent. And, sure enough, things began happening. I did a *Have Gun, Will Travel* on TV. And then, before I knew it, I was signed with Twentieth Century-Fox and working in *Mardi Gras*. It wasn't a big part, but it was something. Slowly, surely, I was beginning to get there."

Fred's career, too, began shifting gears at about this time.

"For the last few years," says a friend of his, "he was content to do a picture or so a year, and only that. TV? A whole new medium? He wouldn't hear of it, not even at the fantastic prices certain sponsors were willing to pay him. 'I'm too old, much too old,' he'd say, 'to start fooling around with anything new.' And then, suddenly, as if he'd dropped a couple of dozen years someplace, Fred had a talk with his agent one day. About TV. Doing a show. . . . By nightfall, it was all arranged. The show, a full-hour spectacular, was to be sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation, and to be called *An Evening With Fred Astaire*. The date settled on was a Friday, October 17 (1958)—about three months away."

Fred drove over to see Barrie the night the arrangements were made.

"I'd like you to dance with me," he said, after telling her a little about the show, "—but as my leading lady this time."

"Me?" Barrie asked, falling back into a chair.

"Yes, *you*, young lady," said Fred. "Now two things," he said then. "One: I want you to know this—I've chosen you, not because you're a friend of mine, not because I'm fond of you. But because I think you're a great dancer. Understood?"

Barrie nodded.

"Two," he said, "—I expect you to work hard. Very hard. We've got a heavy rehearsal schedule and we're going to start tomorrow, just me, you, Herm (Hermes Pan, the choreographer), Buddy (Bud Yorkin, the producer) and a couple of others.

"So now let's take a few sips of this champagne I've brought and then you go to bed, I go home and go to bed—and tomorrow, first thing, we work.

"Okay?"

"Yessir," said Barrie, sitting forward in the chair, making a mock salute, begin-

ning to laugh. "Tomorrow morning, sir, first thing. . . ."

She didn't

"Everything started out disastrously that next morning," someone connected with the show has said. "Rehearsal had been called for 9:30. And by that time—five, ten minutes before 9:30, in fact—everyone was there. Including Fred. . . . But there was no Barrie. Not by 9:30, not by ten, not by 10:30.

"Fred sat around, sulking. He wouldn't say anything. But we could tell he was eating his heart out.

"Once or twice he'd walk over to a pay phone and try to call Barrie. But there was no answer.

A few minutes before noon she walked into the rehearsal hall.

"Where've you been?" Fred asked.

"Home. I don't want to hurt you," said Barrie. "I'll be bad. I'll make you look bad. . . . And I don't want to hurt you. . . ."

Fred looked at her for a moment.

And then he clapped his hands together and made a short announcement to everyone there:

"This girl—" he said, pointing to Barrie—"has a case of the nerves. She's asking out of the show. But I'm a rough one—and I'm not going to give her out.

"Now," he said, "if everyone will leave this hall, until they're called back, Miss Chase and I will begin to rehearse. Just the two of us."

The others left.

And Fred and Barrie stood in the giant rehearsal hall, alone.

After staring at her for a long moment, Fred walked over to a phonograph and turned it on.

"Barrie," Fred said, walking back over to her, looking into her eyes again, "—will you try . . . for me?"

Barrie stood rigid.

"I can't," she started to say. "My feet feel heavy. Strange. I'm not—"

But Fred silenced her.

He took her in his arms.

And they began to dance. . . .

Like a kid in love

The show, three months later, was a triumph.

Fred won five Emmys for it—more TV awards than any single performer has ever received for a single show.

But, friends say, his greatest pride was a young dancer named Barrie Chase, and how she'd come through. . . .

Says Randolph Scott, one of his closest friends, referring to the down periods, "Fred keeps saying, 'I'll never marry again. No one can replace Phyllis.' And we keep telling him, 'No one *has* to replace Phyllis, and no one ever will. But you can find a new dimension with someone else, and at least you can fill part of the gap in your life.'"

And Barrie, meanwhile?

"I have tremendous admiration for Mr. Astaire," she says to any who ask, and that is all she says, for the real words in her heart are too deep for speech. **END**

How Much Do My Children Really Need Me?

(*Continued from page 33*)

Janet, how do you solve your problem of being a working mother? It will help me solve mine.

Sincerely,
Rosemary D.

And this story is my answer to those letters:

Dear Rosemary:

I'll never forget the time I was working before the cameras and a grip came to me with a message: *Please call home. Kelly is very sick.*

I was terrified. I wanted to be with my little girl who was not quite two then. In my imagination I saw her in pain, calling for me. At the time I was working on location in Norway, my baby in London with her nurse. Tony and I had taken Kelly to Europe with us since we were to be away five months, but we left her in London with the nurse because the weather in Norway was too harsh.

Should I leave the set and fly to London? Walk out on a picture whose costs were going on at a clip of thousands of dollars a minute to rush to the side of my sick child? I had obligations to my producers, but I knew in my heart that no obligation to them could outweigh the well-being of my child. If she was very sick, I'd have to fly to London.

In a phone booth in a corner of the set, I put through a call to London and got a very dear friend of mine who was living there. I asked her to look in immediately on Kelly, and tell me just what was the matter with my child. I waited, my heart in my mouth, for her return call. In about a half hour she got back to me. "Kelly is fine," she said, and my heart lifted. "She just had a slightly upset stomach. The nurse panicked. But there's nothing to worry about." She promised to stay there.

If Kelly had really been very ill, I would have put her above anybody or anything. However, a working mother cannot afford to get hysterical or over-imaginative, otherwise she won't be able to use good judgment when such conflicts arise.

Rosemary, you asked, "What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill while you're at work?" It all depends upon the seriousness of the illness. When Kelly was operated on so suddenly one year, I dropped everything, canceling every business appointment I had to be with her. Fortunately, we weren't in the middle of a picture when she was stricken, but if we had been, I would have told them to shoot around me. However, I did have other appointments connected with my work—some costume fittings and script conferences which are also important—and I canceled them all.

When the doctor said, "We must operate on Kelly at once," there was no other thought in my mind than to be at the hospital with my child for as long as she would need me.

As Tony and I prepared to take her to the hospital, she was white-faced with fear. I said to her, "Mommy will be with you all the time," so that she wouldn't be too frightened at finding herself in a strange bed when she awoke from the anesthetic. And of course, I kept my promise. I took a room at Cedars of Lebanon and was with Kelly all the time until she was discharged.

A mother's instinct will tell her when her child needs her physically, and when her presence is not essential. When a child is seriously ill or facing an operation, that child needs her mother, and the mother's job must take second place. I've gone to the studio when either Kelly or Jamie has been down with a cold. But if either of them had a high temperature I wouldn't leave her until she was past the feverish stage where she might be calling for Mommy.

From the studio I phone at every opportunity—*and I talk to my child myself.* Merely calling and asking the nurse if the children are okay isn't enough. It makes my children feel more secure to hear their mother's voice saying the warm, dear things that only a mother can say to her child.

I think every working mother should remember this. Hearing her mother's voice on the phone makes the child feel that her mother isn't too far away. Probably Kelly would feel cheated if Ginny, our nurse, said to her, "Your mother called and asked if you're behaving." But when she hears my voice telling her I love her and will see her soon, then she does not feel cheated. Her own mommy has spoken to her.

Rosemary, you asked if I've ever regretted being a working mother. No, Rosemary, I never have. I think it is better for my children to have a happy mother who's fulfilled than a frustrated mother who may some day want to say to her children, "Look what I gave up for you—my career, my life."

Nothing could be worse than feeling you're a martyr because of your child. However, I will never put my life or my work ahead of my children. Right now, I feel I am doing more for them by continuing with my work, because in doing so I am a happy, fulfilled woman. A happy woman is a happy mother. For most women, work keeps them on their toes, and is itself stimulating. If you enjoy your work, Rosemary, or feel a sense of joy in helping make things easier for your family by working, I believe you can do it without cheating your children.

Perhaps there will be times when you feel just a tiny bit cheated yourself. I missed watching Jamie, my baby, take her first steps. It was really quite a wrenching thing for me. Sounds silly, but every mother loves to be with her child when she takes that first step. I knew Jamie was getting ready for it. I'd seen her get up on one little foot, then falter and plop down. Then I saw her on her knees still trying to be firm enough to get up and walk. I knew the day she'd take her first step was just around the corner. But I had to miss it. I was working in *Psycho* for Alfred Hitchcock that day. When I called home, Kelly got on the phone and in a breathless voice told me all about it. I was disappointed at missing it. But it would have been shockingly inconsiderate for me to have taken the day off to witness this sentimental event.

And I also missed buying Jamie her first pair of shoes. I remember how I enjoyed going to the shoe store with Kelly two years ago, seeing her fitted for her first pair of walking shoes and watching her toddle around the store proudly. I wanted the same thrill with Jamie. Knowing that I was going to be tied up in a picture in a few weeks, I took Jamie to the store just before the picture started.

The shoe salesman said, "You should wait three more weeks. She's not quite ready for shoes yet." Three weeks later I was already in production. When I left for work one morning I told the nursemaid to take Jamie to the shoe store and buy the shoes that day. I knew just what time they'd be going—after Jamie's nap. When they got home, I called from the set and got all the details of the little shopping expedition; how Jamie had cooed when she saw her little feet in shoes and how she'd looked at herself so proudly in the mirror. Somehow the story warmed me and I kept imagining what it had been like, while I was working.

But the things I have missed by being a working mother don't compare in importance with the things we have gained—not only materially, but through the hap-

piness I have been able to achieve and pass on to my children.

Even though I must be away from them all day when I'm in a picture, I try to give the children the feeling that I'm with them—at least in spirit—all the time. I am very fortunate in being able to afford capable household help. This is very important to a working mother, and I realize that most working mothers—unless they're highly-paid career women—can't afford it. On the other hand, just because I have such fine help does not mean that I will let them take over the mothering of my children. They can feed them, put them to sleep, bathe them when I'm not home. But there are things only a mother should do—like taking them to school on the first day of school and making the preparations for her children's birthday parties.

Sure, I could turn this over to my cook and the nurse, and they would see to it that my children would have a beautiful birthday party. But that wouldn't mean much to Kelly, nor to Jamie, when she's old enough to understand. Kelly and I have planned all her birthday parties together; such whispering and giggling and secret conferences that go on between us at those times!

Once it looked as if I wouldn't be able to share in the preparation of a birthday party with Kelly. Just before her third birthday I was told a tour had been arranged for Tony and me to publicize *The Vikings*. We were to be away several weeks. We agreed to the tour, but first I asked one thing—that I could be home the day of Kelly's birthday. "It won't be a real birthday party for her," I said, "unless Tony and I are with her." The studio agreed.

Before we left, I made all the plans for the party, with Kelly. We went to the five and ten together and bought balloons and favors. She helped me select the invitations, we decided together what kind of sandwiches we'd serve and we picked out the birthday cake together.

I wrote all the invitations before we left, and I ordered everything for the party. I left word that the invitations were to be mailed out on a certain date. With everything bought in advance, I left. We returned early on the Saturday morning of her party. And I took up where I'd left off. My daughter was the happiest birthday girl you've ever seen.

Kelly is just four now and goes to nursery school from 9:00 to 12:00. At first, Tony wasn't sure that Kelly should go. I thought she should—not because I wanted her out of the way, but because she's a bright and active child, and I felt she needed the stimulation of playing with other children.

The first week, I took her there myself every morning. You can't just send a little girl off to a new, strange nursery school without being with her. The first day I picked her up to drive her home, her eyes were dancing! She sang the words of a song they'd taught her; she spoke about a little girl with whom she'd played.

I knew then that she was going to enjoy nursery school. The other mothers and I share a car pool. One of them is Anne Douglas, Kirk's wife. If I wished, I could have one of the help in the house do the driving when it's my turn to take them to school. But I wouldn't miss my turn in the car pool for anything. I think it's important for Kelly to know that her mother is right there to do what the other mommies—the non-working mommies do. We pile in the car and I drive down the hill and pick up little Peter Douglas and little Scott Shepherd. I leave at eight in the morning. No, I'm not tired. When you're a mother doing what you want to do for your child, you're usually exhilarated, not weary. The conversations that go on in the back seat of my car among Kelly, Peter and Scott are absolutely delicious. I wouldn't miss them for the world. This is one of the simple, inexplicable joys of motherhood—driving my child to school. And having her mother take her to school is one of the great joys for a child.

You asked, Rosemary, if I am ever resentful about the time I spend away from the children. No, I never have been. And I'm quite sure they're not resentful either. When I'm working, the hours are long. I leave at 6:00 a.m. and I don't get home till 6:30 p.m. Consequently, I don't see my children in the morning, except to tiptoe into their rooms and look at them. When I get home, Jamie, who's still a baby, is asleep. But Kelly is up. I play with Kelly and we talk. I listen to everything she has to say, and I put her to bed myself. When I'm working all day, no one can tuck Kelly in but myself. She needs the assurance that I love her so much that I want to show even this little touch of tenderness. And after a long day at work, I myself need the talking and laughter with my child, and the warm satisfaction of putting her to bed.

One thing I think is very important: many mothers who work feel a little guilty because their work keeps them away from their children all day. And feeling guilty causes them to make a certain mistake. When a working mother comes home, she will often be loaded with toys and gifts for her child, as though to compensate for having been away all day. Also, she is inclined to be over-indulgent. She doesn't want to punish her little darling for misbehaving because she feels her child has been punished enough by not having the mother around during the day.

I don't feel that way at all. When I'm home after work, if my little girl misbehaves, I discipline her, just as as I would if I'd been home all day. I think spoiling

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1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE HOPE LANGE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DON MURRAY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKE EVY NORLUND:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

a child in the hope of making up for your having been away is confusing to the child. And I don't come home from a day at work loaded down with gifts. I don't feel that I have to bribe my children because I've been away at work.

It's by my actions that I show my children love and warmth, even when I'm away. When I come home, I show them how much I love them in the ways that are natural to any loving mother. But I won't let them get away with misbehaving. That's the worst thing I could do for them. I remember one night when I came home from the set of *Psycho,* Kelly and I were playing. Then I was called to the telephone. When I returned, I discovered Kelly had scooped a fistful of chocolates in her mouth. She knows she isn't allowed to do that. Did I smile indulgently and think, *Well, the poor child's missed me all day—what's a handful of candy if it makes her feel happier?* I did not. I scolded Kelly and sent her right up to bed—which is just what I would have done if I hadn't been away from the house working all day.

The children of working mothers can either develop into staunch, independent, secure children, or spoiled children, overindulged by mothers who feel guilty because they can't be with their children twenty-four hours a day.

However, when I'm working I do spend all my week ends with my children. For their sake and my own, I will not make social dates that would take me away from the house on the few days when we can be together.

On one occasion, when I was scheduled to go on a publicity tour in San Francisco for *Who Was That Lady,* I called it off. Why? Because suddenly we had a change in household help, and I didn't want to leave my two little girls with virtual strangers.

A mother shouldn't become panicky for every slight cause. Unnecessary hysteria could turn a working mother and her children into neurotics. Once while I was working in *Who Was That Lady,* I received a call on the set. It was from my house. The couple who worked for me had suddenly walked out. They hadn't made lunch for the children. It was upsetting, but hardly a crisis. I told my secretary, whom we call "Angel" and who was at the house at the time, just what to give the children for lunch and when to put them to bed.

Tenderness and motherly love are not so much a matter of the hours a woman spends with her children. They're a matter of feeling.

There are so many small, tender things a working mother can do. For instance, Kelly normally wears her hair in two perky pigtails. On the days of big events such as birthday parties or special days at school, I curl her hair. I put it up myself and she loves it. It's the little things than can be warm and important. . . .

Library Day is a big day at Kelly's nursery school. The children sing and are part of a school production. For weeks, Kelly had been telling me about it, her round eyes shining. She rehearsed her little songs at home and dropped mysterious hints about what she was going to do.

The week before Library Day, I got a call to report for *Pepe* on Kelly's big day. Fortunately, I got the call in time to tell George Sidney, the producer, he had chosen one of the worst days in the year for me. I begged him to change the schedule to permit me to start my role one day later. He agreed.

I shopped with Kelly for the new dress she'd wear on this important day. We bought a blue-and-white ruffled dress with a starched white pinafore. The night before, I put her hair up in curlers myself. That morning she looked like a real doll.

She was proud and I was proud. I drove her to school. As we walked into the school together, I took her hand. When she walked out on the stage, I could see her—just like the other children—scanning the audience to see if her mother was there. How glad I was that I could be!

No, I don't think my children feel cheated because I'm a working mother. Here's one of the secrets, which I'm happy to pass on to other mothers: When I come home, I walk into the house buoyant and happy, no matter how hard the day has been for me.

Rosemary, never show fatigue to your children when you come home from work, no matter how tired you really are. Just keep in mind the joy that lies ahead of you, now that your typewriter has been covered or your last order for the day written. Remember, as you enter your house after a hard day's work, you are going home to your reward. You are going to have your own little child run up to you and throw his arms around you and kiss you and prattle on to you what he did during the day. Even if your back has ached and your feet have felt like lead, knowing this should be enough to put a spring in your walk, a smile on your face and lightness in your heart. This is the love and tenderness, the feeling that "Mommy's home with me" that a child appreciates.

When I work, I work hard. It's usually a twelve-hour day and it's emotionally and physically wearing. Ordinarily, I'd want to go home and not talk to anyone until my nerves have quit jangling. But as soon as I get to the white door of my home, and know that two little girls are waiting to leap into my arms, I don't feel one bit tired.

Best wishes,
Janet Leigh

END

Janet will guest-star in Columbia's PEPE.

---

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

8. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

9. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

10. I LIKE FRED ASTAIRE:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

11. I LIKE JANE FONDA:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

12. I LIKE JILL ST. JOHN:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

13. I LIKE WILL (SUGARFOOT) HUTCHINS:

1 more than almost any star 2 a lot 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

14. I READ: 1 all of **DINING WITH THE STARS** 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 completely 2 fairly well 3 very little 5 not at all

---

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE ..... **NAME** .....

ADDRESS ..... STREET .....

CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

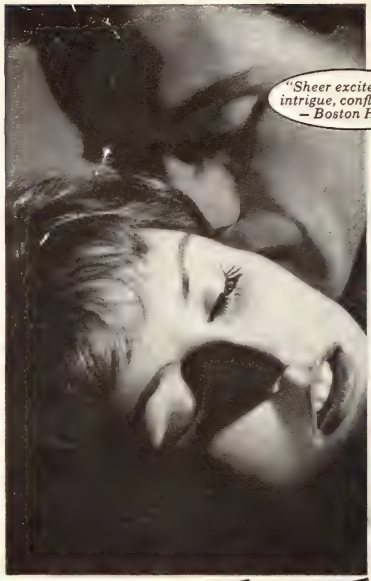


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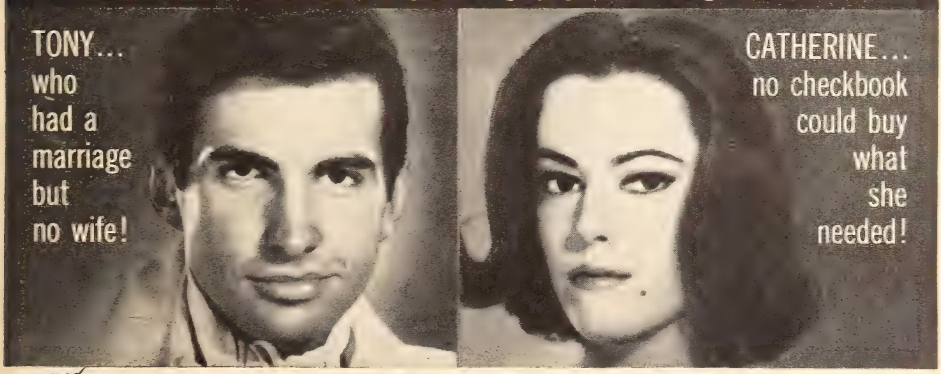


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Q I read that **Montgomery Clift** and **Lauren Bacall** were holding hands all through the preview of *Wild River*. What does this mean?
—F.G., Cornwall, Conn.

A *Their hands were cold.*

Q Is **Sammy Davis, Jr.** going to marry **May Britt**?
—J.S., Roanoke, Va.

A *He hopes to.*

Q Why was the **Ingrid Bergman-Maximillian Schell** TV spectacular, *24 Hours in the Life of a Woman* cancelled? I thought it was supposed to be the *big* TV treat of next season.
—S.M., Saginaw, Mich.

A *It was—until CBS carefully read the script that Ingrid's producer husband Lars Schmidt presented. The show was then indefinitely postponed.*

Q What happened to the budding romance between **Elvis Presley** and **Tuesday Weld**?
—D.M., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

A *It was nipped when Tuesday stood Elvis up for their second date.*

Q What's going to happen to **Cheryl Crane** now? Is she going to be placed in a regular reform school?
—C.W., Salem, Ore.

A ***Lana Turner*** *hopes not. She's trying to get the court's permission to take Cheryl to Europe. If it is granted, she will enroll Cheryl in a Swiss School and take up residence in Switzerland herself.*

Q With no TV or movie offers forthcoming—is it true that **Eddie Fisher** is terribly worried about his future? He's looked very depressed in some pictures I've seen of him lately.
—R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.

A *Eddie's future isn't worrying him—yet. As soon as* **Liz Taylor** *finishes* Cleopatra, *Eddie will turn producer with Liz as his star.*

Q Is it true that **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** have returned to the psychiatrist's couch?
—D.S., Raleigh, N.C.

A *They've been airing their individual problems to the doctor in an upright position.*

Q What's with the rumor that Howard Lee gave **Hedy Lamarr** such a big divorce settlement because he plans to marry **Gene Tierney**?
—K.S., Somerville, Mass.

A *Mr. Lee wanted to be free to court Gene Tierney—who has no plans to marry anyone at this time.*

Q Can you give me the inside story on **Debbie Reynold**'s violent feud with her TV network? There are rumors that Debbie may walk out of her $3,000,000 deal. Is this so?
—M.M., Oak Park, Ill.

A *ABC wants to ride its $3,000,000 investment to the highest ratings and feels Debbie should use name guests on her shows to insure this coming off. Debbie, on the other hand, feels she's enough of a draw without bringing in outside help (which she would have to pay for). She'll stick with her contract—but the first Special will prove who is right.*

Q Is it possible that if Jack Kennedy is elected President, his brother-in-law **Peter Lawford** and **Frank Sinatra** will be appointed to posts in the cabinet and government?
—R.K., Augusta, Me.

A *Hardly.*

Q Everyone seems to be whispering about a secret marriage between producer Ross Hunter and **Sandra Dee**. How much of this is true?
—T.Y., Westfield, N.J.

A *Sandra was infatuated with Ross—who has nothing but fatherly feelings toward her. After one disastrous try at marriage it's unlikely that Ross is interested in becoming serious with anyone.*

Q Do you think the **Stephen Boyd-Elana Eden** romance will reach the altar stage—or is Stephen interested in **Hope Lange** now that she's free?
—E.C., New Orleans, La.

A *Stephen is 'interested' in both women—but it's unlikely he'll march to the altar with either, at this time.*

Q Is it true that **Elvis'** popularity diminished after his panning on the **Sinatra** show? I've heard in show business talk he's considered "dead"?
—S.S., New York, N.Y.

A *He's very much alive—via his new RCA album* Elvis Is Back, *and his new picture* GI Blues. *Only the highbrow critics panned him on the Sinatra show—and these guys have been panning him from the beginning.*

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Ray Walston
Jack Kruschen

▪ You'll laugh a lot at *The Apartment*—it has plenty of clever dialogue and situations that seem hilarious because they are so true—but its theme isn't really funny nor, I think, was it meant to be. Jack Lemmon works in a huge insurance company. He would be absolutely lost in the crowd of several thousand co-workers if he hadn't stumbled on a gimmick. He lives in a bachelor apartment on New York's West Side—and he lends it to some of the company's middle-aged—and married—executives who have no place to be alone with their girlfriends. Lemmon's conscience doesn't hurt at all; he figures this is the quickest way to get a promotion, and he's right. Fred MacMurray, head of personnel, not only promotes him, but asks for the key to his apartment. Jack doesn't know that Fred's girl is elevator operator Shirley MacLaine, whom Jack loves from afar. Shirley doesn't know that Fred has been leading girls on for years, always promising to get a divorce and marry them. At a vividly realistic Christmas office party she learns the truth about Fred, but she can't resist seeing him, and she can't resist taking an overdose of sleeping pills when Fred gives her a line (and $100) at Jack's apartment. Jack returns in time to call a doctor (his neighbor, Jack Kruschen, whose dialogue is the high spot of the film) and save her life. Now Jack wants to marry Shirley but her heart—she thinks—still belongs to Fred, who surprises everybody by making plans to get a divorce. At any rate, love is what Jack needed to feel in order to feel disgust for having chosen the low road to success. This movie may shock you but the mirror it holds up to a part of big city life doesn't lie.—UNITED ARTISTS.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET

forbidden love

Kirk Douglas
Kim Novak
Ernie Kovacs
Barbara Rush
Walter Matthau

▪ One would think that Brentwood, California, was the ideal place for marriage and the family—such pretty houses, such pretty gardens. Ha! Every day Kim Novak takes her child to the school bus and then, with a wistful, lonely longing, she goes home. Every day (nearly) architect Kirk Douglas takes his older child to the school bus and, one day, his eyes meet Kim's eyes. Kirk, who is married to dominating Barbara Rush, loves Kim's lovely, passive eyes. Successful novelist Ernie Kovacs (who is an unhappy Don Juan) has commissioned Kirk to design him a house in the hills—not that it will make Ernie happy. But it makes Kirk happy. All the time he's building the house he's dreaming it's a home for him and Kim. Kim, whose husband takes a dim view of even married sex, shares Kirk's dream. What's going to happen to their marriages, their

(*Continued on page 14*)



In a suburban, young-married type community, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas are caught up in an unexpected love affair.

JERRY LEWIS

at his hilarious best in a DAY and a NIGHT in the life of

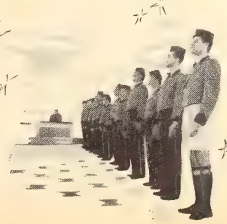
The Bellboy



A solid wave of laughter roars out of fabulous Miami—as Jerry's classic comedy performance launches the silliest series of sequences that ever hit the screen!







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JERRY LEWIS
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
ERNEST D. GLUCKSMAN
A JERRY LEWIS PRODUCTION
A
PARAMOUNT RELEASE

SUDDENLY THERE WAS NO TOMORROW



On a fog-shrouded night in London, with his bride-to-be beside him and an airplane ticket for home in his pocket, Eddie Cochran's car crashed, and the song on his lips was stilled forever. For the thousands who, like us, belonged to the growing army of Eddie's fans, Modern Screen presents a heart-rending account from the survivors of the crash, of his final moments...

■ The last song he sang was "California Here I Come," to a small, select audience—Gene Vincent, his roommate on their English tour; Patrick Thompkins, their road manager; and Sharon Sheeley, the girl he loved. He sang at the top of his lungs and from the bottom of his heart. As the rented sedan sped through the night, bound for London Airport, Eddie Cochran sang from sheer, almost overpowering happiness. After nearly five months of personal appearances in England, he was going home.

Patrick Thompkins had delivered the plane tickets to Eddie's and Gene's hotel room that morning. Sitting up in bed, they'd ripped open the envelope. "Take a look, boy," Eddie crowed. "Real genuine tickets to the USA!" (Continued on page 10)

Who put the egg in Peg's shampoo?

(and why?)



Helene Curtis that's who! Here's why-

Peg (and you) need the *Golden Plus* of egg, nature's own hair lusterizer. A sea of suds cleans and sheens every strand, then rinses out in nothing flat! The *Golden Plus* richness of egg helps give you right-after-shampoo manageability, too. What do you want? Cleanest, shining-est, behaving-est hair? Then you want egg in your shampoo. You want . . . you *need* Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg, the luxury shampoo that costs no more than ordinary watery shampoos.

New! Shampoofs! Shampoo Plus Egg in handy little plastic packets for girls on the go. 1 complete shampoo (2 lathers) per 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢.



Peggy's DISMAL



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Midol brings faster, and more complete relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Peggy now takes MIDOL at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. F-80, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Peggy's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



(*Continued from page 8*)

"Yeah!" Gene's grin stretched from ear to ear. Then, with a couple of whoops, they'd both tossed the tickets into the air. And Patrick remembers, "For the rest of the day, about all they did was sit and look at those tickets."

Originally, they'd planned to catch a train for London after the last performance at the Bristol Hippodrome. But the train was at three-forty. The show would finish around ten-thirty. So they talked it over and decided that a car was the answer. They hired a Ford Consul, one that came complete with a festive scattering of confetti, because it had been used for a wedding earlier in the day.

As Eddie sang, Sharon smiled up at him. *She's really nuts about the guy,* Patrick thought. It wasn't just the way she looked at him, the adoration in her eyes, that said, "I love him." There were other things, things that said how much. "Patrick, will you come shopping with me?" she'd asked one day. "It's my birthday and I want to get a little cake."

Before he'd met her in the lobby, he'd stopped by Eddie's room. "Patrick, will you do something for me?" He'd just been paid and handed over the whole wage packet. "Take this. Use whatever you need. Get the biggest cake in town and have *Happy Birthday Sharon* written on it."

Patrick moaned. "Get the biggest cake in town, he says . . . and in a couple of hours!"

"You can do it, boy," Eddie assured him. "Suuure you can!"

But the cake wasn't destined to be a surprise like Eddie's other gifts to his girl. Patrick had to confess, so they wouldn't wind up with a blooming bakery. "What we'll do is buy a small cake." Sharon's smile was radiant. "I don't need a big one. We'll get a present for Eddie instead."

They found a blue corduroy shirt. And when Patrick explained what had happened, Eddie blew his top—but in a pleased sort of way. Imagine a girl buying a guy a present on *her* birthday! Yes, she loved him all right.

Smash-up!

. . . *"California Here I Come. . . ."* The song was over. Sharon and Eddie were silent, thoughtful. This time tomorrow they'd be home. Gene settled down for a nap. It was almost midnight. Patrick leaned over to take a fresh package of cigarettes out of the small traveling bag at his feet.

Suddenly, with a shattering impact, the car hit a lamp standard. And now a broken guitar lay on the pavement. Bodies were flung onto the grass, strewn with confetti. . . .

The ambulance reached St. Martin's hospital around one-thirty. During the next few hours, nine doctors were called to Eddie Cochran's bedside. As one of them told MODERN SCREEN, "He was alive, but deeply unconscious. Our efforts kept him alive much longer than he might have lived otherwise. But there was simply nothing we could do to save him. He never regained consciousness." He died, of severe brain lacerations, at 4:00 a.m. on Easter Sunday. . . .

The girl in the cast lay in a pink-walled ward, with gaily-patterned pink curtains drawn around her bed. Her bruised face bore little resemblance to the Sharon Sheeley who had come to England a few weeks before. She looked a tragically battered child, not a famed, successful songwriter. When she'd arrived, the papers had said she'd flown in "on business." She'd come, too, to see the boy she loved, but she didn't talk about that. Back home, whenever anyone asked, she'd talk about her friendship with Ricky Nelson or Elvis Presley. Both boys were buddies. She'd written *Poor Little Fool* for Ricky. But Eddie . . . They'd posed for a picture layout together once, but that was all. "Our feelings about each other belong to us," he'd said. Children of retiring non-professionals, living their home lives away from the limelight, in a way they'd never gotten used to the glare. They'd stayed away from nightclubs, gone to drive-ins instead, or sat around in somebody's living room listening to music, talking music, with their kind of people.

"I know the man I'm going to marry," she once told a reporter. But she'd hastily added, "I mean the *type* I'm going to marry. I want to marry a dominating man. Someone who'll tell me where to go, what to do. I don't want to be the boss. . . ."

"Eddie," she'd begged in London, "Please, let's go to Buckingham Palace and see if we can see some royalty."

"What's the matter?" he'd tease. "Don't you think I'm royal enough for you?"

Eddie Cochran being mobbed at the Palace gates would be about all the harassed, red-coated guards would need! "Then get him up early in the morning, Gene, and we'll go to the zoo," Sharon suggested.

"Aw, why do you want to go to the zoo when you've got me to look at?" Eddie grinned. And he was boss.

She'd managed some shopping and sightseeing when Eddie and Gene had taken off on a series of one night stands in the provinces. She was going to meet them in London at the week end to fly home, then she decided to catch up with them on Thursday instead.

Now, four days later, she remembered being on the ground somewhere . . . an officer . . . somebody saying something about an accident. . . . Eddie unconscious, so very still. "Is he all right? Is he . . . ?" She was in a blurred world of sedation, but her voice cut through it like a knife. "Is Eddie dead? *Is Eddie dead?*"

They told her, several hours after his death. "We thought she was fit enough," says the doctor. "And it would have been almost impossible to keep it from her. There are radios and TV sets in the wards and she was bound to find it out one way or another. We thought it best that the news come from us."

After that, the pain in her body was nothing to the pain in her heart. She closed her eyes and wept, quiet, deep tears.

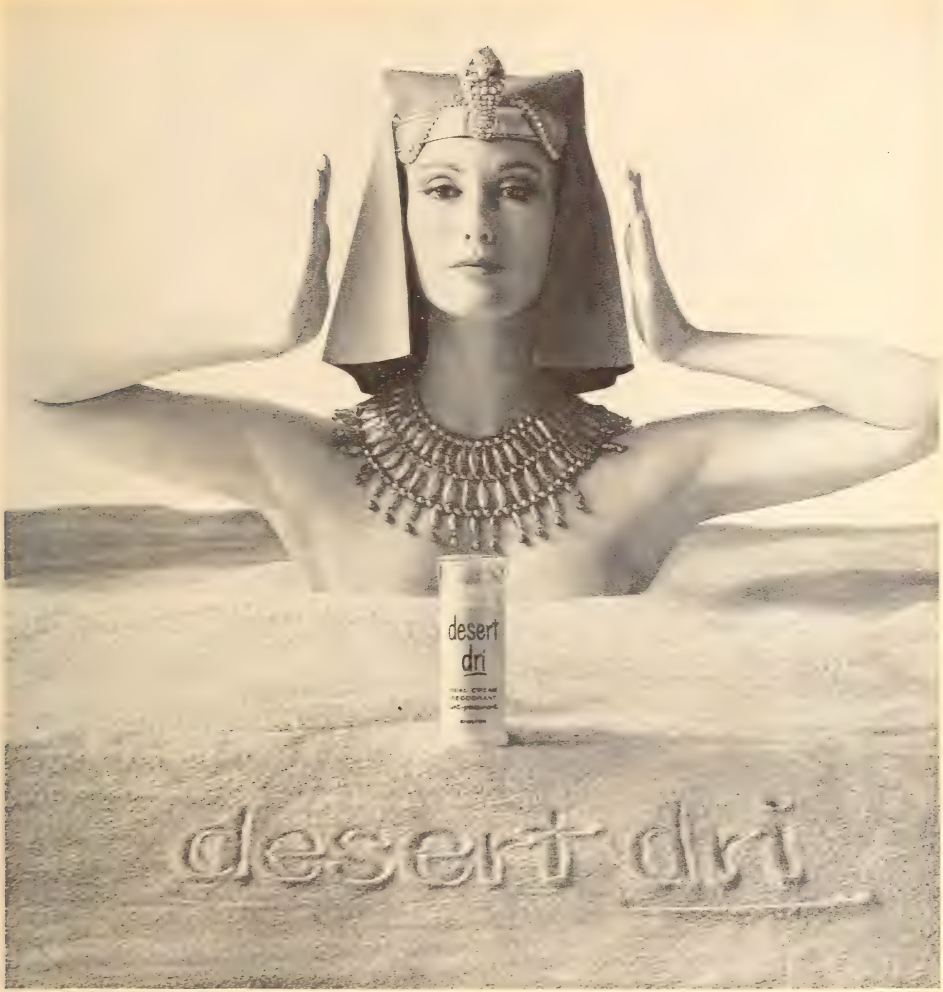
Eddie's roommate

Gene Vincent woke up in another ward He couldn't seem to talk. Maybe it was the shot they'd given him. Men in white came in, murmuring something about concussion, examining him again. Then the voices drifted away. When he came to later, he glanced at the fellow in the bed directly across from him. "Eddie. . . ." What a mess he was with the black eye. And his skin seemed so dark. Stage make-up was the devil to get off. "Eddie, you look awful. How do you feel?"

There was no answer. Poor Eddie and his black eye! "Hey, Eddie, that's quite a shiner you got!" Still no answer. Must be pretty miserable. *I'll keep talking to him anyway,* Gene thought. *Cheer him up.* Later, much later, one of the nurses stopped beside his bed. For some reason, as she was leaving, Gene called out, "Don't forget to say good-bye to Eddie. . . ."

She came back, a startled, disbelieving look on her face. Gene turned his head toward the next bed and stared at the occupant. Hard. "Aren't you . . . aren't you . . . Eddie?" he asked slowly.

He saw the boy, full face, for the first



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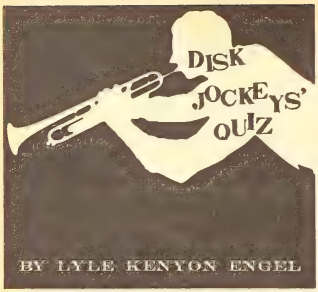


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The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Joe Niagara, Station KPOP, Los Angeles, Cal.

1. *These four singers are brothers. Their names are Gene, Vic, Joe and Ed. They hail from Malden, Mass. Some of their million-record sellers are:* "UNDECIDED; YOU, YOU, YOU, *and* RAG MOP.

2. *He has a strong, vibrant masculine voice. His first big chance was with Bob Hope's stage show in New York. Gave up commercial art for recording. His great, big record* BECAUSE OF YOU *made him a star.*



Stan Z. Burns, Station WINS, New York, N. Y.

3. *Their names are: Bob Glick, Mike Kirkland, John Paine, Richard Foley, but they go under a group name. Their new hit single is* GREENFIELDS. *Their album title is the group's name.*



Paul Bartell, Station WMIL, Milwaukee, Wis.

4. *He was born July 12th, 1934, in Kilgore, Texas. Graduated college. Read music and played piano before he was three years old. He won numerous awards including the Soviet Union International Tchaikovsky Piano competition in 1958. He records for RCA Victor.*

5. *She was born December 11th, 1944, and hails from Atlanta, Ga. She sang on "Ozark Jubilee" and guested on many television shows. Her latest single is* SWEET NOTHIN'S.

6. *When Dick Clark was an announcer on the Paul Whiteman show, Paul gave this vocalist his name. He plays the guitar, fender bass and drums. His latest single is* WILD ONE.



Tiny Markle, Station KFSD, San Diego, Calif.

7. *He was born April 30th, 1927. His hobby is fishing, his musical interests are songwriting, and singing. His latest single is* SINK THE BISMARCK.



Art Roberts, Station WGUE, Akron, Ohio

1. *The James Brothers*
2. *Tony Bennett*
3. *Brothers Four*
4. *Van Cliburn*
5. *Brenda Lee*
6. *Bobby Rydell*
7. *Johnny Horton*

on time. He saw two black eyes looking at him as if he were crazy. "Cor luv a duck," a high-pitched unfamiliar voice came from a mouth with missing front teeth. "I fell off me motorbike."

They'd told him earlier, they said. He mustn't have heard, understood. Eddie was dead. *Oh, God,* thought Gene. *Let me hurry and get out of here. From the side the stranger looked just like . . . Please, God, let me get out of here soon. It'll drive me batty. . . .*

His manager

. . . Patrick Thompkins opened his eyes to find himself in a corner bed in one of St. Martin's wards. All he could think of was Eddie.

Someday, Patrick had figured, the world would know how really great Eddie Cochran was. It was a hectic tour, a triumphant tour, and it was extended. They'd have ten days off the latter part of April and then they'd be on the go again. By the time it was over, Patrick figured, they'd have played nearly every town in England.

But how Eddie had looked forward to those ten days. "Home," he'd sighed. "I've got to get home." He was a home boy. Home came first. He called his mother constantly . . . spent hundreds of dollars on long distance . . . to talk about the family . . . his car . . . anything that had to do with home. And when he wasn't by the telephone, he was thinking of his family. "I mustn't do this . . . or that . . . because they worry when things get into the papers. They get so stretched by the time the papers get them . . ."

Patrick thought of the last five months; they'd worked together, eaten together, cut-up together, even worn each other's clothes. Eddie had given him the fur-lined black leather jacket from his own closet. And Eddie had been wearing Pat's new black-and-white leather shoes when—Patrick turned his face to the wall. . . .

Aftermath

Gene came back to London on Wednesday night. The doctors had said he'd be able to travel, go home to California for a few days before returning for the second inquest and the rest of the tour. Now, with the help of a man from the London agency, he was packing. Gene held up a medallion. "This was Eddie's. . . ." He found another. "And this. . . ." He dropped them into a suitcase.

Gene went into the bathroom. His collarbone was broken. He was in a kind of harness. "First time I ever tried to shave with my right hand," he called out.

"You're making it, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm making it."

Gene began to run the razor along his face. The shaving cream . . . everything reminded him. They used to have shaving cream fights, he and Eddie. Eddie always broke up the dreary traveling routine with mischief. They'd spray each other with cream, have pillow fights. Maybe most of all they'd taken to the British custom of the guests putting their shoes outside the door of their hotel rooms, to be polished by the porter during the night. He and Eddie would sneak down the hall, mixing up all the shoes. Then they'd slip back to their room and listen for the swearing that followed the discovery!

Gene went back into the bedroom. The man from the agency held a pair of trousers. "These yours?"

"Yes. Eddie gave them to me."

The aide picked up a package. "This?"

"Eddie got that for his mother just before he left. He was his mother's boy. He was a good boy. Still growing up. He still lived with his family. They'd just moved into the new house he'd helped them buy in Bueno Park. He—"

Gene left for America. Mrs. James Sheeley, Sharon's mother, arrived in Bath. She'd just gotten home from church when the telephone rang on that fatal Sunday. It was Richy Valens' mother, calling about the accident. *My baby,* Mrs. Sheeley thought. *My poor baby.* Sharon and Eddie had called from England only a few days before. They were so excited, so happy. "We've got a big surprise for you," they'd laughed. "We've something wonderful to tell you!"

They're married, was Sharon's mother's first thought. Then, "No . . . no, Sharon wouldn't do that to her mother. She'd wait until they got home."

Now Eddie was dead, her daughter seriously injured in a hospital thousands of miles away. She got her passport, had the necessary vaccinations, closed the house, all by Tuesday. And she flew to her daughter's bedside. . . .

Interview with Sharon

. . . "Come into the office for a moment," said the nurse to the MODERN SCREEN reporter. She disappeared briefly, then returned with another nurse. "Yes, Sharon and Mrs. Sheeley will see you. Sharon's such a fine girl. She's being so courageous." The nurse led the way into the ward and parted the pink curtains.

Sharon lay, so very still, on the hospital bed. She smiled a small smile. "Hello."

"I didn't know whether you'd be able to see the press," said the MODERN SCREEN reporter.

Sharon sighed, "I hope MODERN SCREEN and everyone will understand. I can't give a story, or any details about me and Eddie. There were some quotes in the paper . . . things they said I said . . . about how we were planning to be married right away. I never said these things.

"I can only say, that I'll never love anyone the way I loved Eddie. I loved him very, very much. But it's something I just want to keep in my heart . . . a very precious love.

"You see, he felt that way, too. So that's about all I can say. I guess I could sum up my feelings . . . You're gone away, away from me. . . . Your love is . . . a memory. . . ."

Her voice broke. "I'm sorry. . . . I . . ." The nurse leaned over Sharon's bed, gently drying her patient's tears with a handkerchief.

"I'm sorry, Sharon," said the reporter. "So very sorry."

There were tears in Mrs. Sheeley's eyes, too. "She's had such a great loss," she said. "But in time . . . in time, she'll rebuild her life. She'll be here for several months. Perhaps by the time we go back to California. . . ."

At the London Airport, Phil Everly said, "I guess their friends always figured they would marry. That's the way it was going. . . . Yes, I introduced them. Sharon's like a sister to me, and we were all close to Eddie. We'll all miss Eddie, just like we miss Buddy Holly. In this kind of business, your friends aren't always people you see every day. They're people you know and you've toured with. . . ."

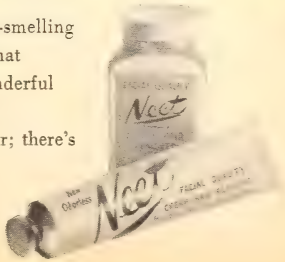
Phil looked out of the lounge window, toward the large jet that would soon be airborne . . the daily Pan Am Flight 101, to New York. Eddie's ticket, too, had read "Flight 101," the ticket he'd looked at a hundred times.

An airline representative appeared in the lounge doorway. "I guess it's time to go," said Phil. He and Don and the Crickets headed for the field—the field from which, only a few days before, another plane had taken off. The plane that had taxied down the runway, soared into the sky and headed out across the Atlantic, taking Eddie home. **END**



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Neet®

new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

children, the houses they already live in? That's the question that makes it all so poignant.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

THE SUBTERRANEANS

beatniks in Technicolor

George Peppard
Leslie Caron
Janice Rule
Roddy McDowall
Anne Seymour

■ These are the 'new Bohemians,' the 'beatniks' who live and suffer loudly in San Francisco and cuddle their pain like teddy bears. George Peppard, a slightly published writer whose mother can't understand him and has contempt for whatever he stands for, finally leaves home. What does he stand for? George Peppard doesn't know. Truth? Life? Freedom? Yes. He is against all middle-class hypocrisy and deadness; the trouble is, unless the world is perfect he doesn't know how to live in it, unless the world he hates approves of him he can't approve of himself. Well, in San Francisco's 'Greenwich Village' he discovers a whole bunch of charming, mixed-up kids—Leslie Caron, who seeks solace in love but is afraid to love; painter Janice Rule, who hides her face under a mask of make-up and, out of fear, hides her fear and her need for love; Roddy McDowell, a pixie who loves everyone but won't get involved with anyone—these and many more who pride themselves on always speaking the 'truth' but are left bewildered because their truths have never managed to set them free. Peppard and Caron fall in love, live together. He discovers he can't write when he's with her—and runs off to Janice Rule and booze. Leslie discovers she can't live with or without him—and runs off to her psychiatrist. They 'work out' their problems—but do they? Can life ever be beautiful for beatniks? Who knows? The picture is novel and interesting.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

FROM THE TERRACE

love among the upper classes

Paul Newman
Joanne Woodward
Ina Balin
Myrna Loy
Leon Ames

■ Home from the wars, Paul Newman finds life in Pennsylvania just the way it's always been. Mom (Myrna Loy) is an alcoholic; Dad (Leon Ames) still doesn't like him, but Dad's willing to take him into the family business. Paul has bigger and better ideas. He falls for society girl Joanne Woodward, steals her from her psychiatrist boyfriend and marries her (Joanne's family accept the marriage because Paul is such a determined go-getter). Ambition rules his life and succeeds in destroying his marriage. Joanne, you see, gets lonesome because Paul is forever making field trips and leaving her home for months at a time. When she finally takes up with her old boyfriend, Paul is a study in husbandly outrage. Well, Joanne gets slicker and harder and Paul keeps making field trips (it's the only way he can rise in his Wall Street firm). One day, on one of those field trips, he meets Ina Balin, daughter of a coal mine owner. As if struck by lightning he realizes the folly of his former ways. But in order to become a full partner on Wall Street he can't embarrass his superiors by getting a divorce. What will he choose—love or money?—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

CRACK IN THE MIRROR

crime movie with a twist

Orson Welles
Juliette Greco
Bradford Dillman

■ In this corner are construction workers Orson Welles, Bradford Dillman and the girl they love, Juliette Greco. Oh, it's a shabby world what with fat Orson sleeping in the kitchen and Juliette sneaking her new boyfriend (Bradford) into the bedroom where lie her two children. Only thing the young lovers can think of to do is murder Orson, divide his remains with a hacksaw and forget about him. Unfortunately, Bradford and Juliette are arrested for murder. In another corner of Paris are prominent lawyer Orson Welles, his assistant Bradford Dillman and the sophisticated girl they love, Juliette Greco. You follow? Bradford is asked to handle the first Juliette's case. It is hard to believe that he doesn't see the least resemblance between her and the Juliette he loves. Well, so it goes with undercurrents at work to make the second Orson suffer the very same fate (at least, psychologically) as the first Orson did. It's a very tricky idea—more trick than truth.—20TH-FOX.

WILD RIVER

. . . and rising passions

Montgomery Clift
Lee Remick
Jo Van Fleet
Albert Salmi
Frank Overton

■ This story is set in the 1930's when the federal government created the Tennessee Valley Authority. Yearly floods have been wreaking havoc on families, farms, towns in the Valley and now a series of dams are to be built. All up and down the Valley only one woman—Jo Van Fleet—refuses to sell her property to the government. Now eighty, she lives on an island; Negroes work her land almost as slaves had done a century before, and they're loyal to her. Enter Montgomery Clift, government man, who is to persuade Jo Van Fleet to sell. Happens she has a granddaughter (Lee Remick) who is a young widow with two children. Lee loves her grandmother, loves the land (but not passionately), loves Montgomery Clift (passionately). Clift discovers that persuading Grandma to sell is not easy, but getting involved with her granddaughter is so easy it scares him. Lee already has a fiance (Frank Overton) who is willing to fight for her in a gentlemanly way. But a few other southern gentlemen (particularly Albert Salmi) are always itching for violence and they take it upon themselves to rescue Lee from Clift. Well, the old order changeth (Grandma sells the land) and the new order comes as quite a surprise to Monty.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE CROWDED SKY

soap opera on the wing

Dana Andrews
Rhonda Fleming
John Kerr
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Anne Francis

■ Every day thousands of planes are in the sky trying to avoid each other. You think that's a problem? You ought to hear the problems of the people in those planes! Flying a Navy jet (he already cracked one up) is Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. Efrem's wife, Rhonda Fleming, tricked him into marriage and now she plays around with other men. Efrem's nervous passenger is Troy Donahue who is struggling against being tricked into marriage. On a big transport coming from the opposite direction are senior pilot Dana Andrews, a widower who can't get close to his son and who hates young John Kerr who happens to be his co-pilot. John hates Dana, loves his own father (a famous but insane artist) and is romantically involved with stewardess Anne Francis. Anne gaily describes herself as an "ex-tramp" and would like to marry John. Also on board—a doctor and his dying wife, a 'method' actor and his patient agent, a lonely bachelor and a girl (sitting next to him) he's dying to talk to, writer Keenan Wynn who is making passes at Jean Willes whom he doesn't recognize as an old flame he put out. These two planes go boom and not a minute too soon.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

PAY OR DIE

when the Mafia strikes

Ernest Borgnine
Zohra Lampert
Al Austin
John Duke
Robert Ellenstein

■ If you were around New York at the turn of the century you would have heard about police lieutenant Joseph Petrosino. His beat was Little Italy; his meat was the Mafia, a criminal organization which—he learned through hard experience—really existed and had its roots in the old country. When he went back to Italy for important evidence he was assassinated in the streets of Palermo; thus ended a truly heroic career. Ernest Borgnine, as Petrosino, gives another of his warmly human performances. The immigrant Italians he knew distrusted police and would rather 'pay' than 'die' (although they often did both) when they received threatening notes signed *The Black Hand*. But when a neighborhood baker, father of Zohra Lampert, is threatened, Zohra (American born and studying to be a teacher) persuades him to notify the police. Borgnine comes into her life and a touching love story unfolds. But The Black Hand doesn't go away. Borgnine organizes a special Italian Squad of policemen who mix among the people of Little Italy, get jobs in their shops hoping to be approached by members of the mob. Approached they are; many arrests result, but Borgnine realizes that the mob is more powerful and clever than any local organization could possibly be. That knowledge takes him to Italy. This is the story of a man who, with death always breathing down his back, went on loving, dreaming and enforcing the law—an inspiring message for a plain black and white film.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

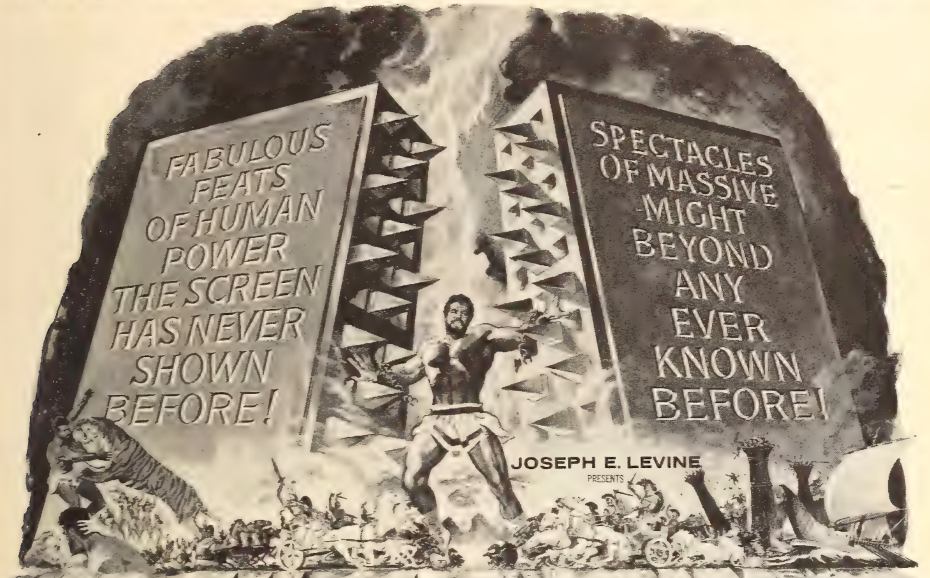
RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE FUGITIVE KIND (United Artists): For Tennessee Williams, the 'fugitive kind' (like Marlon Brando) are those few rare people with courage who find they are trapped by the evil in the world. Anna Magnani, bitter and love-starved, is married to sadistic Victor Jory; Joanne Woodward is defiantly a tramp; and they, with the others in this southern town, manage to destroy Brando, the once-free soul, the 'fugitive kind.'

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN (Paramount): In occupied Yugoslavia, five girls have their heads shaved as punishment for making love to a Nazi officer. Barbara Bel Geddes just wants to have a baby, Sylvana Mangano hates war, wants love—all five had their reasons. But Van Heflin, the guerrilla leader, has no mercy and exiles them. Harry Guardino, Richard Basehart, and Vera Miles are also caught up in this tale of the unhappy fortunes of war.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (MGM): The adventures of Huck (Eddie Hodges) are many and wondrous. They begin when his mean, alcoholic father (Neville Brand) orders the two gentle women with whom Huck is living to sell their slave Jim (Archie Moore). Huck and Jim escape on a raft, but before their journey is over, run into 'slickers' Tony Randall and Mickey O'Shaughnessy, and circus owner Andy Devine. It's all good fun!

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SEE! THE WAR OF THE CHARIOTS!



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MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Bobby Darin's Big Night

The $125,000 SHARE Party

"Surprise" Wedding, "Surprise" Divorces



There are no people like show people (left to right: Frank Sinatra, George Burns, Milton Berle, Dean Martin, Jack Benny, at the SHARE party) when it comes to entertaining to raise money for worthy causes.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Kim was in the hospital when she got the news about Aly Khan.

Too much trouble for Kim

Kim Novak has been much *too* sick. In New York to plug her *Strangers When We Meet*, Kim fell ill and was taken to Doctors Hospital suffering from hepatitis and its companion ailment, yellow jaundice—plus being very anemic and fatigued.

If this weren't enough, Kim was deeply distressed over the shockingly sudden death of her good friend Aly Khan in a car crash in France. Just the day previous to this tragedy, Kim had received a bowl of lilies of the valley from Aly and a get-well-soon card.

Despite gossip you may have heard—Kim and Aly's 'romance' was much exaggerated. Or if there had been a flicker at one time it had settled into a genuine friendship on both sides. Kim had been renting Aly's New York apartment during her stay in New York before she was taken to the hospital.



Barbara Rush and Dean Mart were having a wonderful tim

PARTY *of the month*

"Fit for a King—and a Queen" is indeed the perfect description of the beautiful party given by Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart**, at their home, honoring the King and Queen of Nepal.

The thing that made this party so outstanding is that everyone present had a ball—including Their Majesties. Sometimes in the past when Hollywood has entertained Royalty, everyone is so stiff and formal, the visitors don't really see Hollywood as it really is—gay, colorful and exciting.

Give Jimmy and Gloria a lot of credit for keeping their charming affair on such a relaxed and happy plane.

The decorations were an eyeful. The tent where dinner was served was festooned in silk streamers ranging in color from the palest pink to the most vivid red and everywhere there were huge bowls of peonies in the same shades.

Before the evening was half over, the King endeared himself to all the guests by saying, "This is the best time we have had during our visit to your country." And, he added, he wanted everyone he had met to look on him as a friend.

The toasts were both formal and funny—Jimmy, of course, leading off formally by toasting the King and Queen, and the King replying by toasting President Eisenhower.



Nepal's King and Queen were feted.

Then the fun started—**Jack Benny** and **Bob Hope** out-doing themselves—and when these two go to town, it's the living end. Even so, Bob was as modest and surprised as a novice when the King asked him for an autograph for his children!

When the music started, everyone seemed to dance every dance—except poor **Gina Lollobrigida** who was at our table. She had hurt her leg on the set of *Go Naked in the World* and had to quietly slip off her shoes her foot was in such pain.

Surprisingly present was **Rex Harrison** who makes so few social appearances, especially in Hollywood, that he is always no worthy. I must say the British Mr. Harris put himself out to be charming and when tries, he's an expert.

Dolores Hart arrived with the **Ga Coopers** and their daughter Maria, b girls looking like covers on the youth ma zines. As for Gary, who had undergone s ous surgery so recently, he looked great c was very animated.

Of course, the dancing stopped wh **Dinah Shore** got up to sing—Dinah's gre est admirers are the people of her own wo show business. I heard that the Stewarts, hosts, had hesitated to ask Dinah to sing—l when the invitation came from the King—s was delighted to oblige. **George Mon gomery**, always beaming when 'his g is singing, also whispered to me that h busy cutting his newest picture, *The St Hoop*.

Two ladies in very bright and beauti gowns were **Rosalind Russell** and **A Sothern**—Roz telling me she was off Europe soon after investigating some East schools for her son, Lance. Hard to belie he's prep-school age.

John Wayne was the center of a st group telling one story after another wh his pretty wife, Pilar, danced. One of the m admired beauties was **Capucine**, the F ropean model turned actress, who makes screen debut in *Song Without End*, the Li story. Others I saw enjoying a wonder time were the **Ray Millands**, Jerry Wal Mervyn LeRoys, Henry Hathaways, Billy Wi ers—truly a night to remember.

Big Night for Bobby Darin:

If **Bobby Darin** ever wondered how he stands with the Hollywood people—he knows now! His opening at the Cloister has seldom been equaled by a long established star—and never by a newcomer.

The people were jammed wall to wall and the tables were bumper to bumper. Just *everybody* was there and what a hand they gave Bobby who, in addition to his fine singing, has added a vibraphone to his act, and also a few intricate dance steps.

At our table were **Shirley MacLaine**, **Debbie Reynolds** with Harry Karl (these two had dined duo at La Rue, as we had, before coming to the Cloister), Jimmy McHugh, and **Barbara Rush** and Warren Cowan, our hosts. Shirley kept us all laughing with stories about her little daughter Sachie, who at that time was still in Japan with her father Steve Parker, who had been so ill wih hepatitis.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes dropped by to tell us how happy he was to be back in the good graces of Warners again, even if the continued writers' strike was holding up production of *77 Sunset Strip*. But "Kookie" had been granted permission to appear on one of **Pat Boone**'s TV spectaculars which would help out greatly in the moola department. This boy had suffered rough going financially for months while he was on suspension.

My boyfriend **Fabian** told me he had lost five pounds pushing his way through to the table to say hello—he's always so sweet and thoughtful and is one of my particular favorites. Fabian was with **June Blair**. Also got in a word or two with **Frankie Avalon** and **Connie Stevens** (what a pretty girl she is!)

I was surprised to see **Keely Smith**. I had thought she was on her way to Europe, but she said she got as far as New York and was so homesick for her children, she came home. Keely was with **Louis Prima**—and these two continue to deny there's any problem in their marriage. They left by boat for Honolulu two days later.

Tuesday Weld was a model of deportment, and quite conservatively dressed, escorted by her agent, Dick Clayton. Ever since Tuesday has been working with **Bing Crosby** in *High Time* she's been as modest as a sunflower. I heard she has a big crush on **Richard Beymer**, who is in the same movie, and that he likes his girls ladylike.

Vic Damone, who was with Pat Newcomb, sat close enough to lean over and say he was very pleased with *From Hell to Eternity* (with **David Janssen**), his first movie in a long time. He's also becoming quite the rancher—said he has 700 head of cattle on his ranch. "I've found out that ranching is as profitable as singing," laughed Vic.

I told him, "But don't forget it's those songs and records and nightclub dates that keep those cows in fodder!"

Of course, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** were present, George glowing with pride over the success of his protege, Bobby. With the Burnses were their daughter Sandra and her bridegroom Rod Amateau—and loud was the applause from this table all evening.

Jackie Cooper, who had also been at the cocktail party given by the Cowans, told me that he had bought an old scrapbook in a second-hand store, and in it were many articles written by me on his days as a child star. Golly, how these youngsters mature—Jackie is quite the man of the world these days—and nights.

Nancy Sinatra, Jr. and her favorite singer **Tommy Sands**, as much in love as ever if not more so, managed to tell me that Tommy's mother, Grace, was chaperoning them to Vancouver for Tommy's nightclub date there, just as Nancy's mother, Nancy, Sr., had done the duenna bit while they were in Florida.

And, last but not least, when Bobby came on for his show and the room lights were dimmed, he gave me a pleasant surprise by leaning over and giving me a hello kiss on the cheek! And then he sang *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me*, written by my escort—composer Jimmy McHugh. Now there's a tactful young man—as tactful as he's talented.



Tuesday, with agent Dick Clayton.



Louella and Shirley MacLaine enthused over Bobby's act.



The highlight of the gala evening at the Cloister for Debbie Reynolds was meeting Harry Karl's daughter.



Keely Smith and Fabian "adored" each other.



Asa Maynor was so happy to see "Kookie" so happy again.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Sheila MacRae was overwhelmed when $1,000 was paid for a song from Gordon. Gordon was pretty pleased, too.



Dean Martin and Jeanne worked hard on this show. He was emcee for fifth year, she serves on the committee.

Charity Party in Orbit:

$125,000 was the fantastic amount raised by the hard-working girls who each year stage the famed SHARE costume parties—every cent of it going to the care of mentally retarded children. And this proves that when it comes to pouring their hearts and cash into a worthy cause—there are no people like show people!

Yes, there was an unfortunate incident between **John Wayne** and **Frank Sinatra**, followed by a fight in the parking lot outside the Moulin Rouge, which grabbed all the headlines.

To me, this is a shame compared to the fine accomplishment of all the people who worked so hard—including the tempestuous Mr. Sinatra—to make a success of this worthwhile evening.

For the fifth year the great show was emceed by **Dean Martin** whose pretty Jeanne serves on the committee of SHARE under president Gloria Cahn (Mrs. Sammy).

The entire Moulin Rouge was jammed with colorful Western characters who paid $100 to sit down and eat and watch the entertainment and auction of furs and jewels put on by **Sinatra**, **Milton Berle** and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** With tongue in cheek I report that Frankie was done up as an 'Indian.' As for the show—in addition to those I've mentioned, **Jack Benny**, **George Burns** and that talented Frenchman, **Yves Montand**, kept the place jumping.

I'd never call John Wayne a rival for **Bobby Darin** or even **Perry Como**—but good sport that he is, the Duke warbled a duet with **Guy Madison** that had us in stitches.

Jack Warner paid $1,000 to hear **Gordon MacRae** sing—and, of course, **Dinah Shore** obliged as always.

Who was there? Just everybody. Rocky and **Gary Cooper** with their lovely Maria; the **David Janssens**; **Lucille Ball**, looking happy for the first time since her divorce; and all the top producers and directors.



Dancer Juliette Prowse and her 'Indian,' Frank Sinatra, found the antics of the other characters hilarious.



The Gary Coopers took the news quite gravely when John Wayne explained about the incident with Frank Sinatra.



George Montgomery was so proud of his lovely songstress Dinah Shore.



Swedish actress May Britt couldn't wait to tell Sammy Davis, Jr. how much she enjoyed his act.



Lucille Ball looked so happy—for the first time since her divorce—Milton Berle had to kiss her.

I nominate for **STARDOM**

Connie Stevens

At twenty-one, she's conquered two fields—records and TV, and she's on her way to a big movie career at Warner Bros. with a contract, and her first starring role opposite **Troy Donahue** in *Parrish*.

Like the words of the song, she's *five-feet-two with eyes of blue* and packs more talent than is fair for one girl. Connie's pop-single record *Sixteen Reasons* has moved up to No. 3 spot on *Billboard's* best-selling platters and is No. 1 best seller in Honolulu where she's the rage as Cricket in *TV's Hawaiian Eye*.

She was born on the 8th day of the 8th month (August 8th) 1938, and her real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia (a blending of Italian, Irish and Mohican Indian ancestry). But she's never been known as anything but Connie Stevens because her musician father changed his name to Teddy Stevens before she was born. Her parents are divorced and her mother is re-married, living in Brooklyn.

Connie, who was always musical, attended public schools in Brooklyn and New Jersey. As president of her freshman class in high school, she holds the distinction of being the first girl ever to be impeached from a student body office in the school! She prevailed on the radio appreciation class to tune in the final game of the World Series (1955—the year Brooklyn won!) and the ensuing bedlam and breakage was so bad Connie was removed as the freshmen's guiding light.

At fifteen, she came to Los Angeles with her father, entering Sacred Heart Academy. After winning several school contests, she transferred to Hollywood Professional school, which led to jobs with singing groups, little theater appearances, TV and then big, big, *big* in records.

Like **Kim Novak**, her favorite color is lavender. She dances, ice skates and rides. Her favorite foods are peanut butter, bananas, lasagna, and Chop Suey—and if this doesn't prove how young she is, nothing will.



"Surprise" Wedding:

Marriage, if you please, struck like lightning when **Russ Tamblyn**, twenty-five, just out of the Army, flew up to Las Vegas and within twenty-four hours, married English show-girl Elizabeth Kempton, whom he hasn't seen in two years!

Now I call that fast work, even for Hollywood.

The only people who didn't seem to think there was anything unusual in this were the bride and groom. When queried at the Dunes Hotel where the brand new Mrs. Tamblyn has been appearing in *La Parisienne*, one of the girly-girly revues, both seemed surprised over the 'fuss.'

Said Russ, "Elizabeth and I met and worked together two years ago in London while making *Tom Thumb*. We fell in love. But as you know I had to come back to the USA and go into the service—and it didn't seem right then to ask Elizabeth to marry me. But the minute I saw her again—I knew she was the only girl—so we were married."

Puzzlingly, the bride tells a slightly varied story. "I came over here to work in the revue although I am really a legitimate stage actress. I was very lonely, knowing so few people. Then, I read in the papers where Russ was back in Hollywood and I called him long distance to say 'hello' and tell him I was working in Vegas. He seemed glad and flew up to see me and well I guess we both realized it had been love all along and got married. No, I won't work now I'm Russ's wife. I want to make him happy—he's had divorce in his life and it will be a full time job making him happy this time."

Russ's former wife, **Venetia Stevenson**, who kept on with her career after their marriage, had no comment. But during their married life she was quoted as saying, "Russ is so proud of my career—he says he wouldn't be interested in a girl who didn't have a life of her own."

All very confusing.



Newlyweds Liz and Russ Tamblyn.



Bette Davis' filing from Gary Merrill was so out of the blue.



Joan Fontaine and Collier Young are sorry their marriage is at an end.



Suzy Parker and French writer Pierre de la Salle simply denied it at first.

"Surprise" Divorces:

Bette Davis' filing from **Gary Merrill** was so out of the blue, she was surprised *herself*! Although rifting for sometime, Bette had just *written* to her lawyer in Maine about signing a divorce petition. Then, after the story broke that she and Gary had staged a big tiff and were separated in California, Bette found out that her divorce action had been filed two days *previous* in Maine! Many divorcing couples surprise Hollywood—but this is the first case on record when the divorcee herself had been surprised!

Almost as much of a gasp was the suddenness of the ending of the long-time marriage of **Joan Fontaine** and Collier Young. Collier told me, "Joan and I knew six months ago when we were in Florida that our marriage was at an end. But we hadn't planned to admit it until after our little daughter Martita had appeared in her school play.

"But our plans went for nothing when an agent in Paris told the press that Joan would be unable to accept a certain screen role because of 'marital troubles—and an upcoming divorce.' I'm sorry our marriage had to end this way." Collier said sincerely, "Joan is a fine woman."

When redheaded model **Suzy Parker** arrived in New York from Paris, with her chubby six-months-old baby in her arms, she actually snapped at reporters who asked if her marriage to French journalist and photographer, Pierre de la Salle, was shaky. "Of course *not*," said Suzy icily.

Then what does the gal do but appear on **Jack Paar**'s TV show and pan the stuffings out of France and Frenchmen! Even then, she admitted no trouble in her marriage until, on the eve of departing for the West Coast and a huddle with Jerry Wald about *Return to Peyton Place*, Suzy was again queried by reporters. *"Of course, I'm getting a divorce,"* she replied, as if it should be obvious!

Tribute to Aly Khan

Rita Hayworth was on the golf links with Jim Hill when the word of the death of Aly Khan flashed into the teletypes of the world. The whole world knew about the passing of the fascinating former playboy Prince, turned statesman in later years, before the girl whose glamorous marriage to him in 1948 was one of the 'big stories' romantically of the decade.

As Rita's good friend, I covered it—the only reporter invited to the international marriage of a movie queen and a real-life prince.

To know Aly was to be completely charmed by him. It was easy to understand why they said that the many women who loved him during his short life (forty-nine) never really fell out of love with him.

His and Rita's troubles stemmed from the fact that she, an American woman, could not understand Aly's completely continental way of complete freedom following marriage.

Rita's director husband, Jim Hill, was the first to learn of Aly's passing and he was consideration itself in breaking the news to her and to little Princess Yasmin, daughter of Rita and Aly.

Jim called the little girl at home and told her not to turn on the radio—that it might explode as it was out of order. In this way he hoped to stop the shock to the child of learning of the death in such a disastrous manner, of the father she adored, and who adored his only daughter.

He and Rita rushed home as fast as they could to tell little Yasmin and to give her all the comfort they could. I would like to add my own tribute to Aly—the world is a less bright and happy place because of the loss of the charming Prince.



This was 1949, when Rita Hayworth and Aly awaited the birth of Yasmin.



Who keeps younger than Ginger Rogers (here with Robert Eaton)?



It's a big gamble as to whether Hope Lange will see Stephen Boyd abroad.



Jim "Maverick" Garner is at peace again.



Little Nancy Sinatra almost stole the show from oldtimers like Joey Bishop, her dad, Sammy Davis, Jr., when on TV.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

How do you like the way that little **Nancy Sinatra**, Jr. almost stole her old man's TV show? Both **Frank** and one **Tommy Sands** better watch this singing-dancing 'competition.' . . .

With **Hope Lange** heading for Europe—it raises the bright question as to whether she will—or won't—see **Stephen Boyd** who just happens to be in Ireland and England making *The Big Gamble*. . . .

You can kid about 'the good, clean life'—but who keeps younger looking than **Ginger Rogers** who does not smoke, drink, nor stay up late, and who is still a whiz on the tennis courts and golf links. . . .

Thank heavens most of the 'rebel cowboys' are happily back in the saddle—or at least have smoked the pipe of peace with their studios—including **Jim "Maverick" Garner** whose walkout threatened serious legal battles until peace was declared—also **Jack Kelly**. And, of course, **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** is back in the parking lot of *77 Sunset Strip*.

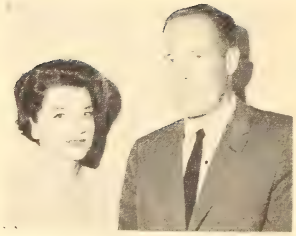
Maybe I'm wrong—but with **Debbie Reynolds** completely inexperienced in the field of Television into which she's jumping this fall with her first Spectacular—I think she's making a mistake with all this rowing with ABC. When there was an argument over whether she should have top stars or newcomers on her first show, she said, "Is this my show, or someone else's?". . . .

Along with *Lolita*, another book that should never reach the screen, is the slimy *Chapman Report*, as much as I hate to say this about the producing team of my good friends Darryl Zanuck and his son, Richard. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Susan Kohner's got everything—and that even includes George Hamilton!



Anne Baxter and new husband Randolph Galt are living in Australia.



There's a new Tuesday on view pretty and very well-groomed



A reader suggests that Lana Turner make her daughter Cheryl feel that she is needed.



Louella doesn't really neg lect Bradford Dillman.

LETTER BOX

I too was in a corrective home for girls when I was seventeen, writes ROSA, DETROIT, who asks her last name not be used. *I feel deeply sorry for Cheryl Crane and also for* ***Lana Turner****. Through your column in* MODERN SCREEN *may I offer one word of advice: Let Cheryl's mother and father make her feel that she is needed in their busy lives. Today, I am a happy wife and mother of two teen-age girls and, remembering my own troubled time in my youth, I try to give them responsibilities. Young people want so much to serve and help those they love.* Thank you, Rosa, for a letter that has both heart and common sense. . . .

FROM SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, MRS. LEONA COOPERMAN airmails: *It's a kick having a real movie star,* ***Anne Baxter****, living in our midst—if you can call 180 miles out of town 'in our midst.' As Mrs. Randolph Galt, Anne and her husband frequently drive to town and she is so gracious to everyone. This is a real love story, believe me. . . .*

Haven't you ever heard of ***Brad Dillman****?* snaps THEODORA TIBBS, VANCOUVER. *The way you ignore him and never mention him, I'd just like to enlighten you that he is the finest young actor on the screen.* Aren't you a little sarcastic, Teddy? I think your favorite is good, too, and I always print news about him when I get it. . . .

MORTON WEISSMAN, CHICAGO, writes: *I was shocked beyond belief to hear William Wyler say that "Ben-Hur" will not be permitted to be shown in Egypt because the heroine,* ***Haya Harareet****, is Jewish. And that the Egyptians would slash the screen before looking at a Jewish performer. Is it possible that this world we live in is this dark?* Unfortunately, what Wyler said about *Ben-Hur* is true. Shocking, isn't it. . . ?

Of all the girls on the screen I most envy ***Susan Kohner****,* says PEGGY PEPPERS (cute name), ATLANTA. *She has beauty, talent—and* ***George Hamilton****!*

CONNIE VAN DOITT, MILWAUKEE, has heard disturbing rumors about her particular favorite male star: *I heard he is drinking so much that cameramen have a hard time disguising his bloated face and almost-shut eyes,* she writes. *Please say this isn't true.* The star you are so worried about, Connie, does do a bit of nipping. But seldom when he is working on a picture—so I doubt the cameraman trouble. Not true that your pet is in AA. . . .

It may surprise you to learn that one of the most intelligent letters I ever received from a movie star came from ***Tuesday Weld****,* says JOHANNA JONES, SEATTLE. *I wrote Tuesday that I was about her age and had some problems and she wrote me in her own handwriting the nicest letter. Why don't you stop taking pot shots at Tuesday?* Haven't been doing any sniping at Tuesday lately, my little friend. She's being a model of deportment! . . .

ANGELA DIXON, DALLAS, asks: *How many of the glamour girls wear wigs in their movies? How much do these wigs cost? Do they ever give old ones to fans?* Motion picture lights are hard on hair—but not nearly as many actresses wear wigs as you may think. A good wig, of real hair, sells for about $200. No, they aren't passed on to fans because of sanitary laws. . . .

It would not be fair to end this department without mentioning the big amount of fan letters welcoming **Elvis Presley** back to movies. But since most of you said the same thing—"The King is home"—I haven't printed your accolades individually. But I get the point—you are delighted the one and only Elvis is back.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

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"There's nothing like a Coppertone tan"

says *Jo Morrow*

Co-Starring in William Castle's
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A Columbia Pictures Release

"I LOVE the rich, deep tan that I get with Coppertone", says Jo Morrow. "And it keeps my skin soft and smooth."

Like other Hollywood stars, this ravishing red head won't go out in the sun without Coppertone. For Coppertone gives the *fastest* tan possible . . . with *maximum* sunburn protection!

Florida sun tests *prove* it! Coppertone's special sunscreen *guarantees* it! *Shuts out* rays that burn and coarsen skin; *lets in* ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep within your skin . . . so it tans naturally from the inside out!

Coppertone contains no artificial tanning agent to stain your skin or clothes. No alcohol. It's lanolized and moisturized to prevent drying and peeling. Stays on your skin longer, so protects even after swimming!







Another quality product of Plough, Inc. Also available in Canada.

America's No. 1 Suntan

Only suntan product available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, Shade (for children and supersensitive skin). Also Noskote. Save–buy large sizes.

See DICK CLARK on "American Bandstand" ABC Television Network


THEY CALLED IT THE MARRIAGE OF THE
DECADE, BUT FOR A LITTLE
CHINESE ACTRESS QUIETLY WATCHING
THE CEREMONY,
IT WAS HEARTBREAK.
HERE IS THE POIGNANT UNTOLD STORY
OF THE GIRL TONY WALKED
OUT ON FOR THE PRINCESS...

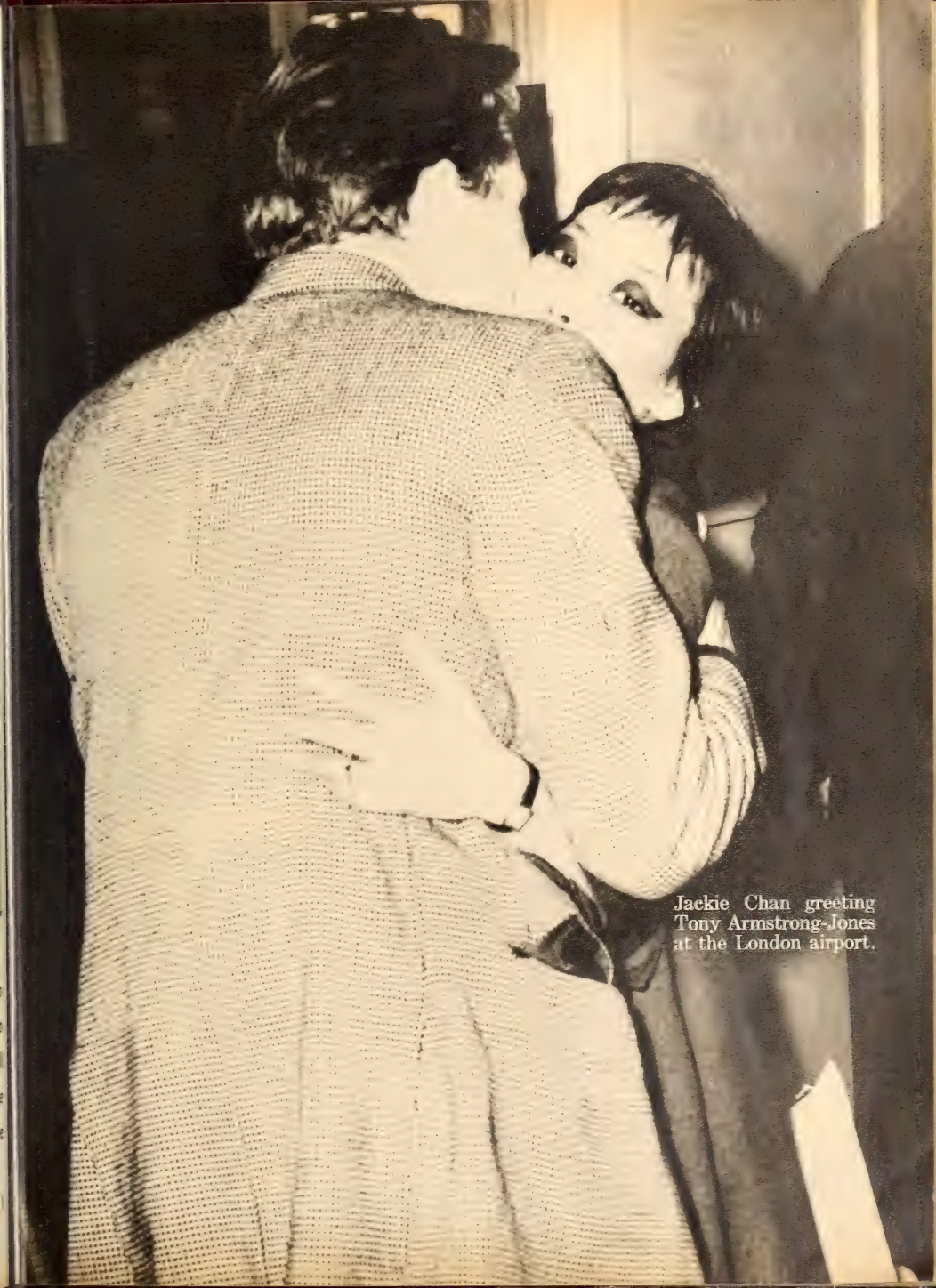


Chinese actress ("The World of Suzie Wong") Jackie Chan never made a secret out of her dearest wish that one day she would be Mrs. Armstrong-Jones. Night after night in her tight-fitting dress or slit-skirts revealing her well-shaped legs, she waited patiently in his studio while he worked in his darkroom until the early hours of the morning. He took many startling pictures of her which attracted big people in show business. Thus he helped her career, but for Jackie her love for Tony was always the biggest thing in her life. During the last years, Tony and Jackie were constantly together. Rarely talking, they would sit for hours over candle-lit meals in his studio. In January last year, when Jackie returned from a trip to New York, he was at the airport to greet her with a long kiss. Two months later, 24-year-old Jackie and Tony went winter-sporting together in Switzerland. Later they spent some happy days at Venice, favorite haunt of lovers. But within weeks of their return, Tony was seen less and less with Jackie, and more and more in the Princess Margaret set. But when Margaret invited Tony to see "West Side Story" for the first time (she'd seen it four times before), when they met at exclusive house parties at Lady Devonshire's London Home, when they had their first week end together at the home of Tony's closest friend, Jeremy Fry, at Bath, when he took the official photos of Margaret at Windsor last August, and when their love ripened during his stay with the Royal Family at Balmoral in October last year, and in Sandringham after Christmas—Tony kept it a secret from Jackie. Once the secret of his engagement to the Princess was out, reporters tried in vain to get Jackie's story. She loved him too much to spill the beans. Now, however, in an exclusive private talk with us in London, Jackie has agreed, for the first time, to tell her own story....





(Continued on page 59)



Jackie Chan greeting Tony Armstrong-Jones at the London airport.

SCOOP OF



Liz makes Eddie to return to his own children

■ Elizabeth and Eddie bustled about their swank seven-room Hotel Park Lane apartment, in New York City.

Liz' sons, Mike and Chris, were in school. Liza was having her afternoon nap, and the Fishers were sorting their things for a trip out to the West Coast.

Liz held up a divine white chiffon dress, cut in her favorite V-neckline, tiny at the waist, bouffant in the skirt and just knee length. Eddie provided vocal accompaniment . . . "I married (Continued on page 33)

THE YEAR!

sacrifice–





“Suddenly I knew how much I missed little Todd and Carrie, and I knew, despite all the fun and frolic of their lives, that somewhere, way down deep, they were missing me too...”



an angel."

"Oh, for heaven's sake—Eddie, I'm not an angel—don't you read the magazines? I'm a wicked woman. Why don't they ever write ballads like *I Married a Wicked Woman*! It would outsell everything on the market."

"Say, that's an idea, nubble-nose," Eddie kidded her, "let's do it ourselves, publish it, and record it with one of our new singers on the Ramrod label! We could do a sequel and have a girl singer do something like: *The Monster I Married*!"

Liz dropped the dress on the king-size lilac-velvet bed, tiptoed up behind her favorite (*Continued on page 62*)



■ Not long ago we received a letter from a reader about Elvis Presley. The letter worried us, and continues to worry us.

We get thousands of letters about Elvis, many of them from people who have been helped by him and who want to share their experience with us, many from people who praise Elvis as a Christian who has never for a moment lost sight of his religion, or lost touch with his God. And that is the Elvis we've known, and believed in and still believe in.

But this (*Continued on page 80*)

HAVE I FAILED AS A TRUE CHRISTIAN?



Elvis gave his guitar to crippled Lynda Padrick, one of the many people who have come to know personally Elvis' goodness



From bathtubs to double beds, from homosexuality to incest, here is a shocking report on the sordid new movies being shown to unsuspecting adults & innocent little children...

■ It's Saturday afternoon at the movies and the theater is packed with teen-agers. Some of them are necking in the balcony; some of them have already eaten enough popcorn to ruin their appetite for anything else, but all of them have at least one eye on the giant screen. . . .

The movie has a harmless title (it sounds like a musical); the movie stars three of the most respected youngsters in Hollywood (for parents who care, but don't read movie ads, their names are a guarantee of wholesomeness). The movie unfolds. What's it about? It's about a nice girl of sixteen who

(Continued on page 73)





scene from "who was that lady"



MARGO

who is the most beautiful blonde mystery in the world

.....MARGO!!!

■ In the fanciest restaurants and nightclubs, at the most glamorous Hollywood and New York parties, in rooms filled with gorgeous women, one young woman today stands out from all the others—the brightest diamond in a glittering tiara. When she enters a room, even the most jaded eyes turn and blink twice at this flawless face and figure, perfectly (*Continued on page 76*)

he just didn't wan



...the heartbreaking story of Efrem Zimbalist's rejected wife

"But I don't want a divorce!"

There was a touch of hysteria in Steffi Zimbalist's voice. She had tried to control herself through most of the conversation, but when Efrem finally brought it into the open, when he finally said those awful words, "I think it would be better if we get a divorce this time," she could no longer hold in her emotions.

Efrem just sat there in the huge wing chair, toying absently with his pipe.

ne any more...



There was a pained expres-
on in his eyes.
"Please, Steffi."
She met his gaze. She forced
rself to become calm. She repeated her words, "But I don't want a divorce. I still love you. I love you very much."

"I know, Steffi, I know," he murmured gently. "But I know, and you know too, if you'll be honest enough to admit it, that the love we had had for each (*Continued on page 58*)



Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands:
Two kids from broken homes,
Two lovers in the warm California night.
Two human beings longing for each other's arms
but caught in

The tender tension of a long, long engagement

He was afraid to say what was on his mind, embarrassed and ashamed. Maybe he would—later. He bit into the last of the tart green rind of his watermelon, and he looked up at her, sitting by the small campfire in the moonlight, and a shiver went through him. It *was* hard, being in love and waiting . . . holding back his love. He loved looking at her and, silently, his emotion visible in his eyes, he stared. For she *was* beautiful, no matter what others said. Some people called Nancy plain; others said she was ordinary-looking. They were all crazy. She was lovely, with a madonna look, soft dark hair, beautiful brown eyes. And now the firelight dimpled her cheeks and she smiled that slow smile that shattered his heart. He tossed the hard watermelon rind on the dying campfire, and it sizzled and sputtered. "Tommy," Nancy said, "you (*Continued on next page*)





We work, we play, we dream... but nothing helps. These are the longest six months of our lives!







shouldn't do that. The fire's so pretty. You'll make it go out."

"The fire isn't nearly so pretty as you, baby," Tommy said.

She smiled. She sat on her knees, roasting a frankfurter stuck on a long black twig. "Let me roast you a marshmallow," she offered.

Tommy nodded his head. "Nope. I'm full."

"You eat so fast, Tommy," she said, half-smiling, and her smile made him melt.

"I know," he gulped. "Maybe . . . maybe it's because I love you so much."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"They say we (*Continued on page 74*)






how could I te



Yasmin her daddy was dead... When Jim Hill came to her on the golf course, his face colorless, his high forehead wrinkled, a stunned expression on his face, she wondered if he were sick.

"Darling," he told her, "please come with me to the clubhouse."

"What's the matter?" Rita Hayworth asked her husband tenderly, lifting a hand under her hair to brush it away from her damp neck.

He didn't answer her. He took her hand and the two of them walked to the lounge of the clubhouse where they sat on a patterned settee in the pine-paneled room. He looked into her searching eyes and, holding both her hands in his lap, he mumbled, "I . . . I don't know how to tell you this, but they've just given me the news on the telephone." His voice was flat, empty, as though he were in a daze, unwilling to believe what he was about to say.

"Aly . . . Aly Khan," he began, "is dead. Killed in a car crash in Paris. . . ."

She looked at him unbelievingly for a moment, as if he had

gone (Continued on page 63)

Here's

Not to be confused with Moses, Ben Hur or anybody else

by Lydia Heston *as told to Kirtley Baskette*

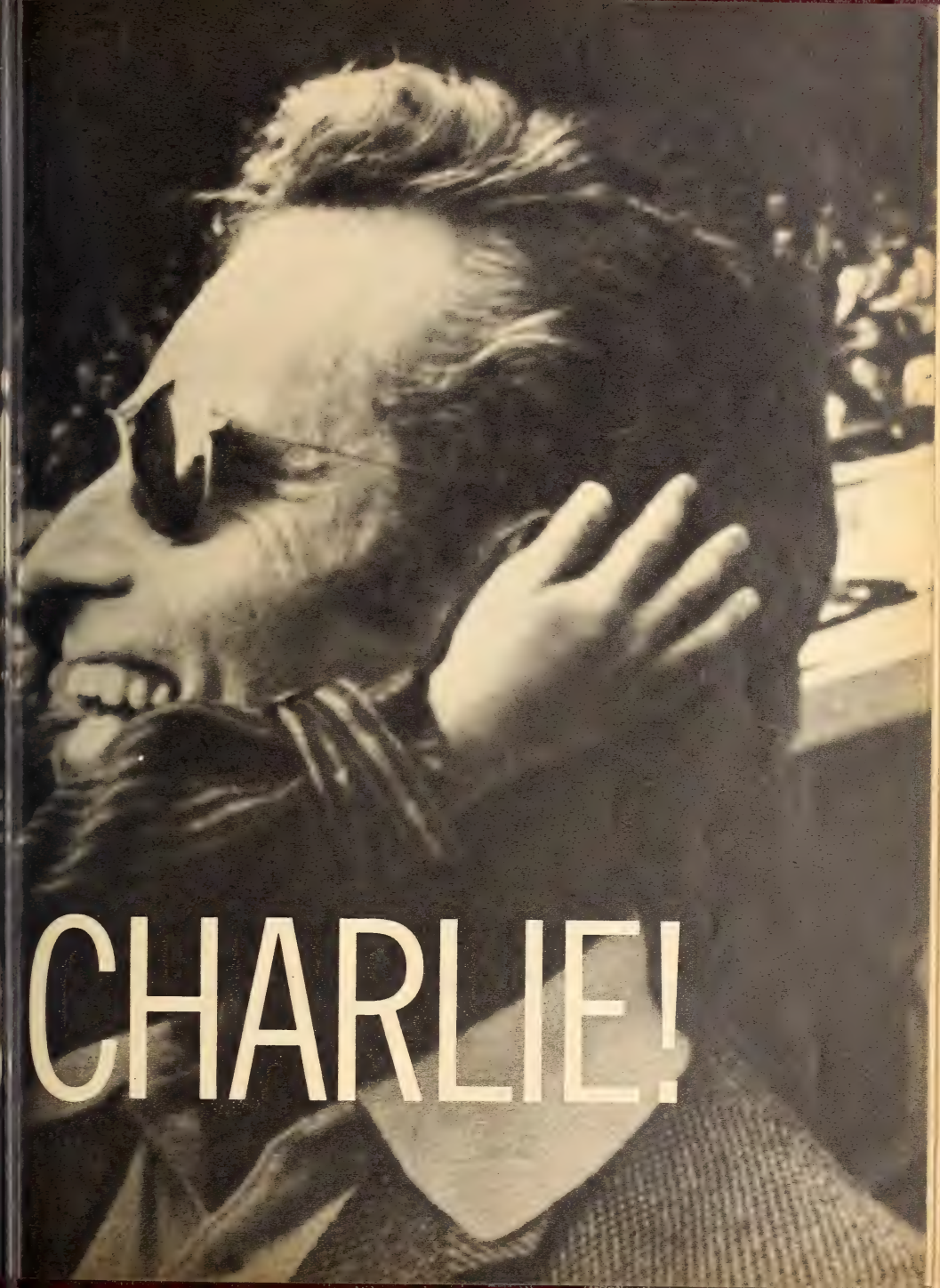
■ Last winter, when Charlton and I flew to Japan with "Ben-Hur" we met the Emperor, prowled the Ginza and wound up at the famous Toho movie studios in Tokyo. There, as almost everywhere, interviewers had one burning question for me.

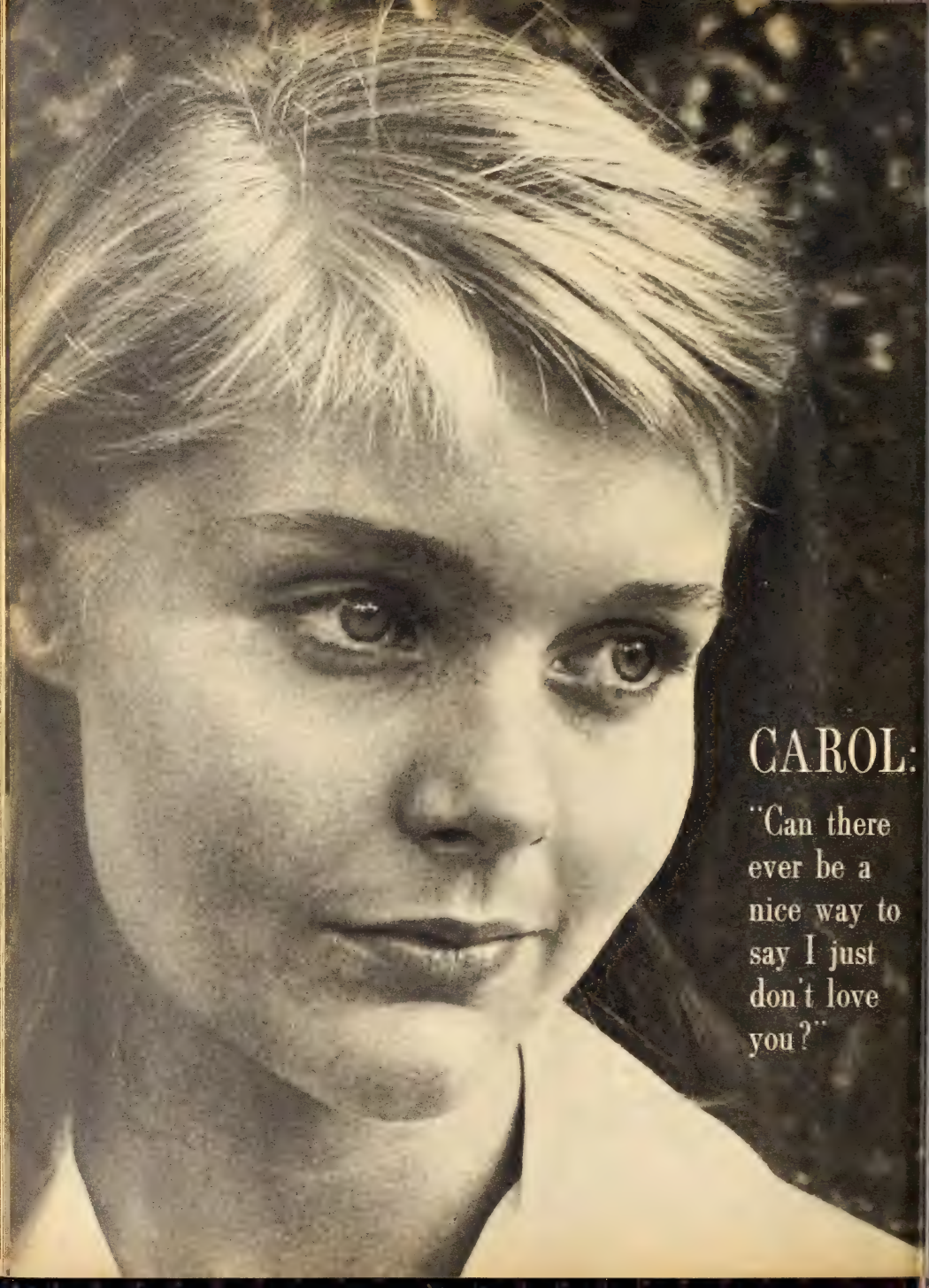
"Ah, so," they hissed politely. "We so respecting you nice Horrywood marriage. Tell, prease—what is secret?"

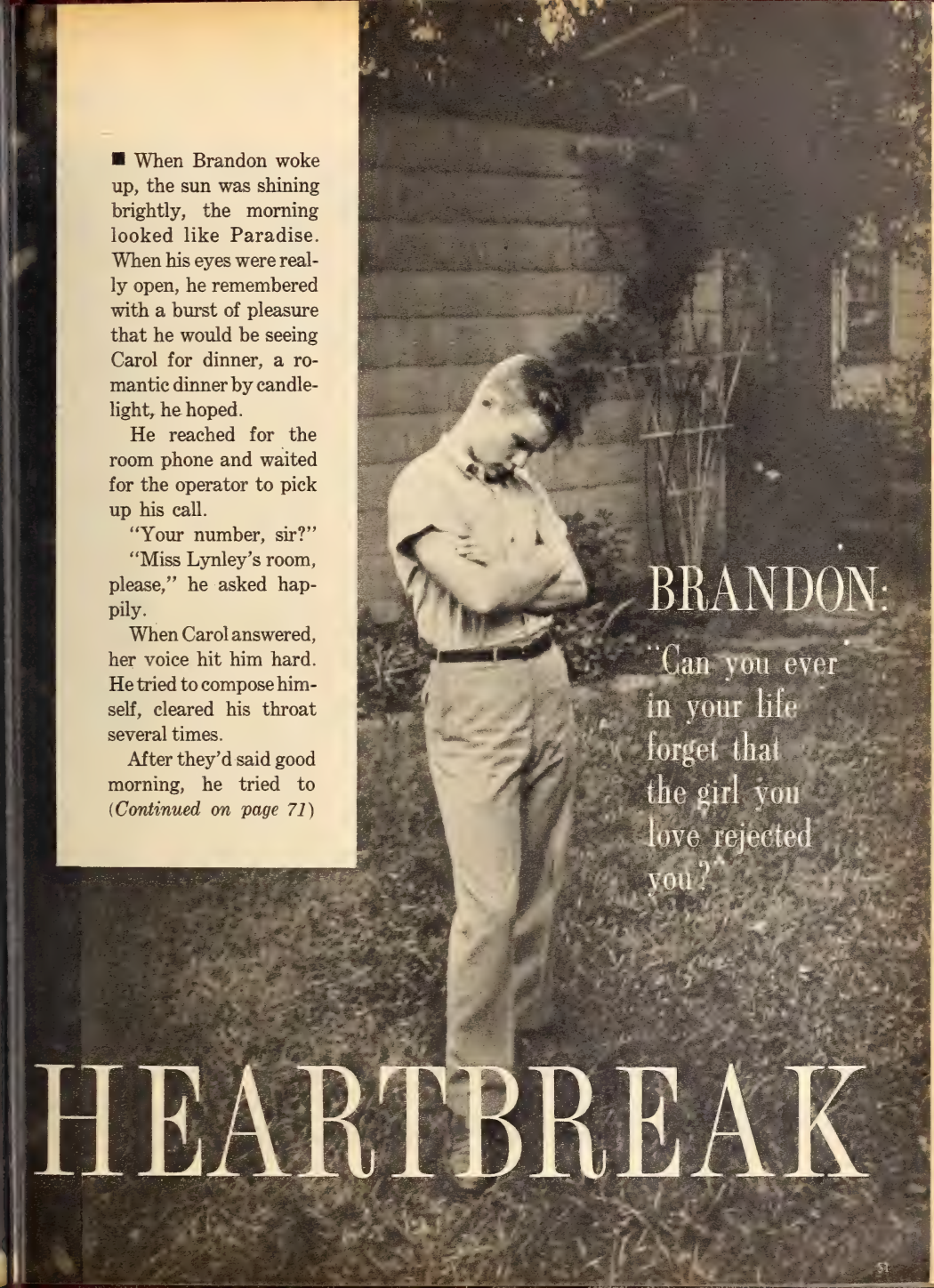
Each time I struggled

(Cont. on page 68)




CHARLIE!


CAROL:
"Can there ever be a nice way to say I just don't love you?"



HEARTBREAK

BRANDON:

"Can you ever in your life forget that the girl you love rejected you?"

■ When Brandon woke up, the sun was shining brightly, the morning looked like Paradise. When his eyes were really open, he remembered with a burst of pleasure that he would be seeing Carol for dinner, a romantic dinner by candlelight, he hoped.

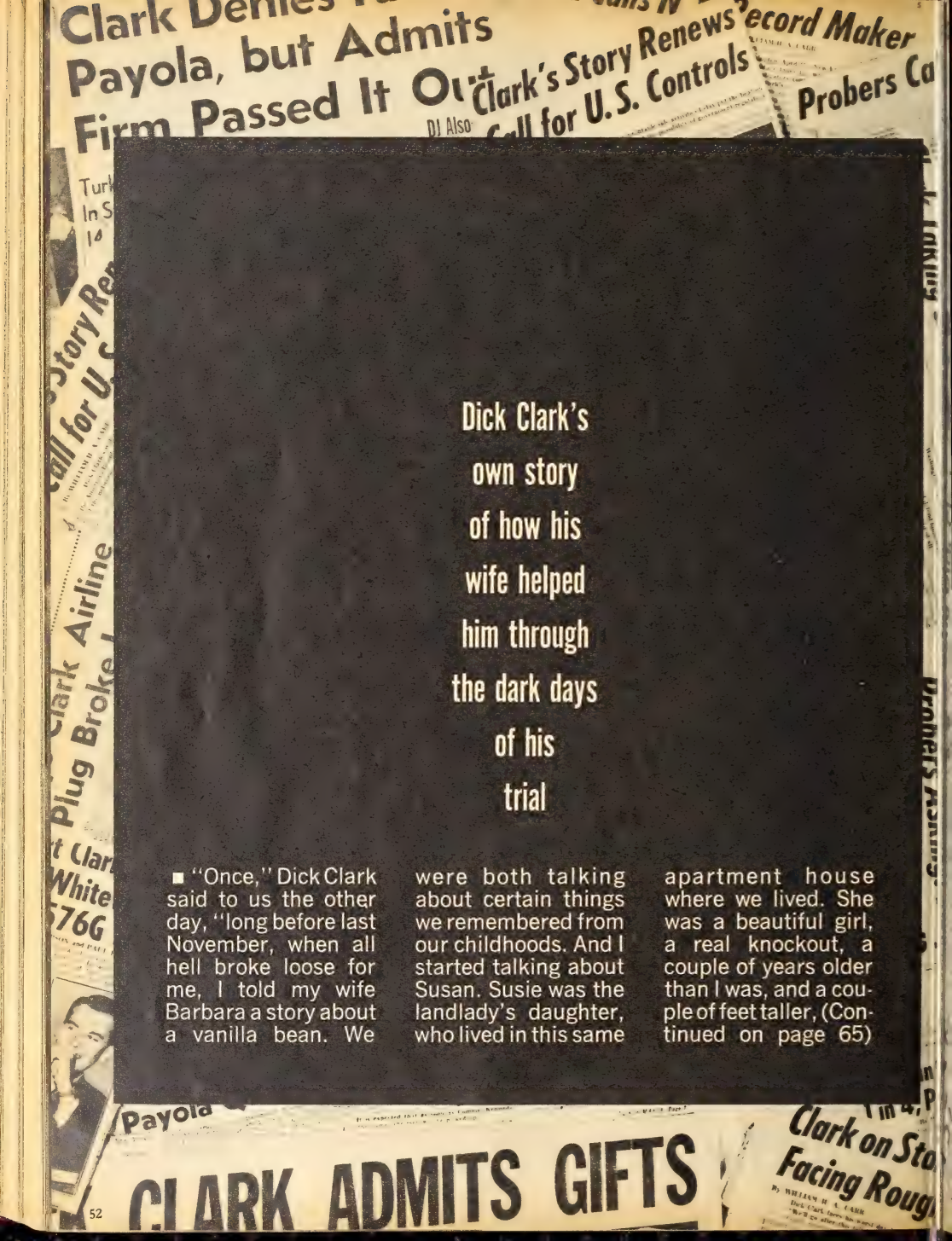
He reached for the room phone and waited for the operator to pick up his call.

"Your number, sir?"

"Miss Lynley's room, please," he asked happily.

When Carol answered, her voice hit him hard. He tried to compose himself, cleared his throat several times.

After they'd said good morning, he tried to (*Continued on page 71*)



■ "Once," Dick Clark said to us the other day, "long before last November, when all hell broke loose for me, I told my wife Barbara a story about a vanilla bean. We were both talking about certain things we remembered from our childhoods. And I started talking about Susan. Susie was the landlady's daughter, who lived in this same apartment house where we lived. She was a beautiful girl, a real knockout, a couple of years older than I was, and a couple of feet taller, (Continued on page 65)

Thank God....



for Barbara

Payola Quiz Calls 25 Witnesses to Tell of Clark's $

CLARK FIRED?

Charges ABC Gets Clark Item Royalty

Dick Clark

Payola to

Sandra Marriage



Sandy Dee's Plans

Every young girl dreams
about the man who some day will
march down the aisle
with her to become her
one and only Mister.
But Sandra Dee does more
than dream . . . she has definite
plans for her husband,
more definite and different
than you ever dreamed!

Here, for the first time,
are Sandy's ideas about her
husband in Sandy's own words. . . .

1. He'll never see me in hair curlers.
2. He'll be the real, absolute boss of the family.
3. He's going to be older than me by at least seven or eight years, and probably more.
4. He'll be impulsive, doing exciting things without any warning.
5. I want to be able to respect him, especially his brain.
6. He likes classical and good popular music, not rock and roll.
7. He'll want me to keep on working in movies. My work means too much to me, and I think I can be both married and an actress.
8. I'll ask his mother what he likes to eat, and then fix it for him.
9. His hands will 'intrigue' me; I can't explain it any better than that.
10. I want him to give me advice . . . I need it.
11. He'll bring home flowers; even if it's just one flower, I'll know it's for me.
12. He won't be stuffy or conceited.
13. I hope he'll be able to forgive and forget when I do something awful.
14. He'll want to travel a lot.
15. I hope he doesn't insist on my doing **all** the housework!
16. He'll be patient with my crazy fads.
17. He won't let me argue with him. (Continued on page 65)



■ It was eleven-thirty in the morning, 1368 Benedict Canyon Drive in West Los Angeles, the home of starlet Stella Stevens (the fabulous Appassionata von Climax of "Li'l Abner"). Stella's five-year-old son Andy was playing outside in the yard, when suddenly, as Stella describes it, "I heard a man's voice and a

In cold terror
Stella Stevens ran to the telephone:
Operator, quickly,
give me the police...

...my...son.

.been.

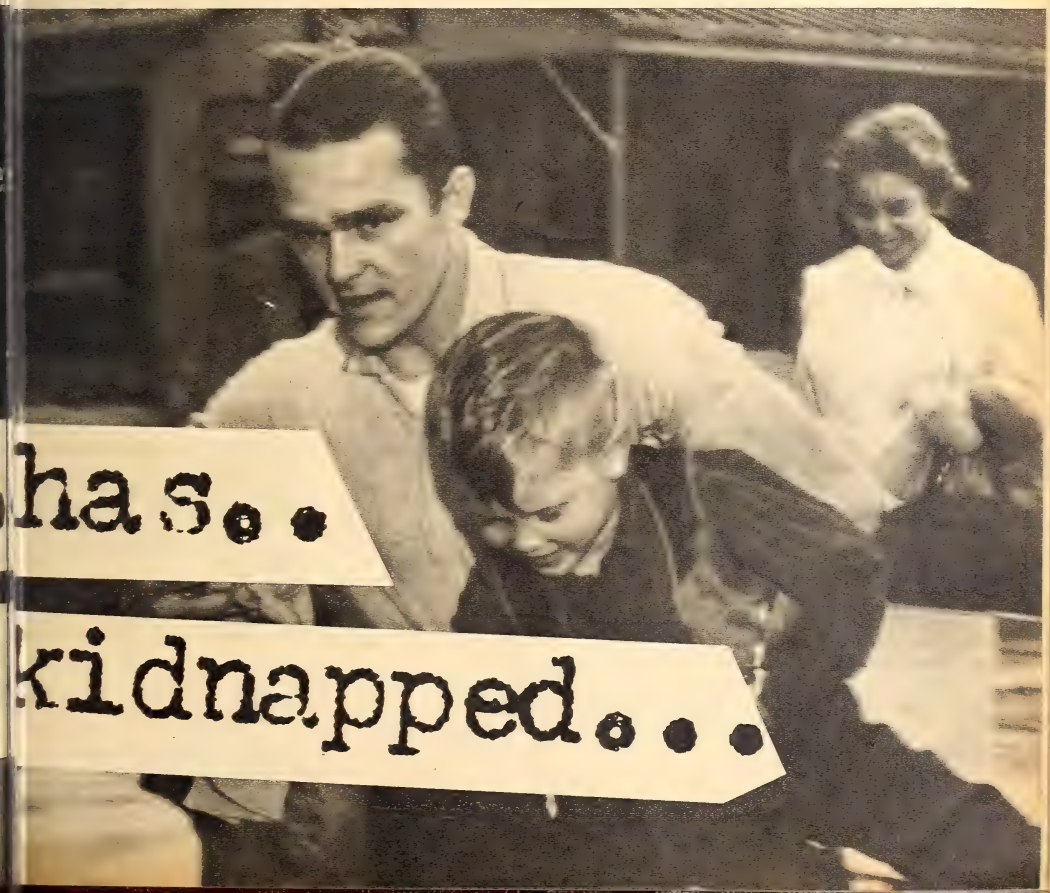
ar drive off. I ran ut the front door nd saw the car pull- ng out. There were wo men in the front eat and Andy was etween them. I creamed and terror lled my heart and I an frantically to the hone and called the olice: 'My son has een kidnapped.' hen I cried."

Sergeant T. S. Jonoski, of the Los Angeles police, realized that this was a serious accusation. Kidnapping, after all, carries a death penalty. And somewhere, it seemed to him, he had read about this woman, this child.

A glance at the records showed him that this wasn't the first time Andy had been "kidnapped." Only the year before the same thing had happened, almost to the last detail . . . with one difference . . . the year before the "kidnapper" had been Stella herself.

He found the facts easily. They were a matter of public record. Stella had married Herman Stephens in 1954 when she was fifteen and he was seventeen. They had convinced themselves that they were very much in love and eloped. By 1956 they were divorced. There was no difficulty about a property settlement for neither of them owned much of anything. But they did have a baby, and they both loved the baby.

(Cont. on page 78)



He Just Didn't Want Me Anymore

(Continued from page 41)

other was not enough. We gave it every chance. You know that. We tried to close our eyes to everything that was wrong for months before we separated last Christmas. Maybe we didn't stay apart long enough to think things out carefully. Maybe if we tried to work things out away from one another instead of rushing back together within a week . . . we would have known how slim our chances were then."

"But you wanted to come back," she protested. "You've told everyone you've felt like a new man since we reconciled. You. . . ." her voice trailed off.

"Yes. I know. It was my mistake. It was terribly unfair to you. I just wanted to give it another chance."

She didn't want to ask. But she couldn't help herself.

"There's someone else, isn't there?"

He looked startled for a moment and then regained his composure.

"No one person has come between us, Steffi. Not really. It's just—well, that we have been living in separate worlds and neither of us could ever have been happy in the other's."

"But there *is* someone else," she persisted. "It's that red-haired girl, isn't it?"

Ef said nothing.

He lit his pipe and stared into space for a few minutes that seemed like an eternity to Steffi.

Then she broke the suffocating silence which filled the room.

"You can have a divorce, since that is what you want. It isn't what I want—but I won't stand in your way."

"Thank you, Steffi."

"When will you be leaving?"

"Over the week end—if that is satisfactory to you."

"And the children?" She was thinking of Efrem's son Skipper and daughter Nancy. She would keep them if he wanted her to—for the time being at least. It was up to him.

"I think it would be better for everyone if I sent them back east to their mother's family until I'm resettled. I know it means disrupting their classes—but there will be less confusion in every other way. I'll make the reservations for Saturday."

"And you? Back to the motel?"

"Back to the motel."

They talked a little longer that night—Efrem and Stephanie. They didn't rehash their problems. There was no longer any sense to that. They talked about their plans and the provisions for little Stephanie Jr. and a dozen other details that are among the remains when a marriage has died.

No reconciliation

On the following Saturday, Efrem drove his son and daughter to the airport. He didn't have to explain much to them. They were teen-agers—bright for their age. They understood. Particularly Nancy who was sixteen—and growing so quickly into womanhood. He looked hard at Nancy and thought of her mother: How much alike they were—and how in a few years, Nancy would be so much like Emily when they had first met. Nancy was only six when Emily died. "I suppose," he thought to himself, "it was even harder on her than it was on me."

He put his children on the plane, then drove slowly along the Sepulveda Freeway into the San Fernando Valley—and back to his ranch.

Stephanie wasn't home.

Perhaps she thought it might be better that way.

He packed the remainder of his things, and piled them into the car.

He drove down Ventura Boulevard back to the motel, and then remembering he had hardly had anything to eat he stopped at a roadside drive-in. He felt as though he was having a recurring dream. That he had been through these identical motions before, and then he realized that he had. Last December. When he and Stephanie separated for the first time.

This time he knew there would be no reconciliation.

He remembered Steffi's face when they said good-bye.

Drawn and white. So very white.

> **Rossano Brazzi says it in *Count Your Blessings:* "Always smile at women. If they are pretty it gives you pleasure. If they aren't, it gives them pleasure."**
>
> *Earl Wilson*
> *in the New York Post*

And he remembered it the first time he ever saw it. Radiant and half black with boot-polish stains.

It was just before Christmas, in 1955, and a friend of his, Bill Windom, took him along to drop in on a couple of girls *he* knew. Steffi was in an old pair of blue jeans, shining a pair of riding boots and she didn't stop polishing even after they were introduced.

"What are you shining, your boots—or your face?" he asked. "And why?"

"I'm going riding tomorrow and I want to look nice when I fall off my horse," she laughed.

They'd joked pleasantly like that for a while and then he had to go. He was due at a party—and he was late already.

"Good luck," he called out as he went to the door, and bet her half-a-dollar she wouldn't fall.

The next day he found a message telling him some lady phoned to say he owed her $.50.

He took the shiny half-dollar and a gift-wrapped bottle of pain killer back to the apartment on 49th Street.

He had intended to stay just long enough to pay his debt.

He stayed all afternoon—and convinced her she was well enough to go out to dinner, especially since he knew of a restaurant with very very soft cushions.

He was in the midst of rehearsals for *Fallen Angels*—which didn't give him much time for courting. But Steffi was very easy to court. If he was two or three hours late because of delays—she understood and was patient.

He was attracted to her because she was fun. Because she knew how to make him laugh. He hadn't really looked at women for five years—not since Emily died.

He didn't think he ever wanted to get married again.

But as he continued seeing Steffi, he wondered if perhaps he should.

He was honest.

He told her about Emily. About the year after her death when he shut himself away from the world in Connecticut. About the three years after that when he worked for his father at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and kept to himself—and away from the theater. He told her why he couldn't face the stage, how the heart for acting had gone out of him because acting had brought him and Emily together and was something they both loved.

He even told about the gold signet ring he always wore. The one trimmed with blue-bells winding around his initials. She had given it to him because Blue-bell was his pet name.

"I'll always wear it," he told Steffi. And she nodded.

He introduced her to his children—and was pleased they all got on so well together. The kids needed a mother—someone to take care of them and guide them. Particularly since he was returning to a full-time career.

With each day of their relationship he grew to care for Steffi even more. It wasn't exactly the way it had been before—but he didn't believe that anything like *that* could happen twice in the same way.

He knew, however, that he was happy with her. For the first time in five years his heart was light again.

Two months after they met, they were married.

They seemed ideally suited to one another, with their almost identical backgrounds and worldly experience. Steffi was the daughter of a Washington diplomat and educated in Boston and in Europe, as was Efrem. She was domestic and artistic, loved the theater and living in Connecticut much the same as Ef did. And she loved children.

They rented a home in Connecticut and were blissfully happy.

Steffi became pregnant. Another blessing.

Then late in 1956, Ef was sent to Hollywood to test for a role in *Sayonara.* He didn't get the part and returned east, only to get a call notifying him that the studio wanted him for *Bombers B-52,* and they were interested in throwing in a seven-year contract too.

Efrem hesitated about the contract.

He knew Steffi loved it in the east—where she could ride to her heart's content and be with her friends and family.

But he also knew he couldn't throw away the opportunity. TV was moving west, and in spite of his success in *Fallen Angels,* there just weren't that many stage jobs available for someone who wasn't considered a "name star." Movies would make him a name, he figured. Then he could return to Broadway on his terms.

"Besides," he told Steffi, "if I last out there more than a year we could have our own ranch and all the horses you want. If I'm a flop, we can always move back east."

He flew to the Coast on December 17.

A week later, in time for Christmas, she joined him.

They took a small house, at first, while they waited to see what happened.

Everything seemed perfect

When Warners picked up his option and cast him in *77 Sunset Strip,* they bought the ranch in the Valley, and as a special present Ef bought Steffi the most beautiful horse she had ever seen.

They joined the Tennis Club and The Hunt Club and made "hundreds of friends."

Everything seemed perfect.

Then slowly the marriage began to fall apart.

At first it was just little things. Steffi, despite her "hundreds of friends" is shy and retiring among large groups of strangers and she began to hate the large dinners and parties that Efrem was constantly invited to. She went along with him at the beginning. And sat in the corner—while across the room, debonair and self-assured, Efrem was the center of attraction. Even when she remained at his side she was largely ignored by the ladies competing for his attention.

After one particularly upsetting evening, they had it out.

"I hate those parties. I feel like part the wall-paper. I can't understand why e have to go."

"It's part of the business, Steffi, you now that."

"It's part of *your* business—as far as n concerned I never want to go to anher again."

"If that's the way you feel. . . ."

That was the way she felt but she in't think he'd take her so literally.

He would receive an invitation, accept not mention it to his wife, appear at e affair and with an air of old world llantry, never explain to a soul why he as alone.

Perhaps Steffi could have adjusted to ing alone on these evenings if she wasn't one so much the rest of the time.

When Ef became involved in a TV ries, his hours at work became long and egular. He'd leave the house at 5:00 6:00 a.m., often return exhausted at :00 or 11:00 p.m.

When Roger Smith was hospitalized last mmer, he had to do double duty. When was home, he was tired and irritable.

And Steffi was bored—and irritable.

"I want to get away from this all," she otested one day. "Why can't we go back st for a while? When are we going to ke that honeymoon in Europe we've en talking about for three years?"

"Steffi, you know I'd like a vacation too. aybe when we wind up the series for e season. Maybe when I have a few eeks off we can go to New York."

But when he had a few weeks off last nter, he went into *The Crowded Sky* stead.

And Steffi, perhaps as the result of ten-ns and unhappiness and just not caring ough to think about her health, went to the hospital suffering from a severe se of hepatitis.

When she was well enough to be reased, she talked about Connecticut again. at there was still no time.

There were more arguments. And with each argument a little bit of their marriage died.

They both tried hard to prevent a final collapse. Each in his own way.

"The romantic bit"

On November 30, Steffi held a great big surprise birthday party for her husband—the kind of party he liked best.

She was the perfect hostess in every way. She mixed with her guests, made sure that no one was alone, that everyone was having a wonderful time. And if she herself was having less than a wonderful time, she didn't show it. Not even when it was over.

Ef, on his part, tried to come home early, arranged to stay home a little more often.

Maybe both tried too hard.

On December 21st he moved out—for the first time.

"This is it," he said. "I don't see how we can get back together again. It's just too taut a situation to live through."

During the week that followed, Steffi on the advice of friends, consulted a psychiatrist and the same friends then turned to Efrem and convinced him it wasn't good for either of them to be apart.

On January 1, they resolved to spend the New Year and the new decade under the same roof.

Steffi sent for her father in Washington whom she hadn't seen for three years. Efrem called the children and told them to return to California and finish the school term—now that Christmas vacation was over.

On their fourth anniversary they did the town. Candlelight dinner, dancing, "the romantic bit."

They tried to convince themselves that they were happy again.

But they weren't.

And it was shortly after their fourth wedding anniversary that Efrem met the sparkling red-haired young actress.

Maybe if his reconciliation had been working out he wouldn't have given her a second thought.

But after that first meeting he found he was thinking a great deal of her.

There was something about her that reminded him of that first girl he had loved a long, long time ago.

He saw her again at the studio. And he wanted to see her still again.

They had coffee together.

It was innocent. It was meant to be harmless. She knew he was married. They had no intentions of becoming emotionally involved. They said as much.

And yet they knew it was too late for words.

Just as it had been too late to save his marriage.

And he had to face Steffi and tell her he wanted his freedom.

On the night he left his ranch and his home, he didn't want to see anyone.

He decided on a Nevada divorce. He would use his six weeks vacation to establish residence. It would be easier that way. A fast clean break—rather than dragging it out for the year that it takes a divorce to become final in California.

Steffi would get custody of their daughter. He knew that. That was the hardest part of it—and it would be harder on him still if Steffi decided to move back east—as he presumed she would. Yet it would be better than having his littlest girl grow up in a home filled with tensions and discord.

After the divorce—well, he'd let the future take care of itself. . . .

. . . *Variety reported that he told friends Kipp Hamilton, the pretty red-head that appeared opposite Audie Murphy in* THE UNFORGIVEN, *will be his next wife. And he has neither confirmed nor denied the report. He won't talk of his future plans until after he's free.* **END**

Efrem will star, for Warner Bros., in THE CROWDED SKY *and* GOWN OF GLORY.

Princess Margaret, Her Husband, And the Girl He Left Behind

(*Continued from page 28*)

Here then, is the report of MODERN REEN's London correspondent, Beverly t, direct from an interview in Jackie an's apartment:

Since the evening of February 27, when e Queen Mother announced the engage-nt of Princess Margaret to Tony Armong-Jones, Jackie Chan has lived in an welcomed spotlight . . . as "The girl he t behind." Each night, as she appears stage at the Prince of Wales Theater, rious eyes are focused on her. As pretty inese girls in brightly colored cheongns dance seductively in the arms of efree young sailors, it is Tsai Chin, the r of *The World of Suzie Wong,* who minates the dialogue. But somehow, the ople in the audience search the scene Jackie Chan. And whisper, "Which one she?" And nudge one another, "There over there in the corner. . . ."

That's her. Her hair's different She ars it up in all the photographs. . . ."

'So that's . . . ?" Even when the words unspoken, the inference is there . . . hat's the girl he left behind. . . ."

Before February 27th, Jackie Chan had en known as an impish, friendly, dedied young actress—known, that is, to friends—other aspiring young actors l actresses, students, the gay social things London's Chelsea set. And her name was miliar to West End casting directors, as ch a dancer and an actress. London's ss and publicists knew her, too . . . but primarily as a friend of one of their colleagues. "She was Tony's girl," they say. And for something like eighteen months, theirs was the wedding that newsmen had expected to cover.

They'd expected an announcement back in March of '59, when Jackie and Tony returned from vacationing together in Switzerland. When Jackie came back from a trip to New York that June and Tony swept her into his arms and covered her cheeks with kisses, they'd thought, "Any time now they'll be breaking the news."

"When's the wedding?" was an appropriate question. But Jackie's and Tony's answer was always, "Our careers come first." It occurred to no one that at the time they might have meant it.

Then, as one show business light remembers, "We were sitting around watching TV one evening when a commentator broke in with 'The Queen Mother has announced the engagement of her daughter Princess Margaret Rose to Antony Armstrong-Jones! . . .'"

Princess Margaret and Tony. Tony and Princess Margaret. London went wild. Then, after a while, in the midst of the excitement, Fleet Street scribes suddenly began asking, "But what about Jackie?"

How Jackie took the news

Jackie was in her dressing room at the theater when the news was announced. And it was the beginning of the siege. The backstage telephone rang constantly. The stage doorman turned reporters away by the dozens. It went on for weeks, with the show's press agents explaining to one and all, "She's not talking to anyone. She hasn't been home. She hasn't been answering the telephone. Even we don't know how to reach her, except at the theater. Everyone's been after her."

Jackie became a kind of nomad. Like the early Marlon Brando, she wandered from one friend's flat to another. But it wasn't just a Brando-like quirk. It was desperation, finding refuge from ringing telephones, inquisitive acquaintances and strangers, prying questions.

The fact that she made herself scarce drove the press crazy . . . yet they respected her for it, from the first. "You don't get the feeling she's being coy about the whole bit and, well, kind of leading us on in the chase," said one. "It's not like the feeling a lot of us got about Peter Townsend who invariably seemed to make a point of hiding out or popping up where reporters were most likely to find him—then protesting in such a way and making such enigmatic statements that all he managed to do was cause Princess Margaret and the rest of the royal family a great deal of embarrassment.

"Jackie sincerely feels embarrassment, herself, about all the attention. And she's tried to avoid it as much as she can—but as an actress, and a responsible actress,

she has to turn up for performances at the theater. Then, too, as an actress, she's not going to be able to stay in hiding, press-wise, forever. But if she feels a sense of loss, there'll be no just-barely trembling lower lip to give reporters the clue, or any other nonsense.

"She's too proud to want a lot of mawkish sympathy, she's too loyal to take a chance of even unintentionally putting a friend in an uncomfortable spot, and she's too well-bred to do or say anything that might embarrass English royalty."

"I am happy for him"

It was a few days after the wedding that I saw Jackie at her apartment. Her first words were a question, "How did you get my telephone number?" She sighed. "I don't know who's been giving it out, but somehow a lot of people have managed to get hold of it. So mostly I've been staying with friends. It's much easier."

"Then it's been pretty bad?"

"At the theater, the phone has been ringing all during performances. People asking absurd questions which I didn't think important."

"Questions such as?"

There was a pause. "This last week, what I planned to wear to the wedding. I just don't think it's important what the guests wear to a wedding. One simply dresses to suit the occasion."

"Questions about Tony?"

"About Tony," she said. "I am happy for him, as one is always happy for one's friends when they get married. . . ."

Born in Trinidad of a half-Russian, half Chinese father and a Chinese mother, she'd dreamed of being a dancer. She started dancing lessons when she was seven. Her father was a prosperous photographer and she grew up in an artistic atmosphere. "I think you could say I was a bit of a tomboy," she grinned. "I was the only girl in the family, with two brothers, Gary and Ian, and most of my cousins were boys as well."

It was her long black hair that took the worst beating. The boys' favorite pastime was blowing bubble gum into it and she was constantly having to have it cut out. She retaliated by loathing one of the boys' best friends and encouraging the dog to bite him. "The dog was a little Pomeranian," she grins. "And whenever the boy wanted to pet it, I'd tell him to blow into the dog's face because he loved it. Actually, the dog hated it."

When she was fifteen, her family made arrangements to send her to school in England. "We were all sent to boarding school somewhere," she remembers. "I think my family rather believed in it. I was happy too. You see, my mother was so young that my elder brother and I felt that she was about the same age we were, and I suppose that this was one reason we were always so independent."

Her only regret about leaving was saying good-bye to her one true love. "He was fourteen. Really extraordinary looking—half Chinese, half Spanish, and prematurely grey hair ran in his family, so his was very white. Yes, I was fond of him. But," she grins, "he didn't exactly jump off the dock in despair when I left."

Her school was Elmhurst, in Camberley, a town in the south of England, and there were ballet lessons as well as classroom work. "I was very happy there," she says. "There was only one tragedy that I remember—when I first arrived. Nearby was a boys' college and they would invite the girls at our school over for dances, send a bus for us. I'll never forget the first one. Everyone got terribly dressed up, in full organdies. The only dress I had was a slim Chinese one, with little slits up the sides. The boys must have been about sixteen or seventeen and, when we arrived, they stared at me as if I were the most freakish thing in the world. I was terribly embarrassed."

She knew what she wanted

When she left Elmhurst, she went on to the Royal Academy of Dance. "I thought I wanted to be a teacher. But I discovered that I was completely unsuited for it. I just didn't have enough patience, so I decided to be a professional dancer in the theater instead.

"Then one day, the headmistress said that the Windsor Repertory Company was looking for someone to cast in a play called *Tobias and the Angel*. She knew the man who ran the company and called him, to suggest me. It was my first acting job. I played a little serving girl and did a little dance. I looked so terrible. I didn't have a clue about how to make up. One of the other girls had to show me exactly what to do." But from the moment she stepped on the stage and said her lines, she knew what she wanted to do—become an actress.

When she left the Academy, she went to Paris, intending to spend two weeks vacationing and then return and tackle the London theater world. "But somehow the two weeks lengthened into six months," she smiles. "I sat for a few artists. Otherwise, I didn't do anything at all. I had a small allowance from my father. I so fell in love with the city, I almost completely forgot my aim in life. Then one day I ran into a girl with whom I'd gone to school. 'Aren't you going to work?' she asked me. I decided then that I should go back. But if I hadn't run into my school friend, I might still be there."

It was a good time for Oriental actresses. She went into the play, *Teahouse of the August Moon*, as one of the geisha girls. She toured England as the principal dancer in the road company of *The King and I*. Then she danced in *Kismet*. There were others. "One was a musical called *Simply Heaven*, which I thought was marvelous. It lasted for three weeks."

Then came *Suzie Wong*. "I just went along and auditioned," she says. "I w given the part of Lily. It's a very sm one. And I was also assigned to unde study Tsai Chin, who plays Suzie. Y know," she adds modestly, "there are limited number of Oriental actresses London."

Then Paramount began casting the fil version of the play and, again, Jack "just walked in." Producer Ray Stark a Jean Negulesco (the original director w departed) simply looked at her and sa in chorus, "Ah . . . Gwenny." And Jackie won the coveted role of Suzie homely girl friend, who can't seem to g many men . . . a part which has bee built up in the film.

Consequently, daytimes, she was playir Gwenny, a completely different sort girl, playing Suzie at understudy rehear als, and Lily during the actual perform ances in the evenings. As for how she ma aged, she says simply, "It took a bit adjusting."

Jackie talks about marriage

Her thoughts on marriage:

"I haven't tried," she says. "I've nev been married, but I'm quite sure that it possible to combine a career with ma riage. That's what I'd like to do. I thin I would hate to be married to anyone w is an actor—but I would like my husba to be *interested* in the theater.

"I don't believe that a man must be t boss in marriage necessarily, or the wom an either. I think—I hope—that it's qui possible to find some sort of relationsh where no one's boss.

"I don't believe in being too much wit people. It might result in their getting o each other's nerves. So unless a woma who has children is really happy just sta ing home with them, I think it is nice f her to have a career . . . one that she ca work at if she wants to, if she likes."

Romance in her life? "There is someo I'm dating," she says. "He's at Cambridg I'd rather not talk about him or give h name." (His name's David Cammell, t brother of the English painter Dona Cammell. He keeps her picture in h room, escorts her to parties, says, "We' known each other for six months. I reall don't want to say anything about the re lationship or discuss romance at the mo ment, but I can't deny that it might b true.")

"In general," Jackie goes on. "I don't lik aggressive men or women. And I suppos most of the men whom I've been fond o seem to be terribly slim."

About her past and present, Jackie say "I've done what I've wanted to do an have been terribly happy. I make enoug to live on in my job. And I can't think o anything desperately upsetting that's hap pened to me. . . ." This she says witho batting an eye, her face expressionless.

Her future is her career. At Paramoun they think she has a bright one. Produce Ray Stark has talked to her about a pa in *Kowloon*, another big picture, whic will be made in the Orient. Before th *Suzie Wong* group returned to Hong Kon to reshoot scenes that were scrapped whe France Nuyen left the cast, the power were saying thusly: "We've decided to re lease the picture the latter part of the yea instead of holding it over. We want to ge it into the Oscar race, as we've got som sure-fire performances—we don't see ho they can miss nominations. There's Bi Holden, Nancy Kwan . . . and a girl name Jackie Chan."

Jackie Chan, a proud, loyal girl, wh with great dignity hides from the worl the heartbreak of being the girl Princes Margaret's husband left behind. EN

Jackie can be seen in THE WORLD O SUZIE WONG, *Paramount.*

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Eddie to Return to His Own Children

(*Continued from page 30*)

monster and clutched him in a bear-hug while they howled at their own expense. Suddenly, Eddie held Liz more tenderly. He stroked her face, cupped it in his hands. "No one but me knows what a magnificent human being you are—me and the children. They don't give gold awards for people like you, sweetheart—just old-fashioned prayers of thanks—like mine."

"Oh come on now," Liz chided him, "here we are off to the land of fun and frolic and here you are spouting campaign speeches. Honestly, darling, you're already elected to be my love for life so you don't have to say such extravagant things to me."

Elizabeth jammed a silly native Jamaica hat on her head and in falsetto sang, "I'm going to get you on a jet to Los Angeles"—and the spell of seriousness was broken with her usual flair for humor and cheer. She said nothing of her dread of that jet.

She picked up two small straw beanies decorated in gaily colored threads. "Todd and Carrie will love those hats," she said warmly, remembering how they had lovingly selected the little gifts.

Eddie's eyes lost their gleam of fun. He sobered immediately. Elizabeth ran to his side, cupped his face in her hands as he had hers only moments ago.

"You miss them so, don't you, my darling. But just think of the reunion you'll have. They'll be so glad to see you," Liz said softly.

"I know, I know, but—" Eddie began.

Liz took his arm and said firmly "Enough for packingsville."

"When we get back from California . . ."

They went into the living room to await the boy's return from school. The tiny terriers and the siamese cat scrambled for position. Elizabeth was draped in a cat and a dog and Eddie was roughhousing with the second toy terrier.

This time it was Liz' turn to turn pensive. "Oh, Eddie, I hate to leave in a way. I love New York, and Chris and Mike are here, and somehow California reminds me of so many things . . . the tragedy, the whispers, the way people out there stared and gossiped. . . . New York has been kinder to me—it's Los Angeles where everyone was calling me a wicked woman."

Eddie comforted her, "We won't be but a few days, sweetheart, and the boys will soon have a holiday vacation when we can have some fun together. . . . We promised to take them to the circus and on a picnic in the park."

They heard the sound of the door being rattled by two lively happy-to-be-home-from-school children. The pets dashed out of laps and arms to wildly welcome their small masters, Mike and Chris.

"We were just talking about you guys," said Eddie, to the two bright-eyed, Eton-capped boys who headed straight for him.

"What about?" said ringleader Mike—who doesn't believe in saying one extra word.

"Yeah, what about us were you talking?" said Chris—who doesn't believe in being left out.

"Well, we were just saying about the circus and picnic when we get back from our trip to California. Your mother was unhappy about leaving for a few days and I reminded her about our big plans for your spring vacation period."

"Hey, Mom, if you don't want to go to California, why go?" asked Mike.

"Yeah, Mom," piped Chris, "why?"

There was a silence. Eddie and Liz looked at each other but neither spoke. Mike, the diplomat, who sensed some trouble in the atmosphere, said, "Guess what. I'm learning to speak French. *Bonjour, Monsieur!*"

"You're not only learning how to *speak* French," said Eddie finally, "you're learning how to *think* French, you genius. . . . C'mon, let's get some cookies and milk and then you can help us finish packing and we'll all watch TV later."

The boys trotted off to put their books away. Eddie said to Liz, "You know, Mike's beginning to think like a French diplomat, he can change the conversation so quickly." Eddie said it proudly, almost as proud as if Mike were his own son.

Elizabeth laughed, "Now parents are going to have to take lessons to keep up with their children."

They spent a quiet family evening, reading, chatting, watching two TV programs. Then it was time to put the children to bed—after which Eddie and Elizabeth retired, knowing it would be a busy morning before departure. . . .

They took a jet to Los Angeles—Eddie interlacing his fingers with Elizabeth's, knowing her gnawing nervousness about flights.

They were met by friends, by MGM representatives, by the press and by Elizabeth's parents. Everyone was glad to see them looking so well.

They were houseguests of Kurt and Ketti Frings at their magnificent modern mansion set atop a knoll in Holmby Hills. (Kurt is Elizabeth's agent and Ketti is the Pulitzer-prize winning playwright.)

They talked for hours over dinner, wine, demitasse and cordials. It was exciting to be back in California, Liz insisted, chattering gaily.

Eddie didn't stop her—but he remembered all her enthusiasm about New York. How much she loved it, how much she wanted to live there. He also remembered her conversations about having a country place nearby for the children where they could run and play.

That night in bed the last words he heard his wife say as she slipped off to slumberland were "Good night, Babies—Good night, Mike, Good night, Chris, Good night, Liza."

Eddie kissed her eyelids, and whispered, "Good night, angel."

Eddie's day with his children

The next day was Eddie's morning to visit Todd and Carrie. He got up early, while Liz was still asleep, took the silly hats and a toy monkey hand puppet he had gotten and tiptoed out. . . .

When Eddie got back to the Frings' home, Elizabeth was sitting in a lounge chair by the pool. She held out her arms to her husband. "How are Todd and Carrie, darling," she asked.

Eddie didn't say anything at first. He just stood there, looking very troubled. Finally he answered slowly, "Well, they're fine, of course. They have a good life. A good home. They're healthy and, I think, happy. But when I saw them—" He lifted his hands in a helpless gesture.

"It wasn't quite so bad with Carrie—I mean, she still seemed like my daughter, the little girl I know and love. But Todd—I had taken them to the beach club and we were having milk shakes by the pool. I was feeding little Todd. And well, just that. *Little* Todd is getting less and less little. He's changed so much, he's getting to be a little *boy*, not a baby any more. And I had missed it all. . . . Suddenly I knew how much I missed little Todd a[nd] Carrie, and I knew, despite all the f[un] and frolic of their lives, that way de[ep] down, they were missing me too. . . ."

"Of course they miss you, Eddie; th[ey] love you . . . ," Liz said, stroking his ha[ir] and feeling that words were inadequa[te]

"When I look my kids in the eye, wh[en] they put their arms around me and c[all] me Daddy—oh Liz, that's rough. Carr[ie] asked me if I was coming home, To[dd] just looked at me with those big brow[n] eyes of his.

"Try to explain to them what unhapp[i]ness is. Try to explain why you had [to] leave them. Try it. Just try it if y[ou] want to experience the most helpless, sou[l] wracking experience in life—"

Eddie stopped bleakly.

Liz' arms reached out and held him. "Don[t] torture yourself, my darling, it's going [to] be all right. It's going to be all right. . . .

Two days later, Eddie and Elizabe[th] boarded a train for New York. It w[as] their first train-ride together. They'd be[en] on scores of jets, several yachts, even [on] bikes with Chris and Mike in Londo[n]. But never been on a train together.

"Isn't this delicious?" said Elizabet[h]. "Look at the lovely countryside wavi[ng] to us while we sit here real comfortabl[y]. Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you suggested [we] take the train. This is the way we shou[ld] travel all the time."

It was then that Elizabeth decided [to] spring her surprise: "Eddie," she sai[d], "as soon as we can arrange it, we're goi[ng] to buy a house in California!"

"But—" Eddie began.

"No, darling," she put her fingers to h[is] lips, silencing him. "No ifs, ands or but[s]. I've made up my mind. You are my lif[e] my happiness. I could never be happy [if] you were unhappy. I couldn't go on livi[ng] in New York, knowing how you're longi[ng] to be with your children, and never sayi[ng] anything for fear of worrying me. I'[ve] made up my mind, Eddie—and you kno[w] you can't cross me," she grinned at hi[m].

"But what about the house in Wes[t] chester, honey? I thought you wanted [to] be a New Yorker."

"Well I do—but—"

"Yeah, I know—but you know I wa[nt] to live in California to be near my childr[en] and so you're changing your mind abo[ut] living in the big city."

"Well, I'll tell you," Elizabeth smile[d] "we'll make a little deal. I'll go to Cali[-] fornia like you want, if you promise th[at] when we visit New York it will alway[s] be by train, like this."

Eddie shook his head vigorously. "Eliza[-] beth, you're a cornball. That ain't a deal[-] baby, that's a steal. And you're on."

The train clickety-clacked as they mad[e] their plans to go home to California. **E[N]**

Liz and Eddie will star in BUTTERFIELD *for MGM; Liz, later, in* TWO FOR THE SE[E]SAW, *for United Artists.*

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How Could I Tell Yasmin Her Daddy Was Dead?

(*Continued from page 47*)

stark raving mad. Then, as his warm eyes stared into hers a chill ruffled her heart. Could . . . could such a terrible thing be true? Aly . . . dead?

"I . . . I don't believe it," she whispered, and she wondered for a moment if she were dreaming a tortuous nightmare. "Aly's so young. How could he die?"

Jim called the waiter and ordered drinks for both of them. Then he explained Aly was killed outside of Paris. He was at the wheel of his sleek and expensive Italian sportscar, the new Lancia convertible he'd bought only eight days before. At an intersection, on a sloping road along the Seine river, another car was speeding straight at him. Aly was trapped behind the wheel, his neck broken and his chest crushed. The other passengers, the model Bettina and his chauffeur whom Aly had asked to sit in the back seat, escaped with minor injuries.

A piercing scream tore from Rita's throat, and, as she screamed, all she could hear in her ears was the sharp slamming of brakes, an ear-piercing squeal of tires—and suddenly the blinding fatal crash.

She collapsed in Jim's strong arms, and the golf club ambulance was summoned. Jim rushed her to the hospital for sedation.

A mournful bell

In her luxurious aquamarine bedroom, Rita lay on the giant-sized bed with the tufted ivory satin headboard. Lace-edged pillows of lilac and purple were propped behind her. It was almost sunset, and dust motes swirled, spiral-like, in the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun that poured through the criss-crossed silk organza curtains at the wide windows.

The tragic news tolled through her head like a mournful bell. Aly's dead . . . Aly's dead . . . Aly's dead! She coughed for a spell, and her head throbbed. She was groggy from the pills the doctor had given her at the hospital. Jim, dear Jim, sat by her side now, holding her hand.

In her aching mind the years rolled back furiously, like a long carpet hurtled downhill, and she saw Elsa Maxwell, beaming like a proud mother, at a party in Cannes in 1948, making the introduction.

"Dearest Aly," Elsa cooed, "you'll adore Rita. She's one of our most exciting actresses. . . ."

"I know," Aly spoke in a low, soft voice, his eyes burning through Rita, "I've seen all her movies."

Rita was fascinated; no doubt about it. Aly was one of the most glamorous men she'd ever met in her life: darkly good-looking, courtly and bursting with manliness.

They talked light talk that evening: about the other film stars visiting Cannes, the lovely Riviera weather, their mutual love of music.

And, a little over a year later, Rita, (dressed in a pale blue chiffon dress and a matching huge picture hat), and Aly accepted the vows of marriage in Aly's palatial home in Vallauris, France. . . .

When their daughter Yasmin was born, Rita believed she had found the enduring happiness she needed. She planned to renounce her film career and live the rest of her life as a doting mother and wife.

But Aly's interests were too far-flung, too unpredictable. There were wild rumors, never-ending tales of his promiscuous love life which shattered her. And three years after their marriage at Vallauris, she announced through her lawyers that "various factors, including my husband's extensive social obligations and interests, make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

Aly was crushed, bewildered. He wrote her a long letter, beginning with *My Darling One . . . I do not want to marry again, so a divorce doesn't interest me.*

The letter tore at her heart because she adored him and loved him, but she knew their lives could never mix. She couldn't live the frantic gypsy life of his playboy spirit. She was proud of him, yes, but that wasn't enough. She wanted a foundation, a solidity to their marriage. His brilliant horsemanship, his championship auto racing, his glamorous friends in the international set—all these things were fine but they didn't provide the foundation stone Rita needed so desperately in marriage.

When they divorced, she told Aly she would always love him. And this was true. She couldn't destroy his spirit in her heart, the generous, fun-loving, carefree manner that first attracted her to him.

What she loved most of all in Aly was his goodness, something the world didn't have an opportunity to know because he refused to exploit his good deeds. How



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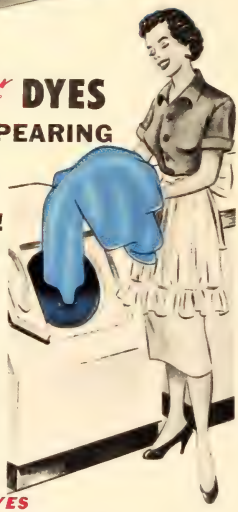
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many times she had seen him help people! Once a doorman in Deauville, depressed because he didn't have enough money for an iron lung for his daughter who was stricken with polio, was quietly slipped 100,000 francs after Aly had learned his sad news. Another time Aly gave thousands to an orphanage that was in debt. And there were many, many other moments that he refused to talk about, begged her to keep quiet about because he felt a good deed was not for publicity but for the deep satisfaction within the human heart.

Rita sat up in bed. She had lingered long enough. Jim helped her into her robe. He had summoned Yasmin from her skating lessons, and she was in her room playing. Rita squeezed Jim's hand.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Jim asked.

Rita took a deep breath. "No. No, darling. I . . . I must do it alone . . ."

She walked slowly to Yasmin's room to tell her daughter, somehow, that her daddy was dead.

How should she begin to break the news?

Yasmin looked up at her mother from the book she was reading. Her dark eyelashes always reminded Rita of Aly. Yasmin was ten now, tall for her age, sitting on the chaise-longue with her pink embroidered skirt puffed all around her.

The apple of his eye

"How were your skating lessons, my love?" Rita asked, leaning over to embrace Yasmin and kiss her.

"The teacher said I did real well. But they wouldn't let me finish. They made me come home early, Mommy. Why?"

"I . . . I wasn't feeling well, and I wanted you to be here with me, Yasmin, because I . . ." She couldn't go on. She couldn't shatter the child's innocent heart. How could she tell her that she would b fatherless for the rest of her life, espe cially since the two of them were so de voted to each other. Aly adored Yasmi she was the apple of his eye. Of all h children, she was the only one to hav developed his fondness for horses and rac ing, and he always boasted about this.

"When I see Daddy this summer," Yas min began, "I'll skate for him and he'll cla his hands and say, 'Bravo, Bravo!' "

"Darling," Rita started again, "you kno how much we all love you, and I wan you to listen carefully. Last night . your daddy . . . met . . ." She held bac a moment; she was on the verge of sayin God. She caught herself. Yasmin was bein raised in her daddy's Moslem faith.

"Last night, my love, your daddy me Allah," Rita said, her eyes closed.

"What?" Yasmin asked incredulously.

"He . . . he met Allah. He was drivin a car, and Allah called him and he . . . went forth to meet Him. Yasmin, my dar ling, your father will always, always b with you, in your heart, because you love him and he loved you. You know that. B last night . . ." Her voice trailed. Sh wondered if she was making any sense a all.

"Mommy, Mommy," Yasmin called nerv ously. "I'm scared. Something's happene I can tell. Your—eyes are crying! What happened?"

"Oh, my love," Rita cried, clutching Yas min to her breast, lowering her voice, "yo daddy is dead. But, my darling, he . . ."

"I want my daddy!" Yasmin began cry ing. "I want my daddy! I want to talk him on the telephone!"

There was a knock on the door. Ji came into the room. Yasmin jumped u and down screaming for her father, and J went over to her and took her in his arm and said, "Yasmin, we love you . . . a I want you to understand that nobody, no body wants to hurt you. God makes all th big decisions in life, and God decided . .

But Yasmin wasn't listening to a wo he said. She was screaming, "Dadd Daddy! Daddy!" and Rita dropped to h knees, made the sign of the cross a begged her Saviour for help.

A prince among men

Hours later they put Yasmin to bed.

Rita was going to stay with her throug the night, and she stretched out on th chaise-longue.

Tomorrow she would tell Yasmin tha regardless of what rumors she would he about her father in the days to come, sh must always remember he was a prin among men. How many of his friends ha said you always felt better after you talke with Aly for a few minutes, that you we in a better mood to face the humdru problems of the day-to-day world.

And recently, after all those years fast living all over the world, Aly h chosen to serve as the head of the Paki tani delegation to the UN, and he'd be lauded for being a bridge and a link b tween the nations of Asia and Africa a those of the Western World.

Rita reached out for Yasmin's wa hand in the darkness of the room, and s wondered, for a moment, if there mig have been any truth at all to the gossip s had heard lately. That Aly was tired life, exhausted by his whirlwind pace w women, horses, cars, society.

No, she couldn't believe that. Life w too full for Aly; the Aly she knew was love with life. If death reached out him early, then the only comfort for all them was that Aly had lived to the full —and that he died with few, if any, regre

Rita stars now in STORY ON PAGE O *later, in U.A.'s* FIRST TRAIN TO BABYL

Sandra Dee's Marriage Plans

(Continued from page 55)

18. He'll propose to *me*, probably when I'm twenty-two.
19. He won't be a gossip, especially not about women.
20. He'll make every major decision in our lives.
21. He'll be six inches taller than me, and probably nearer a foot taller.
22. I go mad over clothes, so he'll have to share our closet space!
23. He'll definitely have to be in charge of the budget.
24. I've always admired a man who's dignified.
25. I want more than one child, 'cause just one can get awfully spoiled. I know, I *am* one. We'll probably have four children.
26. He'll want to eat out lots. I like to cook, but sometimes my cooking is disastrous!
27. He won't expect me to act "icky!"
28. He'll have a deep, masculine voice.
29. He'll be the one to decide where we take our vacation.
30. I'll be a very good mother, I think, but for our children, *not* for him.
31. He'll want me near him, but not *all* the time.
32. I want to have the feeling that he's taking care of everything and that I don't have to worry about a thing.
33. He'll have strength, the will-power kind.
34. It would be nice if he liked to do dishes. . . .
35. But I never want to see him in an apron!
36. He'll have to be firm with me. I spend money impulsively.
37. He won't want me to be a baby or 'cute little girl.' I've had enough of that!
38. He'll be able to talk to me, 'cause I love to gab!
39. I guess, unconsciously, I visualize him like my stepfather.
40. He'll have to be patient with my grooming habits, 'cause a lot of my success depends on my keeping neat . . . and that takes a lot of time!
41. He'll let me keep my old, close friends.
42. It would be *so* nice if we could just stay home some evenings. I can get awful tired of the social whirl in Hollywood.
43. He'll want to protect me.
44. He won't let me domesticate him.
45. We'll always have something to look forward to.
46. He won't mind having pets around the house; I'm crazy about dogs.
47. We'll be able to talk out any disagreements we have, and never *fight* them out.
48. He'll give me lots of perfume.
49. We'll constantly be discovering things about each other.
50. He'll want me to make him happy.
51. He'll dress neatly, but that doesn't necessarily mean formally . . . just not slovenly.
52. He'll make the everyday routine of our marriage seem like one long, glamorous courtship.
53. We'll have our honeymoon in a spot *he* picks, and it'll be a complete surprise for me.
54. He won't be moody.
55. He'll treat me like a grown-up woman, of course.
56. We'll make a career out of our marriage, just as determinedly as our other careers.
57. Whenever I get lonely, he'll be nearby.
58. He'll be patient when I don't keep our house neat as a pin.
59. Of course we'll be in love, but . . .
60. He'll never realize that *I've* caught *him!* **END**

Sandra's newest pictures are PORTRAIT IN BLACK, DAFFY, ROMANOFF AND JULIET *(all U-I), and* GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN, *Columbia.*

Thank God for Barbara

(Continued from page 52)

So. I had a mad crush on her. She was my first honest-to-goodness love. But Susan, she'd pay me very little mind. In fact, the only time she did notice me was whenever I was in any kind of trouble—if I hurt myself playing, if I was worried about something, if I was angry about something. Then, seeing me like this, she'd say to me, without asking what was wrong, 'Dickie, how would you like to come inside and smell my vanilla bean?' And then she'd lead me into the kitchen of her family's apartment and over to a cabinet, where she kept a big olive jar with a bean inside it. And she'd lift off the lid and let me take a whiff, real sweet-smelling and delicious, it was. And then she'd say to me, 'Now Dickie, doesn't that make everything feel all better again, just to smell that lovely vanilla bean?' And I'd look up from the jar, at that pretty face of hers, and I'd say, 'Yes, Susie, it sure does . . . it sure does!' . . . Well, that was the little story I told Barbara once. It's strange, but even though she laughed when I told her and even though she repeated it to someone a couple of days later, I'd have thought she'd have forgotten it after a while. But she didn't. Years passed. And came the time when all hell broke loose for me—and she didn't. . . ."

The investigation

The hell to which Dick refers erupted one day early last November, when a Congressional committee, finished with the TV quiz scandals, turned next to disk jockeys, pacing their carefully-honed needle on a record of alleged corruption in the deejay ranks.

That day, committee investigators came ringing out at Dick Clark, the biggest deejay of them all. And within a week, though he managed to hide it well from his *American Bandstand* cameras and his 20,000,000 viewers, Dick was a very much-stressed young man.

For day after day, for a few hours before show-time each day, Dick sat with the investigators in his small Philadelphia office, a few yards away from the *Bandstand* studio, and repeated, over and over again, that he was innocent of any of their charges.

"I have never, for my part, agreed to play a record in return for payment in cash," he said.

While the investigators, for their part, seemed unimpressed.

And as the first few days of questioning passed it became more and more clear to Dick that the boys in a back room on Capitol Hill were getting busy tuning up the drums that would accompany his march to the witness chair in Committee Investigation Room No. 3 one day soon, and that, because of the built-in bad publicity that normally accompanies most occupants of that witness chair, a world he had built these past few years, a comfortable and happy and prosperous world for himself and his family, might soon come tumbling down.

Those first few nights at home, following the questioning periods, then the show, Dick said nothing about what had been going on to Barbara, his wife.

And Barbara, likewise, said nothing to him.

"It was as if," Dick recalls, "we both thought the whole thing might blow over. I was tense, and Barb knew it. The lies and insinuations that were being hurled at me now by certain parties stuck in my stomach, and hurt. But deep-down I was convinced that if I kept on telling the truth I'd be believed and there would be nothing to worry about. So I'd come home and say nothing about any investigation I'd been through, any headlines I was making—I'd eat like normal, play with Richard (his three-year-old son) like normal, watch some TV with Barby and go to bed, all like normal. I had faith, as I said, in the truth. And in people. Neither, I felt, would let me down."

It was a little over a week after the preliminary talks with the committeemen ended when Dick's faith began to wane.

One evening, shortly after he got home, his phone rang. A reporter for one of the country's leading slick magazines was calling from New York. The reporter was soft-spoken and sympathetic.

"We think it's a damn shame up here, what you're going through, Clark," the reporter said. "If it's all right with you I'd like to come down to Philly, talk to you and get your side of the story."

Dick responded by saying that he appreciated the sympathy, but he thought it was a little early for any story.

"Clark," said the reporter, "listen—there are millions and millions of kids all around the country, and parents too, who are *with* you and who want to hear what you've got to say about all this. You owe it to them, Clark."

He talked a little more, more and more persuasively.

Till, finally, Dick agreed to the story.

For two days after that, beginning the following morning, Dick talked with this reporter, answered all his questions. They talked at Dick's office, in the studio, while taking walks, over lunch in a small restaurant not far from the studio, over after-the-show cups of coffee.

Following the second and final day of talks, they shook hands warmly as the reporter prepared to leave Philadelphia and head back for home and his typewriter.

"Good trip," were Dick's last words to the reporter.

"Thanks, Clark—and good luck, best of luck, to you," were his last words to Dick.

It was later that night when Dick found out what the man had really been up to all along. . . .

He and Barbara had a dinner date with some friends. They left the house at about seven o'clock. Only Richard Jr. was home, sleeping; and the babysitter.

It was about half an hour after they left when the front doorbell rang. The babysitter went to answer. At the door stood a man who identified himself as a reporter from New York. He said he'd been interviewing Dick these past couple of days and that he'd dropped by for some more information.

The babysitter told him that Mr. and Mrs. Clark weren't home.

"I know," the reporter said. "But that's all right—I can get what I want just by glancing around."

Then he walked past the woman and started to look around the house. He took notes on items of furniture; how much furniture there was, what it looked like. At one point he went over to some draperies, felt them and said to the babysitter, "Mmmm, pretty expensive taste your boss has."

"I wouldn't know," the woman said.

Then he began to question her. He asked what she knew about Mr. Clark's financial status, about what items around the house were gifts and what had been bought by him.

He asked and asked.

But the babysitter wouldn't answer.

She was suspicious of this man. She hadn't liked his barging in in the first place, and now she didn't like his questioning tactics.

Softly, she told him that he had better leave.

When he just smiled, and didn't, she told him again, loudly this time.

"You're trespassing, sir," she said. "I don't know about the law in New York, but in Pennsylvania trespassing's illegal. . . . Now if you'll get out of my way—" she went on, beginning to head for the phone, "—I'm going to call the police."

That did it.

The reporter left.

What some people are waiting for

"When Barbara and I got home the babysitter told me what had happened," Dick says. "From her description of the man I knew it was the same fellow I'd been confiding in these past two days. I couldn't believe it . . . At first, I blew up. I thought of that reporter, with me these past two days, his smiles, his laughter, his sympathy, his handshakes—all of it so phony. Suddenly, I blew up. I wished he were still there, in the house, so I could belt him one in the nose. I began to shout. 'That's what a character like that deserves, breaking into a man's house like that,' I shouted. Barbara, who'd been in the baby's room, seeing how he was, came rushing out. 'Dick,' she said, 'that wouldn't do any good—and it certainly wouldn't help you, not at a time like this. It's just what some people are waiting for. It's all they'd need!"

"Barbara's phrase, what she'd said about 'what some people are waiting for,' began to spin around in my head. *Some people*, I thought. *Waiting . . . waiting. . . .*

"I thought of people like this reporter, like some others I knew of, jealous people—pure and simple, jealous people, who begrudged me because I'd become something of a success and who couldn't wait to see me get it in the neck. Some people, I thought, make the whole thing—the hard work, the planning, the struggling, the prayers, the hopes—not worth it at all.

"After our babysitter left for the night Barbara and I had a talk, a long talk. I told her how disgusted I was with everything and I asked her if she'd mind if I quit the business, show business, after this mess was over. Some sources have reported that I wanted to quit right then and there. This isn't true. At no point did I ever consider throwing in the towel. It would be like a prizefighter sitting in a corner and quitting before the first round. But it *is* true that I thought of getting out eventually. And I talked to Barbara about it that night.

"She heard me out. She saw how disappointed I was, how shook I was by the accusations being made, how shook I was that some sources were calling me a liar, already, before I had a chance to be heard.

"When I was through talking she said to me, 'Dick, *I* couldn't care less if you left the business—you should know that. I don't care if you become a shoe salesman, a plumber, anything. I don't care if I have to pack up everything tomorrow and we take the baby and just the three of us go away, to Timbuctoo, or farther even.

"'But,' she said, '*you* might care, Dick. Think of that. Show business, your show—everything it all means to you—talking to your kids, your teen-agers, playing music for them—that's all pretty much in your blood by now. And it might be hard to get out of your blood, just like that.'

"She talked more, about the good friends I'd made in the business, dozens of them; about other good things that had come to me because of the business.

"And once more she said, 'So think of all this. Think of it carefully before you make up your mind. For yourself, for your own eventual good, Dick.'

"We went to bed a little while later. I couldn't sleep. What Barbara had said hadn't changed my mind. Not really. I was disgusted, confused. And I just lay there most of the night, tossing and turning, trying to get some sleep, but not able to.

"I guess I finally did doze off at about four, or five. Anyway, it must have been about seven o'clock when I half-woke and saw that Barbara was up already, dressed, obviously about to go out.

"'Where are you going, Barb?' I asked her.

"'To the store,' she said.

"'At this hour?' I said. 'What for?'

"She mumbled something I didn't catch, and she left.

"I fell asleep again a few minutes later.

"And it was only after I'd awakened the second time that morning, a couple of hours later, when I realized what it was she'd gone for. . . ."

The bedroom was empty. Dick could hear Barbara, in the kitchen, giving Richard his breakfast. A radio was on in the living room. Bobby Darin was gargling his way through *Clementine*, a then-big hit. From the kitchen Dick heard Richard call out at one point, "Mommy, is that Bobby Da-win? That Bobby singing?" "That's right," Barbara said, laughing, "—that's Bobby Da-win."

Dick, hearing this exchange, started to smile. But the smile didn't last for long.

More awake now, he began to think of the events of the night before, the week, two weeks, before.

Walter Slezak claims he has a very fine waterproof watch. Any water that leaks in can't possibly get out.

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

Finally, listlessly, he got out of bed.

He went into the bathroom—showered, shaved. He came back to the bedroom and dressed. Then, as he reached for a comb which lay on the bureau, he saw it, sitting there on the bureau, alongside the comb.

He looked.

He looked again.

And then he called out for his wife.

"Barb—is this," he asked, incredulous, pointing, "is this what you went out to buy this morning?"

Barbara nodded.

"*This?*" Dick asked again. "For me?"

"Yes," said Barbara, nodding again. She smiled. "Really Dick, you can close your mouth now—there's nothing so amazing about it," she said. "I just bought a jar of olives and a vanilla bean, removed the olives from the jar and put in the vanilla bean instead . . . Isn't that the way Susie, the landlady's daughter, used to do it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dick.

"And," Barbara said, "like little Susie used to say, 'Just take a whiff of that lovely bean and see if everything doesn't feel all better inside you' . . . Isn't that what she used to say, Dick, when you were just a little boy?"

"Yes," said Dick.

Suddenly, from the kitchen, Richard Jr. called out.

"Oh-oh," said Barbara, "I'd better go."

And Dick turned back to his jar.

He picked it up now, brought it to his nose, slowly, and he took a whiff.

"And it came to me at that moment," he says, "what a lucky guy I really was. . . .

"You know, once at a teen-age panel discussion, somebody brought up the question: What is the difference in your opinion between young love and married love?

"It was a hard question—I thought—but I answered it as best I could. 'Teen-age love is exciting, challenging, full of pitfalls and always new,' I said. 'Married love,' I said, 'can be exciting, depending on the two people involved but, as exciting as it can be, it usually is *not* new.'

"I saw now, this morning, as I stood holding the olive jar, looking down at that funny little vanilla bean, that I'd been wrong in my answer that day.

"Days may pass, months, years may pass between two married people. Nothing new may seem to happen. Life becomes routine. You love one another, but you hardly bother to tell that to one another anymore. You hardly know how to say it without sounding silly after a while. And then, suddenly, something happens, trouble, for instance. And it's said again, anew, how much love there really is between the two of you. With all the sentiment and beauty there is in a good heart thrown in for good measure. The way Barbara said it to me that morning."

Dick goes on:

"You know—I knew how much, that morning, I loved my wife. And all sorts of things I'd almost forgotten about Barbara—important moments in our life, treasured moments to a woman, I guess, but moments a man can easily forget, came rushing back to my mind now—

"I thought of her the night I asked her to marry me—the first time I ever saw her cry.

"I thought of her the night we were married, how she laughed so hard and blushed so much when we got to our hotel and this pound of rice came rolling from my hair as I bent to sign the register.

"I thought of how her voice sounded that day, years after we were married, all during which time we were trying so hard to have a baby, when she phoned me at work to tell me she'd just taken a pregnancy test and had passed it— 'What did the rabbit say?' I'd asked her, and she'd said 'The rabbit said yes, Daddy . . . *Daddy*. . . .

"I thought of the look in her eyes the night Richard was born, when I saw her right after, when before I had a chance to ask her how she was feeling, she asked 'How are *you*, Dick? . . . Are *you* all right?

"I thought of how patient she's been with me all these years, the faults of mine she'd had to put up with, my short temper sometimes, my moodiness sometimes.

"I thought of the evenings, lots of evenings, when I'd come home from work and she'd ask if we couldn't go out for a while, and I'd say, 'No, honey, I'm tired'—something like that—forgetting how she'd been *in* the house all day, what a nice change it might be for her to get out for a bit.

"I thought of all these things as I stood there now, holding my olive jar, whiffing my vanilla bean.

"And I discovered, unashamedly, that I loved my wife more than I ever thought was humanly possible.

"As I discovered, standing there now sniffing that little bean, that my cares

problems, worries—all the things that had had me so bugged the night before, those two weeks before—were leaving me, one by one.

"I realized suddenly, too, that it was morning, the beginning of a new day . . . that I could face anything now.

"I put down the jar and picked up my comb. I looked into the mirror, in front of me.

" 'You just keep paddling along, Boy,' I said to myself, 'because, you know, everything might turn out to be just okay . . .' "

For the next five months, 16,000,000 fans and the entire entertainment industry waited to see what would happen to Dick.

Dick himself, meanwhile, continued paddling along, waiting for the committee hearings to begin.

"Those five months weren't exactly easy," he recalls. "Unavoidably the tenseness would return. And when it did, it was Barbara who came through, as always. She stayed calm, never moped, never acted discouraged. And I'd become right again, just looking at her, being with her. It was as simple as that. . . ."

Dick Clark's biggest show began in late April, in Washington, D. C.

It began with a bang—for the prosecution.

Dick, silent as the committee flung its charges at him, waited for his chance to defend himself.

His chance come, finally, he spoke up. He spoke softly, surely.

"I have never accepted any bribery," he repeated, answering the official charge against him. "As far as investing in other companies and making some money from these investments," he said, "I followed the ground rules that existed."

The charges and questions kept coming those next two days.

Dick kept answering them

And soon it seemed that the case against him was beginning to fizzle.

There was no actual verdict when it was all over. But it appeared to most people that Dick had come out on top when Oren Harris, the committee chairman, summed up by saying: "You're not the inventor of the system or even its architect. You're a product of it"—then adding: "Surely, Dick Clark, you're a fine young man."

Dick's enemies writhed.

"Obviously," said one of them, "the chairman showed as much perspicacity as any fifteen-year-old."

But his friends and fans rocked with joy.

Back home in Philadelphia that night Dick found hundreds of telegrams scattered around the dining room table, from people all over the country, congratulating him and wishing him well.

Connie Francis phoned from New York. Fabian and Frankie Avalon phoned from Hollywood.

Bobby Darin, in Philadelphia that night, dropped by to see Dick. Bobby was tired-looking and Dick started to chide him for working so hard, for not taking it easier.

"Yeah," Bobby agreed, "big eye-bags gotta go . . . But man, like *you're* sure looking good." Turning to Barbara, who was standing alongside Dick at the moment, he said, "Like you've maybe been taking pretty good care of our boy here, hey, Mrs. C?"

Barbara looked over at Dick and shrugged.

Dick looked over at her and smiled and took her hand.

Neither of them said anything.

They simply continued looking at one another.

And, somehow, a certain third party present felt suddenly that it was like time for him to disappear, on the double.

Which he did. . . .

END

Dick can still be seen starring in Columbia's BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG.

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!



Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep*... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.



The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!



Here's Charlie!

(Continued from page 48)

to come up with something satisfactorily sensational. Each time I finished lamely with only the bare truth: "All I can say is —find the right man who really loves you and really wants to stay married. Then marry him."

They grinned and nodded wisely. "Ah, so! You *keep* secret, yes?"

People all over, I finally realized, want to make everything so darned complicated, especially an elemental emotion such as plain, old-fashioned love.

At the Academy Awards in March when Susan Hayward's words, ". . . and the winner is—Charlton Heston," made him officially best screen actor of the year, Chuck did what to him came naturally. He grabbed me and planted a long, ardent, expressive smacker on my startled lips before approximately 84,000,000 delighted TV kibitzers. Then he trotted up on stage to get his Oscar.

Well, when we finally turned the key to our hilltop house around 6:30 the next morning, we had to read our way through telegrams stacked like giant cornflakes against the front door. Inside, the phone rang like a station-house general alarm. Soon the mailman was dumping sacks of letters from all over America and places as remote as Rome, Paris, and Tokyo. The gist of it all:

"What a thrilling, nice and wonderful thing that was for you to do!"

Charlie raked his brown curls in bewilderment at this. "Say," he puzzled, "I can't have been the first guy in history ever to kiss his wife, can I?"

Miracles

I guess in a town notoriously ripped and torn by domestic rivalries, and paved with divorce decrees, a simple kiss sometimes seems like a miracle. Charlie Heston has always seemed like a miracle to me, anyway. Because ever since we met back in Northwestern University around eighteen years ago, miracles have been happening.

Only last December, for example, when Chuck and I were away in London, a roaring brush fire flared in Coldwater Canyon back of Beverly Hills, where our new house soars out into space on a mountain spur. The grim news was flashed to us: HOUSE IN PATH OF FLAMES—SEEMS CERTAIN TO BURN.

I dissolved into tears. But Chuck would have none of the tragic thought. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to our house," he assured me. "It can't."

Well, it didn't. Billowing flames raced to its edge, seared trees on the terrace, buckled some glass. Then surprisingly, they leaped over the roof to the other side. Firemen told us on our return, "We can't understand it. Your place should have burned to ashes." And they used that word—"It was a miracle."

Or, consider how we got that house in the first place. Of all the things I definitely did *not* want it was a house. There was already a Heston house—or an eight-room lodge, rather—up in the virgin forest of Michigan's peninsula, where Chuck and I could go to get away from it all. And the way our lives were ordered, I wanted no part of possessions that possessed us, housekeeping responsibilities or restricting roots in any California soil.

Both Chuck and I liked to hop around the world like flying kangaroos. All I wanted was an apartment where I could just lock the door and forget it. We had two that were perfect: one in New York's Tudor City for visits, and homebase at mammoth La Brea Towers in midtown Los Angeles. For eight years we were serenely happy with that set-up.

So, when our baby son, Fraser, started getting active and Chuck started making noises like a householder, I discreetly changed the subject. Indulgently, I made the rounds of old houses with Chuck, but they were either in the wrong place, too old, or too expensive to remodel. That was great with me; I breathed sighs of relief.

Then one afternoon Charlton thundered in all out of breath. "Come on," he panted. "I've got a big surprise for you!" Hurrying me into his Corvette, he raced me up the canyon, led me, blindfolded with his handkerchief, out on a point. "Now," he said, "look!"

What I saw was a breathtaking, 360-degree view, over half Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, with even that well-known Catalina Island shimmering in the distance. I burst into tears.

Suddenly I knew this was the place. All my problems were solved. I didn't want to live anywhere else but right here —and in a house with Chuck.

A working project

One more miracle—the greatest of all—lay behind both of these. His name is Fraser Clarke Heston, and by now he's a bright, button-eyed towhead of five. Neither Chuck nor I can imagine life without 'Fray.' But when I called from my backstage dressing room in a Minneapolis theater some six years ago, caught Charlton in Paramount's wardrobe department, and announced breathlessly, "You're going to be a father!" the answer I got was, "A baby? That's impossible! What in the world will we do with it?"

But what was to happen to me later on about that house, smote Chuck exactly the same way now about the baby news. "The greatest moment of my life," he'll tell you now, "was when that doctor came down the hall and said, 'Congratulations—you're the father of a fine son!' Those were the most glorious lines I've ever heard spoken!"

And when the nurse put him in Charlie's arms, I could tell by his face that this was going to be a working project.

I must confess, though, that when I first met Charlie I had no 'working project' ideas about us. He was a freshie at Northwestern University and we were in a dramatics class together. The first time I became aware of his existence was when he almost blasted me out of my seat with

> **Richard Boone: I live on a simple budget. Never spend more than 10 per cent of my income.**
> *Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

a critique of a play we were analyzing. "It's skeletal," pronounced Chuck in a deep, bass voice. . . .

I was a small-town girl from Wisconsin, with acting ambitions. Charlton looked like Young Abe Lincoln of Illinois. He was a gangling, bony bumpkin from the Michigan sticks, nature boy in the raw. He'd been brought up in the wild backwoods of Roscommon County, which his grandad bought—yep, the whole county—for $80,000 at a tax sale in 1902. Unfortunately, he sold it before oil was discovered, but Chuck owns 1,400 acres of homeland on Russell Lake, named after his dad, where that getaway lodge is. He bought it with the first movie money he made from *The Greatest Show on Earth*, because that's where his roots are—he loves the land.

Chuck went to a country school where one teacher taught all eight grades, where sometimes it was too cold to hold a pencil and you couldn't use a pen because the ink was frozen stiff. He hunted, fished and trapped all over the wilderness from the time he could scamper, and when he got lost—as he once did—Charlton (that's his mom's maiden name) saved his own life by getting his directions from a wedge of northerning geese.

Two on a scholarship

The reason Chuck was in Northwestern on a dramatic scholarship—like I was—was because he never had many playmates besides muskrats, beaver, a few deer and unsociable bobcats. So, he lay under the pines for hours reading all sorts of derring-do books, then let his imagination act out every character in the pages. Once, he got so carried away with himself in the role of a wandering knight, that he grabbed a spare shirt, some cake and apples, a kitchen knife for a sword and a few books for dream fuel and swung down the road to High Adventure. But when the sun went down, the frogs croaked, owls hooted and bears grunted, Sir Fearnaught Heston hightailed back home. Still, by the time he was ready for college, Chuck was a natural actor. That's all he'd been doing for years.

But what Chuck knew about girls you could put in an empty shotgun shell. He'd never had a date. When he finally badgered me into his first date I reported to my mother thus: "I've just gone out with the most uncivilized, rude and crude, wildly untidy, impossible man on the campus!"

It's a small wonder, considering the number of spurned marriage proposals made, that Chuck lasted it out, but he was obviously a bear for punishment. Each time I reiterated forcefully what I had said at the start—that if Mr. C. C. Heston was the last man left on earth, I would leap at the chance to be a spinster.

Then how did we ever make it to a parson? It must have been the subtle working of love, or else my sheer awe at Chuck's nerve. This was dramatically demonstrated, to my amazement, one New Year in our senior year. At the time Chuck held down a job as night elevator boy at a flossy North Shore apartment house, while I worked in the college cafeteria. A bonanza of Christmas tips dropped $100 in his big paws, a sum which could keep him in courting money for at least a year. Instead, Chuck thought Big, chunking the wad on one dazzling pitch to prove to me he'd come a long way from Roscommon county.

He rented a full-dress outfit, top hat and all, and invited me to the exclusive Pump Room at Chicago's Ambassador East—just the swankiest, costliest joint in town. Whirling, or stumbling, about the floor like a Gold Coast playboy—Chuck waved condescendingly to a few outraged residents of his apartment house who'd dropped ten-dollar bills in the tip-kitty to finance the needy elevator boy's evening!

So Chuck lost his job, but for better or worse he won. How could I keep on saying no to a wild man like that? I didn't for long, even though Chuck's stream of proposals had to come via Western Union. The Army Air Corps gave him his greetings and shipped him to Greensboro, North Carolina, for training. One day, about spring vacation, I wired from Northwestern I ACCEPT, and bought a ticket to Greensboro. School, it turned out, had become deadly dull without the 'wild man' around. We got hitched on St. Patrick's Day, 1944. On our hurry-up honeymoon we took in a play and the usher led us to separate seats! And the hotel clerk even tried to sell us a room with twin beds! Also, when the brief leave was over, Chuck whistled

North, like those geese, to a lonely radio station, shivering out what was left of the War in the foggy Aleutians. I had to hit the books again at college. For years after, it seemed, everything that turned up yanked us in two different directions.

Strictly from hunger

We had a few months of love on a dime after J-Day, when Chuck came back, fat as a pig from sitting around the frosty Port Heiden hut stuffing his chow. "My hero!" I said sarcastically when I saw him. But he soon slimmed down through necessity. In fact, the housekeeping we set up in a furnished Chicago room was strictly from hunger. Our cupboard was an old trunk, our stove a dinky hotplate and our automatic dishwasher the bathroom basin. All we had to gorge ourselves on was $8 a week. It wasn't much better when we moved to New York.

There I got a job for $30 a week as a model and Chuck was strictly a kept man for the dismal months he pounded Broadway cement trying for a break. The luxury house which we have today is in stark contrast to the dark cold-water flat in Hell's Kitchen where steamshpis at the docks nearby shook the window with whistle blasts and trucks rumbled by night and day, shaking our bed—one, by the way, which Chuck hammered together from some rough boards for a total outlay of $2.60. We were so poor that once Chuck —who marketed with me so he could lug home the groceries—held up a checkout line twenty minutes returning a seven-cent can of evaporated milk we decided we didn't need.

Still, in the luckier years that followed, both Chuck and I were so sentimental about that shabby pad that we kept paying the rent for years until a wrecking crew got it. Reason? We were together then. We weren't together much after our two careers got rolling.

The first man-sized stage break Charlton got sent him to Boston. At approximately the same time I broke the ice in a road company headed for Chicago. After that—well—that honeymoon usher sure picked the right omen with those separate seats. Only the true-bluest type of trust, need, and devotion could have kept a marriage growing in those ticklish far-apart first years. We can look back and laugh today, although things weren't always so funny at the time.

We've actually whizzed past each other in planes heading in different directions. We've met in railroad stations, to share a cup of coffee and a kiss at a lunch counter, then raced for separate gates at an "A-l-l-l-l Aboard!" Once I had fifty guests coming for an Anniversary dinner, only to stick Chuck with the job of feeding them when a "Come at once" call came with a job offer. Another time Chuck had to leave me holding the same bag to mix drinks at a cocktail party for eighty. For a long time, Charlie and I had separate sets of friends in assorted cities of the U.S.A. We had several sets of clothes, automobiles, furniture, apartments, even cooks, thousands of miles apart. We've had to settle on long-distance calls, for "I love you's," or a look at a longed-for face over TV. A few times there have been some not so laughable misunderstandings.

One time, for example, Chuck called me in New York from Hollywood at 3:00 a.m. only to get a man's voice. Crossed wires, of course, but it kept up until everyone was snapping misunderstandings and sharp words. Another time I switched on my TV, only to scream at Chuck's gory head hoisted up off his neck. I didn't know he was playing *Macbeth* that night, and that the horrible vision was achieved with trick camera effects.

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But getting back to reality, I was in Minneapolis playing *The Seven Year Itch* when my tummy got woozy mornings and a doctor gave me the madonna tidings. By the time, back in Hollywood, that Chuck accepted the frightening fact of approaching fatherhood, I had rambled around the country dodging spring floods, narrowly missed a train wreck and kept the show going (with Fraser making his stage entrance ahead of mine) before I gave up. No sooner had I hit home nest in Los Angeles, than Chuck tore off to Egypt for three months with *The Ten Commandments*. Luckily, he made it back for the main event. By then I was so used to handling things by myself that when Chuck called from the set to ask how I was I said, "Fine," even though I was timing my labor pains at the moment.

Fraser hasn't worked since

Today we call our son "the youngest retired actor in Hollywood" because at three months of age Fray played the Baby Moses in the bulrushes and hasn't worked since. Things aren't *quite* so final with me, I still like to keep my hand in a make-up kit; in fact, only last summer we played together in *State of the Union* in summer stock at Santa Barbara. A family project like that's fine, but as for whipping off to all points of the compass, not any more. My ambition's simply gone out to lunch, because I'm so fulfilled as a wife and mother.

I'm not the self-sacrificing wife or anything like that, believe me. It's just that now I get the same satisfaction out of Charlie's career as I once did my own.

I guess I proved that to myself last year. About the time the *Ben-Hur* premiere was set for New York, in came a juicy picture offer for me. It meant a location in Denver just as Charlton was set for his triumph. I turned it down.

And it happened again when Chuck took on *The Tumbler* on Broadway. Same week he signed for that play I was offered a run-of-play contract with another on the same big street. "N-n-no," I hedged to Chuck cautiously, "what if your play's a flop and mine's a hit? Then we'd be separated again, wouldn't we?"

That's exactly what happened. *The Tumbler* lasted a week and my rejected opus is still running, and I'm glad I'm not running with it.

The truth is, since Fraser has made us a trio I find nothing in show business rewarding enough to pry me away. When Chuck moved to Rome with *Ben-Hur*, it was a family move. We found an ancient villa owned by the noble Flavian family outside Rome where the Emperor Domitian once spent his holidays. It had formal gardens, fountains everywhere and a private entrance to the Catacombs, if you liked that sort of thing. We lived at the *Horti Flaviani* ten months, most of which I spent wondering if Charlie would show up in one piece at night. In fact, during this spell *Paris Match*, the French picture paper, printed shots of me looking anxiously on as Chuck lashed his chariot perilously around the *Spina* racing Steve Boyd. They captioned them "*Madame Heston crispait les mains*" (wrings her hands).

The loveliest present

Even with all the suspense we look back on that Roman Holiday with tenderness. When it was over, Chuck gave me the loveliest present I've ever had from him. It's a gold bracelet with three pendants he designed and had cast. One says, "Roma-MCMLVIII," another "C.L.F." 69

glory lingers on



Fraser Heston's now a great big boy of five, but he made his mark in the world (with his foot, signing a contract for Cecil B. DeMille) at three months.

When Charlton Heston made his first impact across the American screen as Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, his little son Fraser was allowed to be on for a short while as the baby Moses. As a matter of fact, he'd been promised the part before he was born. Cecil B. DeMille had told the Hestons the baby could have the part if it turned out to be a boy. Charlton didn't know it then, but as the child got older, he never forgot what he'd been told about his few glorious moments on the screen.

One day after that film was released, the Heston family were out for a drive and stopped for a light on Sunset Boulevard. Some fans in the next car recognized the man at the wheel and called out, "Hey, Moses, say hello!"

Before Mrs. Heston could stop him, Fraser stood up and leaned over and waved, all smiles, to the people in the other car.

Then he turned to his father and lisped proudly, "Look, Daddy, they know me!"

for the three Heston initials and the third's a replica of the First-Century Roman marble pillar standing outside our palace.

Ben-Hur has been more than just another picture for Charlton. Ever since it opened it has been more like a career. So far, he's traveled over 30,000 miles plugging the epic. I've been with him for 25,000. "I'll go anywhere you say when I'm free," Chuck obligingly told MGM when they asked him to spread the word. "But not for long without my wife." Recently we took off for Australia.

I think I've paid my way, too, just in terms of keeping Chuck 'presentable'—an artist in most lines has no clothes sense worth mentioning, cut or color. He leaves things lying around in a rumpled mess. He jams expensive London-tailored Sulka shirts and ties, hand-made boots and suits from Italy into his bags as if they came from Woolworth's. He won't buy a rag unless forced to; in Rome I had to coax Brioni, the famous tailor, out to the *Ben-Hur* set to measure Chuck for a jacket. I guess you might say I'm the neat type, and he isn't! In a lot of other ways we're different too. I'm a self-confessed "hypochondriac and gloomy Cassandra," Charlton has the relaxed pulse beat of a tortoise. He's never sick, and has a cast-iron stomach. He snoozes on planes, between takes on sets, even up to ten minutes before he goes on a two-hour live TV show. Chuck rises early and I like to sleep late. He plays tennis, I swim; he paints, while I click my Leica. I drive a Thunderbird; Chuck pets his Corvette. I play the piano; he can't carry a tune, although he loves music so much there are twenty-seven speakers scattered around the new house. When we built it, Chuck went for a steam room as his extravagance. Mine was a battery of drying lights in my bathroom.

Since I'm the orderly but sentimental type, maybe the most exasperating husband-habit of Charlie's is a tendency to forget important dates in the creative daze he wanders around in when he's deep in a picture part. On a day that happened to be my birthday, we dined at Alfredo's famous restaurant in Rome. Alfredo himself makes a big fuss over any guest's birthday. So, when I spied another lucky girl getting the cake, champagne and music treatment I said, "Charlie, let's pretend it's my birthday and have him do that for me."

"Don't be silly," grunted Chuck. "It's not your birthday."

He didn't come to until we were walking down the hall to our room at the Excelsior Hotel. Then suddenly the poor guy plunked down on the carpet and banged his head on the floor as the awful truth smote him. "I forgot!" he yelped. "I forgot!"

So, the feeling is what counts, and despite various annoyances, we have never come close to a real quarrel. Actually, there are plenty of other departments in which we see eye to eye. One is travel. We're both gypsies. Just open a travel folder and we're hooked. Another is the outdoors. I'm the Girl Scout type, and lucky I am. Because, a couple of times a year at least, Chuck finds some excuse to pack us back to Russell Lake in Michigan. There's no telephone there and it's three miles to the nearest road.

We like it best in winter when sometimes it's 24° below and even the pair of golden eagles who rule the pine roosts head for cover. We cook over a wood stove and pile on the blankets at night. Daytimes we wheel a shack out on the frozen lake, cut holes in the ice and fish. It's a great shot in the arm for us all.

Fray goes along too. He's hit the road with us ever since he was a year and a half old.

Last year when we traveled through the ast with *Ben-Hur* Fray went along all he way. In Washington we got a privi- eged look at inner sanctums of the White louse, even spied President Eisenhower aving a conference in the Round Room. On the tour Fray got so excited he dropped is toy six-gun and I snatched it up. "Let he carry it," I whispered.

Well, as we rounded a corner and headed or the President's open door, there I was, leaming gun in hand pointed ominously head. Two Secret Service men leaped out f corners and grabbed me. I lost my oice. Chuck stepped in to straighten out he misunderstanding and explain the toy efore they unhanded me. But it was an ncomfortable moment.

I was pretty scared—and then pretty hrilled. I thought it might be very easy or a man to forget the little woman in a ot like that.

But there's not much danger of big Chuck Heston losing his head about anything. Not even an Academy Award could make him forget what comes first in his heart, even above acting, as he impulsively proved. As for his art, that Oscar may have put Chuck up on a lofty pedestal in the minds of some people, but not in his own.

"To tell you the truth," he sizes himself up, "I can play cowboys better than Sir Laurence Olivier—and Shakespeare better than Gary Cooper.

"But for Heaven's sake, don't switch that around!"

In fact, dear God, don't switch anything around about Charlie Heston. As far as I'm concerned he's perfect, absolutely perfect! END

Charlton will star next in MGM's CHARLEMAGNE.

Heartbreak

Continued from page 51)

hink of something clever, something funny o say, but the words stuck in his throat. ll he could say was, "Shall we eat at a rench restaurant tonight?"

"If you want to . . . ," Carol said.

He remembered that sometimes she idn't like to talk much, so he asked if x o'clock would be all right, and she aid yes, that would be okay. He asked hat she'd be doing that day and she told im that she planned to read and take a alk in the hills, alone.

Brandon reminded her that the TV show e'd just done would be on that night.

"Maybe we can watch it tonight after inner."

"Maybe . . . ," was all she said.

Brandon had enjoyed doing the show ut he didn't want to push or brag about imself so he said quickly, "It's not imortant."

"We'll see what happens," Carol said ven more uncomfortably.

Brandon wanted the conversation to end a light note.

"Don't run into any stray lions on our walk," he said.

Finally, he'd made her laugh a little.

ist naturally serious

When they'd hung up, Brandon thought bout Carol's unenthusiastic responses. He ied to picture how she looked on the hone, how pretty she was, and decided at her graveness wasn't because she'd een trying to avoid telling him someing he didn't want to hear but only beause she was naturally rather a serious irl. She wasn't light-headed but she asn't dull, either. Just serious.

It was his last day in Hollywood, for a hile. He and his mother were leaving r New York the next morning, to rejoin s father. He planned to read a few ays submitted to him. He liked the idea doing a play. He'd always liked the eater. Maybe he and Carol might even ork together on the stage, as they'd done the movie *Blue Denim*.

He decided that afternoon to go for swim, and though he couldn't stop thinkg about Carol and their date that evening, the pool refreshed him. There were few other people at poolside. The hotel ttered mostly to people in show business. riters, directors, actors, mostly. He had et some of the New York people here. ey were out for one-shot TV jobs or re sweating out picture deals.

"Hi, Brandon."

It was an actor he knew from New York.

"Hi," he said.

"Leaving tomorrow, huh?" the actor asked.

"Yeah. Tomorrow morning."

"Well . . . have a nice trip."

"Thanks," Brandon said, and meant it. Everyone had been nice to him. No one reminded him that he had been the little boy in *Shane*. They accepted him as an adult actor and he appreciated it.

The sun began to chill, and Brandon left to relax and dress for his date with Carol. Heading for the elevator, he ran into Mrs. Lynley, Carol's mother.

"Hi, Mrs. Lynley."

"Hello, Brandon."

He liked her; not because she was Carol's mother, but because she was nice.

"Carol still reading?"

Mrs. Lynley smiled, and shook her head. "No. She went for a walk. She likes taking long walks. It relaxes her."

Brandon understood. Carol had worked hard, on a picture, then a TV show. She was still working on her TV script.

"How's she like her show?"

"It's a good part. She finishes in two days."

Brandon was glad. That meant she would be going back to New York, unless a picture came up. Mrs. Lynley remembered that Brandon had just finished his show.

"How'd your show go?"

"Good. I liked working with Ward Bond. He's a nice guy."

"That's what I heard."

Brandon said good-bye till later when he would pick Carol up for dinner. Mrs. Lynley was going out to the pool, to get the last sun rays.

A quick ten minutes

Brandon showered and lay down to relax. He checked the time and it was a quarter after four. He thought about Carol, and the wonderful fun they had had together. It made him feel good, to think about her.

The phone rang. He picked it up quickly. Maybe it was Carol.

But, it was a photographer, reminding him they were supposed to shoot some pictures. Brandon checked the time. He would be cutting it close, but he had promised.

"Okay. But—can we make it kind of quick? I . . . I've got something to do. Later."

The photographer understood. He had seen Brandon come alive when they had talked about Carol the day before. And he knew Brandon was leaving early the next morning. "I need a half hour. Okay?"

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Gene Kelly
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Brandon thought a minute, then agreed.

"When will you be over?"

"In ten minutes."

Brandon checked the clock. They could shoot the pictures, and Brandon would not be late.

"Okay. But, make it in ten minutes."

"It's a deal. And . . . thanks, Brandon."

Brandon put the phone back on the hook, and once more day-dreamed of the little French restaurant, with the checkered table cloths, the soft lights, and the romantic atmosphere.

The photographer buzzed him from downstairs. Brandon slipped on a short-sleeve sport shirt, and a pair of tan pants. He met the photographer downstairs in the lobby, and they went around back to the pool. It was deserted. Everyone had felt the breeze come on and left. That suited them fine.

They began shooting a layout. It went easily. The photographer let him relax. No posy-pose type shots. Just Brandon—straight and simple.

"One more roll, and we're in."

Brandon checked the time. It was after five. He hesitated. "It'll take me five minutes," the photographer pleaded. And then they were done. It had been easy.

"Seeing Carol before you go?"

Brandon almost blushed, but said, "Uh . . . yeah. For dinner tonight."

The photographer said, "She's a real beauty."

Brandon agreed, most enthusiastically.

"You like her, don't you?"

"We . . . sort of go together."

The photographer smiled. He understood the uncertainties and the wonder of first love.

They shook hands. Then, Brandon hurried upstairs to get ready for his last night in Hollywood, with Carol.

Just lost track of time

He paced the room, glancing periodically at the silent phone, growing more and more impatient. He called her room. She hadn't come in. He went down to the hotel lobby. He flicked the television set on, and there was an old Clark Gable movie. He watched Gable pursue Myrna Loy all over Africa, but, his heart wasn't in watching Gable win Loy. *His* heart was jumping for *Carol*.

"Good picture?"

It was a writer he had talked to before.

"Pretty good. It's a Gable picture."

The writer was mildly impressed. He sat down to watch. Gable was gaining ground but Brandon was losing heart. Where was Carol? Maybe . . . maybe something had happened to her. He began to wet the dry nervousness in his mouth.

Brandon was only half watching the picture when the desk clerk paged him. He took the call on a house phone. It was Carol, and his heart skipped a beat.

"Where are you?"

"Well," she began, "I was walking. And, I lost track of the time. I just got to a phone."

Brandon sighed with relief. She was safe.

"You had me worried. How . . . how soon can you make it back?"

"In . . . about a half hour."

Brandon checked the time. They could still make dinner at the romantic little French place.

"Okay. I'll wait for you. And . . . hurry. We . . . won't have too much time."

"I'll try."

They hung up. And he went back to watching the Gable picture.

The picture ended, the half hour was over and there was still no sign of Carol. Brandon began to worry about her, then, started to get angry. It was their last evening together for what might be long time and she wasn't back yet.

"Is it okay if I watch a show?" h asked the others around the TV se They all knew his show was coming u and agreed. Brandon watched his imag on the screen. He and one of the lead He squirmed in his seat because h knew the others were judging his worl He took a fast look toward the lobb Still no Carol.

The show was over and he thought he' been good, that he would be judged as mature adult actor, not a former chil star. The others in the lobby congratu lated him, but, he felt a little sad tha Carol had not been there to see him.

"How about some ice cream, Brandon?

It was the writer. He realized Brando was sweating something out. Brando said thanks, but he was waiting for some one, someone who'd be there any minut

"Some other time . . ."

The writer left—one or two othe remained—and Brandon tried to concen trate on the next program. It was n use. He called her room, she hadn't calle back in. Then suddenly the phone ran and it was Carol.

She explained, "I felt tired, from walk ing. So . . . I sat down, and I must hav lost track of the time. I'm sorry."

He was furious with her, he wanted t challenge her, so that she'd be hurt as h was. Instead, he tried to save what tim was left.

He said, "We . . . can still grab a bite t eat."

It was too late for the French place, bu they could have a snack and talk.

And then Carol said, "I . . . I just ate. A little while ago."

In the shock wave of disappointment tha poured over Brandon, he caught his ne words, and checked the flow of anger.

"We had a date. Remember?"

"I'm sorry," she said abruptly.

There wasn't much left to say, an Brandon didn't try. He'd noted a chang in her voice. An indifference. He wor dered what had happened, what ha changed since the bright morning.

"Is something wrong, Carol?"

"I'm tired, Brandon," she murmured

"But, we had a date . . . ," his voic cracked.

He waited for some reassuring answe What he got was, "I'm sorry. Really I am But . . . I'm tired. We'll make it som other time."

He wanted to protest that it was unfai It was their last day in Hollywood.

"When . . . when will I see you?"

He tried to sound casual, but his hea wasn't in it. He waited, hoping, hiding h fears, praying that she'd change her min "I'll be in New York. Soon. We'll s then."

Brandon felt as if a trapdoor had bee sprung on him. His legs were shaky.

He had to know. What had gone wron Where? When? Was it something he ha done? Or said? But instead, he tried push down the awful idea that he was b ing rejected, to keep the tone of pan from his voice.

"Sure, Carol. We'll see each other New York."

"Thanks," she answered.

There was a long silence after he p the phone down. And Brandon realiz that all he could do was go and pack f his trip back to New York, and go to slee But he knew that sleep would bri dreams of love that used to be, and I wondered if love was as fragile as seemed.

Carol will star in THE HOT EYE O HEAVEN *(U.I.).*

For Adults Only

(*Continued from page 36*)

becomes pregnant; it's about the frantic attempts of her equally young boyfriend to raise money for an abortion. In the background—to "motivate" the action—are parents who lack understanding; in the foreground—to tingle your spine—is a visit to a seedy part of town where an abortionist plies his filthy trade. The name of this movie the first time 'round was *Blue Denim* (with Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley, Warren Berlinger). It was shortly followed by a low-budget imitation, *Too Soon To Love*. That same plot is bound to be run into the ground by a slew of films high in sensation and low in quality—and teenagers will eat them up. Unethical movie producers will defend themselves with, "Well, it teaches the kids a lesson, doesn't it?" The question is—*what lesson?*

In the two movies mentioned, teen-age sexual experience was frowned on, but mainly because it resulted in pregnancy. The teen-agers involved suffered, but mainly because they didn't have the poise to carry off a successful abortion. The moral lesson—the question of good and bad—was about as easy to find as a needle in a haystack. The obvious lesson these movies taught was that precocious sexual behavior is an accepted part of life. Why? Simply because it happens in the movies. Make no mistake. The lesson sinks in as effortlessly as the popcorn. It has already been so well digested that everybody going to see a movie with a teen-age cast automatically expects promiscuity and/or violence—and they have rarely been disappointed from as far back as *Blackboard Jungle* up to the very recent Dick Clark epic, *Because They're Young*.

The expectation is automatic because this image of the teen-ager has been burned into our eyes shutting out all other images. And the teen-age movie fan, seeking an identity, tries to bring to life what he finds of himself on the screen. This is natural, if only because Americans have always idolized screen stars and have used movies as models of the good life.

Letter from a teen-ager

A syndicated "lonelyhearts" columnist recently printed a letter from a teen-ager that had all the unreality and false drama of a bad movie. *But it was this girl's sincere view of herself.*

The girl wrote that she had "given herself" to her boyfriend because of the "lewd" movies she had seen. "I might never have made the mistakes I did," she went on, "had it not been for the unconscious effect of such movies on my whole being. . . ." No wonder there is such a tidal wave of delinquency. The screen has gotten so filthy that formerly innocent, sweet kids hardly bat an eye at the perverse portrayals of sex and profanity.

That there is no tidal wave of delinquency, that few if any movies are actually lewd or obscene, that this girl cannot shift her guilt onto a movie is not the point. The point is that movies *have* given this girl—and many others—a dangerously distorted view of herself. Movies *have* penetrated into her unconscious mind and left there a message of hysteria, bravura and utter confusion.

Nearly half of all the moviegoers in this country are teen-agers. What do they see? They see "family" pictures put together with a technical perfection that suggests true art, but, beneath a slick, deceptive coat of respectability, realism is reduced to dime novel dimensions. So "family togetherness" as in *A Summer Place* reaches a new low through the discovery that parents who commit adultery are bound to be much more tolerant of their sexually active children (Sandra Dee, Troy Donahue) than parents who do not. In *Home from the Hill* the begetting illegitimate children by father and son forms the twin spectres that haunt their lives, while the one person of substance in this many-peopled saga is the father's unacknowledged—because illegal—heir.

Teen-agers see romantic comedies, often in Technicolor, which are as light and airy as spun sugar but whose gaiety rests on little more than an off-color joke. Witness *Pillow Talk*, whose climactic scene hinges on freckle-faced Doris Day's attempts to discover if her hero really is a homosexual or is worth another try. As an invitation to manliness she sings *Possess Me* with a coyness that puts sex on a level with French postcards. All the mirth—and there is not much—to be found in *Happy Anniversary* rises from the fact that a married life, which has long since been blessed by children, began one full year before the ceremony. And in *It Started with a Kiss*, Debbie Reynolds' groom spends the better part of his honeymoon under a cold shower—to lessen the ardor which Debbie cannot yet trust.

The new frankness

The new "frankness" which seems to have pervaded movies leaves little to the imagination. We can no longer assume that married couples sleep together, we must be shown the bed, the bathtub, the monogrammed towels and how all these objects are used. People can talk to each other in the living room but it is more 'realistic' if they are half dressed. You can spot a *femme fatale* in a minute, but it is more 'true to type' if she stands in front of a mirror and slowly unbuttons her blouse.

The screen is flooded with frigid wives, lonely husbands, forlorn adolescents (of all ages) loudly proclaiming their need for love—but the cause (and perhaps the cure) of their loneliness and suffering is largely unexplored since this would lack the instant appeal of illustrated essays on their sexual misadventures.

So, in *Private Property* a couple of beatniks hitch a ride and, at knifepoint, force the driver to follow a blonde to her home in the Hollywood Hills. The blonde is a bored housewife whose husband, incredibly, ignores her sultry charm. The beatniks, who are obviously emotionally deranged, wait in a deserted house next door for the husband to leave home. Meanwhile they talk about their "kicks"; they smack their lips at the prospect of a sexual adventure. When the husband leaves on a business trip a brutal sexual assault, complicated by perversion and finished off with murder in a swimming pool, follow. The message? Some people are terribly sick.

Aside from the debatable artistic merits of the film, producer Leslie Stevens announced, "The picture isn't for children." But any child who can find his way to the theater and has the price of admission can see it.

What teen-ager, when he hears on a record the velvet voice of Johnny Mathis, will not rush to the movie his song introduces—*The Best Of Everything*, a lavish, eye-filling Cinemascope production. The very smell of the money that went into its making immediately inspires confidence in the film. But what is this movie selling? The idea that love is a battle of wits between boys "on the make" and girls who, however beautiful and talented, are *desperate* for marriage. Love is a market place where all the buyers (boys) try to cheat, and all the sellers (girls) think so little of themselves that self-abasement





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is their outstanding characteristic. One romantic affair after another leads to insanity and accidental suicide, pregnancy and betrayal. Abortion is discussed (but with all the proper horror). Marriage, although it is held out as the only hope, has the value of a bargain well-made. Love itself is almost non-existent. These are the half-truths, gross distortions and blatant stupidities offered, without any excuse, to our children.

A few challenging themes

But not all movies are an insult to even adult intelligence. There are many producers, writers and directors who are concerned with challenging themes that require maturity and judgment to enjoy—and to criticize. But any child, or any teen-ager who is a fan of Elizabeth Taylor can treat himself to *Suddenly Last Summer* where a mother (Katharine Hepburn) worships her homosexual son to the point of acting as his bait for young men, and where Elizabeth Taylor, his beautiful young cousin, turns out to be even better bait and is driven to near insanity by this son's violent death at the hands (and teeth) of his boy victims.

The Fugitive Kind, an unrelieved message of despair whose meaning must surely escape the immature mind (while repelling the mature one) can nevertheless frighten and disillusion simply by its atmosphere, its assortment of weird, lost souls, its pictures of drunkenness, nauseating illness, hatred and murder of the only character in the film who is really seeking salvation. But any teen-age fan of Marlon Brando or Joanne Woodward can easily and mistakenly assume that the movie is a "must" for him.

Good movies, bad movies, movies for teen-agers, movies for adults, crime movies, westerns, spectaculars, comedies, musicals, dramas come tumbling into the movie houses with very little to differentiate them but their titles. Movie "ads" if they are not sensational are often misleading. Movie reviews are read by a small proportion of the teen-age public. It is true that before any movie is released it comes up for an okay, a Seal of Approval from the keepers of the Production Code of the Motion Picture Association of America. It is true that many exhibitors will not show films that have been refused the Seal but—and perhaps rightly—there is no law to prevent them. (*Private Property*, which did not receive the Seal, is a case in point.) It is also true that no movie producer or exhibitor can be expected to take the place of parents or teachers.

No one can measure the exact effect movies have in shaping the attitudes and determining the behavior of young people. It would be foolish and irresponsible to blame one facet of our culture for any of the evils in our lives. But certainly it can be said that the movies, along with all other mediums of mass culture, must have a profound effect—otherwise they would not continue to do good business; otherwise Hollywood would not have been considered, for many years, the popular capital of America.

Is censorship by law an answer to the current movie problem? Most Americans are rightly and vigorously repelled by the word. Censorship, whatever small good it may do, limits freedom and outrages our constitutional rights.

Even Classification—a system of labeling movies a) for adults, b) for children, only if they are accompanied by adults and c) for everybody—a system which is practiced in England, France, Italy and other European countries might not only arouse resentment here but also might tempt some producers to make their "adults only" pictures as shockingly sensational as possible.

Only honest and right

Still, many movie directors, among them Otto Preminger, are in favor of what they call "voluntary classification." "I am still very much against censorship, am very much for classification," Preminger said on a recent *Open End* TV show. "I think it would be a very wonderful thing if we voluntarily would let an honest advertising, let the people know what kind of picture it is, so that parents who do not want their children to see certain pictures have a chance to tell them not to go, stop them from going. I think it would be only honest and right. . . ."

Some producers of great integrity, like Dore Schary, are firmly opposed to both censorship and classification although Schary, on the same *Open End* program said, "Any industry, any means of communication gets itself into trouble when it begins to use shock rather than conviction, when it abandons its right to convince and just tries to shock. And that sometimes is what's being done in film today. . . ."

Director Elia Kazan says, "The issue is not one of making immoral movies. Our problem is to prevent moral values from being oversimplified. People see a film that has a phony happy ending and they get a distorted view which hurts them later. They expect life to be what it isn't."

Though the issue has been made subtle and complicated it includes a couple of very simple questions: 1) Is it wrong and dangerous to expose children to films which are morally unsound? 2) Should parents be warned about films that can harm their children?

We think the answer to both questions is a definite "yes." We think that certain films should be labeled *for adults only* by a qualified and impartial board of judges. We think that children should not be allowed to see these films unless they are accompanied by their parents. Will this lead to even more sensation in adult films? Maybe. But we feel that adults can—and should—be able to take care of themselves; children need—and should have—adult protection.

That's our point of view. But your point of view is even more important, because the decisive voice in settling American issues has always been the voice of public opinion. Your voice, the voice of the people who read this article and of the people who put down their money at the box office in movie theaters across the land.

Parents, teenagers, kids—what do you think? What do you want from the movie industry? What do you want from the movies you see? Do you think that labeling movies *for adults only* is a threat to freedom? Or will it give movie producers even more freedom and a sense of responsibility that will lift the level of all films and make moviegoing even more fun?

The editors of MODERN SCREEN sincerely want your opinion, and would welcome all your letters on this subject. E

The Tender Tension of a Long Engagement

(*Continued from page 45*)

let out our real deep-down desires on other things," he mumbled, then paused and sat down next to her and leaned his head against her warm shoulder. "Sometimes, Nanny, I wonder if we didn't make a mistake, deciding the way we did to have such a long engagement. Everybody says long engagements are out of style, passé. Look at Princess Margaret and her guy. They were only engaged a couple of months and they got married. I know I've got to serve time in the Air Force, but, that doesn't mean we couldn't be married. There's no law about being a married man and serving Uncle Sam. Thousands of guys have done it."

"But, Tommy," Nancy's voice was low, easy, "we decided this was best. We talked about it for so many nights . . . remember?"

"I know, sweetheart. But talking is one thing . . . and then actually sitting out a long engagement until . . . well, they're two different things." How could he begin to tell her of his overpowering desire, of the fire inside him.

"Tommy," she said, clearing her throat. "You make me feel very . . . funny. . . ."

He swallowed. "I'm sorry, hon'. I don't want you to feel bad. It's just that I wish I . . . I didn't feel so pent-up, so . . . oh, let's forget it. Forget I ever brought up such a stupid subject. Why don't you finish your hot dog and we'll go for a walk in the moonlight . . . ?"

They walked, Tommy's strong arm around her sweatered shoulders, through the wide stretches of white sand sparkling like silver in the light of the crescent moon. All around them, the night-blue sky and the sea shimmered in the different shades of darkness. Occasionally they stumbled across bits of charred logs from past picnic fires. They hardly uttered a word, so happy to be near each other, and, when they turned around and returned to the flickering firelight, Tommy stretched out on an Indian blanket, his eyebrows knit together in thought.

Maybe he would tell her. *Now.*

Too hard to wait

Nancy took a bottle of soda pop from the cooler and handed it to Tommy. They'd forgotten an opener, and Tom twisted the bottle-top with his jack-kni He managed to open it but the pop fizz all over him and the blanket.

"Tommy, Tommy," Nancy called o "You're all wet!" And she rushed to h with a napkin and tried to dry the stic soda-pop from his bare arms and yellow-checked shirt.

He took her hands in his and drew th to his lips and then he wrapped his ar around her and slowly, gently, kissed full on the lips.

"Nanny, oh, Nanny," he said, his bre quickening and rising heavily, "let's elo . . . now . . . tonight!" He didn't give a second to answer him; instead he loc his lips with hers and they kissed. summer night breeze was warm, sens and the fragrance of Nancy's perfume v dizzy-rich.

"I . . . I don't think I can wait throu the long summer," Tommy pleaded. love you so much, darling, I want to married . . . now!"

His chest rose and fell against her s body. Now that he had said it . . . alo . . . his body seemed to sing with tension of his desire. He brushed fingers lightly against her white che throat; he kissed her hair, her eyes, nose, her neck.

And, all of a sudden from out of

blue. Nancy started to cry. Slowly at first, and then with sharp, wrenching sobs. She tried to speak, but she couldn't, and Tommy, shaken and frightened that he had hurt her, begged, "Oh, honey, honey, please don't cry. I didn't mean to upset you. I only wanted you to know how much you mean to me, how much I love you. And how hard it is for me to wait until the wintertime."

She continued to cry, and Tommy kissed her sweet tears. She whispered then, a tender tension riding her whispers, "Don't . . . don't you think it's been hard for *me*, too?"

The truth of the matter, Tommy thought then, the headiness of his passion sobered suddenly by Nancy's unexpected outburst of tears, was that love—real, honest-to-gosh love—was hard to control. What was it they had both said once, when they had a press conference after their engagement: that they were both glad to have the approval of their parents, but if they weren't in the special kind of situation they were in—with Tommy going off to serve Uncle Sam—they might have gotten married sooner. And, Nancy and Tommy agreed, they were both suffering from an "impatient patience" to get married.

Overpowering feeling

Maybe, Tommy confided to himself, as he caressed Nancy's silky dark hair, it's more of an "impatient passion." There were times that a fellow hated this overpowering feeling for making him lose his reason, and he hoped now that he could hold back the fire of passion until the night of their wedding.

"Honey," Tommy burst forth, "I don't know, but maybe we made a mistake. I know the idea of a long, old-fashioned engagement seems wonderful because we can get to know each other better. And your mom and dad, and my mom, they all agree this is right. But . . . I . . . just wish I didn't love you so much. I just wish that my *love* was old-fashioned and that it didn't ache and beg to be near you. Sometimes I don't know what to do. . . ."

Nancy looked at him now, lying there on the red Indian blanket in the white radiance of the moon, and she admitted to herself there were times when he looked at her, never even so much as uttering a word, when desire trembled through her throat and her heart, throughout the length and breadth of her being. And the long summer wasn't making life easier for them with its lazy days and languorously fragrant nights, the warm air sweet with the perfume of flowers.

"Tommy," she began, fingering the edge of the blanket, "we both come from broken homes." Then, speaking softly, evenly, she said, "You and I have done what we think is best because we don't want to make the mistakes our parents made. We don't want to get married on the run and live to have awful regrets . . . do we? I know you don't, and you know I don't. We want our love to grow, and we want to have children. Not at first—because we want to enjoy each other. But in a couple of years I want to have a family . . . three, four, five kids who'll look just like you. . . ."

"Like *you*," Tommy interrupted.

"Like us," Nancy said, smiling.

No broken marriage for these two

She was right. Maybe he was impetuous, wanting to elope suddenly like that. Hadn't it been torture for the two of them, growing up in households where their moms and dads were always at one another's throats, screaming, sobbing, threatening, until that one dark day when suddenly their moms and dads were no longer together, when they went their different ways? And suddenly Nancy found her father's photo on the front pages of the big city newspapers, week after week, Sunday after Sunday.

She had told Tommy all this. How one week her dad was squiring around a luscious chorus girl, another week he was involved with a fast actress. And week after week she had to face the nasty razzings of the kids in school, schoolmates who taunted her with whispers, cruel and vicious rumors about her dad being a "wild one." For months she came home from school and wished the world would end, that hell would destroy them all because she hated to face tomorrow and the humiliating taunts of her classmates.

"The latest girl her pop's picked up . . ." the kids whispered in the school halls, in the drugstore, at the football games. And she felt like two cents, knowing her father had been good to her but that the world was making him into a monster.

How many times she tried to talk to her mother about all this, but after a while she gave up because she saw how much it hurt her mother. So she gritted her teeth and faced every tomorrow by herself, looking forward to the dawn of each new day with a sick dread and a terrible taste in her mouth.

And with Tommy, the kids were cruel, too. They'd point to him and jibe, "His mom and dad are divorced. They never see each other." And whenever, like any normal young American boy, Tommy got into a little mischief such as staying out after curfew or when he was caught by neighbors smoking his first cigarette, everyone made him feel that he was doomed to be a delinquent because he came from a "broken home."

Nancy and Tommy talked about their growing-up years constantly. And they didn't want *their* love to be strangled by possessiveness, choked by jealousy, killed with bitterness. They wanted their love to grow, to flower, to develop into the deep love of forever-lovers.

How could they do this?

This was when they both decided upon the long, old-fashioned engagement. When Tommy gave Nancy her emerald-cut diamond engagement ring in March, they came to the agreement to wait until Christmas before they married. Time, they had a hunch, would be their ally; time would help their love bloom. In some ways, they looked upon Tommy's service with Uncle Sam as a blessing.

But now, waiting and waiting, Tommy grew restless, edgy, bursting with the passion of a young man. And there were times, when they kissed and held each other close, that Nancy shivered with the thrill of desire trembling within her.

That night on the beach they had it out. Nancy, wiping her tears, reassured him, "Tommy, I know we're doing what's right. To wait, the way we are. Because our love isn't something we want to play with—like a toy."

When she spoke out like that everything seemed so clear to him: that this could be the *only* way for two young people who didn't want to fall into their parents' footsteps and make a mess of marriage.

She snuggled against him on the blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, and Tommy patted her gently. "Nanny, I'm so, so lucky . . . ," he said, and the two of them lay there, the moon paling their faces with its ivory light, and they both knew that, somehow, their honesty and their frankness was giving them strength. It helped them face the slow spinning-out of the summertime, while their love grew and ripened until that blessed day in December when they would love each other as man and wife . . . and become one.

END

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(*Continued from page 39*)

poised yet radiating a subtle sensuality through the smoke-filled air. The low buzz of voices begins. "Who is she?" they ask. And other low voices answer, "Don't you remember the philandering, blatantly sexy wife in *Hound-Dog Man?*"

The questions continue.

But the answers become more and more spare.

And after a while it's obvious that very little is actually known about her.

Who *is* this girl of mystery?

Her name is Margo Moore.

Why is she so mysterious?

"I guess," Margo herself told us recently, "it's because people with questions about me rarely ask them *of* me. It's my fault in a way. I give the appearance of being rather aloof and cold. This is mainly because I'm unsure of myself. But the truth is that I like to have friends." She sighed. "And," she added, "the truth is, too, that I've never had many. Not really. Especially not as a child, back in Indiana, back in those strange not-so-long-ago years...."

Portrait of Margo

She was Marguerite Guarnerius then. She lived with her father, a Free Methodist minister, her stepmother and her brothers, Joseph and William, both older than she. Their house, on the outskirts of Indianapolis, was big and old and quiet, very quiet. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius, a stern man, a strict man, wanted it this way. He tolerated no unnecessary noises such as the sound of neighbor children's voices within the rooms of his home or in his front garden or back yard. "The result," says Margo, "is that I had no friends other than my brothers—and my piano. My father was musical. He was a direct descendant of the violinmaker Guarnieri, of Cremona, in Italy, and he saw to it that we all studied music. So for me it was the piano, for Joseph the violin, for William the cornet. Lots of times the three of us would get together and play, for hours and hours. They were fun, those hours. They made the loneliness fade for us, for a while, at least."

Loneliness, however—true loneliness—came crashing down on Margo when she was eleven years old.

She became sick one day, with a cold, or so her parents thought it was. They put her to bed. They didn't call a doctor. (It was 1945, the war was on and if you felt you didn't *really* need a doctor, you didn't call one.) The cold lingered. Margo was in bed for two weeks, beginning to feel that she was coming around, slowly. When suddenly one morning she woke up and tried to move and couldn't—only her neck would move, but nothing else. Her parents called the doctor now. He came. He examined the girl. And then he walked to the other side of the room, to where her parents stood waiting, and he told them that Margo had polio.

"I remember that I was on my way to a hospital a little while later," she says today. "That at the hospital they put me into a plaster cast, from my shoulder down to my hip. I had to remain in that cast, motionless, for a few weeks at the hospital. Then, for month after month, at home. It was a terrible period for me. Very few people came to see me. I was alone most of the time. I was too tired to read very much. And so, most of the time, I'd just lie back on my pillow, my mind blank, thinking about nothing except maybe the kind of day it was outside, or about when I might hear the next car pass the house."

And then one day a girl came over to see her. She was from school, Margo's class. They barely knew one another and, at first, they barely knew what to talk about. So, after a few general questions and answers, then a few moments of silence, the visitor asked the patient if she'd like to hear about a movie she'd seen.

"That is," said the girl, "if you haven't seen it already, Marguerite."

Margo explained to the girl that she'd never seen a movie, not in her whole life, that her father didn't allow his children to indulge in such a what-he-called *frivolity.*

"Well," said the girl, after she'd gotten over the shock, "then let me tell you about this movie I saw—if you don't think your father'll mind the *telling,* at least. It's got a very interesting story."

And she told Margo—in full detail—the story, about a girl and a boy in love, how they'd had so many trials and tribulations to face, how they'd finally solved everything and how they'd ended up getting married.

The first dreams

And that night, after the girl had gone, Margo, lying alone on her pillow, found herself thinking about the movie and reliving it, pretending that she was the heroine in it—saying all her lines, feeling all the things she felt, smiling when she did, crying when she did.

It was a strange feeling, a delicious feeling, pretending to be somebody else, in something called a movie.

And Margo told the girl from school about her pretending the next time she came to see her, a few weeks later.

The girl laughed. "Gee, Marguerite," she said, "maybe someday when you're better, and older, you'll be a movie star, an actress."

Margo told her she doubted it. She asked, "In the movies do actresses have to wear lipstick, say?"

"Of course," the girl told her, "—they have to look as pretty as possible."

"And do they sometimes wear dresses with short sleeves?" Margo asked.

"Of *course,*" said the girl, "—when the part calls for it."

Margo felt very sad. "Well then," she said, "I'll never be an actress. Because my father said he'll never allow me to wear lipstick or a short-sleeved dress. My stepmother can't. And neither will I be able to."

When the girl from school got over the shock of *this,* she asked Margo if, anyway, she'd like to hear the story of another movie she'd seen, just the night before.

Margo said yes, she would like that very much.

And so the girl told it to her, again in full detail, another beautiful love story.

And again that night, alone in her bed, Margo repeated the story to herself, pretending once more that she was the heroine.

"And night after night after that," she says, "I'd play my two roles, over and over, sometimes—when I wasn't too weak or tired—in double-feature fashion, first one, then the other, till I was convinced that they were *my* roles, and that if I ever did get to see either of these two movies after I got better I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to see myself up there on the screen instead of someone else."

Revolt

As it turned out, Margo did not get to see either of the movies following her recovery. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius remained rigid to his word. "Frivolities" such as movies were out.

"In fact," says Margo, "it wasn't till I was sixteen that I got to see my *first* movie—and that I began my all-around revolt. You see, I was tired of being different from everyone else, of being stared at all the time, talked about, teased. I started to wear the kind of clothes I wanted to wear now. I started to wear make-up; I suppose for a while I went overboard and wore practically every kind of make-up they put out. I even announced to my parents that I'd decided to become an actress and that as soon as I'd saved enough money I was going to go to New York to study. Of course, they didn't believe me. 'Just foolishness,' they thought. 'The girl will come to her senses,' they thought. But I meant it. I was leaving. And, foolish or not, there would be no two ways about it."

She meant it . . .

Two years later, Margo kept her word. Equipped with a single suitcase, a couple of hundred dollars and a letter of introduction to a dramatic coach named Frances Robinson-Duff (given to her by an instructor at the University of Indiana, which she'd been attending), Margo—by now a lovely-looking girl of eighteen—took off for the big city and for whatever prospects might be in store for her there.

The prospects, those first few hours at least, seemed dismal.

On the advice of a girl at the University,

NEXT MONTH

your heart will go out to

Tuesday Weld as she tries

to answer the most important

question of her life:

IS IT TOO LATE FOR ME

TO BE GOOD?

Watch for it in the

September issue of

MODERN SCREEN

On Sale August 4th

Margo checked into a skyscraper of a women's hotel on the Upper East Side. The girl had told her that it was a safe, convenient and clean place. What she hadn't told was that a room cost $90 a week and that payment in advance, for the first week at least, was mandatory . . . Margo, finding this out at the desk, nervous, not knowing what else to do, gulped and paid.

In her hotel room a little while later she picked up the phone and dialed the number of Miss Duff, the drama coach to whom she'd been recommended.

"This is Marguerite Guarnerius," she started to say when her call was connected. "I'd like to make an appointment to—"

But that was as far as she got.

For a sad-voiced secretary at the other end of the line interrupted and informed her that Miss Duff had died a week earlier.

Again Margo gulped.

A few minutes later she was back downstairs in the hotel lobby, standing at the desk there. She explained her predicament to a clerk. "And," she said, "I was wondering if you know of a drama instructor or a school where I can apply—a not-too-expensive teacher or school, please."

The clerk gave a knowing nod. "Just arrived in New York, kind of low on cash?" he asked.

"Yes, sort of," Margo said, after a moment.

The clerk looked her over.

A real pretty girl

"Interested in making some good money, quick?" he asked then.

Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "It happens I got a friend connected with a big modeling agency here. He always tells me, 'You see a girl you think we can use—a real pretty girl—you give me a ring' . . . How about it? Can I give him a ring about you? . . . He might like you and you're in a few bucks."

Again, without waiting for an answer he picked up a pencil and began jotting down some information.

"You're how tall?" he asked.

"Five-feet-seven," Margo found herself answering.

"And you weigh?"

"One-twelve."

"Color hair—blonde," he said. "Color eyes—grey blue."

Then he asked. "Bust?"

"What?" Margo asked back.

"The size of your bust?" asked the clerk.

Margo took a deep breath. "I've never measured it," she said.

The clerk looked up from his pad and examined the anatomy in question.

"Refined," he said, his examination over, as he wrote down his finding. "*Very* refined . . . Now, let me make the call and"—he smiled—"and good luck, Miss. . . ."

If there was ever a girl who entered the Hatbox Derby and *didn't* need anybody's good wishes, that girl was Marguerite Guarnerius. Within a few short months, the gorgeous Hoosier with the oddball name had become one of the most talked-about models in New York. As well as one of the highest-paid ($50 an hour). An amazingly versatile girl, Margo did all kinds of jobs—magazine covers, fashion layouts, TV commercials, one after the other after the other, the checks rolling in fast as a camera's click. A shy and lonely and repressed girl up to this time, Margo zoomed amazingly and full-blast into the dizzying social whirl which ninety-nine out of a hundred successful models find themselves whirling in before long.

"It dawned on me one day, after about a year, I guess, that I hated this life, with all my heart," she says today. "I hated the social part because of the people involved—of what they expected of me, which was exactly nothing, to be nothing, to be only a pretty girl to have around and help decorate the air . . . The me, whatever there was of the real me, was tired and lost. I swore after this year, on this day, to give it all up."

Marriage

This, however, was easier sworn than done. Margo, grown quickly accustomed to good money, a good apartment, good clothes, found that she couldn't give up her work as easily as she thought. She continued modeling.

But she did bid good-bye to the old crowd. And she replaced them all with a husband, a fellow named Bill Warner, an advertising executive she met one evening and, thinking she was in love with him, married a few afternoons later.

Today Margo is reluctant to talk about this marriage. The muscles in her neck tightening when she does, she says only, softly: "It was a disaster. It was quick beginning, quick ending. The only good thing that came out of it was our child."

Darryl Warner—a big, beautiful blond baby—was born shortly before Margo's divorce was finalized. And, within only a few years after his birth, Margo learned that bringing up a child alone was not easy.

"My son was unhappy," she says, "and I was unhappy. It's not easy for any boy to live with women only. And it certainly wasn't easy for Darryl, living with only a mother, a nurse and a maid. I guess the more unhappy and disturbed and hard-to-handle he became, the more I tried to run away from him. I found myself going out a lot again. Tired as I was when I'd come home from work, I'd dress and go to visit people for dinner or go to the theater or a movie. I didn't date much. I wasn't interested in men anymore. I didn't think I would ever be again. There was, in fact, only one man in my life, my son, my baby. And he didn't seem to love me. He wouldn't call me mother, mommy. He wouldn't listen to anyone, least of all to me. So, in a strange, confused way, I tried to run away from him—I'd come home, give him a present I'd bought, very fancy and expensive, as if to buy the little kiss I'd get from him as he took the package from me, and then I'd run.

"Till I couldn't stand it any more, what was happening to him, to me.

"Till I turned one day to an organization called the Child Guidance Council and had a long talk with a director there—that plain, down-to-earth, common sense type talk we all need once in a while, no matter how high we might feel we're flying up there in the stratosphere.

"I was told, very simply, that a child must be made to feel he belongs. 'Give him, not only presents and quick kisses, but love, real love, and consistency,' I was told. 'Don't, above all, take him for granted,' I was told.

Learning to be a mother

"I went home that afternoon, and this time I stayed home.

"I learned lots being with Darryl, even in those first few hours. I learned, among other things, what it was like to put my boy to bed.

"And one day not too long after this I learned what it was like for a mother to get a present from her son. I was in the living room, reading, this afternoon, I remember. I knew Darryl was in his room, playing. And then, all of a sudden, he came out and handed me something. It was a piece of clay, with his handprint on it. 'Mommy,' he said, giving it to me, 'this is for you, because I love you.' I cried. It was, up to that moment, the happiest moment of my life."

It was at about this time—with Darryl changed—that Margo herself decided to make some changes.

Once again she vowed, as she had vowed four years earlier, to quit modeling.

And this time she did.

"Smile all you want," she told her doubting agent. "I'm holding on to a few TV jobs, for living expenses. But I'm dropping everything else."

Taking a deep breath and crossing her fingers, and remembering for an instant a little girl lying on her lonely sick-bed, pretending she was an actress, feeling her strange and delicious feelings, she went on: "I'm going to a drama school. That's what I came to New York for in the first place. That's what I should have *done* in the first place. . . ."

Margo enrolled in a well-known acting school the next day. A few weeks later Columbia Pictures, having heard about her from the school's director, screen-tested her for a leading role in *Middle of the Night*. The test was a flop—Margo, if not downright terrible, was at least pretty bad. And the role went to Kim Novak, while Margo went to a different school.

This school suited her fine. She studied there for nearly two years, under a coach named Wynn Handman. She tried out for Broadway plays and TV shows, dozens of them. She was rejected most of the time.

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But still she studied. "And prayed," she says. Harder. And harder. And harder.

Till, finally, some six months ago, the incredible happened:

A New York agent who had seen Margo work in class and who knew that Twentieth Century-Fox's Hollywood brass was looking around for a "new face" to play Susie Belle, the floozie wife in *Hound-Dog Man*, recommended Margo. A test was made, in New York. And Margo was given her stand-by papers—with a not-too-encouraging "maybe" attached.

A few weeks later, on a Saturday, the agent called excitedly to tell Margo that someone at MGM had seen her test and that they had decided to sign her.

Minutes after this call, with Margo still sitting, unbelieving, alongside her phone, there came another call. It was the agent again.

"I just talked to the boys at Fox," he said, "to tell them about the Metro contract. But *they* were just about to call me, they said, to tell me they wanted you for further tests. 'Sorry, boys,' I told them, '—first come, first served.' There was a pause, a long pause. And then, suddenly, came the word: 'Bring her around tomorrow. *We'll* sign her. And she leaves for the Coast on Monday.'"

There was a pause here now, again a long pause.

"Margo, did you hear what I said—you're going to Hollywood day after tomorrow!" the agent called out.

But Margo didn't answer.

Couldn't answer.

Because she'd fainted dead away.

Something very special

And while we actually could end our story here, the ending being a decidedly happy one, we feel (1) that it would be impolite leaving a lovely lady lying on the floor, and (2) that you might like to hear a little about something very special that happened to Margo shortly after her revival and subsequent arrival in Hollywood.

The something concerns a man, that segment of our population which Margo had practically rejected since her ill-fated first marriage.

And—

But let Margo tell it:

"His name is Bob Radnitz. He's a producer, very young and attractive, though I must admit none of his qualities exactly bowled me over the first time we met. We met on the set of the picture. We were introduced, that is, and he said something like, 'Since we're both from New York we've got to get together sometime,' and I said, 'Yes,' and that was that. I thought.

"Then this night, a few nights later, I was at home—I'd just put Darryl to bed—and the phone rang.

"'This is Bob Radnitz,' I heard a voice on the other end of the line say.

"'Who?' I asked. I'd forgotten his last name.

"He explained.

"'Oh,' I said, not very enthusiastically. I knew he was going to ask for a date and, truthfully, I couldn't have been less interested.

"Well, he did ask, and I said no, and again I thought that would be that.

"But he persisted, so much that I finally said, 'Look, if you're so anxious to talk to somebody, why don't you come over for a little while and have a cup of coffee?'

"'Pest,' I thought to myself when I hung up.

"And he was, too.

"First, as soon as he arrived, he made a long face when I told him I only had instant coffee. He said that there was nothing like drip coffee made in a drip coffee pot. 'Really?' I said.

"Then, about an hour later, when I was starving and had to eat something and said, not too invitingly, 'Would you like to join me in some salad?'—he jumped up from his chair, like a man who hasn't heard the word food in years, came into the kitchen with me, and then proceeded to tell me about all the things he was allergic to. Things like tomatoes and tuna fish and a couple of other things I'd planned to put into the salad.

"'When is he going to leave?' I wondered to myself as I stood there tossing the lettuce, oil and vinegar—the only ingredients I was allowed to end up using. 'When?'

"But then something happened, as we sat there in the kitchen, eating.

"We began to talk. *Really* began to talk. Bob started telling me about his life, the good things, the bad, the ups, the downs. And I told him about my life, all about it. And by the time we were finished talking, five or six hours later, it was as if we'd known each other—and liked each other—for years.

"We made no appointment to see each other again when Bob left that night.

Flowers and coffee pots

"But the next morning, at about 7:30, just as I was getting ready to leave for the studio, the front doorbell rang. And there he stood, silly smile on his face, holding a little pink-and-white posy bouquet in his hand. I didn't think that type thing happened anymore. I didn't even know what to say. But Bob saved me the bother. 'See you sometime,' he said, handing me the flowers and walking away.

"And then that night, when I got home, guess who was in the living room, on the floor, playing like crazy with Darryl.

"He hopped up when he saw me. 'Margo—I didn't mean to barge in,' he said, 'but there's a little something I bought for you, that I'd like you to have.'

"He led me into the kitchen. And there on the stove it sat, a gleaming new coffee pot.

"'It's the drip kind,' he said, 'just in case you ever decide you'd like to have me over for another cup of coffee . . . Well,' he said then, shrugging, as if he were about to leave, 'before you start thinking I might be some kind of a pest—'

"But my laughter stopped him, I guess.

"And, probably too, the way I went over to him and hugged him.

"Because he stayed that night—for coffee, and dinner.

"And, come to think of it, he's been showing up for same every night since. . . ."

At this writing, both Margo and Bob only smile when anyone brings up the subject of wedding plans.

But to old crystal gazers like us, our so-called mystery girl's future seems very clear indeed. **END**

Margo is a star of 20th-Fox's WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER.

My Son Has Been Kidnapped

(Continued from page 57)

So the court fight dragged on and the baby was passed back and forth between Stella and Herman time after time. The court made only one provision, that the baby was not to be removed from Memphis until the whole matter was settled once and for all.

But Stella moved to Hollywood and little Andy remained behind with his father, now a $3950 per year IBM machine operator at the Mallory Air Force base. They both lived with Herman's parents.

The first kidnapping

One day Stella slipped back into Memphis and carried her beautiful son off with her, against court orders, against the law, back to her home in Hollywood.

Now Sergeant Jonoski felt he understood the whole case. Obviously the boy's father had come to steal back his own son. Obviously it wasn't a matter for the Los Angeles police. Obviously it wasn't a kidnapping . . . so decided Sergeant Jonoski.

But we're forced to wonder just what it *was*. We went first to talk with Stella . . . then to talk with Herman. First, let's hear Stella's story:

"The house is so still now. It used to be filled with happy noises. My little boy laughing or yelling or playing cowboy and shooting off his toy six-gun. Sometimes, when he became too noisy, I'd call out, 'Andy, you must quiet down, honey.' What I wouldn't give to hear my little boy and his friends yelling in the backyard of my home.

"When will I ever hear my son saying, 'Mommy' again, or feel his warm arms press me tight in a bear hug, or hear his sturdy little feet in cowboy boots stamp noisily in the kitchen where he'd dig into the refrigerator for snacks. I haven't stocked the refrigerator since he was snatched from me.

"Is being a movie actress such a crime that I should lose my child? The courts in Memphis awarded my little boy to his father. But what about the law of God? How can anyone tear a child away from his mother?

"I haven't been able to sleep well since Andy was taken from me. The nights are so long. It is hours upon black hours when I lie awake, my heart absolutely torn with longing for my son. And I wonder, during those endless hours: What is happening to Andy now? How is my little boy taking the shock of being snatched away from his mother? Is he awake at night, as I am, crying for me, as I am for him?

"For many months, when Andy was with me, my happiness at having my child with me was mixed with a certain fear. I was afraid that a moment might come when the boy's father would try to take him from me. I'd had to steal my own child out of Memphis a year ago in order to have him with me in the first place.

Once in a lifetime

"I was a teen-ager at the time I married Herman Stephens, and it was shortly after our baby was born in Memphis that I realized our marriage had been a mistake. At the time of our separation, I was awarded full custody of our baby. My parents helped me take care of him when I went to school and when I worked. I soon had an offer to go to Hollywood. It was one of those golden opportunities that comes once in a lifetime and I would have been crazy not to take it. I wanted to make good in Hollywood for my child's sake even more than for mine. With a career as an actress, I could take care of my son and give him the material things a child needs, and I could give him a lot of myself, too. There's lots of time off in acting. However, at the beginning I had to remain in Hollywood

lone in order to get a toehold in the busi-
ness. I knew my mother was taking good
are of Andy back in Memphis, and as
oon as I was able to, I was planning to
ring him to Hollywood to live with me.

"The thorn in my happiness was that al-
hough I had the custody of my son, I
ouldn't take him out of the state of Ten-
essee except by special court order. And
is father had begun to fight me on that
core.

"Many divorced mothers have to go to
work, and they are allowed to have their
hildren with them. I believed I would be
ble to do just what so many other moth-
rs who are divorced are allowed to do:
work and raise my child. I was sure I could
resent my side of the story to the court
nd get their permission to have my child
with me in Hollywood.

"But Hollywood is thousands of miles
way from Memphis. I couldn't always
ake a court appearance in Memphis on a
tipulated day if I was in the middle of
roduction.

"Several other times I'd gone to Mem-
his to appeal to the court for the right
o have my child live with me. But on
nose occasions I'd find myself sitting
round and waiting, because of one court
ostponement after another. Then, when
nother court date was set, I discovered I
as busy in a picture and couldn't walk
ut. The whole thing was very confusing.

hurt Andy even more than it hurt me.
e couldn't understand why I'd leave
Memphis without taking him with me.
idn't his own mommy love him? It used
kill me when he'd run after me, pulling
my skirt and crying, 'Don't leave me,
ommy.'

An abnormal thing"

"One night last July, unbearably lonely
r my child, I flew to Memphis and took
im back with me on the next plane for
ollywood. It may have been in defiance
the court order, but not in defiance of
hatever heart the good Lord puts inside
a mother. Back in Memphis, when it
as discovered that I had taken my child
me with me, there was a big hue and
y about it. You would have thought I
ad done an abnormal thing in wanting to
ave my own child with me. The child's
ther and the folks in Memphis said I had
idnapped my child. How in heaven's name
n a mother be accused of kidnapping her
vn child? I had given birth to him. I had
ursed him during his first few weeks of
e. I wanted my child.

But because I had dared to take my
ild with me to Hollywood, the whole
wn of Memphis turned against me. I was
as cited for contempt of court. My ex-
sband was given full custody of our
ild. If I set foot in Memphis I could be
t in jail, like a criminal.

"Mothers have often risked their lives
r their children. I was willing to risk go-
g to jail for mine.

"Meanwhile, Andy and I were very
ppy together in California. I had rented
homey kind of house in Beverly Hills.
ere was a picturesque mountain behind
and a large back yard. I had fixed up a
om for Andy with wood paneling and
ctures of cowboys and horses on the wall.
had a great incentive to want to succeed
w. My career as an actress thrilled me
t because of the glamour in it—although
played glamorous roles—but because it
uld enable me to do so much for my
y. I didn't date much and I went to few
rties. There are many divorced mothers
o work their fingers to the bone for their
ildren. I was luckier than those mothers.
career gave me long periods, weeks at
time sometimes, when I didn't have to
ort to the studio at all. I was with my
ild a great deal. Every moment I was
free was a precious moment to spend with Andy. I felt very lucky that I could be home so much and still provide for my child financially.

"I remember the wonderful times Andy and I had—how I would drive him down the hill and take him to Ponyland at La-Cienega, where he would ride the ponies, standing up in the stirrups and twirling his lasso around.

"Andy had been pale and thin when I brought him back with me. Very soon he began to grow robust and tanned. He was always laughing and playing cowboy. He was such a happy child. It was a natural life for him, and for me.

"If there were shadows clouding my happiness because of letters I was receiving from his father threatening to take him back, I tried to push them from my mind. Andy was never left alone. I had a good nurse for him, and I was with him whenever I wasn't working. And yet, I didn't want to make the child feel like a prisoner.

"That morning—that dreadful morning in April—he was playing outside. I was sitting at my desk and had just begun to look over some papers. I could hear Andy calling out to a badman he pretended he had lassoed. Then I heard a car scrunching up my driveway. Strange—I wasn't expecting anyone. I jumped up and ran to the front door just in time to see the tail of a car going down the driveway. I froze. By the time I could scream 'stop,' the car was gone. I knew, without even looking for him, that my child was gone.

"I began to shake. I didn't know what to do. I managed to get to the phone and call the police.

"Then I just stood by the phone, numb with shock, unable to move or to think or even to cry. It might have been minutes, it might have been hours. I remained there, still. Finally. I started to walk across the living room. Andy had left his new lasso in the middle of the floor. It was the lasso the Easter bunny had brought him. He'd been playing with it only that morning. I had told him not to play with the lasso in the house, and he had said laughingly, 'Okay, Mommy. I'll take it outside.' But he hadn't taken it outside. He'd been so busy, so very busy with so many things to do, that he had left his lasso where he had dropped it on the floor, I tripped over it and fell, and suddenly I cried hysterically. I couldn't stop crying.

"Is he frightened now?"

"I haven't been inside his room since he was taken from me. But I can't get the picture of his room out of my mind. Or the beloved memory of Andy sitting at the long desk which I'd had built in front of the window, where he used to paint and draw. And of the times he would call me in to admire a picture he had drawn. He drew so well. And the hi-fi in the corner where we'd sit and sing to his records. I had just bought him a recording of *Peter Pan*. He loved that record, and he was going to show me how he could fly up to the ceiling like Peter Pan, and I had laughed at that and tried not to let him know how frightened I was at the thought he might try to fly and fall and break his bones. I didn't want my child to be frightened. *Is he frightened now . . . ?*

"I will fight with the last dime I have to get my son back. With me. Where he belongs. If it means giving up my career to have him. I will give it up. But I need the money my career gives me for the legal counsel to get him back.

"Some day I will open the door of his room again, and I will hear the laughter of my son, and we will listen to *Peter Pan* together and he will try to fly in the air. And although my heart will be in my mouth. I won't say a word. for I will be

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there to catch him if he should fall. . . ."

That was Stella's side of the story. Herman's is quite different:

"I have been wanting my son back ever since Stella carried him off to California in violation of the court's order in May of 1959. I have been planning this since then.

"I left Memphis on an American Airlines plane at 1:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 23. I had $600 in my pocket. I didn't know how much it would cost.

"I arrived in Los Angeles Saturday morning and rented a car. I drove to a private plane rental company at the airport and chartered a plane and pilot. As soon as I arrived at the airport with Andy, the pilot was to fly us to Phoenix, about 450 miles from Los Angeles.

"I drove into town and got a map of Los Angeles. I drove out Benedict Canyon Drive and found Stella's house real easy.

The watch

"I parked down the street and watched the house the rest of the day. If Andy came out, I was going to get him and take off fast. But I never did see him that day.

"That night I drove off and found a motel. I was keyed up, tense and excited and didn't sleep too well. I got up early Sunday morning and started watching the house again. No one came out for hours. Then in early afternoon Stella and Andy came out and got in a car and left.

"I followed at a distance. She drove up and down the freeways for a long time, just taking Andy for a ride, I guess. She finally turned off and I was afraid she would see me if I followed, so I didn't. After supper, I went back to her house and began watching again. But she didn't come home that night. At least, not while I was there. I fell asleep in the car, it was so late. I finally woke up—it was 2:30 a.m. or later—and drove back to my motel.

(*Ed. note: Stella in a later interview denied she did not return home. She said she was home all Sunday evening. It was possible, of course, for Stella to have returned while Herman was out eating, or to have returned when he went to sleep.*)

"I set my alarm clock for 6:00 a.m. and got a few hours' sleep. I drove back and watched the house again. I didn't see anyone and didn't know if anyone was home or not.

"I began checking nurseries in the neighborhood but was unsuccessful. I drove back to Stella's house. I was going to make one last effort. And for some reason I can't explain, I did something I hadn't planned to do. I parked in the driveway and walked up to the door. It was about 11:30 a.m. when I rang the bell.

"Just at that instant, I heard Andy's voice from the side of the house. He was playing outside. When he heard the bell he ran around to the front. He saw me and hollered, 'Daddy,' and came running up to me. About that time I heard Estelle in the house call out, 'Andy.'

"About that time I was getting panicky. I had to move fast. I realized that Andy was glad to see me, as I was him. I quickly took him by the hand and said, 'Come o son, let's go for a ride.'

The snatch

"Then I picked him up in my arms, p him in the car and got out of there in hurry. I was later told that Estelle sa she saw Andy between two men in the ca But, I was alone.

"I drove to the airport, checked in t rented car and hurried over to the cha tered plane. The pilot was waiting. We le immediately for Phoenix and arriv there about mid-afternoon.

"We got on the plane and left Phoen at 12:30 a.m., April 26, and got in Memph at 9:15 a.m. Boy, was I glad to be hon with Andy. It had been too long since had seen him—almost a year."

But despite Herman Stephens' pleasu at being re-united with his son, his trou bles are not over.

"I'm going to go back," says Stella, "ar get my boy. Oh, I won't try to steal An again. I'll go to court. They know a litt boy needs his mother. Maybe they'll p me in jail for a while, but I don't care

So that's where the story ends . . . in tug of war . . . in a little boy pulled at ar pushed, having no idea where he belon or what tomorrow may hold. Oh, little bo have lived through worse than that . . . v only wonder how he will ever understar that all of this confusion, this emotion torture that must leave deep scars is h because two people claim to love hi more than anything in the world. E

Have I Failed as a True Christian?

(*Continued from page 34*)

was a letter that did not praise Elvis . . . far from it! This letter attacked in the way we know hurts Elvis most . . . it told a story of a night that apparently shocked the letter writer, and may possibly shock some of our readers, but it did not shock us.

Why not? Because we have received just such letters about almost every star in the United States.

We have never previously printed such a letter because we felt it might damage the star, but we feel that this case points a very important moral . . . if Elvis Presley, one of the finest men we know, can be misunderstood in this manner, no star, no performer is ever safe. This is the letter:

March 3, 1960

Mr. David Myers, Editor
Modern Screen
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Myers:

First things first—so I'll begin by introducing myself.

My name is Miss Ruby Lee Mays. I am 24 years old. . . . Some time ago I took a job in Memphis, Tennessee, where I worked in a finance company—helping our customers to work out their problems and talking with them about their personal troubles. In my spare time I began working with the kids at the Crippled Children's Hospital—and found I completely surrounded myself with their problems. These kids were not crippled for life—there was hope of their recovery. Those with club feet would be able to walk some day—with the right help and guidance. Those with polio could someday walk again. . . .

One day I walked in and received not so much as a "Hi" . . . I talked with the nurse on duty. It was through her that I learned that the kids were "down in the dumps" because they had received word that they were not going home for Christmas.

Not going home for Christmas? Why, they had planned on it so much. In fact, I had helped some of them address Christmas cards to their friends saying they would all get together and have a good time. But plans had been altered due to a flu epidemic—and the doctors said, "No."

How in the world do you explain to children—who, not at their own choosing, are different from other children? So—with one of my big ideas—I marched myself back into the room, gathered all of them around me, and announced, "Okay, I'll tell you what! You tell me what you'd rather have than anything else in the world and I'll get it as a Christmas gift for you."

I no more than got the promise out of my mouth than I got an answer from Janie. "Ruby, will you get Elvis to come see us?" And a silence I've never experienced since, one which I hope will never re-appear—came over the entire room!

They knew I had met Elvis through mutual friends. They knew that I knew Anita Wood, the girl Elvis was dating. But they didn't know that they had recently had a quarrel when Anita had gone to Hollywood to make a film, that they weren't writing, etc. But you don't try explaining these things to kids—you just don't! And so—I made a promise to TRY! But it turned out to be the greatest challenge of my entire life!

Yes, I had met Elvis. I don't say that we were friends—only that we had been introduced many times—each being very pleasant due to his friendly ways. But I doubted even then that Elvis would remember such a meeting, even one of them. I don't know that I ever really had an opinion of him—simply that I was glad to see a guy go from "rags to riches" he finally did. But other than that I real didn't think about it.

But with the promise I made to the ki I was soon to really think about it. I le the hospital and drove the 3 or 4 mil to Graceland, Elvis' home. It was pouri down rain—but that didn't keep the fa away. In fact, there were some 4-5 ca parked at the gate when I drove up. M first impulse was to get out of there a forget that silly nonsense. But I could do it! I had made a promise to those ki which I would keep. I WAS GOING T TRY!

Feeling like a complete idiot, I dro right up to the gate and yelled for Trav Elvis' uncle who worked as guard at t gate, to come out to the car. I had m Travis several times before, so when recognized me, he came out and sat in t car and talked with me for a while. I e plained to him what I wanted and he to me Elvis was out with some of the bo but would be back shortly. "You just p right up beside the drive and you'll cat him when he drives in."

It wasn't ten minutes later that Elv appeared, driving the purple Cadillac, a paused at the gate. No sooner had stopped than eight or ten kids rushed to him for autographs. Well, I wasn't goi to butt in on their fun—so in my car sat! And through that downpour certain nobody recognized Ruby Lee Mays—but felt as if everyone was watching and co sidering me an "autograph hound." It w at that time that I came closest to leavi But I still couldn't do it! Even if it mea pocketing my pride and making a fool myself I'd have to do so—for I was n going to leave in defeat!

As I made a move to get out, Elv moved on toward the house—leaving t crowd behind.

Eventually all the cars left—and I ag drove up to the gate in answer to Trav call, "Why didn't you get out?" So I e plained—then asked that he take a me sage up to the house for me. That messa read:

Elvis:

I've met you several times—but possibly you don't remember. That, however, is not important. I'd like to talk with you for five minutes in which to ask a favor of you—a favor which would make some 20-30 kids the happiest ones ever at Christmastime.

I know you must be busy—having everyone want to see you at this time—and I certainly don't want to bother you. But would it be possible to speak with you for these short minutes? I'd be so appreciative.

Ruby Lee Mays

It was approximately three minutes later that Travis returned with his answer, "Elvis says to tell you he'll be down in about ten minutes."

And now comes my open letter to Elvis Presley:

Do you remember how you drove down the road from the house—parking your car next to mine, Elvis? Do you remember how you rolled down the window and yelled, "You the one that sent the note?" And my answer was, "Yes, I'd like to talk with you for just a moment if I may, please." And do you remember how you yelled back, "Well, I'm a busy man. I don't have time to talk."

It was then, Elvis, that I said I was sorry, that I knew you were busy, that I didn't want to bother you, but that I had promised the kids I'd try and talk with you. And then—through all that rain—your answer was the same, "Well, I've got a date and I've gotta go."

With that I turned the key and began backing out. Do you remember calling back to me, Elvis, "What was it you wanted to talk about?"

Well, the little speech I had rehearsed time and again on my way out didn't seem so convincing any longer—certainly not the type you'd deliver between two parked cars in the rain with four guys waiting there in your car listening. But regardless, I had to make an attempt. I wouldn't go back to the hospital and tell those kids I hadn't even talked with you. If that were the case they'd expect me to come back at a later date—and I could never go through this deal twice. And so I began—I told you everything. I explained how heartbroken they were; your appearance would make them happy, that you wouldn't have to sing or spend much time there, only say hello and let them know you cared.

But you were having no part of it! Do you remember your reply when I again said I was sorry to have taken up your time and began backing out? Do you remember jumping out of the car and stepping the short distance to my side and yelling so all could hear, "Don't you act so smart! You don't realize I'm a busy man. When I come home I'd like to spend a little time with my folks."

And again I said I was sorry! And again I backed away. But you cried out, "You wait just a minute! Don't you act so high and mighty!"

And do you remember my answer, Elvis? I told you, "No one is acting high and mighty! I'm trying to be nice. I came out here to ask a favor of you. I didn't really expect you to go—but I told those kids I'd ask. Now that you've given me your answer I'll leave."

But again you held me there. I can still see you leaning toward my car—dripping with rain—as you literally screamed, "You don't seem to understand that I want a little time to myself. Whenever I come home people are always wanting me to do things—and do that—for charity!"

Charity? Charity? Mr. Presley, let me tell you one thing! . . . I didn't come out here looking for an autograph from the Rock 'n' Roll King! I don't care if you dig ditches for a living—so don't you get it in your head that I came out here for myself—that I'm running after you. . . ."

And do you remember how you cut me short with, "Now you listen to me!"

"Listen to you, Mr. Presley? I've heard your answer—so I've listened. But you just stand back and listen! I personally don't give a damn about you—or who you are! But I do care about those kids at that hospital—heartbroken because they can't go home for Christmas. They wanted you to stop by just long enough to say you were thinking about them. But no! You can't spare ten minutes! Sure, you can drop $1,000 in the pot on Main Street and a photographer just happens to be standing there! But you can't drop in and see some kids who are less fortunate than you! I'm afraid I couldn't have the press standing there with the flash bulbs popping—showing what a thoughtful and wonderful person you are. No, I can't do that for you! Sure, I know you're busy! And I know a lot of people must be on you constantly for something! So go about your business and make all your fans happy! But don't you forget that those kids at the hospital—even though some are bedridden, some can't talk or wake up every morning and see what a beautiful world they live in, and others don't walk—those kids helped put you where you are today and they can very easily tear you down!

Do you remember, Elvis? Do you remember how I sat there with tears of joy streaming down my cheeks because I could appreciate life to the fullest—and tears of sorrow for kids who cared enough for Elvis Presley to think he might possibly stop by and say hello?

Do you remember later your reply, "I'm busy—you'll have to come back later on." Do you remember, Elvis?

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If you own any singles (a record with one song on each side) by any of the following performers, please make an X in the box next to his name:

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☐ Paul Anka	☐ Marv Johnson
☐ Annette	☐ Brenda Lee
☐ Frankie Avalon	☐ Little Willie John
☐ LaVern Baker	☐ Rick Nelson
☐ Brook Benton	☐ Patti Page
☐ Pat Boone	☐ Platters
☐ Brothers Four	☐ Elvis Presley
☐ Johnny Cash	☐ Lloyd Price
☐ Bobby Darin	☐ Jim Reeves
☐ Fats Domino	☐ Debbie Reynolds
☐ Lonnie Donegan	☐ Marty Robbins
☐ Tommy Edwards	☐ Jimmie Rodgers
☐ Everly Brothers	☐ Connie Stevens
☐ Fabian	☐ Neil Sedaka
☐ Eddie Fisher	☐ Conway Twitty
☐ Ella Fitzgerald	☐ Sarah Vaughan
☐ Connoe Francis	☐ Jackie Wilson

Well, I do! I remembered how I drove back to the hospital and stood at the door debating what I should tell those kids. I remember how I first went to the ladies' room to put on my face before going in to see them again. I even remember how I dropped down into the chair in the office and cried my heart out in disappointment—because there wasn't a thing in this God's world I could do about it!

Yes, Elvis, I remember! Oh, how I shall always remember walking in and telling the kids. I had decided not to tell them the truth—that you didn't have time for all that charity work—but simply that you were tied up with other engagements and that was that!

But, Elvis, children are far smarter than we give them credit for. . . . All they understood was that Elvis wasn't coming to see them! . . .

It has been quite some time since I've thought back to that night in the rain. But today—when I picked up the paper and saw your picture and your comment to "give the people rock 'n' roll as long as they want it," I couldn't help but remember.

And in remembering I recall the endorsement of my high school diploma which read: "You have ascended the stairway of the stars and attained an important step in self-improvement. In years to come new stairways will be opened to you. Weigh their merits, choose them carefully and climb them bodily. For when you have reached the top you will find the prize was well worth winning."

I wish for you, Elvis, all the luck and happiness in the world. And especially when you find the one thing you want more than anything else to make you happy—I truly hope you get it.

A lot of us don't . . . especially at Christmastime on a rainy night in Memphis.

Regards for the best,
Miss Ruby Lee Mays (Lee)
2627 Mobile Avenue, Apt. 3
El Paso, Texas

It wouldn't be right or proper for Elvis to answer this letter . . . for what could he say? "Dear God, did I fail as a Christian? I didn't mean to hurt anyone." Would that be an adequate answer? Would that ease the pain of the children who waited for him in vain? Would that really satisfy the young lady who in such real sadness wrote her letter to us? We doubt it.

It's far more fitting that *we* answer it, here and now, for we can point to the facts that Elvis would never dream of mentioning. We can point to a paralyzed thirteen-year-old girl for whom Elvis made all the time in the world (until she died), and a young polio victim in Germany whom Elvis made his best friend, and hundreds of other crippled and disabled children who are grateful to Elvis for his open-handed generosity. No one could name them all.

We can point to the men out of work for whom Elvis has found jobs. We can point to a park in Tupelo, there in large part through Elvis' gifts. We can cover pages and pages with names and times and events . . . but we doubt even this would wipe out the memory of that unhappy evening in the rain. It is said correctly that one misstep can forever erase a man's good reputation.

But the thing that is forgotten (in this case by Miss Mays) is that the requests made of a star are fantastic, unbelievable. We're not speaking of the ridiculous requests like: "Dear Mr. Presley, You have so much money . . . please send me ten thousand dollars . . ."—every day's mail brings such letters—but of the very sensible, often heart-rending pleas for aid: "My daughter needs an eye operation" . . . "Would you please help me find a job?" . . . "Would you entertain our Girl Scout troop?" . . . "Would you please give me just a minute of your time?"

That any star finds some minutes to spare, sends some checks, entertains some troops means that he has carefully considered these requests, and with a heavy heart has turned down a thousand times as many others.

If you speak with any star you will find that the thing he most craves is time . . . a half an hour to spend with his family, seven straight hours to get some sleep, fifteen minutes to watch some television. Hollywood marriages break up because there is no time for family life. Hollywood stars get ulcers because there is no time to eat. And Hollywood stars have nervous breakdowns because there is no time to relax.

Elvis Presley has less time than other stars and many more demands made upon it. Yet Elvis has always found time for his church and his Christianity, so if we are to answer the letter we printed above we can only say:

Dear Miss Mays:

Please try to find it in your heart to forgive a man whose burdens are heavy, whose time is limited and whose nerves for the moment snapped, but a man who truly loves all of humanity.

David Myers

Editor
MODERN SCREEN

Elvis will soon star in G. I. BLUES *for Paramount.*

ALBUMS

If you own any albums (an LP with a group of songs *is* an album) by any of the following recording stars, please make an X in the box next to his name:

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☐ Harry Belafonte	☐ Mario Lanza
☐ Pat Boone	☐ Peggy Lee
☐ Brothers Four	☐ Henry Mancini
☐ David Carroll	☐ Mantovani
☐ Ray Charles	☐ Johnny Mathis
☐ Van Cliburn	☐ George Melachrino
☐ Nat King Cole	☐ Mitch Miller
☐ Perry Como	☐ Platters
☐ Ray Conniff	☐ Elvis Presley
☐ Bobby Darin	☐ Jim Reeves
☐ Duane Eddy	☐ Marty Robbins
☐ Everly Brothers	☐ Santo and Johnny
☐ Percy Faith	☐ Dinah Shore
☐ Tennessee Ernie Ford	☐ Frank Sinatra
☐ Pete Fountain	☐ Terry Snyder and the All Stars
☐ Connie Francis	☐ Billy Vaughan
☐ Eydie Gorme	☐ Dinah Washington

SHOW TUNES, TV, MOVIE AND COMEDIAN ALBUMS

If you own any of the albums listed below, please make an X in the box next to the title:

☐ Flower Drum Song	☐ Porgy and Bess
☐ From The Hungry I	☐ South Pacific (Broadway Cast)
☐ Gigi	☐ South Pacific (Soundtrack)
☐ My Fair Lady	☐ The King and I
☐ Peter Gunn	☐ The Music Man

Approximately how many single records (of all kinds, not just names on this list) do you own? .....

Approximately how many albums or LP's do you own? .....

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modern screen

SEPTEMBER, 1960 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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Who put the egg in Peg's shampoo?

(and why?)



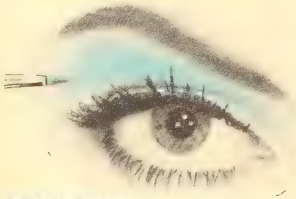
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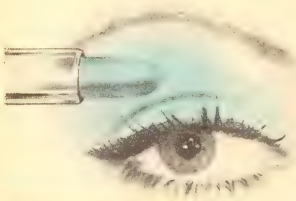
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 68.

Q Every time a star is sick—he or she seems to be suffering from Hepatitis—everyone from **Kim Novak** to Mrs. **Efrem Zimbalist.** Is a bug causing a Hollywood epidemic—or is it just fashionable to suffer from Hepatitis? Incidentally—what is Hepatitis? And how do you get it?

—T.R., Los Angeles, Calif.

A *You don't want it. It's more serious than fashionable. The* American Medical Dictionary *defines it as "inflammation of the liver." The* Merck Manual of Diagnosis *defines Toxic Hepatitis as "Hepatitis caused by a wide variety of chemicals taken into the system by inhalation, ingestion, skin absorption or injection." Amoebic Hepatitis is caused by "amoebas reaching the liver through the portal system." There's no epidemic in Hollywood but the "disease is prevalent in the tropics" and California is semi-tropical. It can be mild as in Kim's case, prolonged and serious as in* ***Ann Sothern****'s a few years ago, fatal if acute yellow atrophy results. When stricken before, the stars vaguely referred to their trouble as "an internal disorder" or "jaundice."*

Q Can you tell me what was really behind all that publicity about **Brigitte Bardot**'s desire to leave movies forever, and then her equally sudden desire to remain a star after all?

—L.M., New Orleans, La.

A *A desire for all that publicity.*

Q Is it true that **James Arness** is seeing an analyst about his marital problems?

—R.Z., Butte, Mont.

A *He's seeing an analyst about all his problems.*

Q Is it very serious between **Hope Lange** and **Glenn Ford?**

—L.V.H., Montreal, Can.

A *Not very.*

Q I read where King Farouk and **Debra Paget** are interested in each other. This can't possibly be true—can it?

—F.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

A *The ex-king is interested in Debra—and a few dozen others. Miss Paget was merely mildly flattered by his attention.*

Q **Jerry Lewis** seems to be running around from city to city in a bell-hop's outfit—and acting real wild. Doesn't he think this is going a little far to plug a movie—particularly for a star of his caliber and considering the poor state of his health?

—R.D., Staten Island, N.Y.

A *The farther he goes, the richer he gets. Jerry owns the picture.*

Q Last month's Modern Screen featured a story on Princess Margaret and Tony Jones. Pardon me for being sarcastic, but just what movie did *they* ever appear in to merit a story in the top movie magazine in this country?

—R.T., Newport, R.I.

A The Royal Wedding—*in glorious Technicolor—seen by millions in movie houses throughout the country. (And* **Jackie Chan***'s in* Susie Wong.)

Q If you possibly can, tell me what **Janet Leigh** was covered with during that "crucial" nude shower scene in *Psycho?*

—O.L., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

A *Water.*

Q Are **Yves Montand** and **Simone Signoret** as happy as they seem to be?

—L.B., Dayton, Ohio.

A *They are now in the process of working out several serious domestic problems.*

Q With both her children half-Jewish, and Harry Karl all Jewish, will **Debbie Reynolds** convert if she marries Karl?

—E.R., Wichita Falls, Kan.

A *Debbie has no such plans at this time.*

Q I am a fan of **Dean Stockwell**'s and I searched all the newspapers and magazines for a photo of his wedding to **Millie Perkins** in Las Vegas. Why hasn't one been printed?

—M.K., Nome, Alaska

A *Because none exists. A friend of Dean's passed on the fascinating theory that Dean and Millie were married a couple of months before they sent the wedding news out of Vegas. A check of churches and ministers seems to substantiate this.*

Linda Cristal AND THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!



Linda Cristal, a shapely girl, tells the story that when her studio discovered her in Mexico, she weighed one-hundred-thirty pounds.

Rather a lot for a small-boned, pretty gal, the studio told her; in fact, too fat.

But that's how the Mexicans like a girl, Linda protested, "weeth a leetle meat on."

No—said the always-right studio. Diet.

So, against her better judgment, Linda dieted down to one hundred and eight pounds.

Now, suddenly, for the first time in her adult life, something was missing. No longer the whistles walking down the street; no longer the stares in the restaurants. "And you know," she said plaintively, "we women do like a leetle admiration."

The studio kept brushing off her complaints until one day a few months later, everyone on the lot began to say, "Never saw you looking so well . . . See what a good diet does for you!"

Now that Linda felt she had won her point she could keep her secret no longer. She admitted that she had secretly put on seven pounds. "And you see what eet does for me . . . !"

But was the studio happy? No! Furious!

But Linda, she didn't care. *She* had the whistles again.

Linda co-stars in United Artists' THE ALAMO.

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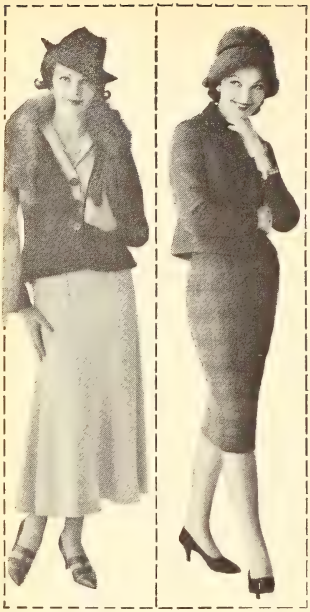


Your form wasn't meant to conform to a cup... the cup must conform to *you!* And I'm the magic tab that can pull the magic trick. Just pull me up... or down... for just the fullness and separation you *need*... just the comfort and attract-appeal you *want!* Imagine... custom fit at a ready-made price.

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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



The tortured conscience of Anthony Quinn, as the doctor who murdered Lana Turner's husband in Portrait in Black *is driving him—and her—to desperation.*

PORTRAIT IN BLACK

Lana Turner
Anthony Quinn
Sandra Dee
John Saxon
Lloyd Nolan

crimes of passion

■ Lana Turner, the second wife of Lloyd Nolan, wants to become the first wife of doctor Anthony Quinn. Can this be arranged? Well, Nolan's dying anyway, so Quinn sends him off with an air bubble in a hypodermic needle. Perfect crime. Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her on a successful murder. Most disturbing. Was it the maid (Anna May Wong), the chauffeur (Ray Walston), Lana's step-daughter (Sandra Dee) or Nolan's lawyer (Richard Basehart)? Probably Nolan's lawyer because, ever since Nolan's death, Basehart has been ruthlessly taking over the shipping empire and proposing marriage to Lana. Together, Quinn and Lana plan to murder him. When his body's found the police naturally arrest Sandra Dee's boyfriend (John Saxon). John's been angry at Basehart for welshing on a tugboat contract. Another perfect crime. Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her. That alone can make a girl nervous. What's worse is that Quinn's acting jumpy. He'd like to go to a hospital in Switzerland or on the moon for that matter. But he rolls up his sleeves knowing he has a job to do—and that is to find the letter writer and kill him—or her, or it. Which is it?—EASTMAN COLOR, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

MURDER, INC.

Stuart Whitman
May Britt
Henry Morgan
Peter Falk
David J. Stewart

some local history

■ Murder, Inc., used to be one of the most successful businesses in New York. It specialized, naturally, in murder for profit. Names like Lepke, Anastasia, Capone still ring a bell in the hearts of middle-aged hoods. A lot of the "action" took place in Brooklyn, while headquarters was in the garment center. It's a big day for Lepke (David Stewart) when Abe

Reles (Peter Falk) joins the organization. Falk is built like a gorilla, retains little human feeling and is an expert at "handling iron." A young man (Stuart Whitman), who owes Falk money, is persuaded to be his driver on the various "contracts" Falk fulfills for Lepke. Whitman is weak rather than brutal, a fact which proves fatal to his pretty wife, May Britt. Even when Falk attacks May, Whitman can't do much about it. He gets deeper and deeper into the business. Falk sets the couple up in an apartment and, when the heat's on, Lepke moves in, using May as his cook. A new Assistant D.A. (Henry Morgan) finally comes along to clean up Murder, Inc.—a simple matter of catching Falk and making him "sing."—20TH-FOX.

PSYCHO

Hitchcock's latest

Anthony Perkins
Janet Leigh
Vera Miles
John Gavin
Martin Balsam

■ Janet Leigh, of all people, steals forty thousand dollars from her trusting employer and leaves town. She's rushing to her boyfriend (John Gavin) who, only yesterday, couldn't afford to marry her. To refresh herself (she's under quite a strain) she stops at a deserted motel. As young proprietor Anthony Perkins informs her—12 rooms, 12 vacancies. Never mind, she just wants to sleep. Let me bring you a sandwich, he says. Certainly, she says. He goes up the hill apiece to where he lives with his old mother and Janet hears a loud argument. About her, of course. Mom apparently hates girls (dirty, scheming, contemptible creatures). Tony returns with a tray and he and Janet have a heart-to-heart talk in a room filled with stuffed birds. A boy's best friend is his mother, Tony says, in defense of her. A little mad, a little old-fashioned—well, maybe. If Janet weren't under such a strain she might have left the motel right then. Too bad she didn't. Whatever happens to her, and to the private investigator sent to find her? John Gavin and Janet's sister (Vera Miles) pursue this question to its startling conclusion. One scene is just a little too violent for my taste; the rest, forgive me, Hitchcock fans, doesn't seem a very palatable subject for what is essentially, a thriller.—PARAMOUNT.



Stealing that money is the beginning of Janet Leigh's troubles in Psycho.

(*Continued on page 8*)

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!



Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep*... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.



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New glide-on applicator! Just twist the bottom . . . cream comes out the top!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a *real cream deodorant* can give *plus* glide-on convenience—*both* in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. *3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.*

New Desert Dri®—*real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton*

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new movies

(*Continued from page 7*)

THE HOUSE OF USHER

technicolor horror story

Vincent Price
Mark Damon
Myrna Fahey
Harry Ellerbe

▪ The House of Usher has been crumbling for years. *Bad blood,* whispers Vincent Price, last of the Usher males. *Don't be silly,* says handsome Mark Damon, fresh from Boston, *it's just a crack in the wall.* Mark likes to look on the bright side of things because he's engaged to Vincent's beautiful sister, Myrna Fahey. One look at that house would have sent any other boy home to mama. Mists surround it. spider webs hang all over it, chandeliers (heavy with lighted candles) come crashing from the ceiling. You can't talk to Vincent (it hurts his ears); Myrna has cataleptic fits and the cellar is full of occupied coffins. Mark wants to take Myrna away with him but Vincent insists another fate is in store for her—the old family madness. I'll tell you, my money's on Vincent.—AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL.

SONG WITHOUT END

story of Franz Liszt

Dirk Bogarde
Genevieve Page
Capucine
Martita Hunt
Ivan Desny

▪ Unfortunately, this movie lives up to its title. Dirk Bogarde, as Liszt, and his piano never part. He renders about forty selections, or bits of selections, before one glittering audience after another, all over Europe, in the 19th century. At least the women change. Countess Genevieve Page has left her husband to live with Bogarde and have two children by him. Her possessiveness finally drives this flamboyant, tortured genius out of the house. He goes on a triumphant concert tour where his biggest triumph is the beautiful Princess Capucine. Confident that she can get a divorce from the Prince, Capucine sets out to inspire Bogarde as a composer. This involves a lot of traveling. The Czar won't give her a divorce, the Pope won't give her a divorce, the Grand Duchess of Weimar (Martita Hunt) *can't* give her a divorce (but she can, and does, appoint Bogarde as Court Conductor). Truly in love, Bogarde composes and dedicates "Liebestraum" to Capucine. Since she can't live with him, he enters a monastery which, at any rate, has an organ.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

OSCAR WILDE

the famous trial of . . .

Robert Morley
Phyllis Calvert
John Neville
Sir Ralph Richardson
Dennis Price

▪ Oscar Wilde, poet and playwright who shocked and delighted Victorian England with his wit, also shocked and horrified them with his romantic preference for young men. Married, and the father of two sons, he is nevertheless attracted by one Lord Douglas (John Neville), a neurotic young man who can't stand his father, the Marquis of Queensberry. The Marquis, it turns out, can't stand Wilde and slanders him. Persuaded by Douglas to bring the Marquis into court Wilde sets the stage for his own downfall. It appears that Douglas was only one of a host of charming young men to win Oscar's favor. Brilliant performances by Robert Morley (as Wilde) and prosecutor Sir Ralph Richardson make entertaining a movie which is too superficial in treatment to be satisfying.—20TH-FOX.

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Latest on Elvis:

I don't believe that his hand-holding and eye-gazing with leading lady **Juliet Prowse** on the set of *GI Blues* means anything serious romantically for Mr. Swivel Hips anymore than I believe his two or three dates with **Tuesday Weld** add up to anything.

Elvis hasn't yet found *the* girl—and frankly, I don't believe he's looking too hard. You have to hand it to him for not being thrown off base by all the females, young—and older—who throw themselves at this very rich young man.

Speaking of the Presley cash, his manager Colonel Tom Parker tells me he holds no reins on the way Elvis spends his money. "The boy works hard for his money. He has a lot of it. Why shouldn't he enjoy it as he goes along? Luckily, he is sensible and doesn't throw it away. But he's never been on an allowance from me—or anyone else—since he started earning big money."

Since Elvis cut that pompadour—or whatever all that big shock of hair bouncing around over his forehead could be called—he is more handsome than ever. His director Norman Taurog says, "He's photographing like a million in the picture."

Most Hollywoodites who knew Elvis before he went into the service and before the death of his mother whom he adored—find the boy quieter and far more matured since his return.

Speaking of his mother—he is keeping the big mansion he bought for his parents in Memphis about a year before Mrs. Presley's death, just as she had furnished and left it.

When his father announced his engagement to be married again, he told his dad: "I'll keep mother's home for my own. I'd like to buy a new one for you and your bride.

"It isn't fair to expect your new wife to step into a house so filled with memories of another woman. Besides, brides like to fix up new places."



The one-and-only Elvis and pert dancer Juliet Prowse have been sharing some pretty private jokes but it doesn't look as though the romance is serious.



I nominate for **STARDOM**

Nancy Walters:

She's the first new young beauty to be put under a two-year contract at MGM in a long time—that's how much confidence they have in her future.

To watch her making eyes at **Dean Martin** and almost stealing him away from **Judy Holiday** in *Bells Are Ringing*, you'd never guess that for eight years of her childhood she was in and out of hospitals for crippled children!

The now curvaceous Nancy, whose figure is currently a large part of her good fortune, told me, "During one stretch of 18 months I was never out of my bed in the Hospital For Crippled Children in Amatilla, Florida."

It still upsets Nancy to talk about the childhood accident which brought on such serious bone infection that it was feared her leg might have to be amputated. "My brother Ernest to this day considers it a nightmare that his wagon slammed into my leg while we were playing in the yard and brought on my crippling injury."

Yet, she believes there was a pattern even to this near tragedy. "It was while I was in the children's hospitals that I started singing and putting on little puppet shows—trying to cheer up the youngsters who were worse off than I. Without knowing it, I was really getting training for my career." She believes the "miracle" of her complete recovery came when "I stopped feeling sorry for myself."

At fifteen, well and strong again, she was modeling in New York. At the same time she was studying drama at the Neighborhood Playhouse and landed a job singing and dancing in the Broadway musical *Anchors Aweigh*. This led to TV which has a way of leading to Hollywood—and did in Nancy's case.

Big-eyed, auburn haired and quite beautiful, Nancy exhibits a lot of common sense. She is saving her money and even whipped up the beautiful gown she wore to the Academy Awards. "I just can't squander my earnings like some girls—how far can you push your luck?" she asks.

Gina's Glamour Party

It's not every hostess beautiful enough to seat **Marilyn Monroe** at her table at a party and hold her own—but **Gina Lollobrigida** did at her swank soiree at Romanoff's.

Can you imagine the eyeful of the sparkling beautiful brunette beauty Gina and the misty blonde Miss Monroe? What a rare mood Marilyn is in these days—and nights. She didn't miss a dance and she was as bubbling as the imported Champagne on the table.

Both beauties were fabulously gowned—Gina in off-white and Marilyn in a white sheath cut á la **Vikki Duggan** in the back and as tight as **her skin.** Others at Gina's table were Sir Carol Reed, the director; Mrs. Lew Wasserman, Rupert Allen, Jimmy McHugh and this writer.

Gina is one of the few big stars who really enjoys giving parties and knows how. Before her dinner-dance in the Crown Room, beautiful with its soft lights and centerpieces of pale pink roses, she and her husband Dr. Milko Skofic had arrived early enough to personally select all the wines served.

Even though all the girls were dressed to the teeth with diamonds sparkling, it was a fun party with everyone having a ball.

Irrepressible **Rosalind Russell** kicked off her shoes to dance with **Edward G. Robinson**, saying over her shoulder to me as they danced by our table, "I want to make a movie with Eddie and I'm proving I'm not too tall for him."

French **Yves Montand**, a "bachelor" since his wife **Simone Signoret** returned to Paris for a movie, was the dancingest gentleman present including many twirls with his co-star of *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn.

Oh, yes—another gorgeous white gown, long and very formal, was worn by **Dinah Shore**, with her ever lovin' **George Montgomery**, of course. White seems to be *the* color for the glamour girls this summer.



Gina Lollobrigida, here with husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, might be whistling over the success of their party.



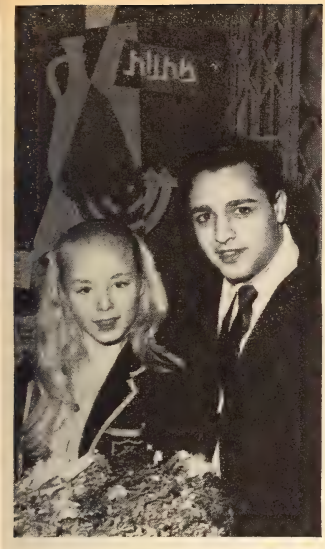
Co-stars Marilyn and Yves Montand appear deep in conversation here, but they also danced up a storm at Gina's soiree.

Russ Tamblyn's On-and-Off Marriage

Exactly three weeks after **Russ Tamblyn**'s spur-of-the-moment marriage to twenty-four-year-old British Chorus girl Elizabeth Kempton in Las Vegas on May 9th, they announced a seperation!

A week later, they announced they were giving matrimony a further try.

Until a new communique—all's quiet.



Sal and co-star Jill Haworth are authorities on the beatnik craze in Israel!

Communique From Sal

Until I received an amusing letter from **Sal Mineo**, the last place in the world I would have picked to be "Beatnik crazy" is—Israel!

But according to Sal who is over there filming *Exodus*, the teen-agers of Israel can't hear enough about our bearded jive-talking cult.

"Since *Rebel Without A Cause* was released here," writes Sal, "I am known as the King of the Beatniks—big deal. But hard to live up to.

"On the set, I am constantly surrounded by teen-age extras who ask me so much about how beatniks live and act in the USA I ran out of answers—and also out of my popularity.

"So I wrote my brother in New York asking him to send me some books on Beatniks and ever since he airmailed *How To Be A Real Beatnik*—I'm back on top again.

"There's a terrific demand for guitars (frequently a pain in the neck to our director, Otto Preminger). None of the kids want to learn to play them but they hit long and loud chords chanting their favorite Beatnik phrase in English, which I taught them: 'Crazy, man, crazy.'

"Frankly, I am as puzzled as you must be over why such a crazy American development should have taken hold in a little country that is fundamentally and historically so serious in nature.

"Anyway, nice to write to you and best wishes always.

(signed) Sal, The King of the Beatniks."



Louella thinks Efrem may be sorry.

Efrem's Divorce

Had an amazing chat with pretty Stephanie (Mrs. **Efrem**) **Zimbalist** at a small dinner given by the Jack Warners—Jack being Efrem's boss of the *77 Sunset Strip* TV series.

I seldom recall an estranged wife speaking so frankly of her trouble.

"In the middle of the night, Efrem told me to start packing and get to Reno—that he was in love with someone else and wanted a divorce. I told him I wouldn't go to Reno—so he went."

It's no secret that the "someone else" is **Kipp Hamilton** whom Zimbalist plans to marry as soon as he is divorced.

Stephanie said many of her friends thought she was foolish not to get an attorney and fight her case.

She just shrugged and said, "What good would it do me if he doesn't want me?"

Efrem went to Reno but didn't get his divorce there. Stephanie will now file for a California divorce as soon as they work out a property settlement.

The Zimbalists' little girl is four and a half years old and Efrem has two children by a former marriage.

Looking at the very attractive Stephanie—I couldn't help wonder if some day Mr. *77 Sunset Strip* Zimbalist might not regret his hasty divorce.





A sad Princess Grace came to her father's bedside, then to his funeral.

to Princess Grace of Monaco:

Not even in those early days when you were a glamorous movie star and you proved your liking for me by sharing your confidence, and many of your problems—with me, have I felt so close to you and held so much admiration as I did during these dark days of the illness and tragic death of your beloved father.

Your flight from Monaco, so sudden you did not even wait to be accompanied by your Prince, was the impulsive action of a loving American daughter, not that of a woman bound by royal protocol. After your arrival in Philadelphia you hardly left the bedside of Jack Kelly, your popular dad, except to accompany your mother home and comfort her as much as possible at the end of each day.

I remember your once telling me that as a little girl, you were rather frightened of your father, that he was a disciplinarian and very strict. You said, "I had to grow up and mature before I realized that what I mistook for sternness in my father was just his deep love for us, his desire that we should grow up to be good people—no matter what walk of life we followed. I love him very much."

It is almost a sad coincidence that the latest informal photograph you sent me, showing you so happy with Prince Rainier, little Princess Caroline and Prince Albert at the wheel of your station wagon, should have arrived just about the time the story broke of your worried trip back home.

You had written on the photograph, *TO LOUELLA, FONDEST REGARDS, GRACE.*

And that, your Serene Highness, is what the American public and I will always feel for you, "fondest regards."

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Sandra Dee is not 45!



Nick Minardos: sexy!



Singing "Be My Girl," Fabian thinks of Louella.



A lot of fans thought Elvis was "just wonderful" on the Sinatra Show.



A reader has some suggestions for names for Mel and Audrey's expected baby.

OPEN LETTER

All right, all you **Fabian** fan-atics—go ahead and be jealous about this telegram I received from your dreamboat: WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE JUST BEEN GIVEN A FOURTH SONG TO SING IN "HIGH TIME." IT'S TITLED "BE MY GIRL." I'LL BE THINKING ONLY OF YOU WHEN I SING IT. MUCH LOVE—FABIAN. How do you like that? . . .

Will you answer this truthfully—is the real reason such Hollywood stars as ***William Holden***, ***Ava Gardner*** *and* ***Van Johnson*** *have taken up residence in Europe because Hollywood is a cruel town where there is little friendship and much jealousy?* asks CHARLES B. BEERS, JERSEY CITY. I'm afraid, Charles, the *real* reason has more to do with income tax than any such causes you list. . . .

Several really touching letters this month from girls in their teens, who admit to being very overweight, pouring their hearts out over the plight of **Bill Bendix**' daughter Lorraine who is staging a courageous fight to reduce from 300 pounds. Let me repeat—even though you are begging for Lorraine's diet—your case may be different and the only sane thing to do is *see your own doctor.* . . .

There are no more beauties in movies is the startling comment of JERRI PATTERSON, ATLANTA. *Pretty stars, yes. Pert stars like* ***Shirley MacLaine*** *and* ***Debbie Reynolds****, yes. Good actresses like* ***Joanne Woodward****, yes. No beauties.* How about **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Gina Lollobrigida**, **Sophia Loren** or **Ava Gardner**, Miss Jerri?

JEANETTE DE ROSA, BROOKLYN, asks: *Is* ***Audrey Hepburn*** *still looking for names for her expected baby? May I suggest Jerene Marie for a girl—Jody for a boy?* You may—don't know whether you'll win or not. . . .

Comes a note from San Francisco signed "25 Fans of **Nick Minardos**": "We saw TWELVE HOURS TO KILL *with Nick and think he is the most wonderful, adorable, fascinating, sexy, appealing, electric and fascinating actor since* ***Marlon Brando***." You're not *relatives*, are you? Such praise. . . .

The jealousy of ***Elvis Presley*** *which started before he went into the Army continues now he has returned, and with such a fine record, too, complains* VERA DELANCY, DALLAS. *The TV critics panned him on the* ***Frank Sinatra*** *show. I hope Elvis paid no attention. All my friends and I thought he was just wonderful—but like you, I'm glad he's cut that pompadour. Elvis is the original and still the best.* I'm sure Elvis—and Colonel Parker—thank you, Vera. . . .

Eighteen-year-old SANDRA MCINTOSH, SEATTLE, took my breath away with the wildest rumor yet: *My girl friend told me she read that* ***Sandra Dee*** *is really 45-years-old and had her face lifted. Is this true?* I should say *not!* It's the craziest thing yet. I don't know how such absurd gossip starts and the only reason I print such nonsense is to deny it and stop it from growing. Sandra was a child actress just a short time ago and has movies to prove it. . . .

You don't have to be Oriental to think Hawaiian actor ***James Shigeta*** *is the most attractive of the new actors, opines* ANN E. CHERRY. Lots of comment about Shigeta—all to the good. . . .

A belle who signs her letter *I Knew It All Along* writes: *Hear the* ***Jimmy Darren****s are already quarreling—and on their honeymoon, too. Didn't I tell you this marriage wouldn't last?* As we go to press it's still on—and aren't you just a bit too gleeful about a possible break-up?

That's all for now. See you next month.

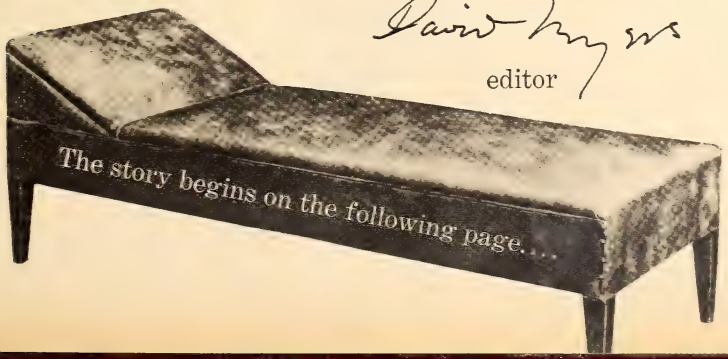
Louella O Parsons

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY

To those of us in the motion picture field, Marilyn Monroe's behavior has seemed increasingly strange and anti-social. Some, like Tony Curtis and Hedda Hopper, have criticized her publicly. Others who, like us, have remained her friends, are disappointed that marriage has not smoothed Marilyn's relations with people. Now, we have received an extraordinary story which, like the key to a skeleton closet, unlocks the secret of her behavior. After much deliberation we have decided to print this story. For, without the revelations it presents, Marilyn Monroe—one of the greatest stars of all time—will never be fully understood.

David Myers

editor





THE GHOST THAT HAUNTS MARILYN MONROE

"COME on now, who's kidding who?" the popular Hollywood columnist told the apologetic press agent. "That child has had difficulty from the day she was born. And now that she's gotten what she wanted, now that she's one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, she's bound and determined to destroy herself."

This was the third time the columnist had been stood up by Marilyn Monroe. No, it wasn't personal. Marilyn had nothing against her.

Nor did Marilyn have anything against the directors she worked with . . . who now refuse to work with her again. Her tardiness is exasperating, her insistence on approving all the rushes from the day's shootings, her prima donna demand to have her own private

(Cont. on page 48)


THIS...ONCE...WA
The story of how luck and lo

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST MISERABLE BACHELOR

Bob Stack Clobbered

■ It was an April night in Hollywood, 1957, Academy Award night—some two years before TV's "The Untouchables" would come machine-gunning its way to its present fabulous popularity—exactly two minutes before an announcement would be made, there in the crowded Pantages Theater, naming the best-supporting-actor of the previous year.

It was not a particularly tense two minutes.

Practically everybody present was convinced that Bob Stack, one of the five best-supporting-player nominees, and a stand-out favorite, would cop the Oscar for himself that night.

And so the crowd waited calmly, most of them looking over to where Bob and his wife Rosemarie sat waiting, all of them picturing the moment when his name would be called and getting ready to applaud him—a few of them even wondering what, exactly what, the victor-to-be was thinking to himself just then.

"They'd have been mighty surprised," Bob told us the other day, "to know that despite all the polls, all the predictions, I sat there those last few seconds realizing that I wasn't going to win. The feeling hit me suddenly. I wasn't exactly prepared for it. But it came, and it said to me, 'Charlie, this isn't your night. You've been riding that old bad luck streak a long time now. And it hasn't ended, Charlie. It hasn't ended.'"

Just before the announcement was made, Rosemarie, like the others in the theatre, turned to Bob, and she smiled.

"Honey," Bob started to say, whispering, "now I don't want you to be disappointed if and when I don't get it. Because—"

But he stopped.

The announcement, from the stage, loud and clear, interrupted him.

"The winner is. . . ."

And another name—Anthony Quinn's—was called.

"Now, honey—" Bob started to say to Rosemarie again.

But again he stopped.

Rosemarie was still smiling; or rather, she was trying to smile, as if with this smile she could hide the two big tears which had begun to come streaming down her cheeks.

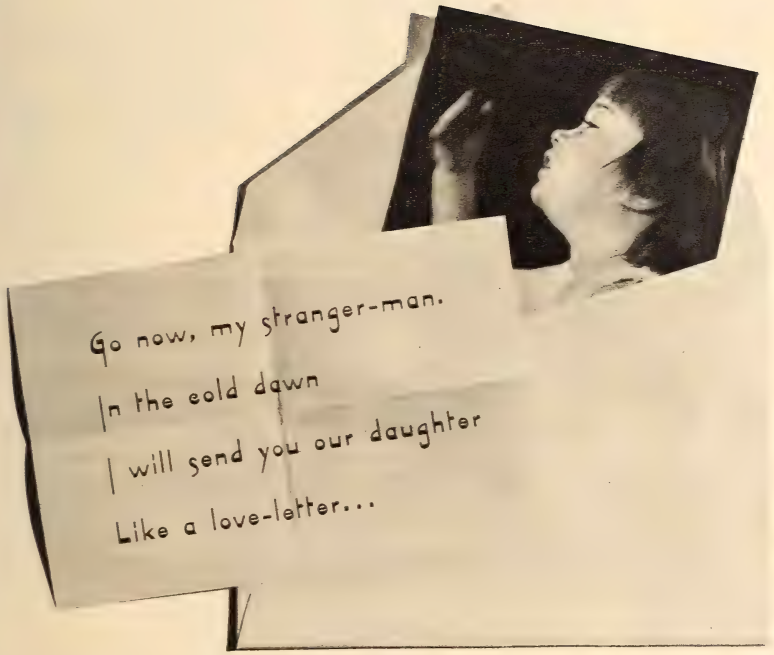
Bob continued looking at his wife, at her smile, her tears.

And then, for a moment, he glanced behind him. He saw a few people he knew, sitting nearby, applauding the winner, while throwing him long looks of sympathy.

"Poor Bob," he (Continued on page 74)



The heartache of Shirley MacLaine's marriage



●"Will it be long now?" asked Shirley MacLaine's little girl, Sachie. "I'm so tired, mommy."

"It won't be long, darling," said Shirley. " Here, why don't you just lay your head on my lap and try to sleep. I'll wake you when the plane is here."

Shirley moved slightly on the wooden bench in the waiting room of the Japanese Air Line in Seattle. They'd been waiting several hours for the plane, unexpectedly delayed, and Sachie's eyes

(*Continued on page 72*)



MY GOD, WILL I END UP A SPINSTER?

■ Kim Novak sat quietly in the sculptor's studio as he worked on the large clay ball which a few moments before had been nothing but an odd-shaped lump. The sculptor's fingers, swift and sure, pressed, formed, squeezed as the fascinated Kim saw the moist mass take on the rough lines of a human head.

"I was hoping you'd give me your answer without my asking," the artist said to the actress, as he stepped back for a long view of his work.

Kim stared down at the floor. "I'll sit for the head, but—"

"But you won't do it the way I want to do it, is that right?" the sculptor interrupted.

"What would people say," Kim asked. "Wouldn't they think—?"

The sculptor stopped his work and looked at her. "Stop it, Kim, you know that isn't the reason. You've never been concerned with what people think or say. Have you?"

Kim said nothing.

"I'll tell you again, Kim. You have a beautiful body. (Continued on page 70)

AN OPEN LETTER

please, please, don't destroy May's career because of her romance with Sammy!

■ By now it is no longer a secret. The whispers among intimate friends became hints in the columns, like "Could May Britt be the reason Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joan Stuart canceled their engagement?"—and those hints grew into bombs like the one Winchell dropped: "This col'm could have skewpt the field with the Sammy Davis, Jr.—May Britt thing . . . but we tried to protect her reputation . . . so she scooped all of us by admitting it."

You could sense the disapproval, the sneering behind every item. And May knew that with a little bad-taste publicity, her career could be completely wiped out, and Sammy could be hurt badly. In fact, after he announced their (Continued on page 57)

CO-WORKERS &

TO MAY BRITT'S



FRIENDS.....

Having found the man she

Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer



■ All the kids at the party were beginning to talk about Tuesday. Some of them passed the closed door of the bedroom and snickered meaningfully. One of the fellows there said, "Hey, wonder why Tuesday's locked herself in there. She won't let anyone in." One of the girls replied sweetly, "Let's take a roll call and find out which guy is missing. . . ."

It had started out as a lively party in the apartment of John Franco, one of the arty young men in Hollywood. There were lots of pretty young girls, loads of young men swarming around. Tuesday Weld had come, too. And, so typical of Tuesday, in a short while she was up to something that made everyone talk about her. She'd shut herself up in the bedroom and if anyone tried to come in, Tuesday would walk to the door, her hair tousled, her feet bare, look at the intruder like a sleepy child and say, "Shhh—now go way and leave us alone."

So—well, the crowd knowing, or thinking they knew, what Tuesday was, began to buzz. "What's the matter with that girl—holing up all this time in the one and only bedroom in the place. Can't she take her sex life somewhere else?"

To the crowd it all figured. Or seemed to.

Inside the room, Tuesday held a shivering little kitten close to her breast. "There, there, kitty-pie," she whispered huskily. "Mama will take care of you." The girl seemed to gather some comfort from stroking the kitten. The kitten's shivers subsided and she purred softly against Tuesday's soft body. Tuesday's smile vanished at the knock at the door. Putting the kitten down, she tiptoed to the door, opened it a fraction and said again, "Please leave us alone. Go away. And don't bother us again."

The kitten snuggled close to her, and Tuesday put her sweater over it. "There now, kitty," she whispered, and she felt good to see the change that had come over the frightened little thing. She'd first become aware of it as she had started up the steps to John's apartment. The whining, faint sound seemed to come from somewhere in the alley, across the street. She'd followed (*Continued on page 53*)


oves, Tuesday Weld wonders—
Is it
too late
for me
to change
my ways
?

Bobby Rydell looked like a million dollars–

Suit pressed, shoes shined, a great big smile on his face–

But

THE KID WAS STARVING!

■ The red and white '55 Pontiac convertible rolled toward Washington, D. C., when the driver, a dark-haired man in his thirties, pulled it off the road.

"I'm beat!" he said.

"Me, too!" said the blond boy with hazel eyes. "We ought to sleep before we visit the deejay."

"No money," said the man.

"I know," agreed the boy. "But we don't have to rent a room. Let's take out the blankets."

The man took the blankets out of the rear compartment. He gave one to the boy, who stretched out in the back seat, wrapped the blanket around himself, and fell asleep. Then the man locked the doors from the inside, opened one window vent, set the alarm clock to ring in three hours, wrapped himself in a blanket, and la out in the front seat.

When the alarm rang in thr hours, they woke with a star Then they put away the blan ets, and drove for another tw hours.

"We're only a mile away, let's wash up," said the ma

He drove into a gas st tion, and the boy got out a walked into the Men's Roo

(Continued on page 32)



THE KID WAS STARVING!

holding a natty blue suit on a hanger. Inside, he took off his slacks and sweater, washed, combed his hair and changed to the suit, white shirt and blue tie.

Then the man followed him in, and washed up.

Both looking fresh and presentable, they drove over to the radio station and asked for the disk jockey.

"I'm Frankie Day," said the man. "I'm manager of Bobby Rydell, the singer. I wrote him, and he said to drop in today."

The deejay came out in a few minutes, accepted the new record, and spun it in his office, then said, "It's got a good sound, Bobby, and I hope it sells a million!"

Then he smiled, "Boy, you guys must be making a bundle! What do you do with all that loot?"

The boy said, "Got to put it in the bank. Can't touch my money until I'm twenty-one . . . It's the Pennsylvania law . . . They gave me a legal guardian, a lawyer, to watch over it."

(*Continued on page 50*)

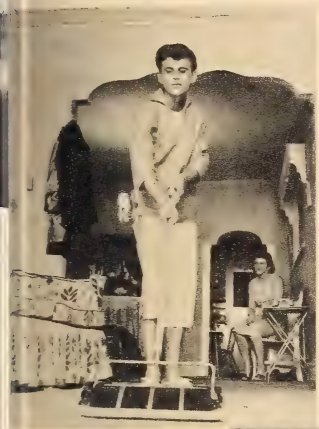


Bobby's fifteen-year-old cousin Angelo (right) remembers the rough time Bobby had getting started in show business and insists, "Not for me." But his manager, Frankie Day (below) is grateful he and Bobby stuck it out. "It was worth it," he says.



This is Bobby's new world.
No more cheap hot dog stands,
No more sitting
Stranded on lonely roads,
No more long cold nights
Sleeping in the car.
Bobby had kept a vow.
God had answered a prayer.

It's so wonderful to be home it's even worth helping with the chores.



Off again, but this time Mom won't have to worry about him.

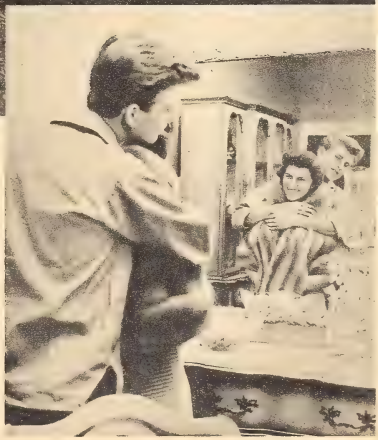


Al Ridarelli is sure proud of Bobby—a fine singer and a fine son.





He made that vow when he was only eight years old. Now his dream has come true.



He worked hard for the day he could do something big for Mom.

THIS IS

VIVIEN

A SHAKEN WOMAN

BY SIR LAURENCE

AFTER 20 YEARS

THIS IS HER STORY

by Beverly Linet

LEIGH TODAY

COLDLY DISCARDED OLIVIER OF MARRIAGE.



■ She still looked beautiful the night she appeared on *Open End*—the lone woman among five men.

A little older, a little tired, a little nervous. But still beautiful.

She toyed absently with her pearls, smoked incessantly, and kept extending her hand to stare at her wedding band.

She talked a little too rapidly—and at times a little inaudibly. (*Continued on next page*)

AFTER LIVING HALF

WITH LARRY



Aug. 30, 1940: They were finally marrie and left for war-torn England togethe

HE SUDDENLY FOUND A

But when she smiled, a dazzling piquant smile, the tiredness, the nervousness—and the years slipped away.

She was Scarlett O'Hara again, sitting on her veranda, surrounded by a worshipping coterie of beaux.

And the most worshipping of all this night, was host David Susskind. The week before he had successfully parried important politica issues with the vice-president of the Unite States.

But in Vivien Leigh's presence he wa reduced almost to the status of a love-sic puppy.

"You're the most beautiful woman I'v ever seen," he kept saying.

MY LIFE



1936: Film 21 Days Together—prelude to 21 years of love.



1939: Vivien came to see Larry, got Scarlett.



1940: She won GWTW Oscar, admitted her love.



1953: After 13 years of triumphs, Vivien had nervous breakdown.



1956: Their happiest moment came when they were going to have a baby.



1956: But exhausted from that charity dance, Vivien miscarried. The marriage faltered.

YOUNGER WOMAN

He could hardly keep his mind on the subject under discussion.

The subject was "Theater" and Vivien had a great deal to say.

But almost always the source of reference was "my *husband*."

"My *husband* thinks this . . ."

Or:

(*Continued on page 65*)



1958: And Larry found solace with young Joan Plowright. →



From the shrine of the Weeping Madonna
Annette Funicello tells why:

I KNOW THERE ARE MIRACLES

Annette, do you believe in miracles?

I believe in the power of prayer. That's what my religion's taught me—that prayer can cure anything. And this doesn't mean you pray once or twice for something you need or want. My religion—I'm a Catholic—believes a person should always pray.

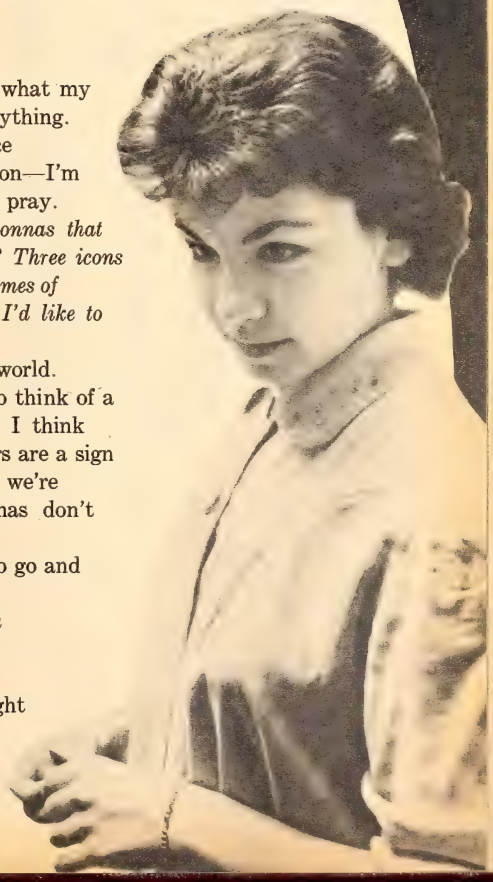
What do you think of the "Weeping" Madonnas that suddenly appeared in New York this spring? Three icons of the Virgin Mary were found crying in the homes of several Greek families in Long Island, and I'd like to know what your thoughts on this are.

At first I thought it meant the end of the world. I don't know why but I did. It scared me to think of a Madonna crying. But now—and the more I think about it—I believe that the Madonnas' tears are a sign of some sort. Perhaps they're a sign that we're neglecting religion, and that the Madonnas don't want to be forgotten.

Of course, the first chance I get I'd like to go and see them.

Would you consider the Madonnas' tears a miracle?

I don't think we can classify them as a miracle unless the church decrees it. Right now, I think everybody should pray because (*Continued on page 69*)



LIZ WALKS OUT!



■ "I've had it," Liz shouted. "I've taken all I'm going to take. I'm just not going to take anymore."

Her violet eyes were blazing with fury. No one had ever seen her so violent before. And Eddie just stood there looking wretched and miserable. Yet he knew Liz was right—so he remained silent.

For weeks Liz had been angry and unhappy. Each night she'd return home feeling a little sick and ashamed of herself. Each morning she would awaken loathing to face the day ahead. Unable to make a decision she allowed herself to be subjected to indignity and revulsion. Finally she could go on no longer. So she did the only thing she could do: She walked out. (*Continued on page 63*)



Liz with Laurence Harvey
on the set of
"Butterfield 8."



WE'RE GETTING

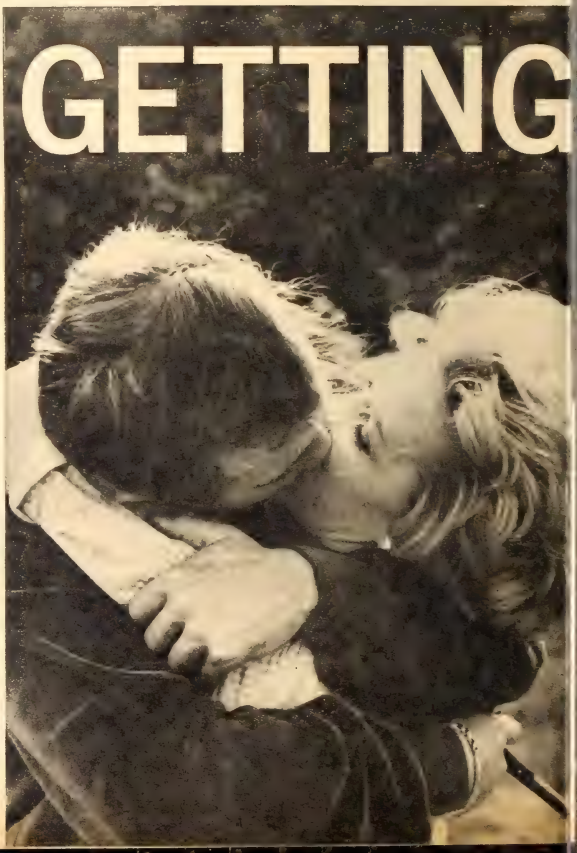
■ I'm Bobby Darin, bachelor. But not for long. Because there's gonna be a Mrs. B.D. soon. And I'd like to tell you a little about her—my own darling Jo.

She's the prettiest thing you ever saw; brother, she is *pretty*. With that blondish hair of hers, like silk, like angels' hair must be, and those eyes, big and blue, blue as the prettiest blue you can imagine, and that little-girl giggle of hers when she's happy and that little-girl hurt-look about her when something's gone wrong—and with that figure of hers, which isn't little-girl at all, not at all.

Can she cook?

There's got to be a hitch somewhere, so I

(*Continued on page 77*)



MARRIED!



A Modern Screen Exclusive

by **Bobby Darin**

AVA GARDNER'S LOST BABY

■ Ava Gardner was suddenly bored. Like a flamenco dancer suddenly wearied, suddenly flinging down her castanets, she stopped what talking and laughing she'd been doing these past few hours, gulped some wine and got up from the table where she'd been seated with the other two—her old friend, a girlfriend, recently arrived from England, and a man, a Roman, tall, dark and leering, a would-be marquis or count or something—who'd been pursuing her these past couple of weeks, whom she'd invited to dinner this night, whom she'd been very pleasant with, (*Continued on page 59*)



Ava and Katherine Hill
on the set of
ON THE BEACH

DEBBIE IN

● Once upon a time there was a teen-age girl who—

Was the life of the party—any party; you should have seen her imitation of Betty Hutton singing *I'm Just a Square in the Social Circle* or Red Skelton wiggling out of a girdle;

Loved to talk—nobody could outtalk her;

Played baseball and went bowling with the boys, and somehow managed to make them view her as a real friend and not merely as a chance for romance;

Was devoted to her family, not just because they were her folks, but because she sincerely



TROUBLE!

liked them as well;

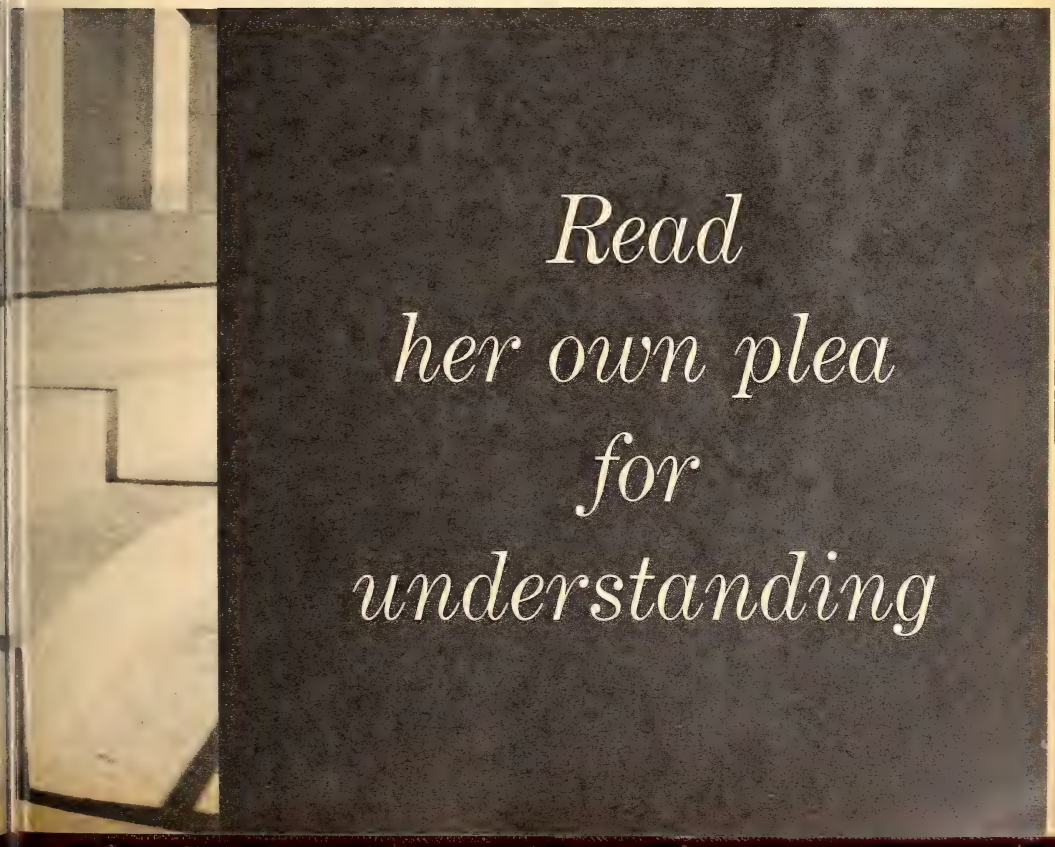
Threw herself into what she was doing, whether it was playing the French horn or going off on a field trip with the Girl Scouts;

Got a big charge out of being alive.

She answered to Mary Frances in those days and later became Debbie Reynolds, a topmost star of Hollywood, but she kept those gay wonderful qualities and they were the qualities that made the world fall in love with her.

No one has completely explained the phenomenon, but

(*Continued on page 55*)



The Ghost That Haunts Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from page 19)

drama coach on the set with her every minute—all these elements have given Marilyn the title of "The Most Difficult Star in Hollywood."

As for her personal life, there's the mess she made of her marriage to baseball star Joe DiMaggio, her unhappiness over her inability to bear children today, her rejection of good friends—never answering their telephone calls, refusing to see them socially.

Misery? When she's a top star, earns millions with every movie? When she's found a husband whom she adores and has his children to help look after? When she's found success in her work and happiness in her home life? What is it, then, that's *really* bothering her?

There is a ghost that lurks in the dark corners of Marilyn's mind, a ghost that's haunted her from the days of her childhood.

To understand the ghost we must go back, way back to the day of Marilyn's birth. She was born Norma Jean Mortenson on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles General Hospital, and her mother was Gladys Monroe Baker. Her father, Ed Mortenson, was a shady character who loved women promiscuously; and, as soon as they announced the news to him that they were with child he'd vanish, never to be heard from again.

Everyone who knew Marilyn's mother insists that Gladys Baker didn't love Ed Mortenson. He was one of many fly-by-night lovers, for Gladys Baker had the failing of falling in love with men who ran out on her. Ed Mortenson was an irresponsible man whose only pleasures in life were fast motorbikes and fast women. He married in Norway in 1917, deserted his family in 1923, came to the United States and wandered about on his motorcycle, loving whatever women he chanced upon and ditching them as soon as they were pregnant. On June 18, 1929, he was killed in a motorcycle accident near Youngstown, Ohio, when he crashed head-on into a Hudson sedan.

Marilyn never met her father; all she knew of him was that he was a lazy man, a baker by trade.

When Ed Mortenson ran out on Gladys Baker, she tried to locate him but she couldn't track him down. Alone, unwanted, rejected, Gladys Baker lavished her love for a while on baby Norma Jean. For support, Gladys worked as a negative cutter at a film studio lab (it's a known fact that if it weren't for a collection taken among her fellow employees, Gladys Baker wouldn't have had the money to pay the doctor for Norma Jean's birth).

Sharp whispers

There were sharp whispers among her neighbors, among her co-workers, about Norma Jean's illegitimacy, but Gladys remained defiant and undaunted those first two years, even occasionally brought Norma Jean to work with her. Baby Norma Jean was the spit-and-image of her mom, and she sat by her side while Gladys inspected the negatives for quality.

Then, during the shattering starvation months of the terrible depression, Gladys Baker became sick. Not physically ill with a fever or cold. But moody, easily depressed, lax about everything, not even caring sufficiently to look after her own beloved child.

Her friends lectured her, tried to get her to snap out of her awful state of mind, but Gladys ignored their talk. She told Grace McKee, a friend and co-worker, that she was "fed up with everybody."

A true friend and a kind soul, Grace McKee moved in with Gladys to help her and to look after Norma Jean. She tried to pick up Gladys' dejected and downhearted spirits by dragging her and Norma Jean to the fancy premieres at Grauman's Chinese Theatre to gape at the slick and dazzling box office stars: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Janet Gaynor and Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo and Tom Mix. On Sunday afternoons she'd take Norma Jean and her mom for walks through Beverly Hills to stare at the pink stucco palaces of the movie stars.

Norma Jean nearly burst from excitement as Aunt Grace took them sightseeing through Hollywood, but Gladys grew more and more depressed, talking to no one, refusing to work, cursing the world that she'd been cheated of a decent and good life.

One summer evening at the shabby Baker apartment, Aunt Grace and Norma Jean were pasting photos of movie stars from the magazines in a dime-store scrapbook. "Someday," Grace told Norma Jean, "you're going to be somebody important, you're going to grow into a beautiful girl and a talent scout will find you and make you into the most glamorous movie star ever!"

Norma Jean trembled with inner joy over Grace's dream. "Mommy, mommy," she called out, "did you hear what Aunt Grace said?"

Her mother didn't answer. She sat in a chair by the kitchen table, slumped, mumbling something to herself.

"Isn't that right, Gladys?" Grace McKee called out in her sweet soprano voice. "Isn't our Norma Jean going to be a big star someday?"

Gladys didn't reply.

"Why don't we fix some supper?" Grace suggested cheerfully, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

Gladys remained slumped in her chair. She didn't lift a finger to help. Grace fried some eggs and browned a couple of potatoes, and when they all sat down to the square, oilcloth-covered table to eat, Gladys sat there, immobile, not lifting a fork to her mouth.

"Mama," Norma Jean chided, "your food's going to get cold."

"Let it freeze," her mother snarled.

"Gladys!" Grace reprimanded. "That's no way to talk at the table."

"The hell it isn't," Gladys yelled. And she got up and opened a drawer in the enameled kitchen cupboard, grabbed a gleaming butcher knife and lunged at Grace. "You're . . . you're trying to poison me, that's what!" she screamed out. Norma Jean let out a bloodcurdling yell, Grace ducked and began running in circles around the room with Gladys Baker chasing after her. "You . . . you want to get rid of me so you can have Norma Jean all to yourself!" Gladys shrieked, lunging after Grace again to stab her with the sharp point of the knife.

Grace reached out for Norma Jean's hand, and the two of them ran out of the house. She phoned the police for help and when the policemen arrived they tied Gladys in a strait-jacket and took her to the hospital where the doctors found her mentally deranged.

George Burns tells me Gracie Allen won't miss her TV audience because she never knew there was one. "She concentrated so much on her acting," George said, "that one day about a year and a half after we'd been on TV, she said, 'George, what's that red light doing on the camera?' I told her it'd always been there. She said, 'Well, I don't want it. It bothers me.' I said, 'It didn't bother you for a year and a half!' " Anyway, the red lights were taken off the cameras—so Gracie wouldn't be reminded she was on the air.

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

Grace's difficult decision

Grace McKee was then confronted with a dilemma. She was not, as Gladys Baker alluded in her hallucinations, a selfish woman. On the contrary, she was selflessly giving generously of her time and love to Gladys and Norma Jean who needed outside help. And since Grace worked during the day at the motion picture studio and couldn't take care of Norma Jean during her working hours, she had to have the child decreed a legal ward of Los Angeles County when Gladys Baker was declared insane.

At the age of four, Norma Jean was placed in her first foster home, a farm south of Hollywood where she was treated like a miserable slave. The penny-pinching farmer and his wife worked Norma Jean to the bone, and, in the evenings they had her learn long, complicated prayers of redemption and salvation. They were wild religious fanatics, and if Norma Jean didn't chant hour-long prayers before bedtime she was beaten.

Every two weeks a follow-up check was made by an arrogant social worker who never paused to ask Norma Jean any questions about her life at the farm. All the social worker checked was Norma Jean's shoes to see whether or not there were any holes in the soles.

Norma Jean's only happiness, her only relief from the drudgery of slave labor, she was forced into as a child, was going to the "picture show" on Saturday afternoon. The farmer and his wife would give her a quarter and tell her to stay in the movie house until it closed. Then, after they'd finish their Saturday shopping, they'd come by and pick her up.

There were other foster families. One was an English couple who boozed every night and held rowdy gambling parties until the wee hours. Eight-year-old Norma Jean prayed for their souls as she fixed their dinner and did the dishes.

Whenever Norma Jean asked about her mother, she was told "Mumsie" was sick. Neighborhood children who had gotten wind of her mother's illness pointed at Norma Jean on the street, and, in hushed voices, whispered that "her mother's the one who's in the crazy house!"

One Sunday afternoon, when she decided to run around the block just for fun, one of the boys, loafing along the street, pointed at Norma Jean and cried out, "Where you running to?"

Norma Jean, in a printed halter and rolled-up blue jeans, laughed. "Nowhere special. Just running around for fun!"

But one of the boy's buddies interrupted cruelly commenting, "Let her alone. Don't you know she's crazy just like her mother? She doesn't know what she's doing half the time!"

Crazy just like her mother! The words tore at her insides like a raw, blistering wind. She knew her mother was crazy. Was she going to be crazy, too?

For weeks the words haunted Norma Jean. She didn't tell anyone about them but the threat tortured her heart. Every waking moment she prayed for her mother to get well, to (*Continued on page 50*


New! Now more than ever
Kotex is confidence
Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.
These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.
And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.

show them that she wasn't going to be crazy forever.

And in late 1934 Marilyn's prayers were answered. Gladys Baker was released from the asylum, and she returned to her job in the lab of the film studio. But Gladys' well-being was short lived. She soon began getting depressed frequently, and one Saturday morning she awoke screaming. She screamed relentlessly for hours, and later that day the ambulance was summoned by the neighbors and Gladys was committed to the Norwalk Hospital for Mental Diseases.

Marilyn's horrifying family history

After her mother was taken by the men in white uniforms to Norwalk, Norma Jean learned the family history from Grace McKee who was made her legal guardian.

On her mother's side, both her grandparents had been committed to mental asylums.

Her grandmother, at her death, foamed at the mouth; a raving paranoiac.

And an uncle from her mother's side, in a moment of madness, killed himself.

Shaken, distraught, barely ten years old, a tall, gangling girl whose chestnut-colored hair was too curly, Norma Jean bawled. She cried for her grandmother, her grandfather, her mother, her uncle, for all the blood relatives that were doomed to a screaming world of madness. Night after night she sobbed into her pillow, wondering what was to become of her? Would she wake up one morning to find that she had gone crazy, too?

Within a matter of days she was shuttled off to another foster home where a tough, nasty-tongued woman worked Norma Jean from dawn until night. The woman not only took in foster children (she received twenty dollars a month for each child from the state), but she also took in boarders. And late one afternoon, toward twilight, Norma Jean was on her knees, scrubbing the upstairs hallway.

A door was ajar.

The landlady's favorite boarder, a sour-faced old man who was tall and portly stood by the door of his room. He called to Norma Jean, who had been trained by the landlady to be obedient to the boarders.

But she knew what the fat white-haired boarder was doing to her there in his room was wrong. She choked on short breaths, closing her eyes, clenching her fists tight until her fingernails clawed her flesh. . . .

When he dismissed her, she ran, sobbing, to the landlady to tell her what happened. And the woman reached out and slapped Norma Jean across the cheek so hard that Norma Jean fell to the floor.

"Don't ever tell me anything like that about my Mr. K!" the landlady shouted. "He's the finest boarder I have."

For days, nights, months, Norman Jean lived in fear. Hadn't she committed the unpardonable sin? Was she doomed now to the dark inescapable world of the unforgiven? She started stammering, fainting. The landlady no longer wanted her. Finally Aunt Grace came and packed her clothes to take her "for a ride."

In the car Aunt Grace couldn't stop crying. Norma Jean sensed something was wrong. The car pulled up to the colonial building at 815 North El Centro, and Aunt Grace clutched Norma Jean's hand and led her up the walk to the door. The gold letters on the walnut plaque at the side of the white paneled door read: LOS ANGELES ORPHANS' HOME.

Aunt Grace rang the bell.

Norma Jean screamed. "I won't go in," she cried, jumping up and down. "I'm not an orphan. My mother's alive. You can't put me in here!"

But the attendants came and carried the hollering, kicking girl into the ward.

"I want my mother!" she yelled.

"Your mother's in the hospital!" a harsh voice told her.

"But I want to see her. Take me to her!"

"It's impossible!" the voice lashed out.

"Why?"

"Because—because she can't see you. She's crazy," the heartless voice blurted, "that's why!"

Norma Jean lunged at the attendant, beating her with her fists.

"Stop that!" the attendant commanded, taking her hands by the wrists and twisting them.

Norma Jean winced, and a pained cry tore from her throat.

"If you don't behave yourself," the attendant barked, "everyone will think you're crazy, too!"

Like a bird who has lost its wings, Norma Jean's cry trembled and died. She lay back on the hard white cot, defeated. Her rigid body ached. She couldn't fight it anymore. She *was* an orphan. No one wanted her. Not even Aunt Grace.

Her only flesh-and-blood, her mother, was locked in the Norwalk place for crazy people. Couldn't, wouldn't she ever see her mother again?

And then the shiver went through her, the shiver that was to scare her every day of her life. Was this going to be her future, too? Awakening one morning to hear herself raging, screaming, unable to stop. And the siren-sounding ambulance would be called to take her to the fenced-in hospital on the hill.

No, dear God. No!

Never!

She prayed, harder than she ever prayed in her life, for God to help her, to look after her, to protect her from the madness that destroyed her mother and her grandmother and grandfather.

And to this day Marilyn prays.

She prays for protection against the skeleton in her closet, the ghost of insanity, the wraith that haunts her and never lets her rest. . . . **END**

Marilyn stars in 20th-Fox's LET'S MAKE LOVE *and United Artists'* THE MISFITS.

The Kid Was Starving!

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Yeah, yeah," laughed the deejay. "Remember me in your will!"

When Bobby and Day got outside, they looked at each other, and burst out laughing.

"He thinks I'm making a fortune," Bobby smiled. "If he only knew! Think we got enough gas in the tank to get back to Philadelphia tonight?"

"If we stick to hot dogs and coffee, yes!" his manager laughed. Then he added, "How could anybody guess that this jalopy has 70,000 miles on it and doesn't carry a spare tire because I can't afford it? How could anybody know that we're starving? . . . That the utility company cut off my gas in my house last week? . . . That the phone company disconnected my phone last month?

"How could anybody guess that we've got a 600-mile trip to make, and only $11 in our pockets?"

Bobby said, "Lucky Grandma packed some hero sandwiches for me . . . Let's eat."

They munched their sandwiches, sitting in the car, and then Day said, "Time to go to Richmond. We're due at WRVA-TV in five hours, for the Ray Lamont show."

He gripped the steering wheel, but before he started the car, he and Bobby bowed their heads in silent prayer, as they did before every trip in the old car.

"Thank you God for bringing us this far," murmured the boy. "Don't let the car break down before we get to Richmond!"

But when they were passing by Quantico, with only 50 miles to go, there was an awful hissing sound and then a big bang! Flat tire.

"There's only one thing to do," said Day, wearily. "Phone Lamont and tell the truth. No use lying."

He walked grimly to the nearest phone booth, and phoned Lamont. "We're stranded, and we don't have money for another tire, and this tire's old and bald and beyond patching. . . ."

"Wait!" cried Lamont. "I'll get a tire here, and bring it out. It will take me an hour. But be patient!"

An hour later, Lamont arrived with a good used tire. Then he and Day took off their jackets, rolled up their sleeves, and changed the tire.

Day told Lamont, "Ever since I became Bobby's manager, in 1957, I've told him 'Somebody up there must be looking out for us!' It must be so, because we don't have the money to do promotion, yet we're crazy enough to try it on a shoestring and a prayer. . . ."

He added, "Look at you! You leave your job to come and help us out! It's a miracle!"

They drove on to Richmond, did an interview with Lamont, and left with promises, "We'll send you the money for the tire, just as soon as we . . . er . . . get it."

On the drive back, Frankie Day sighed, "I was minding my own business at Bay Shore's when you came in . . ."

This remark had become a running gag. Yes, he had been minding his own business as bass player in Dave Apple & The Apple Jacks Band at the Bay Shore club, near Atlantic City, in the summer of 1957, when he decided to linger around the bandstand and watch the alternate combo, Rocco & The Saints. Frankie Avalon had been trumpetist for this combo before striking out for himself, and Day wondered if there was any other good talent left in the band.

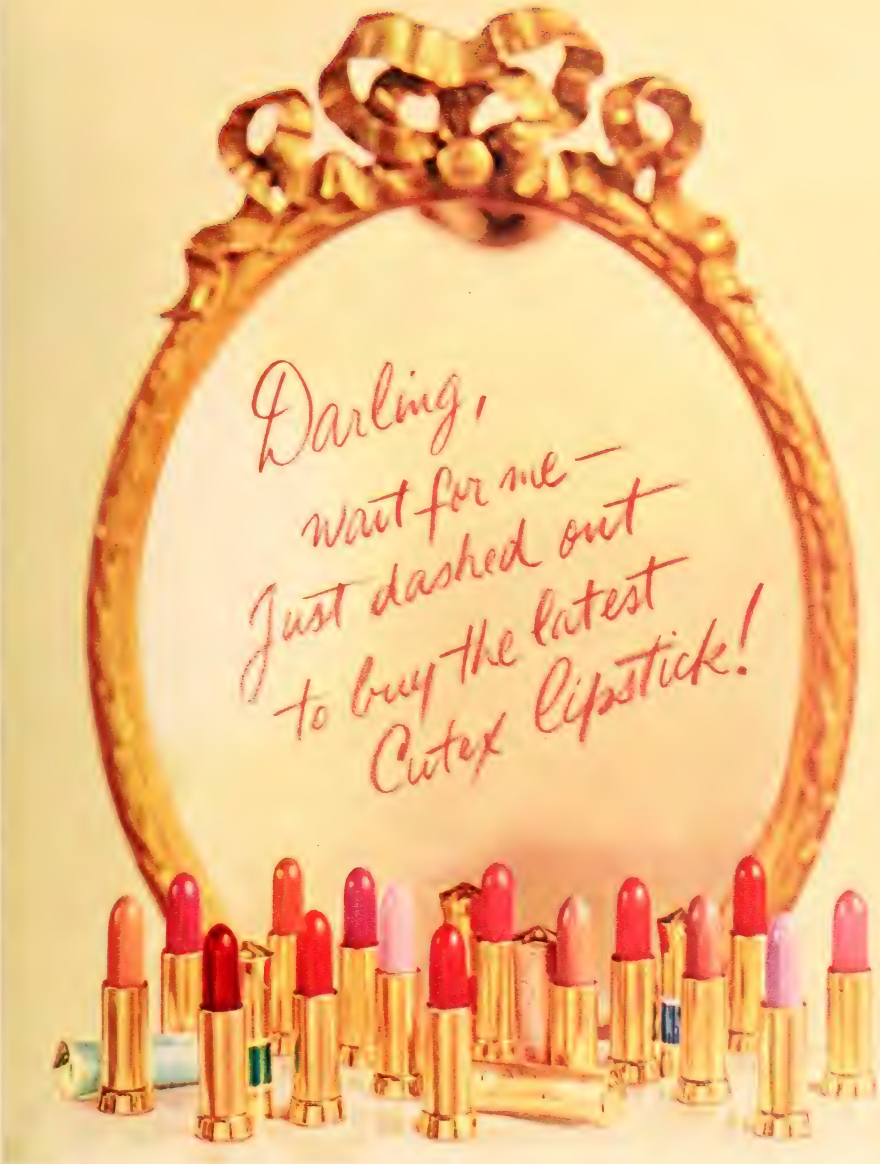
So he watched, and was pleased. But when a thin sixteen-year-old blond kid with fluffy hair stepped out to do a drum solo, a bit of dancing, and a strong vocal solo, Day was held spellbound. Then when the lad did impersonations of Jerry Lewis and Louis Prima, Day was stunned.

"Such talent!" he gasped. He buttonholed the boy later, and found he was Bobby Rydell from Philadelphia, which was also Day's home town.

When Bobby's parents, Adrio ("Al") and Jennie Ridarelli, arrived, Day told them, "I'm very much impressed with Bobby. I'd like to manage him."

But Bobby's dad was not impressed. "Bobby has been an entertainer since he was ten, and people are always telling him they'll make him a star; but nothing happens . . . He's been let down so many times . . . I don't want him hurt again!" he said.

He sighed, "When Bobby was younger, they were going to take him to Hollywood and make him a star . . . they were going to put him on the Jackie Gleason Show . . . they were going to put him on the Ed Sullivan Show . . . (*Continued on page 52*)



P.S. He was glad he waited...she looked so delicious in "Sugar Plum," one of the newest fashion-fresh colors by Cutex® in long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and creamy new Delicate lipsticks!

(*Continued from page 50*)

but nothing happened! He auditioned for so many people, and everybody said he's great, but he's too thin, or too young, or too good. . . ."

But Day was persistent, "This boy has enormous talent. Let me try . . . I'll do it slowly . . . I'll train him. . . ."

Finally Bobby's dad said, "I'm a factory worker . . . I don't have any money for special lessons. . . ."

Electrifying news

Three months later, Bobby Rydell was being managed officially by Frankie Day.

Around 13th and Ritner, in South Philadelphia, the news that Bobby had a manager was electrifying. This was the neighborhood that produced Eddie Fisher, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Mickey Callan, Jimmy Darren and Mario Lanza . . . Why Fabian lived only half a block away!

The row house that Bobby lived in with his parents and grandma, Lena Sapienza, became the scene for new excitement.

Day came around regularly. He persuaded the drummer of his band to give Bobby drum lessons; he got the wife of another musician to teach Bobby new dance routines. Soon Bobby was also taking guitar and vocal lessons.

Day spent all his savings on Bobby's training, then started borrowing money. When he couldn't borrow, Bobby's dad contributed what he could.

After several months of lessons, Day took Bobby to a record hop at Berwyn, Pennsylvania. He wanted to see how the girls would react to Bobby.

What he saw pleased him: the girls screamed with delight.

"You passed the first test; they accepted you as a singer and a personality," Day told Bobby later. "Now we've got to get ready for the interviews; you've got to know how to handle them."

So Bobby and Day sat in the basement of Bobby's house in front of a tape recorder, and taped interviews. Day pretended he was the deejay interviewing Bobby. Then they'd play back the tape and analyze it.

When Day thought Bobby had learned the technique, he said, "Now we have to practice proper expression while singing." So he'd spin records of pop singers, and Bobby would pantomime the singing, in front of a mirror. Day would analyze his style, and Bobby would correct himself.

Finally, Day said, "I think you're ready now to make a record!"

Using his wife Mildred's contacts in the recording business, Day took Bobby to Warner Bros. Records, where they said, "He's not ready." He took Bobby to other record companies, and was turned down by every one. "He's too thin," "He's too young," "He doesn't have a sound," were some of the comments.

"Maybe we ought to forget the whole thing," Bobby said.

"No," said Day. "I haven't lost faith. There's only one thing left. We've got to start our own recording company!"

"How about money? Dad doesn't have any money."

Day said, "I'm broke too . . . But I'll borrow the money."

Day had a lot of friends, and he went around borrowing small sums until he had enough to pay the $100 license fee and the $700 for the musicians, to cut Bobby's first disk, *Dream Age*. They named the label Vico.

Day scurried around to get distribution, but it was tough. He tried to do promotion on the record, but he didn't have the money. In desperation, he got a loan from a finance company, putting his apartment's furniture up for collateral. When that money ran out, he borrowed more from another loan company, using friends as co-signers.

Finally, he got another loan, using his Pontiac as collateral.

But the money was spent quickly in promotion, and unfortunately the record was a bomb. Broke and desperate, Day took Bobby to a local label, Cameo, which fortunately signed him. Bernie Lowe, head of Cameo, agreed with Day that Bobby had what it takes.

Learning to be misers

His first disk for Cameo was *Please Don't Be Mad*. Day begged Cameo for expense money to take Bobby on a promotion tour. The expense money would be paid back from future royalties.

Bobby and Day then hit the road again, spending the meager expense money like misers. They became clever in cutting corners. They learned how to park the car behind a billboard and take a nap; how to change to their good suits in men's rooms; how to bring sandwiches along and go to the luncheonettes for coffee only; how to tip a porter fifty cents and get a railroad station cubicle for shaving and changing; how to nurse the car along when it started to sound sick.

The deejays, fortunately, were friendly. "Glad to see a quiet, clean-cut kid in a business suit," they'd tell Bobby. "We're tired of the professional teenagers in sports clothes and open collars."

Most of the deejays said, "You've got a good sound, kid . . . maybe you'll make it on the next record; don't give up!"

The next record, *All I Want Is You*, did a bit better. But Bobby and Day were getting deeper and deeper in debt. They couldn't even invite a deejay out for dinner. So they were honest and said, "We'd like to ask you out for dinner, but frankly we don't have the money."

Some deejays said, "Well, come over to my house for dinner, then," and some said, "Stay with us tonight and save hotel money . . . if you don't mind sleeping on the sofas."

Good signs and trouble

There were good signs: Bobby was being invited to record hops, and more and more deejays encouraged him to keep trying—but the lack of money plagued them. The finance companies kept threatening Day with court action. One company wanted to seize the car. Bobby's court-appointed guardian kept reminding Day that his creditors were closing in on him. Cameo Records gave them expense money but the company's treasurer kept objecting this was too risky.

Everywhere there was trouble and tension.

At Bobby's house, his dad said, "Maybe it's better you go back with a dance band," His mom said, "Don't you feel bad that your records are not selling?" and Bobby kept assuring her, "No, ma." Grandma sighed, "You're not eating your spaghetti; you're too thin . . . You worrying too much?"

At Day's house, his wife had taken a job so she could pay some of the household expenses and enable him to concentrate on Bobby's career. Sometimes she'd leave him a note on the breakfast table: *Please leave your picture. I'm beginning to forget what you look like . . . you're away so much.*

Bobby was having trouble at school. He didn't have time to do his homework properly; he was often too tired to concentrate. Sometimes Day would ask, "Bobby, want to give up?" and Bobby would say, "No . . . I'm willing if you're willing."

On the road, they became increasingly sensitive to cheap living. They could spot a three-dollar hotel room miles away they instinctively knew the cheapest most filling food on a menu; they carried shoe polish in the car, to avoid having to pay for shines; they knew how to hang their suits in the car, to avoid getting wrinkles in them.

Day often marveled at how they survived. "To think we've had only one flat tire, traveling without a spare all this time! No doubt about it! Somebody up there is looking out for us!"

Only once did they fail to make a deejay date. Driving on the turnpike to Pittsburgh, they were caught in a snow storm. Without snow-tires, they couldn't move. So they pulled to one side, wrapped themselves in blankets, and waited for the storm to end and the snow-plows to come through. By the time they got to Pittsburgh, the deejay was off the air.

In the fall of 1958, Day's phone was cut off for three months, and he and Bobby had a frantic time communicating with each other. When Day's gas was cut off, he and his wife were cut off without heat or cooking gas, and his wife had to take him to relatives for meals.

But, Day said, "As long as I can beg, borrow or steal, I'll stick with you," and Bobby said, "Me too."

In April, his new record, *Kissing Time*, came out. It started slowly, but Bobby was encouraged when friendly deejays wrote him, "You're getting close; this is a fine record!"

Day picked up band jobs one or two nights a week, and put the money into a kitty. When they had enough for a trip, they went off. "Well, we've got $37," he would say. "If we sleep at a YMCA and stick to hot dogs and coffee, we can make it to Rochester and Albany and back, for two days. . . ."

On the way

Then Dick Clark put Bobby on his show, and record sales spurted. Soon the disk was on the *Top 100 Chart*, and on the way up!

Day was still staving off creditors. His pockets were filled with lawyers' threatening letters; he couldn't get a credit card because his credit was no good in Philadelphia; his bank was angry at him for his many excuses for overdrawing his account.

Then when *Kissing Time* rose to the top, Bobby had an attack of nerves. "What if I can't follow it up?" he asked. "What if I turn out to be a one-record singer? What if my next record is a flop?"

But his next record was a hit, too. Both sides—*I Dig Girls* and *We Got Love*—became hits, and got on the *Chart*. So, for a while, Bobby had three songs on the *Top 100 Chart*—something only Elvis Presley had also achieved.

Bobby moved up quickly: the Dick Clark Show, Red Skelton Show, Dannie Thomas Show, Perry Como Show. He was voted Most Promising Male Vocalist in Dick Clark's Fifth Annual America Bandstand Poll. The critics called him the most exciting teen singer since Elvis.

On his 18th birthday—April 26th—Bobby walked over to the neighborhood Epiphany Church, where he'd attended so many times with Fabian and other pals. He knelt and prayed, and thought of his dad and his mom, his grandma, and especially his manager Frankie Day, . . . everybody who had loved him and helped him and wished him well . . . and he thanked them and blessed their names!

He smiled wryly to himself as he thought of the Pontiac with 70,000 and some miles on it. "When I'm twenty-one and can spend my own money, I'm going to surprise Frankie and buy him a new car. . . . He deserves it!" EN

Is It Too Late for Me

(*Continued from page 28*)

the weak sounds and had seen the tiny kitten huddled in a corner. Her heart went out to it, and like a child she lifted it and tucked it under her sweater.

"No one's going to throw you out," she'd whispered into the ears of the soft, shaking animal. Upstairs, she'd gone to the refrigerator and taken out some cream. Then she smuggled it into the bedroom and began to feed the kitten.

The story of Tuesday's "bad" behavior at the party was whispered about for weeks afterwards. This is the first time the true story has ever reached print.

When a girl loses her reputation . . .

Everybody's ready to believe the worst about Tuesday. When a teen-age girl loses her reputation everything she does is judged harshly. For every teen-ager has to *know* what Tuesday is just beginning to *learn*. A teen-age girl must avoid not only evil, but the *appearance* of evil. If she doesn't, and word gets around that she's fast or slightly shopworn, the gossip will grow and travel. The longer the gossip persists, the harder it will be for her to undo the damage already done.

This is what Tuesday is facing today. Is it too late for Tuesday to protect herself from her reputation?

A rather chastened Tuesday is asking that of herself these days. There is a very special reason why Tuesday is beginning to wonder: "Is it too late for me to be good?"

The reason is a boy—a tall, wavy-haired, lean-cut boy. So far he isn't concerned about her reputation. He's heard little about it, and doesn't believe what he's heard. But every day Tuesday wonders, "What will he hear about me today? Will he hear something that will make him want to leave me?"

And Tuesday is learning what a lot of teen girls learn—that she must guard her reputation as her most precious gift, for when a boy comes along whom she really cares for, her reputation may jeopardize his love for her.

The boy in Tuesday's life

Richard Beymer is a handsome young actor—he played Millie Perkins' boyfriend in *Anne Frank*—and he is *the* boy in Tuesday's life. She met him for the first time several months ago on a plane flying to Stockton, California, when she was going on location for *High Time*. Immediately they felt attracted to each other. When they stepped off the plane, Dick pulled her aside and said, "Come on—let's leave the others and be by ourselves. Have dinner with me. I want to know you better."

Tuesday looked at him and smiled softly.

While they sat in the small restaurant, he talked about himself. He'd come from a small town in Iowa originally, but when his family moved to Hollywood, he fell into acting. But he'd never gone with the movie crowd. Then he said impatiently, "But it's *you* I want to hear about. You're a real sweet kid."

Boys had called Tuesday many things before that evening—*kookie, wild, sexpot.* But she couldn't remember anyone calling her *sweet*, the way this boy did, as though he really meant it. She was startled. And because this boy believed this of her, she started showing him a side of herself no other boy had ever seen, except for brief flashes.

Right now, Dick Beymer is in love with Tuesday, and Tuesday with him. He and Tuesday have been virtually inseparable since they met. It's an odd combination—this boy who doesn't smoke or drink, and Tuesday who has been smoking since she was fifteen and has had a reputation of being "sixteen going on twenty-six."

Their dates are more wholesome than any she has had with any other boy. Dick has a small speedboat, which he keeps in the garage of his parents' house in the Valley. He piles it on a trailer and ties it to the back of his Austin-Healy. Then he and Tuesday drive out in his little car to Balboa. Tuesday wears jeans and a bulky sweater over a bathing suit, her hair pinned back in a pony tail, her face with only a smidgin of lipstick. They get out on the boat and drive it out in the ocean toward Catalina. They share a lunch she's prepared herself. Sometimes Tuesday helps drive the boat. Her hair flies in the wind and she laughs a lot, the spray making her face glisten. Often, Dick cups her shining, young face in his hands and kisses her. "You're sweet, you're a sweet, wonderful kid." And Tuesday glows.

Tuesday has wanted this kind of wholesome date before, but most of her boyfriends thought she was putting on an act when she talked of it.

Once she asked a boyfriend to take her on a date outdoors. He laughed at her. "You're kookie," he said. He thought she was indeed being kookie—affected—and didn't mean what she said. So he took her to a coffee house instead. They sat around in the murky place, populated by beatniks drinking cafe espresso and weeping about the state of the world. That particular night Tuesday didn't like it. She was tired of the whole bit. She got up abruptly, sneaked off, ran up to her home in the hills above the coffee house. Then she got into her car, drove to the beach by herself and ran along the surf. Her boyfriend had waited in his car outside her house, and when she returned in the wee hours he didn't believe her story that she'd driven off to the beach alone.

Until Dick Beymer came along, very few boys believed that Tuesday was getting fed up with night life, that she was beginning to regret her own reputation for being wild, and wanted a wholesome date.

Wasn't she the little darling of the beatniks, Hollywood's *enfante terrible?*

People have tried to tell Dick about the Tuesday they know.

He shrugs off what they say.

"I don't know anything about Tuesday's past," he says. "I know her for what she is today. She's a sweet, feminine girl—more like a white kitten than the wildcat they say she is. I've dated different girls, but never took anyone seriously till I met Tuesday. I never associated with actresses before. Not for any special reason, but they just didn't travel in my particular orbit. Tuesday is different from other actresses, anyway. She doesn't care for parties. Actually, she finds them boring. Just as I do."

Since meeting Dick, Tuesday is not as restless for the parties and the crowds. The other day she told a friend, "There are always a lot of people around to help you get into trouble but you have to get out of it by yourself. So I don't go to parties any more. I like small groups."

"How small?" the friend asked.

"Oh, two people," she replied. "The other person is Dick."

It's different with Dick

Tuesday behaves differently with Dick than she does with any other boy. She not only loves him, she respects him. She can't twist him around her little finger as she has her other boyfriends. When Dick makes a date with her, she keeps it. With other boyfriends, she often broke dates, or came very late with no explanation.

Once, for instance, she had a date with John Franco, whom she used to date often. She was to meet John at his apartment at seven, then they were to go to a restaurant where they were to join other friends of his. Tuesday didn't show up at 7:00—nor at 8:00 or 9:00. John kept telephoning, but Tuesday was out. At 11:30 she showed up. She wore jeans, a red car coat and sneaks—hardly an outfit for dinner in a restaurant.

"What happened?" asked John angrily.

"Oh," pouted Tuesday, "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? You knew about our date. . . ."

"Yes, but that's the way it is," replied Tuesday, vaguely.

Another time, when Tuesday had two boyfriends over at her house, she slipped out of the room while both were listening to records, and disappeared for hours. Both men were nonplussed. When she returned, she said, as though nothing had happened, "I just felt like driving in the hills by myself."

With one of her boyfriends Tuesday once went to a party barefoot, in a crumpled, soiled chiffon gown. It had gotten that way when she ran down the hill to meet him. Any other girl would have gone back home to change—but not the defiant Tuesday.

With Dick Beymer, Tuesday is different. She doesn't stand him up, walk out on him or dress in a way that holds her up to talk. She behaves actually wholesomely and normally.

One night when she got into his car, she didn't have a drop of make-up on her face. Her eyes were shining. She hadn't even smoked a cigarette all day. They stopped at a pizza place, which is frequented by kids, and had a great time eating pizza.

Other men in Tuesday's life

If you're bold enough to ask Dick about the other men in Tuesday's life, he says, "I don't know anything about them—but there's only one guy in her life now, and that's me. I don't know the side of Tuesday that they talk about. I'm not interested in gossip about her. I've never seen that side of her. I love this girl for what she is—not for what people think she is. Tuesday has a lot of finding of herself to do. But we have plenty of time for it. She's only sixteen, I'm twenty-one. We haven't talked of marriage because we're both too young. But we date only each other."

How long, Tuesday wonders, can this idyllic state of affairs continue?

Tuesday has always been subject to swift changes of mood, bitter patches of rebellion—and at the same time there has always been a soft side to Tuesday that few people recognized until Dick fell in love with her.

What made Tuesday this way?

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MONROE CHEMICAL COMPANY QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Her father died when she was three; Mrs. Weld was left with three children—the youngest, Tuesday. Finding difficulty in supporting her three children, in desperation she accepted a neighbor's suggestion that Tuesday would be a good model in the Infants' Department of a nearby department store. Beautiful even as a baby, Tuesday was an appealing little model, and money began to flow into the Weld home.

This turn of events left her older sister, Sally, and her older brother, David, badly shaken. The idea of being supported by a baby sister revolted them, and they began to hate the baby sister they had loved till then. Both Sally and David began to call Tuesday harsh names and to torment her.

Tuesday had adored them. Now she suddenly felt like an outcast. Mrs. Weld said once that it took her hours to convince the child she wasn't as bad as her sister and brother said she was. "I'd have to build up her ego again and again," her mother said, "while Tuesday cried and cried."

That was the start of Tuesday, the rebel. A Tuesday who had been rejected by her own brother and sister found it hard to believe that anyone else would accept her. To win acceptance as a teen-ager, she was willing to play the role older girls played—to appear harsh and brash.

She ached for attention. She wanted to be part of the gang. If playing at being the queen of the beatniks was the way to win this attention, Tuesday was willing to play.

There was no one to protect her—to teach her differently. If her father had lived, he might have shown her that a little girl is entitled to the strength and protection of a man.

Even after she learned that her reputation was cutting her off from the companionship of nice young boys and girls and giving her a place among the fast crowd, Tuesday continued her attitude of defiance. Her face looked bold, her lips were mocking.

But underneath, Tuesday was hurt.

Even before she met Dick Beymer, [illegible] former boyfriend of Tuesday's commented, "She was beginning to wonder if she hadn't made a mistake in defying public opinion. But she was too proud to admit it."

"One evening, at a party we both attended, an older man came up to Tuesday and said, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a girl of your age, smoking and drinking and going out with a man old enough to be your father? (At that time, Tuesday was dating John Ireland.) You're living wrong. You'll live to regret it.'"

"Tuesday couldn't think of any retort. She just turned white and began to sob hysterically, then turned to a boy nearby and said, 'Please take me away.' He did—he took her out to his car where she sat sobbing for hours."

Naughty child

To attract attention, Tuesday has often proclaimed that she would never get married, that she didn't want to have children. Then she'd sit back, like a naughty child, and notice the shocked expression on peoples' faces.

Another boyfriend, Mike McKee, an actor, said, "She used to run me ragged. She's unpredictable. Once she had me to her apartment for dinner. She made the dinner—she's a pretty good cook when she feels like cooking. We listened to records, danced. Then she went into her room. After a while, I missed her and called out to her. I went into her room and found she had gone. That's the way Tuesday is—like some wild bird."

But Dick Beymer sees nothing of the wild bird in Tuesday—only a soft little kitten, like the kitten that she herself had once rescued.

Not long ago he took her boating. The sea was stormy and the little craft began to lurch. Tuesday became frightened, and Dick put his arm around her. "Don't worry, doll," he said. "I'd never let anything happen to you. You know that, don't you?"

His arm tightened around her—not passionately, but tenderly, protectively, in the most comforting way.

Tuesday, who has known men's arms around her—most of them demanding, seeking—was elated. In all her brief young life this was the first boy who treated her with the gallantry and protectiveness other girls take for granted. Who in the past has there been to protect Tuesday? Not the boys she used to go with—the boys who enjoyed the spectacle of Tuesday acting wild. Her studio has tried, but Tuesday would not accept dictation from them.

But love can achieve miracles that studio brass can't. What she wouldn't do for 20th Century-Fox she does gladly for Dick. She smokes less when she is with him; doesn't take on an attitude of defiance. The submerged side of herself—the feminine, yielding side—is coming out for the first time on her dates with Dick. For Dick she is willing to don an apron and be like every girl who wants to please a man—cooking his favorite dishes, hovering over him while she serves him.

To Dick she isn't a broad or a beatnik—but a sweet, lovable girl whom he adores. And because of it, there is a new softness about Tuesday these days. For the first time in her life, Tuesday is in love and knows what it is to be loved.

And love is working its own tender miracle on her, the miracle of knowing that it isn't too late to be good. EN

Tuesday is next in 20th-Fox's HIGH TIM

Debbie in Trouble!

(Continued from page 47)

Debbie, more than any other star of her time, had the personality to win everybody. She was the young girl's ideal, the teen-ager's alter-ego, the older woman's daughter and every man's "girl next-door." But the extent to which her fans felt involved with her was unknown until the day her husband walked out on her and her two little children for the love of another woman.

That day bedlam broke out.

Every magazine and newspaper was inundated with letters, ninety percent of them indignant, all of them emotional, written by people who had never penned a note to an editor before. Many of the letter writers felt that their lives and emotions had been forever altered by the tragedy that had befallen this innocent young mother.

Hollywood itself, a place where divorce and broken homes go unnoticed, found itself split into factions. Those who were for Debbie's side, and those who were violently on Debbie's side.

And as is often the case, all the fuss and commotion and heartache turned out to be very useful to Debbie's career. It did not escape the eye of the producers that Debbie commanded the loyalty of millions of fans . . . and that it would do their films no harm at all if they starred Debbie Reynolds.

Debbie too noticed this fact. She raised her price.

Hollywood wise guys pointed out a fairly interesting fact . . . that although everybody loved Debbie, not too many people went to her movies . . . because of this, no producer in his right mind would pay Debbie's price.

But the producers paid.

And nothing rankles like success.

People who began by admiring Debbie's clever business sense ended by calling her "the girl with the cash-register mind." Didn't she made Eddie pay and pay and pay for his divorce? Wasn't she charging a quarter of a million dollars per film? Had wasn't she looking for a new kind of husband? A rich one?

The effect on Debbie's fans

Hollywood is not a loyal town. Friends hardened their hearts towards Debbie. That little-girl gaiety now looked like a commercial coyness to be turned on and off at will. Debbie felt it to her advantage. That sweetness, they said, was "for the rubes"! The fans too were losing interest. They hadn't turned *against* Debbie, but they were writing fewer and fewer letters. Some of them wondered what she saw in Harry Karl, a man so much older than she.

This was not the Debbie they had fallen in love with. This was something else again . . . and they weren't quite sure how they liked it.

And all of this came to Debbie's attention. This, she knew very well, was the beginning of trouble. It is still going on, and more and more letters ask, *Why has Debbie changed?*

It would be futile to contend that today's Debbie Reynolds is unchanged from the tomboy who starred for the Girls Athletic Association of Burbank High School. Debbie herself admits that it is impossible. She observes:

"If I haven't changed since I was sixteen, I better see a doctor, I'd need some new vitamin pills or something.

"I believe I have *grown up* in the past few years. I don't believe I have *matured* completely. I sometimes wonder if people ever really mature, even when they grow old."

The change in her financial status is immense. From a girl who earned Christmas money working at J. C. Penney's for fifty cents an hour she has become a star who can make Hollywood's top money deal. Recently her outstanding commitments were estimated to be worth eight million dollars. This turns out to be an underestimate. Ten million would be more realistic.

Naturally, someone with that kind of earning power is not going to remain The Girl Next Door. And yet, it is amazing how little Debbie has changed in her ten years in the movies. This is not sheer sentiment; in many ways, she is little different from the fun-loving teen-ager from Burbank.

Debbie on the set

Life of the party? Recently, on the set of *The Pleasure of His Company*, she was all over the place, exchanging banter with the script girl, make-up man, hairdresser, sometimes in a Hungarian accent á la Zsa Zsa, sometimes in a French accent, sometimes in Japanese. Her longest routine came when she learned George Seaton spent his spare time learning German because he was next going to direct *Counterfeit Traitor* in Germany.

"Are you a Cherman boy?" she kept asking him. This was a routine of Tommy Noonan, whose comedy act she watched nightly for five weeks when he was appearing on the same bill with Eddie Fisher at Las Vegas' Tropicana. She got Fred Astaire into the act, instructing him to play straight man in the Noonan routine:

Debbie: Are you a Cherman boy?

Fred: No, I'm not.

Debbie: You most be a Cherman boy—aren't you?

Fred: No, I'm not.

Debbie: But you most be. Say you're a Cherman boy—say it!

Fred: All right! I'm a German boy.

Debbie: Dot's funny—you don't look like a Cherman boy.

Fred went away laughing, and Debbie went into her dressing room to continue her imitation of Noonan. She went through his whole routine of a television chef making a gourmet dish while testing all the liqueurs that went into it. She ended up gassed and cross-eyed while her listeners were in stitches.

Debbie the Clown shifts into Debbie the Serious Talker—with no clashing of gears—when she is asked if she has changed.

"Not really," she begins. "Not in the things that matter. My life is pretty much the same as it was before I was married. I'm very happy this way. I have time to spend with the people I love. And I have time to devote to my career.

"If I were married, I wouldn't be able to have as full a career as I have had in this past year. I didn't have a full career when I was married. When you are a wife, you must devote yourself to your home and your husband. Your life centers around him, and in some businesses it means a lot of social life, too. You must give parties and go to certain functions that are important."

Without a husband to look after, Debbie says her life has settled down to this: "Work, family, a few dates, my charity work."

By "a few dates," she means just that. When she's working in a picture, as she has almost steadily for a year, she dates only on Friday or Saturday nights. She won't go out during the week because it would prevent her from seeing her children. Since she leaves for the studio almost at dawn, her only time to see them is in the evening.

"That time is very important to me," she says. "I resent it when something interferes so I can't get home in time to see them."

Debbie's social life

What about her dating? One of her steady beaus is millionaire Harry Karl, a far cry from the hot-rodders she used to date in Burbank.

"But you'd be surprised about Harry," she says. "He seems very dignified, and he *can* be dignified. But he has a very sly sense of humor. He can be lots of fun, too.

"As a matter of fact, Harry and I often have the same kind of dates I used to have in high school. We go bowling. Yes, I mean it—Harry and I go bowling! We don't go to the fancy places around town, because I don't like to get all dressed up when I go out. In fact, the thing I like to do best is go to the movies. Harry loves them, and so do I.

"That's another thing that hasn't changed about me. When I was very young, I went to the movies about once a week, because that was all I could afford. But when I was sixteen and starting to earn my own money, I always went to the movies at least three times a week. I'm still crazy about the movies. I love to go and stuff myself with all the popcorn and Coke I can hold. There's nothing I like better."

Another bowling partner of Debbie's is Leon Tyler. In contrast to millionaire Karl, Leon is a part-time actor who also pumps gas at his father's service station. Debbie's friendship with him goes back to the age of thirteen, when he taught her to jitterbug.

"Leon is my best boy *friend*," she explains, contrasting those two words with the term *boy-friend*. "It is strictly platonic, but we have wonderful times together.

"Like last week end. He took me to a roadhouse out in the San Fernando valley. What a place! I didn't know such places existed. The people there were really flying and having a ball. They had a four-piece rock 'n' roll combo of high school boys, and the juke box played between sets; Leon and I danced up a storm. I've got to take Fred (Astaire) out there some night."

Another boy *friend* of Debbie's is Paul Lillard. He also goes 'way back in her life.

"It was during the Korean War," she recalls. "My mother and I would go through the fan mail, and we noticed a certain boy who kept writing from Korea. He was a private in the Army and he had no family, so we sort of adopted him.

"He really had a fantastic life in the service. He was in one outfit that had only ten survivors, another that had only four. Then he was put in charge of a group of Greek soldiers who were absolutely fearless. He had a charmed life. He was wounded twice and captured twice, but he escaped both times. He always says, 'The Good Lord saved me to hang.'

"When I went over to Korea with Walter Pidgeon and Keenan Wynn, the Army took him out of the front lines so I could meet him. They gave him a new uniform and a shave, because he looked like Fidel Castro with his beard. He and I hit it off great.

"He came to California when I was away in Jamaica. My folks took him right in; he moved into my brother's old room and became a part of the family. He stayed for two months and decided to settle in Burbank, where he works for the post office.

"He remains one of my best friends—I call him my adopted brother. He drops by the house occasionally and when I give a party, he acts as bartender. He's a character—wears a Confederate cap and keeps

cliff richard's idol, elvis presley



It began the day that England's Cliff Richard first heard a new record called *Heartbreak Hotel*. Elvis Presley was more than just an original new singer to Cliff; he was pioneering the kind of music that Cliff himself intended to make his way of life. And whenever Elvis issued a new disc, Cliff's family knew it wouldn't leave their gramophone for weeks.

By the time rock 'n' roll star Cliff Richard had become Britain's answer to Elvis, he prized every Presley disc ever issued. Cliff didn't even mind the criticism that he was a complete imitation of the "King of Rock."

When El was stationed in Germany, Cliff became determined to meet his only idol. But he had been voted Britain's most promising new singing star, and with numbers like *Livin' Doll* and *Travelin' Light* topping the British hit parade, he was never left time for vacations in Germany or anywhere else.

So Cliff wrote a fan letter: *I hope to visit Germany soon, and when I do, could you possibly spare the time to see me?*

A month later the reply came. Eagerly Cliff studied the Bad Nauheim postmark and ripped the envelope open. It contained one postcard picture of Elvis —and that was all.

My letter must have been handled with all the usual fan mail, thought Cliff. *For surely if Elvis himself read it he would have heard of Cliff Richard.* He decided to forget all about it. . . .

Finally Cliff got a vacation —and went to Germany, of course. But at Elvis' house, a military policeman guarded the door. "You'll have to see Corporal Presley's secretary if you want to see him," said the soldier. "But I warn you, she's making appointments for a month ahead at least."



They managed to get El's phone number, but calling that proved just as fruitless. "You're a singer called Cliff Richard?" said a voice at the other end of the line. "So what do you want—an audition?"

Cliff left, disillusioned.

Not long after Cliff got a bid to do a tour in America with Frankie Avalon. He was thrilled—but worried, too. Maybe they'd be as unimpressed with him as they were in Germany.

A half an hour before take-off a telegram arrived for him at the airport. All his worries disappeared. The wire read:

DEAR CLIFF, I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE OUR BAD MANNERS RECENTLY. I UNDERSTAND YOU CAME TO BAD NAUHEIM SPECIALLY TO SEE ME. AND WHEN YOU CALLED, SOMEONE WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A WHOLE LOT BETTER ACTED AS IF HE'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU. I CAN ONLY APOLOGIZE.

I'VE WATCHED YOUR PROGRESS ALL THE TIME AND HAVE LIKED YOUR RECORDS A LOT. I HOPE WHEN I GET OUT OF THE ARMY WE CAN GET TOGETHER SOMETIME AND I CAN MAKE UP FOR YOUR LAST VISIT. MEANWHILE, HAVE A BALL IN THE STATES. I KNOW THE AMERICAN AUDIENCES WILL LIKE YOU A LOT.

YOUR BOY, ELVIS

P.S. They did, too!—and especially his new film *Expresso Bongo*.

Elvis' latest film is Paramount's G.I. Blues.

telling us 'The South will rise again.'"

Debbie's oldest and best friend is Jea ette Johnson. She's a gym teacher at Gle dale High School. They have known ea other since they were ten.

"Jeanette is busier than I am," says De bie. "She's always sponsoring dances clubs or something. It has gotten to be joke between us. I call her up and s 'How about having dinner with me t night, or do you have a meeting of t Hi-Y Tri-Y Sky-Hi or something?'"

Another close friend is Camille Williar whom she has known since she was thi teen. She is also busy; as part of D Dailey's dance troupe she is rehearsing traveling most of the time.

"All three of us are really close frien even though we sometimes don't see ea other too often," Debbie explains. "It tak years to make friends like that.

"With true friends, you don't have see each other all the time. We have arrange our schedules so we can get t gether. But when we do, it's as if we h just seen each other yesterday. Recen all three of us were together for the fi time in a year. We didn't talk about wh happened to us a year ago. We said, 'We what did you do yesterday?'"

Debbie's best friend among her fell performers is Marge Champion. The again, the friendship dates back to wh they made *Give a Girl a Break* for MG

"I didn't get to know her very well the Debbie says, "because we were both ve busy with our careers. Later, we each h a baby at the same time and we becar fast friends. Marge is a wonderful perso so warm and understanding.

"Now our children are very close, t Gregg Champion is Carrie's boyfriend, a they both admit it. He talks to her on t phone from New York and says, 'Carr why don't you take a plane and come a see me?' She answers, 'Why don't y come and see me?'"

Nowadays, Debbie could afford to e nightly at Romanoff's. But do you kno what she likes best? Mexican food. E chiladas, tacos, fried beans, tortillas, ch rellenos, tamales—the whole works.

"I've always loved Mexican food bes she says. "Another passion of mine is bla olives. I'm mad about 'em. When I was little girl, I used to save up my money buy black olives because we usual couldn't afford them."

She still doesn't smoke or drink—"ma be a little red wine with dinner. But whi ky or any hard liquor—just the smell of makes me ill."

Another item: she still goes to Sund school every Sunday. Now she atten with daughter Carrie.

There they are: the arguments th Debbie hasn't changed. You'll hear oth testimony to the contrary. There are tho who claim she has lost her sweetness, citi her performance with Jack Paar as an e ample. But Debbie was never really swe in the manner that Ann Blyth is, thou many writers tried to sentimentalize De bie's early romance with Eddie.

Her cutting up with Paar was no di ferent from her riotous Miss Burbank co test imitations that began her fame.

Debbie will go on leading the same li the only kind she has known.

"I don't think I've changed in anythi that is really important," she says. "I li the way I do because I like it this way. may seem dull to a lot of people. But isn't dull to me. I hope people will unde stand. I pray they'll understand. Yes, I' changed, but not in any way that's de and important . . . not one bit." EI

Debbie stars in Paramount's The Plea ure Of His Company; *guests in Colu bia's* Pepe.

May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr.

(*Continued from page 26*)

forthcoming marriage, his London show was being picketed and May herself denounced.

What hasn't been printed is the circumstances that led up to a relationship which has become the talk of the town. That is what we want to do now:

The story begins when May Britt's young husband, Eddie Greggson, left her. She was in a country foreign to her, in Hollywood, with no one to help her get over the shock of her broken marriage. Her once promising career was now in a state of limbo. Her studio did not know what to do with her, how to spot her in the right part.

Her life was crumbling before her.

Yet May's career had begun in a most promising fashion. Following a bit in *War and Peace*, she won her first good reviews playing the sensuous German temptress in *The Young Lions*.

Twentieth put her under contract and tried to ignite the same sort of fire under her that had caused American audiences to take Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo to their hearts.

She made *The Hunters* for Twentieth, but it came off less than effectively for her. Then they gambled on May in the remake of *Blue Angel*. The critics' comparison of May to Dietrich (who played the part originally) made her come off second best.

With the poor results of *Blue Angel* beginning to haunt her, and with no other picture lined up for her, she turned to her husband for the assurance that she so desperately needed. . . .

Her marriage, too, had begun in a most promising way. She remembered the first night she had met Eddie. His father, a friend of hers, had asked her to drop by the house, and when Eddie held her hand to welcome her, her heart did a fast pitter-patter.

Eddie was still in his teens, younger than she was, but May felt that with him she would always know the meaning of giving love and accepting it warmly in return.

A whirlwind courtship swept May off her feet, and she gave of herself in accepting Eddie as she had never dreamed of giving herself to any man. But, Eddie, the college boy, was not yet ready for the responsibilities and problems of marriage. He left, and as the front door to their honeymoon retreat slammed shut on her, she began to doubt herself as a woman.

Soon she was to flinch reading items like this from Winchell: *Cara Williams is now the adored of Eddie Greggson, and he has asked May for a quickie melting so that he can make Cara his next wife.*

May thought it all out carefully. There was nothing she could do to win her handsome, dark-haired Eddie back, try as she might.

May, her heart smashed to bits, took to staying alone and seeing no one. She would walk alone along the beach and let the wind blow the misery from her for a few peaceful moments.

Actor-director Theodore Marcuse said of May, during the beginning of this trial period for her: "May is a most sensitive creature. She never had that much confidence in herself to begin with, and now, the man she believed in, and trusted, has left her. No woman I know feels more alone than she does right now."

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

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Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

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It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



49¢ plus tax.

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SPENCER TRACY: states' rights

The young man looked furtively up and down the street, hurried along until he came to a building with the flag of the State of California, then scurried through the open door. Inside, he drew a breath of relief and muttered, "I'd sure hate to have *him* see me here."

He got out a bunch of papers and took his place in the long line. As he waited, he thought over the incredible events of the evening before. He'd gotten a phone call from his idol Spencer Tracy! The boy's aunt was an old friend of Mr. Tracy's but he was much too proud to "use" anyone, much too proud to trade on family pull to meet anyone.

It even hurt his pride to be standing here, in the Unemployment Compensation line, but his last film—his *only* film, to be truthful, though he'd had a small but good role—had ended months ago and he hadn't been able to find anything else since.

He'd been seriously thinking about quitting; he could hardly call himself an actor after one job. If he didn't get something by the time his Unemployment checks ran out, he'd admit defeat and go back home. . . .

And now to think that Mr. Tracy had phoned *him*, had told him he'd "shown a great deal of promise in your last film" (what a kind way to put it!) and said he had to be downtown the next day on some "very important business" and suggested lunch. The restaurant, the boy knew, was very near the Unemployment Office. So he'd have to be very careful not to let Mr. Tracy see him.

His business completed, he turned from the window and hurried away. He thought for a moment that he heard someone calling after him, calling his first name. But it was probably another unemployed actor, and he had no time for that today. . . .

The boy entered the restaurant, safely unseen as far as he could tell, and sat down to wait. Quite some time later Spencer Tracy arrived and said, "Sorry to keep you waiting, Son. I got held up at the Unemployment Office."

"—the where?"

"Got held up signing for my next check at the Unemployment Office." Spencer Tracy repeated. "Matter of fact, I thought I saw you there too. You know it's quite a meeting place! Young man looked like you but he rushed on out, so I guess it wasn't." He added with a twinkle in his eye, "If you haven't already signed up for it, you really should. We pay taxes for it, you know. It's our right and our privilege. I believe that every actor should preserve his franchise—never can be sure there won't be a long siege of bad times."

And with that, the two actors sat down to order lunch.

Spencer Tracy stars in INHERIT THE WIND, *for United Artists.*

Producer George England became a friend. But, with his marital status still in doubt with his actress wife Cloris Leachman, May chose not to be the one to break up a marriage and leave Cloris as unhappy as she was.

George England still speaks highly of May. "She deserves so much. I wish her happiness in her search for it."

Then, Sammy came on the scene. He seemed to understand the great strain she was under. And he offered to help her. For a while, May relegated all her insecurities and fears to the decisions Sammy seemed to have for each problem.

Sammy's reputation scarcely recommended him for the role of father-confessor or decision maker. His whispered-about romance with Kim Novak had put heavy pressure on him to stay clear of Kim. Sammy protested that theirs was only a friendship, but rumor had the late Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures at that time, just about ready to kill Sammy should be persist in courting the studio's $20,000,000 investment.

Shortly after that rumor came out, Sammy married dancer Loray Scott. It was reported that their courtship lasted a lengthy six days.

Divorce quickly followed for Sammy, as Kim hiked herself off to Europe and dated such international charmers as the late Aly Khan and Count Mario Bandini.

Sammy was good for May, in the beginning. With the perpetual energy of a hurricane, he left her little room for brooding, by keeping her as busy as possible. After a while, however, she began to sense his personal magnetism was beginning to creep under her skin.

With each step they took, her feelings changed. She had taken his compassion and understanding and turned it into something that was beginning to frighten her. She had begun to fall in love.

They tried to fight the feeling that was overpowering them with each passing moment. And May tried desperately to keep her heart from the world's gaze.

She even tried to break with Sammy. She was about to tell him that they could no longer see each other, even though it would hurt her to have him gone from her life. But May could not end their friendship. Dangerous though it was to both of them, it had lasted too long and meant too much to die easily.

Then in London, Sammy startled the world with his announcement that, after May's divorce became final September 28, he and May would marry and raise a large family. He admitted that the marriage might affect their careers. "But I'm ready to take the risk," May said staunchly. "If my career is so flimsily put together," Sammy insisted, "that my marriage may ruin it, then my career isn't worth much."

Less than forty-eight hours after, the first ugly insults began. Pickets threatened to boycott Sammy's show, demonstrators carried signs vilely attacking May.

May has no Harry Cohn, as Kim Novak did, to save her career. She does not have the millions of fans to rise to her defense.

But she is going through this difficult time with courage, supported and strengthened by the love of the man she loves. She is "aware that this marriage is a crisis in my life." And she knows that Sammy "needs loving as much as I do. Lots of it, and lots of children."

As for trouble, well, she expects it. "If my film career will suffer in the States, I will make films on the continent."

We hope it won't have to come to this. We hope May's career is not destroyed because of her romance. EN

May stars in 20th-Fox's MURDER, INC. *and Sammy in Warners'* OCEAN'S 11.

Ava Gardner's Lost Baby

(*Continued from page 44*)

gay with, up till now. Except that now the mood had overtaken her suddenly, the sullen mood, the had-it mood. And so she'd dropped the gaiety, gulped her wine and gotten up from the table.

She walked across the room, to a phonograph, and she put on a record.

She listened for a moment, to the voice on the record.

It sang something about nightingales singing, singing sweet.

"Si-na-tra?" called out the man at the table, teasingly.

"That's right," said Ava. "Sinatra. And me," she added, shrugging, as if for no particular reason, "I'm the ex-*Mrs.* Sinatra." She laughed. "Amen."

The man at the table laughed, too. "*Sei ubriaga,*" he said. "You are drunk."

"Am I?" Ava asked, shrugging again.

The man got up from the table and started walking towards her.

But Ava barely saw him coming.

She was listening to the voice on the record, as it sang something now about *a vandman bringing dreams of you.*

The man began to put his arms around her.

"Dance with me," he said, not asking.

Ava drew herself back. "No," she said.

The man tried again.

"Don't you touch me," Ava said. "Not when he's singing."

She closed her eyes. The voice was singing something about *a new kind of love you bu-rought to me.*

The man tried once more.

"Stop it . . . beat it," Ava said, snapping her eyes open.

She tried to get away from him, but the man had his arms around her waist now, tight, and he wouldn't let go.

Ava began to struggle.

"Beat it," she said. "Let go of me and beat it."

The man wouldn't.

"We dance," he said, whispering, pushing his weight against hers, bringing his mouth up to her ears.

Suddenly, Ava bent her head and bit at his arm, hard, savagely.

The man cried out. Stunned, he took a step back. Then, with all his might, he slapped her.

"The lady gets old," he said, "with the big bags under the eyes. And the older she gets, the meaner she gets, eh?"

Ava, furious now, hysterical now, began to shriek. "Beat it, you jaded louse," she said. "Beat it before I call the cops."

She turned and ran to a fireplace a few feet away. She picked up a vase, small, fragile, pink-tinted, a smiling cherub dancing lightly over the belly of the vase.

She aimed it at the man.

She threw it at him.

It missed his head by inches.

"Beat it," she shrieked once more.

And then, as he turned and left, she began to sob.

What do they want from me?

"Why don't they leave me alone—these phonies?" she asked, turning to the table and to the chair where her girlfriend had been through all this, quietly, nervously. "Why?"

She brought her hands up to her face. "What do they want from me anyway—these creeps?" she asked.

She was silent for a moment.

She stood there listening to the voice on the record, still singing, singing now about how he was the slave, his girl the queen.

She began to dig her fingernails into her face.

"And what did *he* want from me?" she asked.

Her sobbing returned now, and grew louder, more convulsive, more hysterical. "What," she asked, beginning to scream, "what . . . what . . . *what* . . . *wwwhhhhaaaaatttttt?*"

Her friend jumped up from her chair. She rushed over to Ava.

"Stop it, honey," she said. "Cut it out."

Ava didn't.

"*Stop* it," her friend said, bringing up her hand and striking it across her face.

Ava stopped.

And as she did, she grabbed her friend's hand and held it, tightly, viciously, furiously.

For a second, neither of them said anything.

And then, very softly, Ava spoke.

"Don't give me this," she said. "I've had all this before . . . the slapping . . . the treatment."

She let go of the woman's hand.

And then, as softly, she said, "I'm sorry."

And she turned and walked across the room once more, to the terrace and to a chaise there and sat back on it—and she closed her eyes to the beautiful and expensive view of night-time Rome below her.

To kill the boredom

It was about an hour later, a little after midnight. They both sat on the terrace now, Ava and her friend, Ava smoking and holding a drink—and talking, the friend letting her talk.

"I don't know about Europe anymore—Spain, now Italy," Ava was saying. "I was so bored in Hollywood . . . Hollywood," she said it again, hollowly. "Hollywood. . . . Do you know that there were days there when the most exciting thing to do was to get up in the morning and pick up the papers and read all the columns? Can you imagine that? Can you believe it?"

"No," her friend said.

"Hollywood," Ava said again. Then: "So I came here to Europe, to mad gay Europe. And now after six, seven years I'm bored here too.

"The other day," she went on, "before you came, I was so damn bored, you know what I did? I went to the beauty parlor and said, 'Dye my hair blonde.' Just for the hell of it. 'I want to be a *bionda,*' I said. . . . Oh boy, did I look like something when they got through with me. I had it dyed back the next day and the boy in the beauty parlor sighed gratefully. 'You must never do that again, Miss Gardner,' he said. And he was right, too. Because I won't. Because it doesn't help the boredom, being blonde. Not one bit."

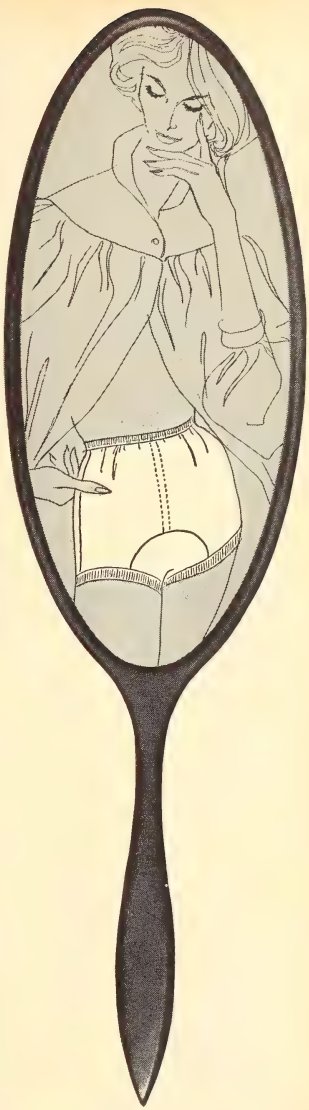
She took a drag from her cigarette, then a sip from her glass.

"I fought a bull once to kill the boredom," she said then. "And what happens? The bull nearly kills me.

"I bought a dog once," she said. "Corgi. Do you remember Corgi?"

"Yes," said her friend.

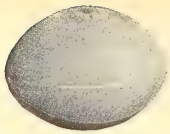
"The sweetest pooch in the world," Ava said, "with the most beautiful, the most loving eyes in the world." She stopped for a moment. "A few months ago," she said then, "this man—I call him a man; ha, I *call* him a man—he was here. He began to fight with me. I forget what started it. Who ever remembers what starts those things? And he began to curse and shout. And at one point he picked up that little dog and he began to thrash him. And he thrashed him so hard that his eye fell out—"



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GREGORY PECK'S SECRET FRIENDS



Time after time Gregory Peck's been asked about his personal life, and about his feelings for his fellow man, and he remains tight-lipped and taciturn.

Still, a man's character can't help but be revealed to the friends he makes. And when Greg was filming Carl Foreman's *The Guns of Navarone* on the poverty - stricken island of Rhodes, off the mainland of Greece in the Aegean Sea, he made some firm friends.

Every lunch hour, it seems, Greg would disappear. News reporters would search for him in vain for interviews. But Greg was not to be found. Promptly at twelve o'clock noon he mysteriously vanished. Where?

To a rundown orphanage for homeless Greek boys on a hilltop near the location. Greg went there every day to share a peasant's lunch of goat cheese, bread and olives with the boys at their bare wooden tables. And, after lunch, Greg played touch football with them.

When he chose to disclose his noontime rendezvous, it was only to enlist the film company's help before they departed from Rhodes for London. Greg passed the hat for donations for the destitute orphanage, and by the end of the afternoon Greg had collected close to a thousand dollars for his football buddies, the poor orphan boys of Rhodes.

She stopped again, in a dismal silence.

She brought her glass up to her lips and drank down what was left of the drink.

"It's a funny thing about me," she said, half-smiling, "but I just can't seem to keep anything. I mean *keep*. Three husbands, one dog, a head of blonde hair, two minutes of excitement with a bull. . . . Nothing. . . . I just can't keep things."

She put out her cigarette and then she reached for a bottle which sat alongside the chaise and she poured herself another drink.

"Sometimes—" her friend started to say, as she did.

"Sometimes what?" Ava asked.

"Sometimes," her friend said, "to keep something, you have to want it very much."

"I've wanted," Ava said. "Don't kid yourself about that."

"But I mean, Ava," said her friend, "—what do you want now, out of life . . . very, very much?"

"Things I should have had by now," said Ava, without pausing to think twice about it. "An education, for one thing. If I could be born all over again and I could have my pickin's from the beginning I'd say, 'Mr. Stork-man, that's one thing you've got to guarantee me. High school, good high school, and college and all that there stuff. So's people don't think they're all the time smarter than me. So that nobody can ever pull anything over on me—or think they're doing that.'"

"And what else, besides an education?" asked her friend.

"A baby, of course," said Ava, simply. "That, I can tell you, would be first choice on my list."

"You can still have a baby," said the friend.

"Yeah?" Ava asked. "How?"

"You get married again someday," her friend started to say, "and—"

"No, huh-uh," Ava said, interrupting. "Three flop marriages are enough for me. If I got married again and something went wrong, I think—I think I'd kill myself right there on the spot."

"You could adopt a baby, then," said her friend.

"Me?" Ava asked. "At my age—thirty-seven—start taking care of a baby? Alone? . . . And give up my wild and wonderful life?"

"You *could* adopt one, you know," said the friend.

Heart's desire

Ava threw back her head and began to laugh. But the laughter did not last long. Because soon, suddenly, seriously, she was saying: "I'd pick a girl, a little girl. And no matter what her name was I'd change it and I'd call her Lisa. That's the name I used to think I'd call my own little girl when I thought I would have one. Those nights I used to lie in bed after I was married, the first time, the second time, the third time, and think about the day I'd find out I was pregnant, the day I'd give birth, the moment I'd hold my baby in my arms that first time and look at her and say to her, 'Honey child, your name, in case you don't know it, is—'"

She stopped and looked over at her friend again.

"Could you see me as a mother?" she asked, half-smiling again.

"Yes," said the friend.

"This whirlpool, this life," Ava asked, the smile beginning to fade, "do you think I still have time to get out of it?"

"Yes," said the friend.

Ava looked down into her glass, at what was left of her drink.

She was silent for a while.

And then, she said, "I'd insist on that, though, *if* I ever went to adopt a child, even *thought* of adopting one. Not that I would think of it. . . . It would have to be a little girl, I'd say. . . ."

"Yes," the tall old nun said to Ava that morning, a few days later, "in a few minutes you will see her, the child we have selected for your consideration. But before you do see her, before you decide definitely, you must know this, my dear lady. The rearing of a child is a tremendous responsibility. Especially with these children, here at our orphanage, who from the beginnings of their young lives have only known the sadness of things, the heartbreak, the aloneness. So that those who adopt them must pledge to God and to their own hearts that they will offer care, and love, and time, and attention.

Only these—the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children of ours have known. . . ."

A baby for Ava

Ava thought they would never end, those long long minutes she sat waiting for the nun to return with the child.

She breathed hard when finally, she heard the door open, when she turned and saw the little girl standing there.

The girl, she saw, immediately, was a beautiful child, a tiny child, no more than three years old, brown-haired, fair-skinned, with great big eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, the mouth half-covered by a little yellow flower she was holding. The girl, Ava saw too, looked confused, and frightened, from the moment she'd stepped into the room, to this moment, now, as the nun who'd brought her bent and whispered something about *la etichetta*, the politeness, and then stepped back outside the door and disappeared.

Alone with the child, Ava rose. She walked towards her.

"Isn't that a pretty flower," she said, in broken Italian. "Is that for me, maybe?"

The little girl nodded and handed Ava the flower.

"How beautiful," Ava said, "—and how sweet it smells." She got down on her knees. "Now," she said, smiling, "*I've* got something for *you*."

She opened her purse and took out a small package. "This is for you," she said giving it to the girl.

The girl took the package and stared down at it.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Ava asked, after a moment. "It's a present."

The girl looked up at Ava.

"Don't you know what a present is?" Ava asked.

The little girl shook her head.

"A present," Ava said, "—it's when people like each other, they give each other something to show their friendship. That's a present. Like this flower you gave to me. Like this package I give to you."

The little girl didn't seem to understand.

"You know," Ava said, changing the subject, "this is very interesting—but you do you know that you look just like I did when I was a little girl? Really. At home I have some pictures. Snapshots. From way way back. From a place in America called North Carolina. And when we get home someday, I'll show them to you. And you'll see." Again she smiled. "Of course," she said, "you'll see, too, that I wasn't as pretty as you are, but—"

She began to reach for the little girl's hand.

The girl clenched her fist.

"—But," Ava went on, pretending not to notice, bringing her own hand back to her side, "I've got to say, from what I hear from my family, that I was a lot more talkative than you are, when I was your age. . . . Oh, how I used to like to talk, they say. Even worse than a toy duck

used to have, a little cheap thing that used to go quack-quack quack-quack when you'd wind it. Except, they'd say, that fortunately the duck would get unwound once in a while and quiet down. While I, I'd just keep on chattering away. Worse than any toy duck, or any other child, in fact."

This silly lady

She took a breath and looked at the little girl, who continued staring up at her.

"Don't *you* like to talk?" Ava asked then, softly.

The girl said nothing.

"Don't you like to talk to *me*?" Ava asked.

Still, the girl said nothing.

"Don't you *like* me?" Ava asked, almost pleading for an answer, "—this silly lady who comes from out of nowhere one day and says all the wrong things to you? But who likes you so much. . . . Don't *you* like *me*?"

But the little girl seemed suddenly distracted. She turned and faced the door. She was listening to something else now, to a light tramping noise that came from down the hall somewhere.

"Are those the other children, your friends?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said, speaking finally, whispering.

"And do you want to be with them?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said again.

With that, she dropped the package Ava had given her and she began to run towards the door.

She'd practically reached it when she fell, fell hard, and began to cry.

Ava rushed over to her.

"Sweetheart," she called out, "are you all right?"

She reached to pick up the little girl, but the girl resisted.

"No," she shouted, "I want to go outside, away. I want to go."

But Ava, knowing that she was hurt, seeing the deep scrape marks on her arms, paid her no mind.

She picked her up, anyway.

And she carried her over to a chair, and sat.

And she held the sobbing child close to her, rocking her, kissing her, saying softly to her, "It will go away, the hurt— Soon you won't feel it." Rocking her some more. Kissing her some more.

Until, gradually, the girl's crying lessened and lessened. And until, finally, at one point, after she'd stopped crying altogether, she lifted her little arms and took Ava's hand with both her own hands and clasped it, while with her mouth and with her eyes she began to smile a little.

"Some day," Ava asked, "soon, would you like me to come and see you again?"

The little girl nodded.

"I *will* come someday soon," Ava said. "The day after tomorrow, the day after that—no later.

"And then," she said, "in about two weeks maybe, if everything is all right, I will come one fine day and when I leave, you'll be leaving with me. And after that, forever after that, we'll be together, you and me."

She bent her head and kissed the child once more.

"Just you and me," she said.

It didn't occur to Ava at the time that she had spoken those last few sentences in English, rather than in Italian.

That the child hadn't understood these last few sentences, their meaning.

And that, perhaps, strangely, it was better that way. . . .

The American, a playboy, an old friend, phoned Ava that next night. He asked her to go out with him—"Come on," he said, "a big night on the town." Ava could have said no. She did hesitate for a moment or two. But she ended up by saying yes.

That was the way it always was with Ava.

That was the way this night began.

It was one of those whirlpool nights, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

She and her friend began by having cocktails at her apartment—a rye-and-brandy concoction; a little too strong, a few too many.

They left the apartment at about ten o'clock.

Just before they got to the restaurant where they were to have dinner, Ava and her date noticed a young news photographer following them on a motorcycle.

"You like this kind of stuff?" asked the date.

"No," said Ava.

The date stopped his car, got out and flagged down the photographer. When the photographer had stopped, Ava's date grabbed him, grabbed his camera and smashed the camera against his head.

Dinner, which followed, was relatively quiet—lots of food, lots of wine.

But after dinner, things started moving again.

First, Ava and her date went to the Bat Club, a swank nightspot not far from the Coliseum. Here they drank champagne. And they danced. Here, too, after a while, while they were dancing, a stranger tried to cut in on them.

"Scat," said Ava.

"You insult one of your admirers?" asked the stranger.

"You heard the lady," said Ava's escort.

The stranger smiled. "*This* is a lady?" he asked.

Whereupon Ava's date slugged him and he slugged back and a general free-for-all began, with the place in an uproar and Ava and her escort getting away only minutes before the police arrived.

From the Bat Club they went to another place, where they skipped the dancing, and only drank.

Then they went to another place—with more to drink.

And another.

And another.

Finally, at five that morning, they were entering a private all-night club when Ava, stumbling a bit, spotted another photographer standing near the bar, about to take her picture.

"Stop that," she shouted. "Leave me alone with that damn thing."

The photographer ignored her.

A flashbulb popped.

"I said *stop*," Ava screamed, picking up a dish from a table she was standing alongside, and flinging it; then a glass, and another dish, and another glass.

This was the worst

It was one of those whirlpool nights, all right, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

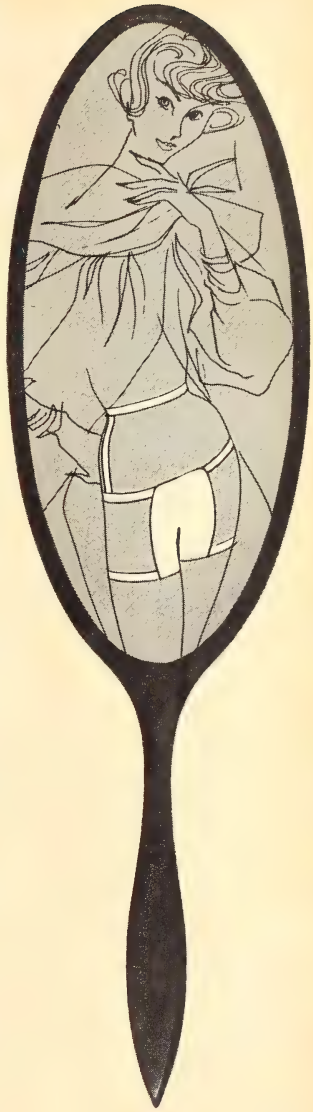
She got back to her apartment at about six o'clock that morning.

She went straight to her bedroom.

She kicked off her shoes and was about to struggle with the buttons on her dress when the telephone rang.

She let it ring a few times, thinking at first that she wouldn't bother answering.

But then when she couldn't stand the sound of that bell, knifing its way into her head that way, into her brain, she jerked the receiver up from its hook and she



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MEETING MARGARET

Laurence Harvey had waited for that morning in 1952 for so long. At last he'd been accepted by the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theater Company at Stratford-on-Avon, and it was his first day. He stood back of the stalls with another dedicated young actor, Richard Burton, watching a rehearsal of *The Tempest.*

A tall, willowy girl with short blonde hair stood in the center of the stage. Larry whispered, "Who is that lost-looking spinster with the stringbean figure?"

"Margaret Leighton," said Richard. "They're mad about her down here."

"Really?" answered Larry incredulously. "Well, I've never heard of her."

Yet as the morning wore on he realized why they were all "mad about her down here." While some of the company were moody, Margaret was very friendly. She tried especially hard to make the new members of the company feel at home. "Need any help with your scene?" she'd ask them. "Can I hear your lines for you? I can never get mine right."

Consequently it was more of a shock than a surprise when Larry invited her to lunch a couple of days later and she told him quickly: "No, thank you. I'm very busy today."

It wasn't any better when he suggested dinner. "I'm having a sandwich in my room and an early night, thank you," she said coldly. "We've all got plenty to learn."

Every day Larry watched her be charming to everybody. She dressed in plainer clothes than any woman he'd ever seen. But she walked and stood with such poise that they seemed fabulous on her.

He discovered she'd been separated from her publisher husband for some time (did he say spinster?), and she had no other romantic interest. But after several days of continually being told she was busy, Larry began to wonder if his technique was wrong.

On the first night of the show he had an idea. During one of their scenes together Larry paused purposely, as if unsure of the next line. Margaret thought he'd dried up, and turning her back to the audience she whispered his next sentence to him.

He made a point of thanking her profusely afterwards for "saving my big night."

Margaret told him not to worry about it—the same thing could happen to anyone, she assured him.

In fact, she looked so sympathetic and comforting (as he'd hoped) that he dared to ask her to dinner again.

"I'd like that," said Margaret with hands on her hips. "But there's something I must tell you before I change. With the acoustics in this theater, when you stand out on that stage, you can hear just about everything people say at the back of the stalls. Yes, I think a good dinner would be fine for this lost-looking spinster with the stringbean figure."



ED. NOTE: *On August 8th, 1957, Margaret Leighton became Mrs. Laurence Harvey.*

Laurence's newest films are United Artists' THE ALAMO; *MGM'S* BUTTERFIELD 8, *and* EXPRESSO BONGO, *for Continental Films.*

asked, painfully, angrily, "Who's this?"

A man at the other end of the phone identified himself as a reporter for one of Rome's English-language newspapers.

"I hear you had yourself quite a time tonight, Miss Gardner," he said. "I just wondered what your side of the story is."

"What the hell do you care?" Ava asked.

And then she hung up.

And she threw herself back on the bed.

And she thought:

"Don't they ever leave me alone . . . the press . . . the gentlemen of the press?"

She took a deep breath as she pictured the stories in the papers later that morning.

All over the world, she thought, —Ava Gardner, lady runaround, on a night out, for everybody to read about.

All over the world, she thought, for *them* in Hollywood, *them* in New York, them in the rockets and them in the mines.

All over the world, she thought—even here, in Rome, for everybody to read . . . even the good nuns . . . even the good nuns in the orphanage she was to re-visit later this day, before she saw her little girl again, before—

She gasped.

She repeated it to herself, slowly, what she had just thought of.

Even the good nuns . . . the orphanage . . . today . . . her little girl. . . .

She closed her eyes.

She saw, in the darkness, for a moment, the face of the little girl, the beautiful little girl.

And then the face disappeared and was replaced by another, the face of a nun.

The nun stared at her, hard. And then she shook her head.

"A tremendous responsibility," she said, *"a tremendous responsibility. Only the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children have known."*

"But *I* love her," Ava heard herself saying aloud. *"I* love her."

"A tremendous responsibility," the words came again.

"Oh Sister . . . Oh God," Ava moaned, opening her eyes. "Please . . . don't take *her* away from me."

Her voice became high, shrill, uncontrollable.

"I'll be good to her, God—I swear it," she said. "Oh please, give me another chance and I'll be so good to her.

"God? God? Do You hear me?

"I need that baby. And she needs me.

"Do You hear me?" she asked again.

"I am begging You. I am begging You.

"Can't I have my girl, at least?

"Can't I keep something, *one* thing, in this life of mine?"

She felt dizzy, suddenly, wet and feverish. She pushed herself up from the bed.

She walked to a window and opened it.

A breeze came rushing into the room.

It came in hard, so hard that it knocked down a glass that had been sitting on the windowsill. Ava heard it fall and crash.

And when she looked down she saw, lying in the midst of the shattered pieces of glass, a flower, little and yellow, which she'd been given two days before.

She fell to her knees and she picked it up.

"Lisa," she said, desperately, as she tried to fix the flower's broken stem, so that it might stand straight again.

"My baby," she said.

"My baby," she said again and again, as she tried to mend the stem with all the warmth and strength and tenderness in her fingers.

But it was too late.

The tiny flower was dead. **END**

Ava's last starrer was United Artists' ON THE BEACH.

Liz Walks Out!

(Continued from page 40)

When she walked out of the door of the Gold Medal Studios in the Bronx, she took a whiff of the cool, fresh air, and felt clean inside.

"No regrets?" Eddie asked.

"Not one," she replied vigorously. "And I don't care if I ever work again."

She meant it.

She hadn't wanted to do *Butterfield 8*—from the very beginning. When she received the script she wasn't prepared for what she'd find, because she hadn't read the book.

Her own literary preference was toward *Black Beauty* and *Snow White*, when *Butterfield 8* was published back in 1935. At that time *Butterfield 8* was banned in many cities and severely condemned as lewd and offensive.

When MGM first bought the story, they were warned by The Hays Office to see that it was "excessively laundered" before putting it on the screen.

But even with such laundering, the script was "put on the shelf"—where it lay half-forgotten for nearly two decades.

Ready for *Butterfield 8*

Back in 1939, Hollywood was shocked when the singular usage of the word "damn" in the climactic scene of *Gone With The Wind*, was approved by the censors. It was a revolutionary concession.

By 1959, however, *damn, hell,* and practically every other four, five and seven letter word was being used indiscriminately in movies.

And by 1959, Hollywood felt it was ready for *Butterfield 8*. It was dusted off and scheduled.

But ironically when Liz Taylor, the woman who had been morally castigated, was finished reading the script her first instinct was to tear it into a thousand shreds.

Eddie walked into the room as she was struggling to rip the heavy duty paper.

He had never seen his wife in such a snit.

"Bad part?" he grinned.

"Depends on what you call *bad*," she answered, giving up the struggle and tossing the manuscript into the waste basket.

"Oh—I'm sure a dozen actresses would want such a fat part—but Eddie, it's positively—well—nothing but sex and sensationalism. I just won't do it—and that's all there is to it!"

"Worse than *Suddenly Last Summer?*" he teased.

She laughed.

"Oh you never will get over the fact that you didn't want me to do that picture, will you?"

"Nope. Not even for six Oscar nominations. Not even if you get the Oscar."

"All right, I grant you that *Suddenly* wasn't exactly suitable for a kiddie's matinee. But Eddie, at least it was subtle. I mean, if you didn't know about such things—it would go right over your head. And if you were old enough and sophisticated enough—what harm would it do? Adults are aware that such things exist."

"Such things as cannibalism among Caucasians?"

"Oh Eddie, you're impossible. You *know* what I mean." She playfully tossed a throw pillow in his direction.

He ducked and came up fighting. . . .

"Now—about *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof?* Kiddie Matinee?"

She grew serious.

"That was for Mike. He wanted me to do it. He was so proud because . . ." Her voice trailed off. "But that was cleaned up—and if you didn't know the play, well . . . Funny, and most of the critics complained because it was 'watered down.' But darling, this one is so different."

Now Eddie grew serious.

"Then, of course, you're not going to do it. . . ."

The threat to Liz

But Liz had one more picture to make while she was under contract—and she would make this one, Sol Siegel felt, or else. . . .

She was threatened with a suspension—until she came around to the studio's way of thinking.

A furious Liz told the United Press, "It's a terribly mean thing they've done to me. I don't think the studio is treating me fairly. But they have the power to keep me off the screen for two years unless I agree to do *Butterfield* and it looks as if that's what they are going to do.

"I've been with the studio for seventeen years. During that time I was never asked to play such a horrible role. The leading lady is almost a prostitute. It's so unpalatable I wouldn't do it for anything—under any conditions. I was going to set up a trust fund for my children from the money I make in *Cleopatra*. I don't understand how one man can take a million dollars from me and my children."

Equally furious, Sol countered with:

"We are willing and happy to have Elizabeth earn a million dollars for *Cleopatra*—if she fulfills her contract and makes *Butterfield 8* for us first."

He also went on to imply that Liz had overestimated her own importance—and she was not needed at the studio that badly. . . .



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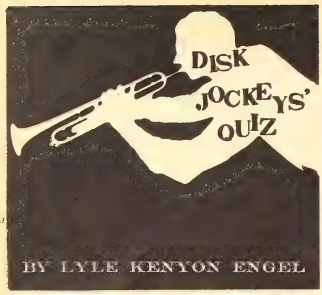
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Mark Pritchard, Station W-GTO, Cypress Gardens, Fla.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *Both boys in this singing duo are known by their first names. Their family name is Farina. One plays the steel guitar, and the other the rhythm guitar. Their latest record is* LAZY DAY.

2. *He started singing in show business at the age of eleven. Now 19, he can be heard on the Columbia label. His past hit was* DON'T DESTROY ME *and his current release is titled* ONE LAST KISS.

3. *She is a movie star and is seen on TV in* HAWAIIAN EYE. *She sings, but not under her real name which is Concetta Ann Ingolia. Her latest record is* SIXTEEN REASONS *on Warner label.*



Les Keiter, Station WINS, New York, N. Y.

4. *A one-time member of Billy Ward and the Dominoes, this boy is currently heard in a big-voiced pop recording of* NIGHT. *He's 23, hails from Detroit and numbers songwriting among his many accomplishments. His latest album is titled* LONELY TEARDROPS.



Lee G. Rothman, Station WRIT, Milwaukee, Wis.

5. *On the Victor label, his big disk is* STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN. *Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1939, he studied music at Juilliard. Past hits were* OH CAROL *and* THE DIARY.

6. *He hails from Memphis, Tenn., and heads one of the hottest combos in the business. He used to play guitar behind Elvis Presley. His big record now is* WHITE SILVER SANDS.

7. *Two sisters and a brother sing under a group name. They hail from Pine Bluff, Ark. Their names are Jim, Maxine and Bonnie. They record for RCA Victor and their big platter now is* THE OLD LAMP LIGHTER.



Jim Ameche, Station KABC, Hollywood, Cal.



Gene Kaye, Station WAEB, Allentown, Pa.

1. Santo & Johnny
2. Crash Craddock
3. Connie Stevens
4. Jackie Wilson
5. Neil Sedaka
6. Bill Black
7. The Browns

But obviously MGM needed Liz more than she needed them. The script was rewritten—and presumably cleaned up. And Liz agreed to start work.

As a bonus—or, as some cynically called it, a bribe—they offered Eddie the role of her piano-playing friend.

"You know," he told her, "there are going to be charges of nepotism. It might be better if I turned it down."

"What does it matter?" Liz answered. "We've been charged with almost everything else. And Eddie, with you in the picture, at least it might be bearable. Please say yes."

He said yes, but it was still unbearable.

Just before the picture was to start, Liz became violently ill with bronchitis and fever. The starting date was postponed. She secretly wondered if the illness wasn't a psychosomatic reaction to the thought of going to work.

But when she recovered, she could put it off no longer. "I don't know how good it'll be," she said, "but I guess like it or not, I'm a professional. I'll do my best."

But her best didn't include "selling the picture." She closed the set to the press. She would talk to no one. When she finally broke down and agreed to see Herald Tribune reporter, Joe Hyams, an old friend, the studio was jubilant.

They shouldn't have been.

That "unprintable" interview

Hyams started the conversation by saying that he had read the original novel but hadn't seen the script.

Liz countered with: "Save yourself the time." Then she made Hyams "promise to print everything" she said, although most of what she said wasn't printable—in MGM's eyes.

"Doing this picture gripes the hell out of me."

Eddie tried to smooth things over. "Elizabeth is superb in everything she does— and it will be commercial."

"That's the trouble," Liz interrupted. "It's too commercial. It's in bad taste. Everyone in it is crazy, mixed-up, sick—except the part Eddie plays. This is the last picture in my contract—and I'm doing it, but I don't want to and I don't like it—and remember you promised to print everything I said!"

After that there were no more interviews.

A week later the actors went on strike and no one knew if—or when *Butterfield* would ever be completed.

"You know, Eddie," she said when the studio went dark, "if it wasn't for the crew and the stagehands and the actors who really need the money, I wouldn't care if the strike lasted twenty years. Then I'd be a doddering old grey-haired grandmother—and they'd have to get someone else."

The following day she and Eddie left for a vacation in Jamaica.

They swam and danced and frolicked in the sun—and never discussed the movie. Except, whenever Eddie wanted to tease Liz he'd sing out in a high falsetto voice "B-U-T-T-E-R-F-I-E-L-D-8," and Liz would throw something at him—like sand or sea-shells—or a baby crab.

When she and Eddie left Jamaica to return to Hollywood for Oscar night, it looked as if the strike was about over.

Boarding the plane west, she tripped and broke her ankle.

It was almost as though she subconsciously willed herself into being incapacitated.

While the doctor was applying the heavy tape, she teased: "Hmmm, maybe I won't be able to walk for a year, then they'll *have* to replace me if the strike ends soon."

"What—are you trying to ruin my career or something?" Eddie teased her. "And my scenes haven't even *started* yet. Some loving wife."

"You should talk, you have the *healthy* part."

"Better get well soon, sweetheart. There isn't a chance of replacing you. You'll just get to play the rest of your scenes in bed."

"Come to think of it," Liz laughed bitterly. "That's where I think the rest of them take place anyway."

She was kidding—but her words were almost prophetic.

When she returned to work, strange things began happening. Things that weren't *written* into the script.

Through direction, through lighting, through camera angles, the suggestive became bolder.

Words weren't necessary.

The action spoke for itself.

And that's when Liz began to feel dirty and ashamed of herself for being part of it.

And when she could take no more, she walked out!

Eddie didn't try to change her mind. They hadn't done his scenes. He knew he could be replaced. Liz' well-being and happiness was all he was concerned with.

But her lawyers felt differently.

They pointed out that she could be barred from the screen forever if she didn't return to work. They pointed out the millions that had already gone into the preparations for *Cleopatra.*

"You have an obligation to those people," they insisted.

Liz said, "I also have an obligation to the thousands of teen-agers that come to see me in a movie. Some of these films can only give them ideas. Dangerous ideas. There is enough juvenile delinquency and pregnancy and sex crimes without inciting emotions through motion pictures. My children are too young to see me in this kind of movie now. But when it's released to television they will. They'll be teen-agers then. . . ."

All night long there were arguments. And deadlocks. And finally a compromise was reached. Liz would return. But she would do no more objectionable scenes.

She had guts to put up a fight and win.

And she's to be admired and respected for it. Although she has been held up to scorn and great criticism in her personal life, what she does in this area can hurt only herself. What she does *professionally* can, as she has protested, hurt many others.

Deep concern

Last month, MODERN SCREEN was deeply concerned with the increasing amount of filth that has been allowed to seep onto the nation's screen. We pointed out that the realistic images of love, marriage and premarital sex have been deeply distorted. What has been respected has been defiled, where certain behavior that should be condemned, has been glorified. We have cited opinions of experts on how to keep pornography from the screen, opinions that ranged from censorship to the classification of "For Adults Only."

We asked you for your suggestions, and you sent many good ones.

Yet the best suggestion has come through Liz' actions:

Stars, like all adults, should exercise good judgment and self-censorship in choosing roles to play.

Liz has raised her voice in protest against the lewd and immoral material brought to the screen in the guise of entertainment.

Others can learn a lesson from her. **END**

Liz and Eddie star in MGM's BUTTERFIELD 8; *Liz, later, in 20th-Fox's* CLEOPATRA.

This Is Vivien Leigh

(*Continued from page 37*)

"My *husband* has done that. . . ."

Or:

"My *husband* is the world's greatest living talent."

And at one point Susskind interjected, "How wonderful to say my husband and have it mean Sir Laurence Olivier."

Vivien just smiled. Her loveliest "Scarlett" smile.

And anyone who watched the show *might* have thought: "How wonderful, that after twenty years of marriage, such love and unrestrained admiration still exists. . . ."

They *might* have thought that—if they hadn't read the papers that morning, if they hadn't seen the headlines which announced: OLIVIER ASKS VIVIEN LEIGH FOR DIVORCE. ACTOR WISHES TO MAKE NEW LEADING LADY HIS LADY.

But almost everyone had read that headline—except, it appeared, Susskind—who seemed guilty of an embarrassing, ill-timed faux pas.

Actually he wasn't.

The show had been taped a week earlier —when there had been no headlines.

But maybe Vivien had sensed what was coming.

Maybe that was the reason for the constant glances at the wedding ring, the continuous use of the phrase, "my husband," when—always it had been simply, "Larry."

It was as though she desperately wanted to hold onto the last remaining vestige of her marriage.

Letter from Larry

The special delivery letter from London arrived May 21—the day before Larry's 53rd birthday.

She had known about Joan Plowright for a long time.

She had known ever since she had seen the two rehearsing for *The Entertainer*.

The signs were there.

The smiles, the glances, the magic rapport of two people creating something exciting—and falling madly in love in the process.

She knew all about that—because that was the way it had happened with Larry and her nearly twenty-five years before. . . .

He had first seen her on the London stage and instantly wanted to meet her. Within a few months they were co-starring in an unpretentious little love story called *21 Days Together*. By the time the film had been completed, they were desperately in love.

It didn't matter that she had been married four years to barrister Leigh Holman and was the mother of a two-year-old daughter.

It didn't matter that he had been married for over six years to Jill Esmond, who had just told him she was expecting their first child.

His son was born during production of *Fire Over England*—in which he was co-starring, once again, with Vivien Leigh.

Shortly afterward, he told Jill that he wanted his freedom. Jill, still very much in love, agreed only to a separation.

That same week Vivien asked Holman for a divorce. But he, too, would give no definite answer, beyond that of consenting to a separation.

Censured by a shocked press, Vivien was defiant. She loved Larry. She wanted him. She couldn't help it if there was a husband and a wife and two babies to be hurt. She hadn't sought this emotion which was overwhelming her!

"But you wouldn't give up your baby, would you?" she was asked.

"No, not exactly, but she's more with her nurse than she is with me."

"And your husband?"

"Well I see him so seldom."

"But your home . . ."

"It no longer matters. . . ."

All this Vivien was prepared to leave. And her reputation. No argument could change her. She would have her love.

They went to Elsinore, Denmark, to appear in an outdoor production of *Hamlet*. As they rehearsed in the castle's courtyard, pelted by wild summer storms, their romance reached its climax. They vowed never to be parted.

So when Larry was offered the role of Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, he insisted Vivien must be signed for Cathy.

But Merle Oberon was already set.

It was Vivien who finally talked him into going without her.

"We'll only be separated a little while. I'll join you by New Year's Eve, I promise."

Six thousand miles away he bombarded her with heart-wrenching passionate letters, filled with desperation and longing.

Troubled, she dashed to Hollywood for a five-day visit . . . a month early.

But in his slow deliberate way he began laying plans to keep her longer.

Vivien's private life

He knew Selznick was searching for a girl to play Scarlett in *Gone With The Wind*.

He had made up his mind that only Vivien should play the part.

He wangled an invitation to visit the set where Selznick was in the process of burning Atlanta—although his stars hadn't yet been chosen.

By the time the evening was over, the search for Scarlett had ended.

But the job that was meant to keep them together, very nearly was to tear them apart.

As an English actress only vaguely known in this country, Vivien's private life was her own business.

As the girl chosen to play Scarlett O'Hara, it became everyone's business, and was the prime concern of David Selznick who had millions and his entire professional reputation staked on the film.

The night before the contracts were signed he took her aside—"like a father."

"I think," he said, "that it would be better if you and Larry do not see so much of one another until after the picture is released. Even a hint of scandal might queer the film. *Gone With The Wind* will make you a big star. You can make this small sacrifice for now, can't you?"

"No."

"But you don't seem to understand. . ."

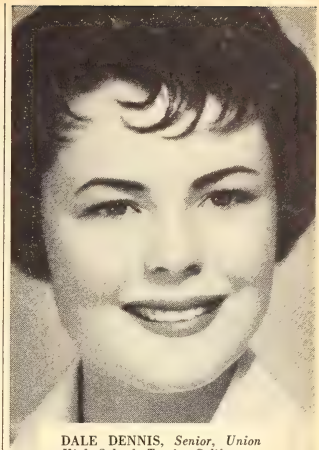
"I understand only that I will not be separated from Larry . . . for any role. If this is not satisfactory to you, then perhaps it would be better if you sign another girl."

Selznick relented. He had no choice. There was no *other* girl. After testing eight, he *knew*. But he sought every trick of the trade to keep the love story from the public, and Larry and Vivien agreed to "co-operate" by staying away from public places.

Instead they took apartments around the corner from one another in Beverly Hills. To guard against snooping newsmen the nervous studio posted guards in the doorways and on the corner.

In her white Colonial house, Vivien and Laurence spent all their leisure hours together.

They went over each other's roles, each suggesting and helping the other, scheming together how to take the ramparts of Hollywood.



DALE DENNIS, *Senior, Union High School, Tustin, Calif. says:* "I was desperate when I had pimples. I scrubbed and scrubbed and used special skin creams, but nothing much happened. One day, our druggist suggested Clearasil and am I glad! It was wonderful the way it cleared my skin and so fast!" *Dale Dennis*

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THE RED AND THE BLUE

■ Autumn in New York, and the air had a nip in it—especially for young lovers and most especially for a girl named Irene Dunne. The man of her fancy was a successful young dentist. Francis Griffin—and her problem was how to get him to propose.

She was walking happily along Fifth Avenue, excited at the fact that Flo Ziegfeld had chosen her for the lead in *Show Boat* on tour, when she spied a wicked, but very handsome, red silk dress in a store window. "All men like red! If that doesn't do it," mused the future sensational star of *Cimarron*, "nothing will."

Irene Dunne wore the devastating dress at her next date with Dr. Griffin. They went dancing on the roof of the St. Regis to the music of Vincent Lopez; the menu was perfect and Irene wore her beau's corsage like a decoration. Everything was just right—except that young Dr. Griffin didn't even notice the new dress!

The dates continued with a regularity that was monotonous except that each time he *might* be going to propose. Soon Irene Dunne would be going on tour, and there were already signs of Hollywood interest in the talented young actress with a voice like a canary.

One early spring day, the telephone rang. "Would you like to come to Mass with me on Sunday and lunch afterwards?" he asked. "That's unless you have other plans. . . ."

"Oh, no," said Irene. "I have no plans . . ." Later she thought. *Spring? I need a new hat!*

The luncheon at one of New York's nicest hotels was only half over next Sunday when Dr. Griffin said. "That's a very pretty hat you're wearing—that reminds me, would you care to marry me?"

"*Yes!*" said Irene unhesitatingly. . . .

Somewhat later she asked, "Why did you never mention my new dress? I thought it was such good bait!"

"Well, uh," he said. "I thought—for anything I had to say—it was something of a STOP sign. Today I felt you were wearing a sort of GO sign."

"But," said Irene. "my hat isn't green—it's blue!"

Dr. Griffin grinned at her wickedly. 'So now you know my guilty secret," he said. "I'm color blind!"

Today Dr. and Mrs. Francis Griffin are just as much in love as ever—and blue is still their favorite color.

They were separated in March when Larry flew east for a Broadway show, but they talked constantly on the phone, and he secretly flew to California on weekends.

In July, when *Gone With The Wind* was completed, he took leave of the play and they sailed for London together—for long, long talks with Jill and Leigh Holman.

By this time they were living together almost openly and both mates knew they were fighting a losing battle—that this was no passing infatuation. They filed for divorce. Jill named Vivien as co-respondent, Holman named Olivier.

The romance was out in the open and the world fell in love with their love story.

The most divine fairy tale

With Larry, Vivien flew to Atlanta for the world premiere of *Gone With The Wind*.

With him she spent the night of the New York premiere, hiding away in a little French restaurant on Third Avenue. On this night she didn't want the crowds, the acclaim. Only him.

The next day she laughed about it.

"By the time the premiere was over and Jack Whitney was putting on his big party, we had both gone to bed."

By the time the premiere was over, they were talking their heads off about their feelings for one another.

"I don't suppose there ever was a couple so much in love as we are," Larry said happily. "I was only half alive before I met Vivien."

And she chimed in: "Our love affair has been the most divine fairy tale, hasn't it? And I'm not going to allow my new fame to interfere with my private life. Even if I have to resort to outlandish disguises I'll do it because I insist upon living like a human being."

On the night she won the Academy Award for Scarlett, she revealed—to no one's surprise—that they would be married "as soon as possible."

"All we want to do," he said, "is spend the rest of our lives together."

At one minute past midnight—August 30th, 1940, they took their vows in the moonlight—at Ronald Colman's Santa Barbara ranch.

They had lost every cent they had possessed two months before in a disastrous production of *Romeo and Juliet*, and had returned to Hollywood for *That Hamilton Woman*, only in order to make enough money to pay their debts.

They were swamped with other offers. $250,000 apiece for six weeks' work but turned them down.

Their country was at war—and they were needed at home.

They returned to England at the height of the Blitz.

Although both had always hated and feared flying, he joined the Fleet Air Arm as a pilot.

She returned to the stage in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, doubled as a fire-watcher between shows and spent her week ends and vacations entertaining the troops.

Like other couples in war-torn England, they never knew which night might be their last. When they were together they were always holding hands, always kissing.

She turned a deaf ear to Selznick's plea to return for another picture—even though he had raised the ante to $350,000.

Her answer was always the same.

"I will not leave Larry."

A miracle—and a tragedy

In spite of the war, the buzz-bombs, the insecurity, her one big dream was to have a baby.

And in July, 1944, while she was work-

ing before the cameras in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, her doctor broke the happy news.

The picture had a long and strenuous schedule. When she told the director she was pregnant, he speeded up her scenes.

She worked day and night, in flimsy gowns on a damp and chilly set. Coal was a precious commodity. She was exhausted most of the time and plagued with a racking cough. But she wouldn't slow down. She had a deadline to meet.

The cough grew worse.

Her strength diminished.

And one day she collapsed.

Larry was at her side when she awoke in a stark hospital room.

He tried to help.

"We're still young. There will be other babies. The doctor assured me we will."

But he didn't have the heart to tell her then—what else the doctor said.

That the wracking cough wasn't due to a bad cold—as she had insisted, or too much smoking or nerves.

But that she was suffering from a severe case of TB.

She was hospitalized for five long months.

When she was finally released, she was frail and spent. The little girl look he had loved so much was forever gone.

A few weeks after she was out of the hospital—in spite of Larry's pleas to rest, she was in rehearsals for a new play.

Triumphs and tragedy

The next few years sped by in a whirl of professional triumphs.

In 1947 he was knighted by the late King George. But the joy of being Lady Olivier was overshadowed by the tragedy of another miscarriage.

In 1948, he won the Academy Award for Hamlet and she laughed: "Oh I'm so relieved. He used to hate the sight of my Oscar around. I had to make up one for him as a gag."

In 1950 they returned to Hollywood—for the first time in a decade. She to make *Streetcar Named Desire*, he to make *Carrie*. It was only the opportunity to be there at the same time that made them accept the roles. Previous offers would have meant separation. "It's the most beautiful thing," sighed a friend. "They hate to be out of each other's sight for an hour. Their eyes still continue to light at the sight of the other. Their hands still continue to cling. Wherever he went he carried with him a miniature of his wife. If she wasn't working with him, she was watching him work."

Business kept him in England and Vivien arrived in Hollywood a week ahead of him. Only a week but Vivien couldn't sleep. "I miss Larry so. England seems so far away when someone you love is there—instead of beside you."

When their assignments were completed, they took the long way home via a slow freighter. "It's our first vacation in too many years," she sighed blissfully. "Nothing to do except be with one another. . . ."

The following year she won her second Oscar for *Streetcar*, and the Oliviers invaded Broadway as a team again alternating the two *Cleopatras*—their first appearance in New York together since their ill-fated *Romeo*.

This time there was nothing but praise. And a reporter who paid several visits to their dressing room wrote, "They seemed sincerely in love and happy in their careers. I have seldom seen a happier, better adjusted couple. They addressed each other lovingly and they spoke of their home in England with nostalgic affection."

But a year later Vivien strayed alone into the darkness.

They were offered co-starring roles in *Elephant Walk*, but busy with pre-Coronation duties, Olivier declined. Vivien accepted, causing many to marvel that she would leave her love. The producer sought reassurance on the state of her health.

"She's completely recovered from her lung ailment," said Larry. "I believe a new environment and an interesting role would do her a world of good."

But in Ceylon, tormented by sleeplessness, she'd wander at night among the ruins or sit till daybreak watching the natives dance. When she was urged to rest so she would be "your most beautiful self," her reproach was "I'm no longer young. I shouldn't look like an ingenue."

Larry flew out and found no cause for concern. Besides, his very appearance seemed to calm her. They flew to Paris and he put her on the plane to New York. He promised to come to Hollywood as soon as he was free of his commitments.

But he came a great deal sooner.

He came in response to a frantic call from his friend David Niven.

Vivien had been acting strangely in Hollywood. Eyes overbright, she chattered ceaselessly. Obviously weary, she dreaded solitude, refused to be left to herself for five quiet minutes. She shocked people by sitting for hours by a radio with her head pasted against the loud speaker, the volume turned up to a pitch that deafened all others in the room. Exhausted after work she'd spin into a useless whirl of activity—sweeping, dusting, washing dishes.

And on the set, completely unaware of the slip, she kept calling Peter Finch, her leading man, "Larry."

On March 9th she collapsed on the set in hysteria.

Put to bed she moaned over and over the lines of the unhappy Blanche Dubois of *Streetcar*. She kept crying: "I want my daughter to get married. I want to become a grandmother."

This time her husband's arrival failed to calm her. There were moments when she didn't even recognize him.

Larry took her home. Under sedation she was borne on a stretcher to the airport. Again hysterical as the sedatives wore off, she was half carried onto a London bound plane by her husband and Danny Kaye.

In Hollywood, the breakdown was explained by her intense panic-reaction to air travel, a panic attributed to three near-fatal accidents she had been in in the past. The trip from India amounted to being "scared to death for 72 hours."

But the psychiatrists in the Netherne Hospital in Surrey felt differently.

"Your wife's fear of flying is a substitute for a much deeper fear buried in her subconscious. Perhaps it is a manifestation of the rejection she felt when her parents sent her to England to be educated when she was a child.

"She's all wound up. We will put her to sleep for three weeks and let her unwind slowly. It will be better if you are not with her at this time."

Heartbroken, he returned to Italy—while the press had a field day with its own diagnosis.

In firm black print they recorded their findings; that except for Vivien's illness the Olivier marriage would have been called off.

The end of a dream

To live and work with Larry had been her dream—and her life. Approaching the age of forty she saw the dream fading. For years she had taxed her frail body to keep pace with him. At thirty-nine she felt her forces fail. All lesser fears stemmed from the great, the paralyzing fear. Losing vital-



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ity, losing youth, would she lose him too? Would he be snatched away from her by a younger, more vital woman—in the same way she had taken him away from his wife? It had happened once. It could happen again. Or would he stick by her merely in an act of decency and dull duty? Such a prospect reduced her to quivering anguish. Yet to lose him meant losing the will to live.

Peering into the chasm he shuddered away from it. Under the burden of terrible conflict she broke.

But within a month she had forced herself back into the world of the living.

And within two months she was preparing to return to work.

According to one of her doctors—"Larry made her re-entry into public life his cardinal interest."

And it was true. Knowing she was anxious to work with him again, he agreed to do *Sleeping Prince*—although in the play the male part was not of primary importance. Throughout the rehearsals and on opening night he devoted himself to rebuilding her confidence.

The show was a smash hit, but in her personal life, Vivien still felt a tremendous need.

"If only we were able to have another baby . . . ?" she'd say over and over again.

And two years later she learned that she would.

She was working in *South Sea Bubble* at the time—and Larry, upon hearing the news, insisted she take leave of the show immediately.

But she begged to stick it out "just a little longer. My doctor has pronounced me fit." Still, she kept her pregnancy a close guarded secret from all but a few close friends. Superstitiously she refused to talk about it until she was in her fifth month, and didn't, until she gave notice to her producers.

But while in her fifth month she and Larry teamed up in an energetic song and dance number at the Palladium for the Actors' Orphanage. She rehearsed a total of thirty-five hours—and played a performance of the show each night.

On August 11, she took leave of the play "to be a full time lady-in-waiting."

She was gloriously, ecstatically happy. Her baby was due in November—around the time of her 43rd birthday.

On August 13th—the pains started.

In agony, she was rushed to the hospital.

The doctor's worked feverishly. They barely managed to save her. They couldn't save the baby.

Trying desperately to check his emotions, Olivier said: "We are bitterly disappointed and terribly upset. The main concern now is Vivien. The important thing is that she should make a complete recovery."

Then he got into his car and drove the forty-five miles to his country house, Notley Abbey.

He walked into the little yellow and white room which was to be the nursery.

And he cried bitterly.

Over the babies he had lost.

Over the love story which he now knew was ended.

After that, it was all downhill.

Reasonable explanation

The following summer the Oliviers, who could never bear to be apart, shocked England by going off on separate vacations; he with his ex-wife Jill Esmond and his son to Scotland, she with Leigh Holman and their daughter to Italy.

"Did this mean a divorce?" they were asked.

"Of course not. It's just something we've never done before. We thought it would be a good idea to try something new."

When she was soundly criticised by a female member of Parliament, she cabled tersely: "Criticism ill-considered and unmannerly. Presence of our daughter gives reasonable explanation of holiday to any reasonable person."

In the fall they returned from their individual holidays happy and refreshed.

In the fall he met Joan Plowright, "a brilliant young actress," and cast her as his daughter in *The Entertainer*.

The following spring he and Joan came to America for the New York run.

Vivien stayed home.

The rumors started again. Vivien shrugged them off. "People have been saying for the last seventeen years that Larry and I would part. We love each other. We have a happy married life."

The following winter Larry left for a six-month stay in Hollywood for *Spartacus*. The night before he left, he and Vivien dined at a romantic Mayfair restaurant—where she had the orchestra play tender love songs.

But she never joined him in Hollywood.

"Can't leave my play."

Joan, in England, couldn't leave her play either But she quietly left her husband, Roger Gage.

When Larry returned from Hollywood, he went straight into a small apartment in Stratford. Vivien remained in London. Her daughter Suzanne had filled her greatest wish. She had made her a grandmother.

But the rumors persisted.

This time Vivien was coy. "I won't say yes—and I won't say no."

Finally in January Olivier left for New York to direct Charlton Heston in the short-lived *The Tumbler*.

Vivien was to join him in March when she was due to start rehearsals for *Duel of Angels*. But they announced that "they had decided against sharing a flat or anything of that sort because we won't be together that much to make it worthwhile."

They weren't together at all.

He left New York a few days before she was due to arrive.

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But he sent her magnificent bouquets of flowers on the night her play opened.

And she lined her dressing room walls with six photographs of "my husband." And told everybody, "If Larry comes here June 5th when my play closes, I'll see him on June 5th. I miss him terribly. If you live with a man for twenty-five years you don't stop missing him."

But secretly she knew he wasn't coming here on June 5th, and that he was no longer hers and that she would go on missing him.

Then, she told about the letter. And his request for a divorce and her plans to "do whatever Larry wants." And finally the bitter truth about themselves:

"For the past few years our relationship has been strictly professional. He has gone his way and I have gone mine. But we have always told each other that we'd serve our profession in the best possible way. And sometimes the price is a deep personal loss. I haven't many regrets. Only the things I've done and said that have hurt people."

Full circle

Now that her life has come full circle, perhaps she was thinking back twenty-five years. To Leigh Holman. To Jill Esmond.

Vivien said she'd "do whatever Larry wishes," and he's wishing for a divorce, but her friends cannot believe she will relinquish him in such an un-Leigh like manner.

"Viv is forty-six," said one, "a point in life when a woman as intense and high strung as she needs security and tenderness. She is still madly in love with Larry. No matter what has happened in their lives, she never fell out of love. And she's still Scarlett O'Hara and Scarlett was a woman who fought for what she wanted. Vivien will bend every effort to persuade her Larry to reconsider."

Vivien did bend every effort.

When her play closed she flew back to London and made an appointment to meet with her husband at the theater, where he was playing

But when she arrived—ten minutes early, he was gone.

There was only a note saying he thought it would be better "if we don't see each other at the time."

Desperate, she wrote to Joan Plowright, asking for an opportunity to see her, talk to her.

Joan never answered the letter.

Maybe because she doesn't dare face Vivien—or maybe because as it is rumored, she doesn't want to become too involved in the Oliviers' problems because she's gotten cold feet about becoming the next lady Olivier.

In England Vivien met only with silence: and her lawyers—until just a few days before she was to return to America, Olivier granted his wife an interview in his Eaton Square apartment. When she left the country there was still no official announcement of a divorce. "I'll see Larry in September when he comes to America. We'll discuss our problems further then," was all she would say.

But she still hopes to get her man back. How?

She herself doesn't quite know. She's too upset to think about it.

Perhaps, in her room late at night, unable to sleep, she finds her comfort in the lines of a script she read long, long ago:

"I won't think of it now. I'll go crazy if I think about losing him now. But I can't let him go. There must be some way.

"I'll think about it tomorrow. For tomorrow is another day." **END**

Sir Laurence stars in Universal-International's SPARTACUS.

I Know There Are Miracles

(Continued from page 39)

the tears are some kind of an indication that the world needs our prayers.

Are there other "signs" or "miracles" that you've heard about, Annette?

Of course, there's the great miracle with Saint Bernadette when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her at Lourdes and told her to erect a shrine for the ailing. And there are all the great miracles in the Bible.

But I'll tell you something I saw for myself. Jimmy Dodd, who was one of the Mouseketeers, had a very rare disease. The doctors all said it was incurable. And—I hate to say this—just about everybody gave up hope and figured he had very little time to live. I can't remember the name of the disease. It had some long scientific name. But when he was finally sent home from the hospital, *all* of his friends and relatives started praying. I went to church and lit candles for Jimmy and prayed to the saints and the Blessed Virgin to look after him and make him well.

Believe it or not, Jimmy became better and, after a while, he was cured!

We were all so happy.

Now, how did Jimmy get well? The doctors at the hospital had all given up hope. So you can't say medicine saved him.

Prayer saved him.

And you know something? Jimmy couldn't believe what happened to him. He was so weak and sick that when he started to get well it was as if he had come back from the dead. Well, Jimmy's a very devout Presbyterian. And now he's turned to religion for his life's work. He's dedicating his life to the church. He preaches with the First Christian Group in Hollywood (which Jane Russell started with Roy Rogers). I've gone to his meetings. We all listen to Jimmy give an inspiring talk, and then we all pray for the world's ills to be cured. It's such a good feeling, praying together with friends.

One person that Jimmy's got in his group now—and I hope religion helps her see the light—is Beverly Aadland.

Any other miracles that you know of, Annette?

Well, my father was very sick a while back. He had diabetes, and the doctors said his case was bad. My mother was very depressed about Daddy's being so sick. So we all prayed. I prayed to the Infant of Prague, and I made novenas regularly. My mother and brothers did, too. And do you know, my father was cured!

Then there was the time I had my tonsils out. When I came home from the hospital I started hemorrhaging in the middle of the night. I remember I heard my mother screaming, and I saw my pillow soaked with blood. They rushed me to the hospital to stop the bleeding, and then I came home, and I was so weak I didn't think I'd ever be able to open my eyes again.

When I came out of that deep sleep, the first thing I saw was the wooden crucifix on the wall with the Blessed Saviour looking at me.

I looked at the Blessed Saviour and prayed, and I heard him comfort me. I heard him say, "I am with you . . ."

And from then on, I didn't worry. I just prayed, and I became well.

How do you pray, Annette?

I pray all the time.

I always thank the Good Lord for letting everything go well during the day, for looking after my mom and dad and my brothers. I talk to God when I pray. I don't believe in reciting only stiff, formal prayers. God is my friend. He is my Holy Father, and I talk to Him the way I would to someone who's nice and kind. I don't ask for impossible things because that's silly.

But sometimes if there is a special favor I'm praying for—like Jimmy Dodd's recovery from his incurable illness—then I light a vigil light.

You know, lots of times things happen to us that we don't particularly like. Sometimes I have to go on the road when I wish I could stay home and be with my mom and dad, but I always pray and say, "God, if this must be so, then I know it's Your will and it must surely be good for me."

For instance, I wasn't crazy about appearing at Radio City Music Hall right at the time of my graduation. I wanted to be home in California to receive my diploma.

But I told myself this was God's will. And it was good for me. I learned a lot about singing before adult audiences.

How often do you go to church, Annette?

Every Sunday, and on many holy days. I like to stop in a church and pray whenever I have a moment. You can always find one or two minutes to say a short prayer and to pause for God's blessing. People who say they don't have time for church make me mad. Church doesn't demand much time. It just demands a little thought. And if you don't think about it, then you won't go and pray.

When I'm home in California, we all go as a family to St. Cyril's Catholic Church in Encino. It's nice to go with your folks to church on Sunday, but there are certain times, too, when it's really best to pray alone.

Some people believe religion is a private matter. If your fans want to know about your faith, does this bother you?

No.

For some folks perhaps, privacy is important.

But I like to share my feelings about God with my friends. Some of my fans send me religious medals that have been blessed by their bishops or priests, and I think that's so wonderful of them to think of me.

One fan sent me two bottles of holy water from the holy springs in France, and I gave one of the bottles to Kevin Corcoran's mother. She was pregnant at the time with little Kelly, and she was having a difficult time. Well, she anointed herself with the holy water, and she felt much, much better.

I keep my bottle of holy water on my dresser. At night I always put a little of it on my forehead and then I make the sign of the cross.

I'll tell you something strange about that holy water. I use it every day, but no matter how often I use it—*it never runs out!*

I don't believe that it's right to impose my religion on anyone else. I don't mind talking about my feelings about God and the way I worship, but I think everyone should be free to worship God in their own way. I love my religion, and I respect anyone who loves theirs. It's just tragic, though, to see some people occasionally who have no faith. Because without God, without His spirit in your heart, you miss so much in this world.

END

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new movies

(Continued from page 8)

ALL THE YOUNG MEN

in the Korean War

Alan Ladd
Sidney Poitier
James Darren
Glenn Corbett
Mort Sahl

■ They are in Korea, all of them, including ex-heavyweight champ Ingemar Johansson. In case you didn't know it before, war is hell, snow is cold and the Marines are tough. Twelve of them have to hold a farmhouse until the main body of troops catches up to them. Eleven of these men would like to go meet the main body but Sidney Poitier, who has been placed in command by their now dead lieutenant, won't budge. Since Sidney is Negro some extra tension and resentment are felt, particularly by southerner Paul Richards. Alan Ladd's mad because he's an oldtimer who expected to take command. The nine others generally do what they're told. Mort Sahl, who delivers a wryly comic soliloquy, and James Darren, who sings a song, are among those others. Holding the farmhouse against the enemy horde takes some doing, but that's not all the drama. Poitier is forced to give a blood transfusion to one of the men—a shocking experience to the Southern "gentleman," and an honest attempt to save this film from complete triteness.—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE APARTMENT (United Artists): The comedy in *The Apartment* is pretty wry. Jack Lemmon, see, works for an insurance company. His system for getting ahead is to lend his bachelor apartment to the older (and married) men in the company, as a place to meet their girlfriends. His boss (Fred MacMurray) has a girl (Shirley MacLaine) who is secretly loved by Jack, who doesn't know about Shirley and Fred. Well, the laughs are there but the humor is nevertheless mixed with the unhappy tension of a part of big-city life.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET (Columbia): In a suburban community of young-marrieds, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas find themselves caught up in an unexpected love-affair. Architect Kirk has a wife, Barbara Rush, and a commission from Don Juan-type author Ernie Kovacs to build a house: everything should be perfect except that Kim and Kirk have fantasies that this new house is theirs. The solution of these triangles comes with the finishing of the house. Is the romance also over? Go see.

FROM THE TERRACE (20th-Fox): Returning soldier Paul Newman has an alcoholic mother (Myrna Loy), and unloving father (Leon Ames), and big ideas about what he should now do with his life. Ambition brings about a marriage with wealthy Joanne Woodward and destroys it. Joanne's old boyfriend and Paul's new girlfriend help raise to fever pitch the burning question this film presents—shall a man choose love or money?

THE SUBTERRANEANS (MGM): The 'beatniks' of the world (well, anyway, the West Coast) gather in San Francisco to Live, Create, Suffer (though mostly it's the last). Among their number are George Peppard, Leslie Caron, Janice Rule and Roddy McDowall. It's a complicated though interesting plot.

My God, Will I End Up a Spinster?

(Continued from page 25)

You know how to model, you know how to pose. But it's got to be a nude. And if I'm going to do it at all, I want to do it soon."

"Why soon?" asked Kim.

"Because," replied the artist, "and I'm going to give it to you straight—you are not married so there's no husband to object. And you will not be beautiful forever. Do you understand?"

Kim stood up and walked to the great north window that slanted into the studio. She stared at the busy city streets below.

"You mean my time is short?" she said, not looking at him.

"Every woman's time is short," said the sculptor; "it is her proudest moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her. And she will be lost as a woman forever."

Kim nodded her head, still staring.

Then suddenly, without warning, she turned, grabbed her coat and ran out the door.

The sculptor watched her exit in silence. He knew what he had said was true. He knew, too, that his words had driven deep into Kim's heart. . . .

No running away

As Kim drove home one phrase of the sculptor's kept repeating itself over and over in her mind. "No husband . . . no husband . . . no husband. . . ."

There was no running away from the truth.

It wasn't the first time Kim had pondered the question. "My God, will I end up a spinster?"

Four months ago the world would have bet that today Kim Novak would be Mrs. Richard Quine. Instead it was all over with Dick. Or was it? Kim didn't know. Even after three weeks in a hospital because of a mysterious ailment the doctors call hepatitis, Kim didn't know. And all that time thinking hadn't helped.

Once more, following the pattern of anguish that had repeated itself endlessly in her life, Kim was again without a man.

Is it Kim's fault that she is not married? Women think it must be.

One Hollywood actress, not nearly as beautiful as Kim, but married to a man she loves and the mother of three lovely children, comments:

"Kim suffers the curse of all beautiful women. She prizes her beauty above all else. As an adult female she has never had to compete with other women. We who are less than gorgeous have had to beguile a man, deliberately attract him, trap him in a nice way, let him see or understand that the real and lasting beauty in a woman is her faith, her love and her respect.

"It is what every woman should know. That beauty can attract a man but it cannot hold him."

Most of the men who have romanced Kim in the last ten years agree.

One actor says that: "Kim's beauty is overpowering. Close to it you cannot think, you cannot be aware of anything but her loveliness. What she says means nothing. What she thinks is a complete mystery. You are concerned only with the shape of her lips, the irresistible moistness of her eyes, the grace and movement of that beautiful body. And when you leave her all you can do is shake your head, as if someone had slugged you, and say to yourself. 'What happened? Where am I?' You remember Kim as a dream and everyone knows that dreams don't come true—not *that* kind of dream."

Kim may not enjoy her reputation as a sexpot, and it may be unfair, but it's Kim's own fault she earned it.

Some time ago Kim, in a moment of independence, based perhaps on the worship that is given her beauty, told a friend that:

"I don't believe I'll ever marry. I love the excitement of falling in love. You can't get that kind of fun with a husband."

And, in a moment of extreme frankness, Kim is also reported to have admitted that Sammy Davis, Jr., was the "one and only man" who ever really pleased and amused her.

Kim denies this memory of Sammy, but other beautiful women have echoed similar sentiments.

Her mother warned her

One insider declares that Kim's refusal to get married goes back to her childhood.

"Kim has always felt that her mother favored her older sister, Arlene. When the girls were in their teens, Arlene was allowed to wear her hair long and arranged in various styles of the day. But Kim says her mother made her wear her hair one way and no other. As a result Kim used to restyle her hair after she left the house and put it back before she returned. Her mother perhaps because she could see what was coming, had always warned Kim to get married early and have children. Kim still doesn't like being told what to do."

At another time in her late teens, Kim's stable of boyfriends was so great that the numbers alarmed her grandmother.

"You must be careful, Kim," she said. "I tell you that for every girl there are just so many boys. You are using them up too fast."

After her quota of boys was exhausted, however, Kim, without hesitation, began to work on her allotment of men. In Hollywood she began with theater-chain owner, Mac Krim. Mac proposed often. Kim said "No," just as frequently. After that romance died came Count Mario Bandini; Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Sammy Davis, Jr., Jorge Guinle, Gen. Rafael Trujillo, Jr. and director Richard Quine.

There were lesser loves, but these are the ones Kim seems to remember.

Despite the fantastic number of handsome men with whom Kim has had romances, even those who know her best insist that she has never been in love.

And though it is not generally known, Kim does a beautiful job of concealing the fact that until now her life as a woman has been short-changed. Kim just doesn't know whether she's ever been in love. The confusion, when she is alone, petrifies her.

At a party recently Kim was feeling depressed. The public did not yet know that her "almost certain" marriage to Dick Quine had faded miserably. But it was obvious to her friends that she was suffering the tormentful remorse of that "end-of-a-romance" hangover.

Someone brought up the subject of love. Definitions of the grand passion were offered. Finally, with an air of expectation, one of the men stared straight at Kim and said, "Let's hear what the Golden Girl has to say about love."

Kim's lips puckered at the corners in a faint smile. She shook her head slowly.

"Don't ask me," she said. "I don't know what love is. I like to think that it is happiness without end. It hasn't happened to me. I haven't seen it happen to anyone else. God knows I thought I was in love with Mac. Maybe I was. But neither of us know where it went. We'd be ecstatic in each other's company. Then from out of nowhere we'd be arguing and I'd slide right down the chute to misery street. So would he. Did we leave love or did it leave us?

"Sometimes I think love is all physical. Maybe it's just two people simply satisfying each other's needs, for warmth, comfort.

"It sounds crazy, but I think you must learn to love first and then avoid, at all possible costs, any attempts to define it.

"Do you all remember that advertising slogan, 'It's fun to be fooled but it's more fun to know?' It isn't.

"But as long as you realize deep down inside what you're doing, it's all right.

"It's a game. You're fooling yourself, but you aren't. You know?

"How many women have asked themselves, 'Are you really in love with this man?' How much can you give him until you haven't any more to give? What's more important—your loving him or his loving you? Those questions never get answered until it's too late.

"That's why I have the jitters about marriage. I keep thinking I need more time, more wisdom, maybe even more experience, before I can decide on the man I want for the rest of my life. Maybe I just don't have the courage."

But there are other reasons.

The consequences of a mistake

Because of the romances she has had with men and the headlined notoriety attending them, the public overlooks one fact in Kim's life that is much more powerful and emphatic than is suspected. Kim is a church-going Catholic. Once she has taken a husband, divorce is almost out of the question. Not that she could not obtain one. But her childhood faith in God and the precepts of her religion are now deep and abiding spiritual convictions. She dreads the irrevocable consequences of making a mistake.

"But, Kim," one of the men insisted, "it's hard to believe that you really *want* a husband. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that you are more interested in boyfriends?"

"That," said Kim, with a testy timbre, "is ridiculous. You don't know how much I want to get married. I want children, I want a home. But how the devil can you have any of that when you are not in love. You know as well as I do that it is a simple matter for a woman to develop a liking for a man. But I'm not so sure it's so simple to love him."

One friend claims the real problem is one Kim refuses to admit.

"I'll tell you what the big gap in Kim's life is," said the acquaintance. "It is this. Kim has never learned anything from other women. All she knows about love and life has come from the men in her past. She is not really close to any female friend that I know of. So she must rely on her beauty, her natural attraction for men, which, when you stop to think of it is not of her making. She was born with the chemicals. And up to a point that can be very successful. But sooner or later Kim will have to admit that although she knows a great deal about men she knows nothing about women except what she knows about herself. And that just might not be enough."

Not long after hearing this unusual observation I asked Kim if it was true. Had she really isolated herself from the comfort and consolation of other women?

She toyed with the question for a moment.

Then with a graceful shrug, she said: "I've never thought about it very much. Now that I think of it, it may have started back in school. I did avoid other girls. I can remember being asked to parties, to club meetings, to sororities. I always refused. I just assumed they were looking for a new character.

"I was gawky and round-shouldered and too tall for a girl. And I knew that the girl groups all had characters. You know, a tall one, a fat one. They are always the butt of the jokes, the oddballs. They're different. I think their presence gives other girls a feeling of superiority.

"I'm sure that's why I stayed to myself. Yes, I was alone and loneliness to me was torment, an inside anguish that found no outlet. It grows and after a while becomes

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almost impossible to endure. Oh, how I cry for lonely people.

"I used to sit in my room and look out the window. It was a long time before I realized that the world wasn't against me. In my own girlish, too-sensitive way I had turned against my world.

"I was wrong, but at the time I was sure that the others were just waiting to laugh at me to make me even more miserable than I was."

Time is running out

Kim's father, Joseph Novak, has always said that Kim would marry when she was thirty. "She wants to be sure she will never have to change her mind," says Mr. Novak. "She has told me many times, 'Daddy, don't worry. You will never see me in a court of divorce. When I marry it will be for keeps, like you and Mom.' That was my daughter speaking and I believe her."

Of late, however, with time running out, Kim is shaken by the failure of her romance with Quine and frightened perhaps by the lately-learned knowledge that beauty is no guarantee of love and marriage and a baby carriage. Kim has lapsed into lengthy moods of depression and disquiet. She is twenty-nine.

Kim insists that regardless of the symptoms she is certainly in no panic for a man.

"I promised myself a long time ago," she told me, "that I would make something of myself before I took a husband. That I would have a career, do the best I could for a while and be a fine actress.

"When the time comes, and I admit it is not far off, I will marry and try to be a good wife—and a good woman. But I have to take my time."

But the girl born Marilyn Pauline Novak must heed the advice of a man who really understands that mortal idols have feet of clay.

"Every woman's time is short," said the sculptor, "it is her proudest moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her. And she will be lost as a woman forever." **END**

Kim stars now in Columbia's STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET.

Shirley MacLaine's Marriage

(*Continued from page 23*)

were sleepily drooping, closing down tight.

The child shivered slightly and rested her head on her mother's lap. A bunch of gaily colored post cards fell from her hands, and Shirley smiled, remembering how she had bought a number of cards to keep her active little child occupied. It didn't take much to make three and a half year old Sachie happy. She was such a joyous little thing, with her mother's blue eyes, turned-up nose and pixie style red hair.

Shirley unzipped the hood from her own coat and wrapped it around Sachie's legs. She hadn't realized there would be this long, chilly wait. Why did the waiting room look so lonely at this hour of the morning? The hands of the big clock said 1:45. The lights were bright, picking up the patient faces in the room. Outside it was black and raining, the drizzle falling in steady, blue lines. She looked at the sleeping face of her child. She should be in her own nice, warm bed in California. But the child, not much more than a baby, was on an important mission. . . .

"Wake up," Shirley said some time later, shaking the child gently. "Time to get up, Sachie. It's here. Your plane."

Sachie rubbed her eyes and placed her hand in her mother's. They walked out into the black, wet night and made a dash for the ramp. Inside the plane, Shirley settled the child; took the arm rest off the center of the double seat so that she could sleep in the two seats. There were only a few minutes left before take-off. Shirley bent down and kissed Sachie. The child said, "Don't worry, Mommy. I'll be all right." Shirley smiled very brightly and walked toward the door. Suddenly, she turned and ran back to her child. She lifted her and hugged her.

"I almost forgot—oh, my darling, I almost forgot. Merry Christmas. Merry, Merry Christmas." And ran out.

She stood in the blackness and watched the huge airliner fly into the skies and take her little girl off to Japan.

Answer to a mystery

Why did Shirley MacLaine, who absolutely adores her little girl, send her six thousand miles away at Christmas time last year—the one time of all the year mothers want most of all to be with their children?

The answer to that question is the answer to the mystery of Shirley. People constantly tell her that they cannot understand her strange marriage to Steve Parker. They can't believe that these two —who are often parted by those same 6,000 miles—can stay in love with each other.

Shirley sent their beloved child to Steve because he was sick with malaria and needed Sachie even more than she did. Busy at work in *The Apartment*, Shirley couldn't go.

It was a miserable Christmas for Shirley. She tried to be gay in the midst of the gaiety, but her heart was torn with longing for her little girl and for Steve. As New Year's Eve approached she dreaded seeing the New Year in without the comfort of Sachie's presence. She spent New Year's Eve at a party at Frank Sinatra's home and tried to laugh it up.

But if Shirley was torn between the desire to be with Sachie and the desire to give happiness to Steve, what about little Sachie?

What sort of a life is it for a little girl to be with her mother part of the time—to make long, strange trips to Japan at other times—and seldom to have the joy most little girls experience of having her parents together with her? Sachie sees her parents together only about six weeks out of the year. Usually, Mommy is in Hollywood making pictures; Daddy in Japan producing movies and shows, and Sachie shuttles back and forth.

Shirley can't find any other solution to their problem. "We both want her." Shirley told me. "So we have to divide her. Sachie loves Japan and loves Hollywood. She doesn't see anything strange in her existence."

Only a few months ago they were in Japan during one of those infrequent times when all three could be together as a family. But the reason was a sad one. Shirley noticed that Steve sounded very weak when he phoned her one evening. Worried, she asked him what was wrong. Finally he admitted he'd been stricken with hepatitis. "I'm going to be sent to the hospital soon," he said, and Shirley could hear the fear and loneliness in his voice.

Shirley had some unexpected time off because of the actors' strike, and she told him, "I'm going to take the first plane that leaves for Japan this week. We'll see you soon."

Sachie looked a little confused, then smiled when they got off at the Haneda Airport in Tokyo. "I came here before, Mommy, but all alone. It's nicer with you." The two of them drove directly to the Yamate Hospital in Yokohama to see Steve. With a high fever, Steve looked gaunt and yellow. Sachie came close to the bed and said, "Daddy, you've been away so long. Why didn't you come back, Daddy?"

He stroked her hand and said, "I couldn't, Sachie. I had to work here in Japan. Your mother can tell you all about it."

Together—but not quite

Shirley and Sachie went back to their Japanese home, where, in a suburban section outside of Tokyo called Yoyogi, Sachie had been many times without Shirley. But it was exciting to have her mother with her. Through the irony of circumstances, even though both parents wanted to be with her, she could only see Daddy at rare intervals because he was in the hospital, and Mommy only in the evening when she returned from the hospital each day.

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To keep the child from being lonely, Shirley enrolled Sachie in a Japanese nursery school. One day, the little instructor from the school padded up to the house and said to Shirley, "You spending so much money for child to go to school, why doesn't she take up violin there, all for same good money?"

Shirley could hardly suppress her smile. The fee at the school was $1.75 a month. But the idea of giving Sachie violin lessons appealed to her. Practicing each day on the violin would help Sachie forget that she couldn't see much of her parents. But in spite of the violin, Sachie missed her daddy. She remembered other visits to Japan, when he had been able to play with her and had taken her on visits all over Tokyo.

The actors' strike was settled, and Shirley had to go back to Hollywood and work again. Originally, she had planned to take Sachie back with her. But the child had seen practically nothing of her father during this visit. Shirley recalled her lonely Christmas without Sachie. But she thought, also, of Steve coming home from the hospital, weak and depressed, without any one of his loved ones there. Shirley sighed. Sachie would remain in Japan.

Sachie saw her mother off at Haneda Airport, and returned home to be with her father. Because the family is almost constantly in a state of separation, they've worked out a system where they correspond through tape recordings. It makes Sachie feel closer to whichever parent is away to hear his or her voice. Steve would play the tape recordings of Shirley's voice, and Sachie would talk her letter to Mommy into her recorder.

One day Steve told Shirley through the tape: "I'm feeling better now, and Sachie and I are having a wonderful time together. Of course she misses you, but I find things to keep her busy all day long. Today Noriko made a special flower arrangement that she told Sachie was just for her. Sachie was so excited, she even composed a little song on her violin for the flowers.

"Soon I shall be well enough to start *My Geisha*. We'll be going on location in a couple of weeks. How about my taking Sachie along? It will be a new, exciting experience for her."

Shirley, alone in her home in Sherman Oaks, bit her lips. Finally, she reached out for the little recorder and spoke. "I'm glad Sachie is so happy, dear," she said. "But please send her home to me. The interior of Japan is no place for our baby. It's too primitive. It's too dangerous for an American child."

In suspense, Shirley waited for Steve's answer. It was a happy surprise.

After that Christmas visit

Although he was not yet fully recovered from the hepatitis, he flew to Hollywood with Sachie and surprised Shirley. So many times before this, little Sachie had had to make the journey to the States alone.

But it seems almost as if Sachie has absorbed the philosophy of her parents who are faced with a continuing problem. *Be a bamboo, bend with the wind,* is something Shirley believes. Still, how much bending can a little girl learn to do? It was bad enough that Shirley and Steve had to work in separate parts of the world because Hollywood didn't recognize Steve's talents the way Tokyo did. It was bad enough that little Sachie had to travel back and forth between continents, so that she could sometimes be with one parent, sometimes with the other. This was what a woman who loved her husband must do for both his sake and the sake of their child.

But this time, Steve was coming with Sachie and as Sachie watched Mommy and Daddy fall into each other's arms and kiss, her little face lit up. She wondered what it would be like to have both her mommy and daddy with her all the time. How wonderful it would be. . . .

It was only a few days later she walked into the back yard and bent to pick a big daisy. Inside the house, Mommy and Daddy were still talking. Just before she had left the house, Sachie had heard Daddy say he would have to leave soon for Japan. And Mommy's voice sounded that quiet way it always did when she talked to Daddy before he'd leave. And Daddy had said how he wished Sachie could go with him. And Mommy had said no, not this time, maybe a little later.

So there it was again. She would either stay here with Mommy or there with Daddy.

Sachie lowered her head to smell the daisy. It didn't have a smell at all. Not like the tiny *mokusei* blossoms which grew in their back yard in Yoyogi and smelled so sweet. But the daises had such pretty white petals.

It was all so confusing. Everything could get so mixed-up for a little girl who was hardly four. . . . **END**

Shirley's newest films are United Artists' THE APARTMENT, *and* ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK *for Paramount.*



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September 11—**Earl Holliman**
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September 19—**Ray Danton**
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September 20—**Haya Harareet**
Sophia Loren
Karen Sharpe
September 22—**Paul Muni**
September 23—**Mickey Rooney**
September 24—**George Raft**
September 25—**John Ericson**
Aldo Ray
September 26—**Julie London**
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September 27—**Betty Lou Keim**
Kathy Nolan
September 28—**Janet Munro**
Heather Sears
Peter Finch
September 29—**Anita Ekberg**
Lizabeth Scott
Gene Autry
Steve Forrest
Trevor Howard
September 30—**Angie Dickinson**
Anna Kashfi
Deborah Kerr
Johnny Mathis



Claudette Colbert
September 13



Greta Garbo
September 18



Greer Garson
September 29



Ben Cooper
September 30

Bob Stack

(*Continued from page 21*)

could hear them think, "—guy's almost arrived so many times, he's worn out the welcome mat."

"Poor Bob," he could hear them, "—all these years of batting away, and still minor league."

"Poor Bob," he could hear them.

"Poor guy."

He turned back to Rosemarie.

He took her hand.

"I love you, Rose," he said, very softly. "I could have lost you once. But I didn't. Thank God I have you, at least."

And then, facing the stage once more, he began to think of that shelf in the den of their home, which Rosemarie had cleared earlier in the day, saying proudly, "*Here* is where your Oscar goes, darling, right *here*. The prize you've worked so hard for, in this business, all these years!"

And he began to wonder, for the first time in all these years:

"How did I get into this business, anyway? How? And why? Why? . . ."

It began with a kiss

Actually, Bob's career in pictures began on a light note . . . with a kiss, in fact; one of the most famous kisses in screen history. The year was 1939. Deanna Durbin, the reigning teen-age star, was sixteen. Her studio, deciding it was time for their million-dollar baby to grow up, prepared a script for her called *First Love*. The search for a leading man that followed was a publicity natural. "Who will be the first young man to kiss our Deanna?" came the cry from Universal Pictures. And the world, or at least a great part of it, waited breathlessly while young man after young man was tested for the job.

As it happened, no suitable young man was found.

Not, that is, for about two months, and till the day a fellow named Robert Stack —nineteen, six-one, blue-eyed, blond, very handsome, a socialite, an All-American skeet champion, and fresh out of college—dropped by the studio for a visit with Deanna, whom he knew.

They were in the studio commissary, having lunch, when it happened.

Deanna's producer, a very German German-type, passed by their table.

"Mein dear," he said, bowing slightly when he spotted Deanna.

Then he looked over at her lunch date.

"Mein Gott!" he said, his monocle beginning to twitch against his nose. "But you are wunderbar, marvelous," he said to Bob. "You are an actor?"

"No," said Bob.

"You would like to be an actor?" asked the producer.

"I never thought much about it," said Bob.

"Mit dot face, mit dot physique," said the producer, "you *must* be an actor . . . I don't take no for an answer."

He didn't, either.

For the next hour, right there at the table, he talked to Bob, talking him right into a contract, which was signed a couple of days later. Then, for the next few months, he and his director guided Bob through the paces of picture-making, right up till the last day of shooting, the day of the Big Kiss, the scene in which Deanna, once and finally kissed, swoons dazedly into her young boyfriend's arms.

When the picture was released, Deanna's swooning was multiplied by millions. Girls and women all over the country began to flood the fan-letter bin at Universal with cards and letters about Bob. They wanted to know all about him. Who was he? What was he really like? Oh, where had he been all their lives?

"Adulation, especially at the beginning, is a funny thing," Bob says today, looking back. "I guess it turns lots of people's heads out here. I don't say I was completely untouched by it. But whenever I did start to get a little cocky about the way things were going I'd always remember what my brother said to me after he saw me on the screen the first time: 'Bob,' he said, 'you're sort of all teeth and no talent.' He said it in a kidding way. But that about summed me up, I guess."

Still, those first years, Bob wasn't shedding any tears over the fact that he was minus on the acting side "and being paid well for something I couldn't even do." Life as a young Hollywood personality was fun. And young Bob Stack wasn't bound to start fighting fun.

Active to passive to active again

"The only misgiving I had at the time, those first four years, those first nine or ten pictures," he recalls, "was that I was living a primarily passive existence while all my life I'd been used to action. You see, when you're in pictures you're the guy who may be up there on the screen, but behind you there are lots of people plotting things out for you, telling you what to do, how to do it, what to say, how to say it. And there's waiting, days and weeks and months of waiting sometimes between scripts. . . . I wasn't used to this. As a kid I'd lived rough, tough, despite the fact that we were fairly well-to-do. My dad died when I was about nine. And because he'd been quite an athlete, my mother went overboard with my brother and me in athletics. 'Wouldn't Jim have wanted them to do this?' she'd say. And before you knew it we were either riding a motorbike or a polo pony or a hydroplane or fooling around with guns. As it turned out my brother and I had about a hundred fathers, friends of my dad's who'd come over and take us on camping trips, teach us how to ride, this, that. It had been an active life for us. And now for me, suddenly, it was passive. . . . As I said, I had some misgivings about this at the beginning. But not too many. I was living it up. And, I guess, I sort of didn't make the time to think much about it."

The war, however, helped change things —and those five years between 1942 and 1946 which Bob spent in the Navy gave him plenty of time to start thinking things over.

They were a long and sobering five years for the good-looking young lieutenant from Hollywood.

And when they were nearly over, these five years away from The Town, the parties, the general hoopla, Bob decided that he would try to become an 'Actor.'

"I had a talk with myself one night," he says. "It was very brief and simple. 'God willing, Charlie, you've come through this war okay,' I told myself, 'and you've done a fair job at what you were assigned to do. Now how about growing up, getting serious and trying to do a job at home?'"

When Bob did get home, however, he found that nobody there gave a hoot about how he had talked to himself, or what he'd said.

"To every producer in town, I was an image," he explains. "Their image of Bob Stack was of a guy who kisses Deanna Durbin, swings a mean tennis racket and mixes martinis at debutante balls . . . Well, I had an image of myself, too, a great big image, of the guy who was going to buckle down and prove himself and get to work with directors like George Stevens and play opposite stars like Bergman and to hell with the tennis rackets and the martinis. It was a fight between the two images—theirs and mine. It was a worth

while fight. A valiant fight, you might say. But I lost, almost before I even started."

Bob's first post-war assignment was in a trifle called *A Date With Judy*, in which he played opposite Jane Powell and a then thirteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor.

This was followed by something called *Miss Tatlock's Millions*.

And so it went.

On and on.

There were times when it looked as if things were looking up for Bob. He'd land a fairly decent role occasionally, give it everything he had, and the critics would clap. "Surprise discovery—the guy can act," they'd say, in effect. Then Bob, in effect, would sit by his phone, waiting for the big role-call to come.

It never did.

And what resulted was a period of complete despair—some ten years of it.

"Despair," Bob says, "and a kind of humiliation, a miserable period that got so out of hand I didn't know if I was coming or going sometimes. I became like all the other insecure people in this town. I'd sit talking to producers and I'd find myself thinking, 'Look at me, Charlie! Love me, Charlie! Pity me, pity me, Man, and give me my chance!' I began to realize after a while, though, that I was doomed to mediocrity, and that that was worse than failure . . . Other people realized this, too. Like the photographers, guys who'd been great to me on my way up but who had little practical use for me now. How many premieres did I go to where some of them would take pictures of me, just like old times, only I'd notice that their cameras had the safety-catches on? . . . Humiliation, sir. Real bad . . . And so I began to hang around with all the other humiliated people I could find, people who complained all day. I was tops in that list. I was miserable. I was unsuccessful. And I didn't care who I told my problems to and what misery I had to listen to in return."

What's needed

One day during this period (it was 1952—Bob was now thirty-two) he picked up a movie magazine that happened to be running a by-now rare story on him.

The title of the story ran something like: *Why Is Bob Stack Going To Pot?*

The answer, summed up at the end of the story, read something like: What Hollywood's most-eligible (if successful) bachelor needs is to settle down—he needs, in short, a wife.

Bob laughed long and loud when he finished reading the article, as he threw the magazine down.

"I thought to myself, 'That's *all* I need, a *wife* to help pull me under,' " he says. "I was convinced that marriage was a drag. And for good reason, too. Most of my friends at that time were either divorced or unhappily married, very unhappily married. And me, I was a cuspidor for everybody's flop marriage. I'd like to have a dollar for every hour I spent back then listening to somebody gripe to me about what he'd gone through ever since that fatal day when he said, 'I do.' . . . No sir, I began to think at a very early age, nobody was ever going to catch *me* getting involved with any of that preacher stuff. What little fun there might be left in life for me wasn't going to be hampered by any *wife!*"

To make sure there'd be no slip-up, Bob went so far as to teach himself how *not* to fall in love. His system was painless. He picked the most beautiful girls in town to date "because they are easily the most competitive girls in Hollywood and I knew I could never stand being with a competitive girl for long."

He played the gorgeous gal field to the hilt. He played the field well, but strictly for laughs. One date, two dates, maybe three—then finis, and on to the next lovely picking.

The pickings were lush, needless to say. And easy.

New new-girl-in-town

But then, one night, Bob picked wrong—for his purposes at the time.

It was 1953, summer, a party. Bob happened to have come to the party alone that night. So had a girl, an unusually beautiful girl.

The party's hostess introduced them.

And they began to talk, Bob asking the usual questions, the girl answering.

Her name, she told him, was Rosemarie Bowe. She came from Washington state, had been in Hollywood for a little over a year, had made a few pictures—and that's as far as she went with any career talk.

Now this alone surprised Bob. Most of the new-girls-in-town he'd met never stopped talking about the beauty contests they'd won, the magazine covers they'd made, the producers who were so interested in them, the big picture possibilities ahead.

But Rosemarie, that first night—she was different.

She talked about things like home, Tacoma, the hundred and one little things she missed about it. She talked about her mother, her family, the wonderful kind of people they were.

She was a smart girl, Bob saw right off, smart as well as beautiful. And she had a joy of life about her. And an openness, as open and clean as a freshly-washed pane of glass.

Bob liked her, right from the beginning.

He asked her, after a while, if he might take her to dinner the following evening.

A slight blush came to Rosemarie's face now, a natural phenomenon Bob hadn't seen off-screen in a long, long time.

"Will you," he asked again, "—tomorrow night?"

"That would be very nice," Rosemarie said, the blush deepening.

"It was that next night at dinner that the trouble began," Bob says, looking back. "I found myself rapidly falling in love with this girl. We were just sitting there, I remember, and I started to feel this strange warm feeling inside me, just looking at her, just listening to her talk. 'Whoa, Charlie,' I said to myself, 'hurry up and eat and then get this Miss Bowe home before you start thinking maybe you feel serious about her. Get her home, boy. And pronto!'

"I did. I drove her right home and then I went back to my place. I got into bed and tried to fall asleep. But I couldn't. Instead I just lay there and kept saying her name, over and over . . . 'Rosemarie . . . Rose . . . Rosemarie. . . .'

Great for a while

"The next morning I found myself phoning her. I asked her what she was doing that night. I told her I wanted to see her again. I wasn't very truthful—I didn't say I *had* to see her again.

"Well, we began going out. We went out, were together, all the time. And before long we both knew it, that we were in love with each other. We didn't say it in so many words; you know, the I-love-you-do-you-love-me thing. But it was there, for both of us.

"It was great for a while, being in love. It was great to have somebody to talk to, to let the guards down with, to want to be with, to have one girl who meant everything instead of a dozen who, all put together, meant nothing.

"It was great all that summer and all that fall, in fact, being together.

"And then, in December, one night just before Christmas, Rosemarie somehow

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Paid: by Joanie Sommers—an I-O-U to GOD

Seven-year-old Joan Drost sat nervously in the back pew of Corpus Christi Church in Buffalo, New York. She was nervous because the man with the collection plate was headed her way, because she didn't have anything to put into the plate. There'd been a fire at her house a few days before. Everything had been ruined. The Drosts, a poor family, unable to get another place to live right away, had had to scatter. Joan, for one, had gone to live with a family friend. It was the friend, in fact, who'd given Joan the dress she was wearing this Sunday morning, an old red velvet affair the woman herself had worn when she was a girl; old, too long, loose-fitting and with the most tarnished and loosest-drooping brass buttons down the front you ever did see. Well, the dress had made Joan uncomfortable, to say the least. But that embarrassment was nothing compared with what she felt now, this moment, in church—as the man with the collection plate came closer and closer to where she sat. She would have to think of something, she knew, and quick.

"Oh God," she whispered closing her eyes, when the man was upon her, "I know I should give you something in thanks for this beautiful Mass, but I don't have anything. And You know how awful I feel, with nothing for the plate."

Joan made her decision. Quickly, very quickly and clandestinely, the little girl pulled one of the buttons from her dress and dropped it into the collection plate.

When it clinked—just the way a nickel would clink, and when the man had walked away, without realizing, Joan closed her eyes once again and thought:

"God, I know what I just did is wrong. But sometime, when I'm big, when I get a good job somewhere and I've got some money, I'll give that money to You . . . I'll give You—" What was all the money in the world? How much could a person ever hope to have? "—I'll give you," she thought, "a whole *hundred* dollars."

And with that, the unhappy child felt a little better. . . .

A few weeks ago, in Hollywood, Joan Drost—now eighteen, a singer and named Joanie Sommers—received her first royalty check from her first album release, *Positively The Most.* The amount read: $103.00.



Without thinking twice about what she was going to do with the money, she went to a bank, cashed the check, then walked to the nearest church. Inside the church she placed a spanking-new hundred dollar bill into a collection box. That deed done, she said a prayer and began to walk away.

But at the door of the church she stopped suddenly.

She had just now thought of something. Something important.

A moment later, she was back at the collection box.

Then, one by one, she shoved three spanking-new dollar bills through the box-slot.

"In case you're wondering, God," she whispered then, smiling, "—that's for what we down here call 'interest'!"

asked me if I had any intention of marrying her.

"'I know how you've felt about marriage in the past, Bob,' she said, 'and I love you too much to go on like this if you still feel that way.'

"I didn't say anything.

"'Do you, Bob—do you still feel that way?' Rosemarie asked.

"She gave me a long time to answer.

"Finally, I began to nod.

"'Yes,' I said, 'that's still the way I feel.'

"Rosemarie began to cry. I'll never forget it, her sitting there in the car alongside me, beginning to cry, like a little girl—and me sitting there thinking, 'Don't go soft and let the tears sway you, Charlie. Remember, no matter how much you love her, this marriage stuff's a drag. Remember your pals and what happened to them. Who'll be *your* cuspidor when *your* problems begin? Who's it going to be who'll have to listen to you complain when your marriage begins to go sour?'

"I took Rosemarie home right after that. I told her I guessed it was best if we didn't see one another anymore, seeing how she felt.

"Then I went home.

"I tried to forget her, everything about her, by plunging into my work. I was just beginning a picture called *Written On The Wind.* I played a nut in this. A tortured man. And that was me all over those next couple of weeks—a very tortured man.

"And then one night, after work, I was at my place, sitting there, alone, when it came to me that I was a fool trying to fight a decision that had been made for me by a big power up there someplace. That Rosemarie, our love, everything about the two of us had already been decided on, by a power bigger than either of us.

"I went to the phone and I called her. I told her I was coming over to see her, and then I hung up.

"When I got to her apartment I started talking, as soon as she opened the door. 'Rose, will you marry me?' I said. I kept talking, not waiting for any answer. 'It's going to be a good marriage, darling,' I said. 'We're going to be happy. We're going to have kids, Lord willing. We're going to build ourselves a home. And we're going to make that home a place to live in, strictly, leaving all the indignities of this town, this business, outside the door . . . And we're going to have fun, a ball, a cockamamey ball . . . And darling, darling, will you marry me?'

"It was at this point that my knees began to shake. They shook so hard I had to sit down, or else I'd have fallen down. So I sat, and I tried to get up once. But I couldn't. So I sat again.

"Rosemarie began to laugh.

"'What's so funny?' I asked.

"She pointed to my knees, still shaking away like crazy, my hands clamped over them, trying to get them to quit it.

"And then she laughed some more, and some more.

"When she finally stopped, she said, 'By the way, Bob—yes.'

"'Yes what?' I asked.

"'Yes, I'll marry you,' Rosemarie said.

"'You will?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she said again.

"Suddenly, my knees stopped shaking. . . ."

The wedding took place a few weeks later, in late January, 1956. It was a small happy wedding, followed by a long happy honeymoon in Hawaii—followed by a very happy first year, during which, for the first time in a long time, Bob's career seemed ready to take off.

It came about with his Academy Award nomination for his performance in *Written On The Wind.*

It had been a fine performance and there seemed to be little question that it would

get Bob an Oscar and the subsequent good offers that normally come to an Oscar winner. As if to insure Bob's victory, *Variety*, the leading trade newspaper in Hollywood, predicted he would win—and *Variety* hadn't been wrong in over thirty years.

But then, that night in April, 1957, *Variety* proved itself fallible.

Bob didn't win.

And, at thirty-eight, he felt that, his biggest chance over with, a dud, he was doomed to be an almost-made-it from here on in.

"My first reaction," he told us recently, "was to get mad, to ask myself what was I doing in this business in the first place. My second thought was: Well, what else did you prepare for those years, way back, when there was time to figure things out? My third was a decision.

"I decided this way:

"I was through being desperate about my work.

"I was going to relax.

"I didn't care who I impressed any more.

"I figured if there was a break in the stars for me, it would come to me someday, anyway—so why not relax for a change."

Bob really relaxed those next two years. He made a few pictures—"the kind that neither hurt nor helped me." He and Rosemarie had themselves a couple of beautiful children, a daughter named Elizabeth, a son named Charles. And life, in general, went along smoothly, calmly, healthily and well.

And then one Saturday night about a year ago, it came—that dazzling professional break which Bob had long since stopped hoping for, or thinking about.

It didn't sound like much at first, the phone call from Desi Arnaz, producer and head man at Desilu Productions.

"We've got a script here, Bob," said Desi. "We call it *The Untouchables*. There's a lead for you—fellow named Ness, a Chicago detective who tracks down the Capone mob. I know, it's not the kind of part you're associated with. But the script is good. And it's going to be a two-parter. And I think you'd be good for it. Real good. I mean very good."

Bob was not as enthusiastic. He told Desi he'd stop by the office one day next week, read the script and see what he thought of it.

"No, Bob," said Desi. "I better send it over to your house tonight. *Mira*—we begin shooting on Monday morning."

"Monday?" Bob asked, incredulous.

"That's television," said Desi.

And that *was* television, as Bob was to find out when he showed up for work early that Monday morning, the script he had read and liked hugged under his arm. Television—that quick-to-get-ready, quick-to-rehearse, quick-to-make-you or quick-to-lose-you medium.

In Bob's case, it made him, literally overnight.

The Untouchables was a smash, it soon became a weekly hour-long series and Robert Stack, in the person of Elliot Ness, had broken the fifteen-year-old bad-luck barrier and, finally, had arrived.

How did it feel—to arrive, we asked Bob the other day.

"Great, just great," he said.

And what did it feel like to see a jinx broken?

"It makes me, of course, appreciate the break that did it, those first two shows," Bob said. ". . . And it makes me appreciate the fact that I decided a few years ago to relax and let the break come naturally, instead of pushing for it, pushing so hard that I might have pushed it away . . . *And* that makes me appreciate, realize, the fact that the only reason I was able to relax was because of my wife. I couldn't have done it without Rosemarie. Without a good wife, a wonderful wife, I'd still be down there, somewhere, sitting around with that junk-heap feeling I was growing pretty used to."

Bob smiled then. And he added:

"Come to think of it, when you say 'arrived,' you've got to qualify the word. For example, the other day I got a letter from somebody who watches the show. He wrote:

> *Dear Mr. Stack—Please send me a picture of my favorite person, the real Elliot Ness. If you haven't got a picture of him, I'll take one of my second favorite person, Al Capone. And if you haven't got pictures of either of them, then I'll take one of you.*

Bob scratched his head.

"That's 'arrived?'" he asked. . . . **END**

We're Getting Married

(*Continued from page 42*)

night as well tell you honest right now—so, she can't, not yet. I mean, she's great with things like TV-dinners, if you know what I mean. But with some of my favorites, like manicotti and chicken á la king (homemade, not that canned jazz) and beef stroganoff and five-minute soft-boiled eggs (very hard to make just right), the answer remains no, she can't cook yet. But I notice she's been hanging around with my sister, Nina, quite a bit recently, in the kitchen, asking questions and watching Nina make with the pots and pans, and though neither of them will admit it, I have a hunch there are some lessons going on and that there's gonna be a surprise in store for me some day soon.

When Jo and I get married.

That first day after our honeymoon, maybe.

Around eventide, as the poets say.

Me, sitting in the living room, perusing my *Downbeat*, indulging in the pipe-and-slippers bit.

Suddenly sniffing in deep and smelling something delicious-smelling wafting through the room.

Calling out, "Honey, I thought we were going to eat *out* tonight."

And her calling back, "Shhhhh, or my seven-layer cake will fall. . . ."

It's funny, me sitting here now, talking about *my* girl, looking forward to the day when she's *my* wife.

I didn't think way back, a couple of years ago, that I ever would get married.

"Not till I have a million bucks and don't have to say sir to anyone"—that's what I'd tell gals I came across who hinted at the subject. (Hinted? There was one who'd start scratching her fourth-finger left-hand every time I saw her!)

"Not me," I'd say, "—not till I have my million."

Well, here I am, still a long way from having that kind of cash, good as things are going.

But I've changed my tune about the wedding march.

Because if just so happens that I'm in love.

With a doll.

And marrying her, being with her, for the rest of my life, is right now the only

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important thing in my whole life. . . ."

Was it love at first sight between me and Jo?—some people have asked.

No, it wasn't

Matter of fact, it would have taken a genius to figure anything was ever to come of that first meeting of ours.

That was two-and-a-half years ago, in New York, at Hanson's, a Times Square drugstore I used to hang around in all the time with all the other struggling young singers and actors in town.

Well, this night I was sitting at a table with one group, when another group came over and joined us.

I knew all of them except one of the girls, the one who ended up sitting next to me.

She was quiet, I remember—mainly because I was on big that night, doing most of the talking and yakking, and so she didn't have much of a chance to say anything anyway.

But during one pause, I remember, she did say, "By the way, my name is Jo-Ann Campbell."

"That's nice," I said. And then I said, "Mine's King."

"Last name or first?" she asked.

"Nickname," I said. "It's what people call me, because I'm like a natural leader."

I laughed, and she said, "You know—but you sound just a little bit conceited to me."

"Why shouldn't I be?" I answered back. "I'm a man of talent—and taste."

"Boy!" she said.

And brrrrrrrrr, but there was a chill, chill breeze in Hanson's that night.

We saw each other a few times after that those next few months. Backstage at places like the Brooklyn Paramount, where we were both booked as singers on the same rock 'n' roll shows. And a couple of other theaters, in Jersey and Pennsylvania, and places like that.

We *saw* each other, I say.

But we never talked.

And then early one evening I ran into another singer I know, girl named Jeanie Allen. She asked me if I could come up to her place for a little while to look over some vocal arrangements she'd just had made for her act, since I was a hotshot part-time songwriter and arranger too.

"Besides," Jeanie said, "I want you to meet my new roommate. She's the sweetest thing!"

"Yeah?—Who cares?" I thought to myself, since in case I haven't said it yet I'll say it now: I was strictly off girls at this particular time. I'd had them *all* after Gloria. Gloria was a dancer, thirty-one when I met her. And I was a kid, eighteen, who didn't know a shingle from Cheyenne. And for some reason I fell in love with her. And she said she loved me, too, and that she had great plans for helping me with my career. But that woman was more mixed-up than I was. Because one day I found out the type of woman she really was. And I was so mad, disgusted at everything that some days I wouldn't even bother to get out of bed. That's how bad it was for me at this particular time.

And so when Jeanie talked about her roommate, I thought to myself, "Who cares?"

A cold hello

And getting to the apartment and seeing the roommate a few minutes later, the only reason I took a long look at her was because she turned out to be that little Miss Jo-Ann Campbell of Hanson's drugstore fame.

Brrrrrrrr, but things were suddenly cold again.

We both said hello to one another, finally (out of politeness to Jeanie) and then Jeanie and I got to work on the arrangements, Jo-Ann retiring to her own room for the hour or so I was there.

I was just about to leave, in fact, when Jeanie extended the invitation that was, in time, to change my whole life.

"Why don't you stay to dinner?" she asked.

Before I could get the ahem out of my mouth and say look this is the story and so I don't think it would be advisable under the circumstances, Jeanie called out to Jo-Ann and said, "Sweetie, you and Bobby go to the grocer's, while I fix the salad, and pick up some ice cream, all right?"

Jo-Ann came out of her room, looked at me for a second, shrugged and said—reluctantly, I thought—"Oh, all right."

Our walk to the grocer's was like a cross between the original *Ben-Hur* and *'Twas The Night Before Christmas.* Very silent. Very *very* silent.

And it would have been that way on the walk back, too, if suddenly I hadn't had this feeling that it was time to break the ice a little. (Mysteriously, for some reason, this girl was starting to intrigue me.)

So I found myself taking her hand, very quick-like.

And so she pulled her hand back, even quicker-like.

Hmmmmmm, I thought then, pretty unforgiving little gal we had here.

Well, I thought then, next step was to embarrass her—you know; make her just a little bit sorry that she made a fool out of *me*, the guy who'd given up dames for good now and had started making such a fool of himself.

"What in the world are you *doing?*" she asked, as she stopped and watched me throw myself down on the sidewalk suddenly and press my ear against the pavement.

"Quiet, gal," I said. "I hear hoofbeats. I think the posse's on its way!"

Embarrass her?

Heck. It was as if this was the funniest bit she'd ever seen or heard. And she started to laugh, man, but laugh. "Oh," she said, hysterical-wise, "you look so fun-ny down there—"

And from that moment on and for the next couple of hours—the rest of our walk home, dinner, and so on—she was in one of those moods where everything I said struck her as funnier and funnier.

She laughed, in fact, until she cried, really cried, I mean, genuine sad-type tears. And that's when I learned the other side of her, my Jo-Ann—the soft and sweet and sentimental and little-girl side.

It was about midnight that same night.

Jeanie and Jo-Ann had done the dishes while I watched some TV, and then Jeanie had excused herself and gone to bed.

Jo-Ann and I were sitting in the parlor of the apartment alone, just the two of us.

Little by little the talk had gotten kind of serious and Jo-Ann had begun to tell me a little bit about herself. How she was from Jacksonville, Florida. How she lived there with her parents and grandparents. In a little white house with a garden and a four-man swing in the back—"kind of lovely and old-fashioned," like she said. All this not far from the water, the beach, where they all went week-ends, year-round, for swimming and picnics.

"I came up here," she said, "to New York—because somewhere inside me, ever since I was a little child, there's been a bug in me that's said to me, 'You've got to become a singer, you've got to become a singer.' So, when I was eighteen, I decided it was time for me to up and leave.

"It gets a little lonely for me," she said, "up here, far away—but," she said, "when you've got a dream, you've got to give up certain things to try to touch that dream."

She talked about her dream a little, closing her eyes as she did.

And then she opened them and stopped what she was saying and she said to me, "Now you, Bobby . . . I've talked enough . . . Now you tell me all about *yourse*

I began— "Well," I said, "I was born The Bronx, the sickest baby on rec there—and there've been lots of ba born there in The Bronx. In fact," I s "I was so sickly that neighbors used stop my mother on the street and 'Whaddya wanna wheel that thing aro for? It's gonna die.' "

That's when Jo-Ann began to cry.

When I saw these tears, big as anythi come to her eyes.

"What's the matter," I said, "—I di even *start* the sad, sad story of my li

"Those terrible people," she said, ign ing my cute remark, "saying a thing l that about a poor little baby . . . ab *you.*"

And she bawled now. Really bawl And I sat there waiting, not knowing w to do, till she stopped.

When she did, I took her hand.

This time she didn't pull it back.

A pretty grim childhood

I started talking again. I told about childhood—what I remembered of it—T Bronx, the not-so-good part of it wh we lived; my mom, widowed a few mon before I was born, doing her best to t care of me and Nina; the relief checks w get when my mom couldn't work, and h we'd wait for them and then, when t came, how we'd be so ashamed to go the store or the bank and cash them; h it was all a pretty grim childhood exc that inside me, like there'd been inside was a bug with the same message as h "You've got to be a singer someday, you got to be a singer someday." The only ference being that my bug had a cou who lived with him and who used to t onto the message: "You've got to be *best* and *biggest* of all the singers son day!"

I talked about *my* dreams then.

How I wanted to make the big-ti someday, become "famous."

How I wanted to start doing it all f fast, with no time to waste because (o I've always been an impatient-type g and (two) because my mom was sick w her heart now and because before went, God forbid, if it was God's will t she did go, I meant, I wanted to get the one thing she'd always dreamed o house in the country, a place away fr The Bronx, with fresh air and trees an sky that didn't look like a ceiling hang over a lot of red-brick walls, but a *sk* that she could enjoy for a little wh anyway.

I talked and I talked that night.

And when I was finished I could se was dawn coming up already outside window of the apartment.

So I said, "I've gotta go now."

But I didn't move.

Because I knew that before I wen wanted to kiss this girl I'd been talk to, this girl whose hand I'd been hold these past few hours, like I'd never e wanted to kiss any girl before.

For some reason, I was nervous abou

So I started with the jivey talk.

"My life you've heard," I said. "N about my personality," I said, "—mo I'm for doing what you feel like, w you feel like."

"Is that so?" Jo asked, in that little- way of hers.

"Yep," I went on, "I'm for what e person feels for the other. Sudden pulses . . . Like sudden kisses.

"I mean," I said, "if you want to kis girl and it's mutual, then you should d If you're going to swing, swing, I say."

"Bobby," Jo said, very softly, I'll ne forget how softly, "Bobby—I'm as nerv as you are. The talk's not going to h If you'd like to kiss me, please do, Bob

And I did.

And that's how it all started, our friendship, our romance, our love for each other (though, deep down, I fought the idea that it was "love" at the time). . . .

We went out lots together those first six months, though actually "went out" is the wrong expression since, with work hard to come by, I didn't have money for that. Instead, we'd spend most of our time at Jo's and Jeanie's apartment, eating those TV-dinners I talked about before, watching TV, listening to records, singing ourselves; or else we'd visit friends, or my mom, or Jo's mom and dad and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hatcher, who'd moved North by this time and to Long Island, which is very accessible to New York.

Then, at about the time the first six months or so passed, somebody suggested to me one day that I write a song. I'd already written about ten dozen, seven of which were recorded and became immediate flops. But this friend of mine suggested I try something in the rock 'n' roll style. As he said, "Everybody else is doing it and making good."

So one day I wrote *Splish-Splash,* in exactly twelve minutes.

It got recorded.

Within ten days it had sold nearly 100,000 records.

And I was on my way.

To put it mildly, I was in seventh heaven. A little too high up there, looking back. And it was Jo who helped bring me down to earth.

I remember this one night we were sitting in a Chinese restaurant over on West Forty-Ninth Street, I mean actually having dinner out. And I started to laugh about this and say something like, "It's about time, hey, honey, the two of us living, like real people?"

And I remember how Jo said to me, "This is only the beginning, Bobby. Don't get spoiled or satisfied by only one record. One rock 'n' roll hit—that makes you like a thousand other fellows instead of like a million others. *Now* you've got to show them that you can really sing, too. . . ."

And I remember another time, not long after I started to show them, and started getting club bookings here and there, how something was wrong with me—I wasn't really getting through to my audiences; I guess I was afraid and made myself into a pretty brash and unpleasant character—and I remember how Jo sat with me one night right after a show and said to me, "Bobby, I don't know much about show business. But this much I do know. The real performers, they don't fight the audience. They enjoy it. Which is what you've got to do, Bobby. *Enjoy it.* . . ."

I remember these things Jo said to me, at a time they needed saying.

And, remembering, it's strange, ironic, to think that this is just about the time we started drifting apart.

Or, I should say, the time I started drifting away from Jo.

What happened?

It's hard to explain.

I just wouldn't see her so much anymore. I was dedicating myself to a whole new world now, and the strain of this dedication was knocking me out—the hard work, the newness of it, the constant late hours, the learning to sleep by day and live by night, the excitement, the having to hang around a lot with all sorts of people, some of them who wished you well, others who didn't give a damn, you'd find out, but just hung on for the free ride—a new life, all of it devoted to the Big Crowd, and that gave me little time for those few people who really cared.

People like Jo-Ann.

We had a discussion about this one night; nearly a fight.

Jo was blue because I hadn't shown up a few times when I'd promised to.

"I was born in a small town, Bobby," she said. "Maybe it's different up here in great big New York. But where I come from we're used to a fellow calling to break a date if he has to, even calling a girl once in a while between dates just to talk. Girls like to be treated that way, Bobby."

I answered all this with a lot of stuff that sounded very good and reasonable to my own ears at the time. "The kind of thing you're talking about," I said, "is forced—and anything forced is ill." It all boiled down, what I was saying, to take me, Jo-Ann, or leave me.

"Take me?" I said, when I was finished.

"Yes," she said.

"Good," I said, "because this is just the way it's got to be."

But nothing was ever really right between us, for a long time after that.

I was still going through my period of making the grade, of confusion. And my mom died suddenly during this period, and her passing made me more miserable than she would ever have wanted me to be, this wonderful mother who'd done so much for me. . . .

Anyway, as far as Jo was concerned, I'd see her a lot for a while and then, sometimes for three or four weeks running, I wouldn't see her at all.

Finally, one night, it really seemed over between us.

I phoned her after one of these long stretches and told her that a friend of mine and his wife had invited me to dinner at their house and asked me to bring a date if I wanted to.

"Would you like to come?" I asked.

Jo-Ann said she would.

During dinner that night I got to feeling depressed about something. I couldn't eat. I figured there was no sense staying at the table. I don't know if it occurred to me that this would make it a little hard

$150 FOR YOU!

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE ROBERT STACK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE SHIRLEY MACLAINE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE MAY BRITT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little

6. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

7. I LIKE BOBBY RYDELL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

on Jo, sitting alone at a table with people she barely knew. All I know is that *I* was depressed. And that I got up and went into the living room and put on some records.

A little while later, Jo-Ann came over to me.

She put her hand on the top of my head.

"Good-bye, Bobby," she said.

"Where you going?" I asked her.

"Home," she said. "I've apologized to our hosts."

"How you going home?" I asked.

"I phoned a cab," she said.

"*Why* you going home?" I asked, starting to get a little miffed about it, mad.

"Because," Jo-Ann said, not mad-sounding, not un-mad; I guess "resigned" is the only word—"because," she said, "I don't want to be hurt anymore, Bobby. And because I don't want to tie you down to a girl who's always going to be hurt, even for the few hours she's together with you.

"Don't you see?" she said then. "Don't you see what I mean, Bobby?"

I said, "No. I'm tired and my eyes are blurred. I don't see anything."

And I turned away.

And as I did I tried to say to myself, "Who cares if you come or go, Miss Campbell? Who needs you?"

But even though I was saying the words to myself, they seemed to get stuck in my throat.

I didn't know what to do about Jo.

So I did nothing, and just let her go. . . .

Mack the Knife came to me shortly after this. And the world came to me, too now, in dollars and in applause, in gold records and so many booking offers I had to turn half of them down, in screen tests and interviews and picture-taking sessions with high-class photographers and in autographs and screaming kids—the works.

It was great, and I put my arms around it like a lover who'd taken a girl named Career as his mistress, holding hard, never letting go. Because it happened so fast, it gave me little time to think. And this, I thought, was good for me. I was constantly surrounded by people now. I was never alone. There wasn't a face that wouldn't show for me at the snap of a finger, to talk it up with me, to keep things hopping, to tell me, remind me, how fine I was, how great I was doing, how I had the world on a string, how I had *everything*.

And then one night, in California, between shows at a club there, I was sitting alone in my dressing room.

As it happened, I was feeling particularly alone that night.

I could have called for somebody,

But I didn't know just who I really wanted to see.

I sat facing the door.

"If anyone could walk through that door right now," I thought, "who would you want to see, more than anyone else?"

The picture of her came to me in a flash.

The golden hair.

The big blue eyes.

The little girl look.

Everything about her that I thought I'd forgotten by now, but hadn't.

I began to have this conversation with myself.

"Call her? See her? But she's in New York," Part A of me said to Part B.

"So what, you schnook," said Part B, "—you call her and maybe she comes here tomorrow."

"Comes? She probably won't even talk to me."

"How you gonna know, unless you try?"

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"And what do I say?"

"You tell her the facts. That you've been a dope, a schnook, and that you miss her and you love her."

"Love her? *Me* in love?"

"Afraid to admit it? Afraid to say it?"

"I don't know . . . I don't know."

"Well, get up and pick up that phone and try . . . Give it just a little try at least?"

I did just that. I phoned Jo-Ann, told her I missed her, asked her to please come out to see me and mumbled, as best I could, something about how much I loved her.

We spent those next few days doing up Southern California just the way it should be done—taking drives along the coast, swimming, having dinner at places like La Scala and Chasen's, even going out to Disneyland for a day.

It was after Disneyland, in fact, driving back, just the two of us, when I asked the big question.

Being me, and being nervous about it, I asked it in my usual nervous fashion.

"Jo," I said, "mostly I'm for doing what you feel like, when you feel like . . . You know that about me . . . I'm impulsive," I said.

"Is that so?" Jo asked.

"Yep," I went on. "I'm for what each person feels for the others. Sudden impulses. Like sudden kisses . . . And sudden proposals.

"I mean," I said, "if you want to marry a girl and it's mutual, then you should do it. If you're going to swing, swing, I say."

"Bobby," Jo said, very softly, "I'll never forget how softly, "Bobby—I'm as nervous as you are. The extra talk's not going to help. If you'd like to ask me to marry you, please do, Bobby."

And I did.

And when Jo said yes, I pulled over, off the road, skidded the car to a stop, took my girl in my arms, looked into those eyes of hers, for a long long time, and—

And that's the way our love story ends—I mean begins. . . . END

Bobby guest-stars in Columbia's PEPE

8. I LIKE VIVIEN LEIGH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE LAURENCE OLIVIER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET .....

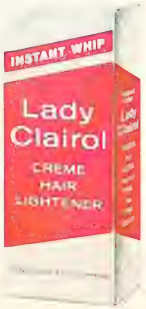
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q Who makes more money—**Natalie Wood** or **Robert Wagner**?
—I.S., MT. VERNON, N.Y.

A *On a free-lance basis, Nat makes twice husband Bob's asking price—but, considerably less under the terms of her Warner Bros. contract.*

Q **Sophia Loren** recently made a crack that she was sorry she got *The Millionairess* role away from Katharine Hepburn but Katie was too old and hadn't the sex appeal to recreate her stage role of eight years ago on the screen. What was Miss Hepburn's reply to this unkind remark?
—R.E., LONG BEACH, N.Y.

A *Cold stone-dead silence.*

Q Will **Debbie Reynolds** allow and receive **Liz Taylor** in her home when **Eddie Fisher** comes there to visit with Todd and Carrie?
—K.H., SAN JOSE, CALIF.

A *Debbie will allow Liz in her home, but it's unlikely she'll be at home to receive her.*

Q Is her mother trying to force **Tuesday Weld** to settle down and marry **Dick Beymer**?
—P.E., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A *She's been using the art of gentle persuasion . . . on her daughter: the power of suggestion on Dick.*

Q Is it true that **Mel Ferrer,** who just became a father, has a daughter who acts under a different family name because she's older than Mel's wife **Audrey Hepburn**?
—R.E., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *No. Budding actress Mela Ferrer is seventeen. Audrey's thirty-one.*

Q I read a funny story that **Marlon Brando** saw a gorgeous Oriental across a crowded dimly-lit room, asked to be introduced and learned it was his own ex-wife, **Anna Kashfi.** Did this happen—or is someone's imagination overactive?
—G.F., MONTCLAIR, N.J.

A *Marlon's vision was under-active . . . but not his instinct for type. To his great embarrassment—the story's true!*

Q. Why did **Kipp Hamilton** decide to break her engagement to **Efrem Zimbalist Jr.**, after escorting his children to Connecticut?
—R.G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

A *Obviously Kipp felt that it wasn't exactly in good taste to be engaged—when the fiance in question wasn't completely divorced.*

Q Is it true that the ASPCA is taking **Tab Hunter**'s dog away from him and is trying to prevent him from getting a license to own any other animal?
—E.R., HAMDEN, CONN.

A *Tab has denied beating the dog—said he was merely yelling at it. Since no one has pressed charges, it's unlikely that the ASPCA will.*

Q What's the inside story about the report that **Ava Gardner** was badly crippled in an accident and may never walk without a limp again?
—N.M., BOSTON, MASS.

A *An exaggeration. Ava injured her leg and went on to London for treatment. She will walk normally as soon as it's completed.*

Q Whatever happened to Zanuck's great plans for **Bella Darvi**?
—V.P., RYE, N.Y.

A *Zanuck transferred his plans to* **Juliette Greco**. *Miss Darvi's living it up in the South of France.*

Q I read where **Eddie Fisher**'s recording company is putting out an album of tone-poems dedicated to the most glamorous women in the world—among them **Ava Gardner, Garbo, Garland, Marilyn, Zsa Zsa, Bardot, Lena, Lana, Liz,** and **Natalie Wood**. I can understand his choice in most instances—but how did Natalie get into this? She's really just a cute kid.
—P.K., ELKO, NEV.

A . . . *And also a close friend of Eddie and Liz'.*

Q Was tax savings the motive behind **Deborah Kerr** renouncing her American citizenship and going to live in Switzerland—like all the other stars?
—A.S., ST. CHARLES, MO.

A *She's not an American citizen.*

THE WOMAN IN THE MIDNIGHT LACE... TARGET FOR TEMPTATION...OR TERROR?



THE SHOCKING MIDNIGHT THREATS...



THE UNEXPLAINABLE 'ACCIDENTS'...



THE MENACING VOICE IN THE FOG...



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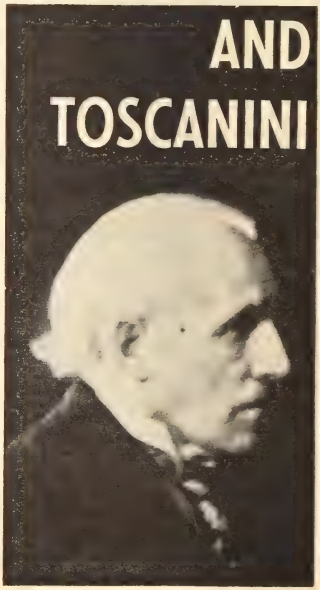
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When young Jimmy Durante wasn't lathering up the customers to get them ready for his dad's razor, he was forever cranking up the old phonograph.

"My father never let me shave a customer or cut their hair," Jimmy recalls, "but he sure did trust me with that phonograph. The only trouble was I didn't dare play the records I liked. It had to be Toscanini or Caruso. To him they were Roman gods.

"I didn't treat them with much reverence though. Years later when I needed a specialty song for my radio program I wrote a tune called *Toscanini, Stokowski and Me.* I got the best of it in the lyrics, and the song wound up with me saying that Stokowski couldn't sing but I could, and Toscanini couldn't play the piano, but I could.

"I could tell it was a hit when the studio audience laughed (they got in free), and even up in the sponsor's booth there was a frozen smile when they heard it. So I sang it again—wid emphasasis!

"I got back to my hotel a couple of hours later and noticed a little man wearing a big black hat, waiting outside my room. This is either a bill collector or an autograph collector, I thinks—and he wasn't holding an autograph book. I began wondering if the payments on my tuxedo were up to date.

"Well, I walked up to the door, sort of nonchalant, and he draws himself up to his full five feet two and looks at me like I had insulted all his ancestors.

" 'Mr. Durante?' he asked.

"Yes," I admitted. Then he poked his fist at me, but just to hand me his calling card.

" 'There are several things you don't know about me, Mr. Durante,' he shouted.

" 'First, my name is Toscanini . . . second, I *do* play the piano—and much better than you.

" 'I also can *sing* better than you. In fact, if I tried, I could even tell *jokes* better than you! Good night, Mr. Durante!' "

END



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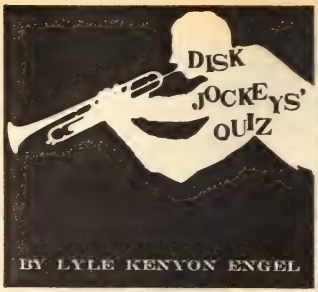


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The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Richard Smith, Station WLCO, Eustis, Fla.

1. *This performer is known more for his gyrations than for his singing but he has an excellent voice and can sing a beautiful ballad. He just had the hit titled* STUCK ON YOU *on the RCA Victor label.*

2. *He was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1937. His voice is the type that can sing most anything. On the Cub label his last single was* HANDY MAN. *His latest record is the big hit* GOOD TIMIN'.

3. *He's twenty-two and hails from Windsor, Ontario. He records for Top Rank. His musical interests are playing guitar, writing and composing. His current hit is* BURNING BRIDGES.



Ira Cook, Station KMPC, Los Angeles, Calif.



Ed Meath, Station WHEC, Rochester, N. Y.

4. *This vocalist was a second runner-up to "Miss America" in 1958. Her title was "Miss Oklahoma." She was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1940. Her lovely voice may be heard in an album the title of which is her name. She has the top hit single* PAPER ROSES.

5. *Brooklyn, N. Y., is his birthplace. He's sung in movies, on radio, television and nightclubs. He had the million record seller* AGAIN. *His latest album is entitled* THIS GAME OF LOVE.

6. *These six boys (Terry, Paul, Nate, Jacob, Tommy and Zeke) go under a group name. Their latest album is* FLAMINGO SERENADE. *Their big song now is* NOBODY LOVES ME LIKE YOU *on the End label.*

7. *They sing. He heads the group consisting of Fred, Angelo and Carlo. They've been on TV and in nightclubs. They record for Laurie. They had million seller* TEENAGER IN LOVE *and* I WONDER WHY.



Stan Dale, Station WAIT, Chicago, Ill.



John Dixon & Chuck Thompson, Station WALA-TV, Mobile, Ala.

1. Elvis Presley
2. Jimmie Jones
3. Jack Scott
4. Anita Bryant
5. Vic Damone
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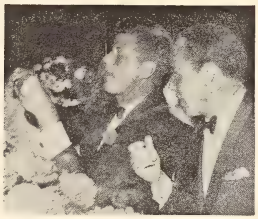
LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Parties and Politics

Romances and Partings

Tab In Bad Trouble



Frank Sinatra (right) enjoyed a private word with Kennedy.



(R. to L.) Louella and Jimmy McHugh enjoyed hosting Fabian, Judy McHugh, Fabe's brother Bob.



Lana and Fred May enjoyed the party—before the trouble began.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Milton Berle and Lyndon Johnson (right) discussed affairs of state.



Convention delegate Sinatra was solidly behind Senator Kennedy.



The Peter Lawfords' party was for Presidential nominee Jack Kennedy (Peter's brother-in-law).



Judy Garland and Sammy Davis, Jr. were among the show-business stars gathered in honor of political lights like Adlai Stevenson.

Parties...Politics... Pretty Girls

Janet Leigh fainted at the **Henry Fonda**s' party for the Democratic biggies, giving rise to the rumor that she and **Tony** were expecting a third little Curtis. But she said "No, it's just a reaction from some pills I've taken for sinus trouble." . . .

The TV cameras, having a field day with so many movie stars on hand "free," flashed to **Frank Sinatra** and **Peter Lawford** (brother-in-law of Democratic nominee Senator John Kennedy) almost as often as they did to the politicians. . . .

Edward G. Robinson got the biggest hand from the delegates; **Nat King Cole** almost as big. . . .

Hope Lange's schoolgirl black dress with demure collar was the most modest outfit worn the entire week the Democrats were among us. . . .

Janet Leigh's whistle-bait decolletage, worn in mid-afternoon, the most daring. . . .

No one seemed to note or care that **Shelley Winters** arrived and departed from the opening ceremonies with **Tony Franciosa**, the husband she had just announced shedding twenty-four hours previously. . . .

When **Zsa Zsa Gabor** couldn't get a ticket to accompany New Orleans mayor De Lesseps Morrison to the floor of the convention, it was carried as a "news" flash over national television! . . .

My own personal big excitement—when Senator Kennedy, looking as fresh as though he had not been campaigning for months and was not under the strain of the Convention which later nominated him, greeted me at the Phil Regan party with a cheerful "Hello, Louella," and posed for picture after picture. . . .

What a week! Frantic, hectic and exhausting—yes, I've never covered so many parties, shaken so many hands, seen so many movie stars turn out en masse (even such staunch Republicans as the **Gary Cooper**s and **Jennifer Jones** and David Selznick showed up for *all* the doing for the Democrats). But never say it hasn't been *fun!*

Many days saw three or four magnificent parties within the twenty-four hour span and all I can say is that our movietown hostesses can stand up and be counted among the finest in the nation.

On the Saturday before the Monday opening day, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Stein entertained three hundred on the terrace of their hilltop home; the Edwin Pauleys six-hundred-forty at their garden supper-dance; the Peter Lawfords over one hundred at a "little family" affair at their beach home for Senator Kennedy. Then Perle Mesta—who *else*—gave a brunch in the Cocoanut Grove to which six thousand showed up to shake the hand of "the hostess with the mostest" and meet her political and movie star pals. My boss, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful Austine hosted a wonderful luncheon at the Wilshire Country Club, particularly pleasant because one could talk to and enjoy all the celebrated guests. Gore Vidal, the playwright-politician, took over Romanoff's for a delightful affair, and Phil Regan invited five-hundred and got over nine-hundred into Chasens.

Style note: Most of the screen stars and wives of the politicians wore vivid print or lace cocktail dresses with cocktail coats. Few furs—but much beautiful jewelry. . . .

The Peter Lawfords had the most "Democratic" decoration theme—donkey place cards and a live, honest-to-goodness donkey in the garden, delighting all the Kennedy children (permitted to stay up until 9:00!), as well as **Judy Garland**, Nat King Cole, **Milton Berle**, the Gary Coopers, Henry Fondas and Tony and Janet who attended the family affair. . . .

I guess I could take the rest of this department telling you about all the wonderful times we've had while the Democrats were in town among my little movie playmates. But space doesn't permit. Besides I'm limp—and a Republican to boot!

Shelley and Tony Part

No one, under similar circumstances, ever sounded as cool, calm and collected as **Shelley Winters** did when she called me from New York to tell me she had asked **Tony Franciosa** to move out of her Beverly Hills home and that they were separating.

I couldn't help remembering how tearful, hysterical and unhappy she had sounded the time she had called to tell me that she was leaving **Vittorio Gassman**, her first husband, and father of her daughter, Vittoria. Knowing Shell, I'm sure the change in attitude was not because she loved Vittorio more and Tony less.

It's just that she was more reconciled to the break-up of her second marriage. She and Tony, during the past two years, have been on the verge of parting so often the actual break must have been an emotional anti-climax.

"Tony and I are not parting in anger or after a fight," she said from 3,000 miles away. "I just had to face the situation that we have a different set of values. So I made the decision that it's far better for us to live apart."

Now the only male in Shelley's life is the treasured Oscar she won for *The Diary of Anne Frank* and if you ask me, Shelley will think long and hard before she tries matrimony again.

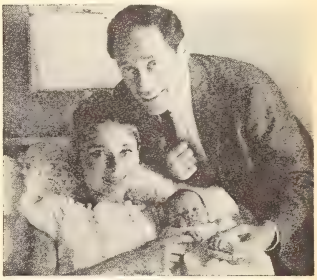


Shelley has her daughter Vittoria to think of before she marries again.

Nursery Notes

The baby that **Audrey Hepburn** wanted more than anything in the world was born on July 17th at the Lucerne Maternity Clinic in Switzerland, a strapping nine-pound boy, whom Audrey and **Mel Ferrer** promptly named Sean. Despite the fact that Audrey is so frail and delicate and a Caesarean birth had been anticipated, young Sean arrived by normal delivery. Now, at last, all the heartache that Audrey knew last year when she lost a baby, is past and forgotten in her delight over the new arrival.

And from the other side of the world, from Nassau in the Bahamas, came a happy cable from **Connie Towers** and Eugene McGrath (**Terry Moore**'s ex) that another young man, Michael Ford McGrath, had made his arrival. Mike surprised a yachting party by deciding to be born three weeks ahead of schedule. Oh, well—the Irish are always impatient.



Audrey and Mel are beaming over the birth of nine-pound first son, Sean.

Tribute to Buddy Adler

Hollywood was deeply saddened by the loss of handsome, white-haired, fifty-one-year-old Buddy Adler, executive producer of 20th Century-Fox who died of cancer of the lung in early July.

Nor was there a dry eye among those in the Temple attending his funeral services when the organ softly played *Love Is A Many Splendored Thing* and *From Here To Eternity*, the theme songs from his two greatest pictures.

He will be deeply missed and every heart goes out to his actress wife **Anita Louise** and his two children.



Producer Buddy Adler (with wife Anita Louise) will be sorely missed.



Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell postponed marriage in favor of their careers.

Cupid Takes the Count

Take heart, girls; **Bobby Darin** ran up a big telephone bill to call me from Honolulu that he and **Jo-Ann Campbell** have broken their engagement (if it was ever really on!).

"Our careers keep us separated," said Bobby from the Hawaiian isle, "the only chance Jo-Ann and I have to see each other is when I play the Copacabana in New York. What kind of a marriage would this be? It just wouldn't work out."

As for you boys who have a crush on **Connie Francis**—she too is still heart free, despite talk she could hardly wait to return to Germany to resume her romance with screen star **Peter Krauss**.

"Sure I had a crush on him when I met him in Europe," Connie told me, "and when I go back to do my special show over Luxembourg Radio, I expect to date Peter. But I'm married to my career—and I mean it."

Producer Joe Pasternak tells me that Connie is going to be just as much of a smash in the movies as she's been making records after you see and hear her in his MGM musical *Where The Boys Are*.



The still-strong memory of his mother kept Elvis from his father's wedding.

Why Elvis Stayed Away

I don't care what anyone says, I think the real reason **Elvis Presley** did not attend the marriage of his father, Vernon Presley, to Mrs. "Dee" Elliott in Alabama, is because the memory of his mother who died just last year is still too deep in Elvis's heart.

I don't mean to imply that there's an estrangement between Elvis and his dad and new step-mother. At heart Elvis is a sweet boy and a kind one no matter how many jibes he takes as 'Mr. Swivel Hips.' I'm sure he wants his father to be happy.

But as much as I like the Presley mentor, good old Colonel Tom Parker, I just couldn't swallow his explanation for Elvis's absence, "The boy thought the wedding should be as quiet as possible. If he had flown down to Alabama, it would have been a riot."

By the way, Paramount tells me that Elvis's *GI Blues* will have a special premiere in Heidelberg, Germany, for his buddies in the Third Armored Division.

It was while Elvis was stationed in Germany that Vernon Presley met Mrs. Elliott, the former wife of one of young Presley's superior officers.



Juliet Prowse has dated co-star Elvis Presley—but her heart belongs to Frank.

Frank and Juliet

As of the moment there's no one girl in the life of **Elvis**. Forget that talk about **Juliet Prowse,** his *GI Blues* leading lady. Sure, there was a flirtation on the set during the shooting of the picture. But Juliet's heart belongs to **Frank Sinatra**.

Frank brought her a string of matched pearls and a jade bracelet from the Orient, not that the girl is influenced by these baubles. But when she and Elvis parted the final day of the picture, they exchanged a friendly kiss on the cheek.

OPEN LETTER

to Tab Hunter:

I know you have been advised by men you consider wiser than yourself to let these "dog beating" charges die down without taking too much of a stand to fight the shocking accusations.

Someone close to you told me, "Tab has explained that he was only disciplining his thoroughbred Weimaraner hunting dog from digging up the garden as he had been *instructed* to do by an expert trainer of this breed. But how can anyone really fight charges like these—it's like the question: 'When did you stop beating your wife?' "

I can see the point—but I do *not* agree. I think you should shout from the housetops your denial that you have been cruel to a little animal, as some of your neighbors have charged, even to calling the police and instigating charges against you. I believe it is imperative that you fight back because you should read the letters that have poured into my office from irate people who have listened to just one side.

Nothing arouses the ire of all the people who love animals as much as a charge of cruelty to them. You can't take it standing still and being silent.

I happen to know that the neighbors who live right next door to you are horrified and shocked over the "beating" complaints lodged by some people who live across the street from your home in the Valley. Your next door neighbor has said, "Why Tab loves that dog! I swear he has never been cruel to him. I have a dog of my own and we frequently talk over the back fence about training our dogs and making them well behaved. I'll gladly go to court—if it should reach there—and swear to this."

You have always been known as a lover of animals, horses and dogs. If you are innocent—you must *fight back*. To do otherwise, could be dangerous to your career.



Tab should stand up to those who accuse him of cruelty to his pet dog!



A radiant Zsa Zsa Gabor came to Lana's party with Bundy Solt.



Ricardo Montalban was delighted to dance with his beautiful sister-in-law, Loretta Young.



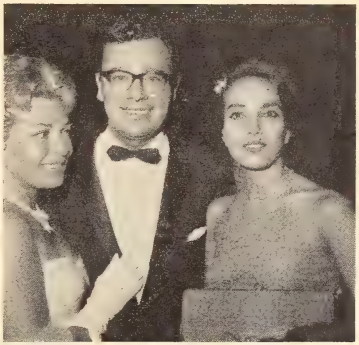
Doris Day would play tennis all day and watch television till bedtime unless husband Marty Melcher got her to some parties.



Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman danced all night.



A sophisticated Jane Powell (with Pat Nerney) was cute!



Star Lana, producer Ross Hunter and his date Anna Kashfi were happily chatting.

Party for "Portrait in Black–and Blue

If ever a beauty was created for triumphs and troubles, it's **Lana Turner**.

What started out to be her only happy "party" night since the latest heartaches over Cheryl—the premiere of *Portrait in Black* followed by producer Ross Hunter's swank party at Romanoff's—turned into another "black" headline for Lana. Frankly, it was just a pushing skirmish between her escort, the man in her life these days, Fred May, and a well-known columnist.

May, smouldering over what he considered unfavorable comments about his love, kept yelling, "I love this girl—I love her." Well, anyway—now we know his real feelings.

Lana burst into tears asking Fred why he had done it—all of which wound up in print as a "fight" almost equally exciting as the **Ingemar Johansson**-Patterson brawl.

But before all this—it had been one of the most glamorous and star-studded social events in months. There were so many beauties in lovely summer gowns dancing every dance in the ornate Crown Room you hardly knew where to look first.

Lana, a portrait in pale pink, was on everyone's tongue the way she keeps her blonde beauty both on and off the screen. Early in the evening she had seemed so happy dancing cheek to cheek with the good-looking, handsome young May.

At our table sat two outstanding lovelies, the dark, exotic **Anna Kashfi** (the ex-Mrs. **Marlon Brando** was producer Hunter's date) and blonde, lovely **Dina Merrill**.

You so seldom see **Loretta Young** at a party that she caught every eye dancing with her brother-in-law **Ricardo Montalban** and her favorite designer, Jean Louis. Loretta's gown was a floor length smoky-colored chiffon which swirled and flowed around her slender figure as she twirled.

Doris Day, her hair swept into a smooth "beehive" around her head and wearing an Oriental-type white gown and coat, laughed when I accused her of suddenly becoming a social butterfly. "Not really," she protested, "Marty (her ever lovin' husband, Marty Melcher) just comes down to our tennis court and gets the hook to make me go out. He thinks I should. But left to my own devices, I'd play tennis, have dinner early looking at TV, and go to bed every night at ten!"

Redheaded **Janet Blair**, usually so conservative, caused a few surprised gasps of admiration from the males, by a long dress but just a little above the knee, "—the most daring I've ever owned," she admitted.

Jane Powell, another going sophisticated these evenings, was in short red strapless taffeta, still looking "cute" (she'll hate me for saying that). I never before realized how witty and amusing Pat Nerney, her husband, is. I sat between Pat and Ross Hunter and they certainly kept the conversation lively.

Despite gossip that he is madly in love with **Kipp Hamilton**, **Efrem Zimbalist** came "stag." **Susan Kohner** wasn't with her "steady" either. **George Hamilton** was out of town so Susan's escort was Jim Shelton.

Ringsiding at the candle-lit tables with centerpieces of pink roses and peonies were the **Robert Taylor**s; **George Nader** with Pat McCullogh; the **Robert Cummings**; the **Vincent Price**s; **Craig Stevens** and **Alexis Smith**, the **Art Linkletter**s, the **Charles Coburn**s, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** and Bundy Solt, **Jeanne Crain** and Paul Brinkman, the **Ronnie Reagan**s —truly a star turnout.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Tony Aquaviva is proud of his wife Joni James' success. (That's the real Joni standing on a table in the center.)



Troy Donahue brought his sister to the party, and she interviewed Louella!



Jimmy Boyd and Yvonne Craig planned to marry in just one week.

Jimmy McHugh's Party for Joni

If all the singers who came to Jimmy McHugh's garden party for **Joni James** and her husband Tony Aquaviva, had burst into song at the same time, it would have been the most expensive chorus ever heard. Practically every top composer was there, so any record company would have had a field day.

That wasn't all—the younger set was out in full force to welcome Joni before she opened at the Cocoanut Grove. **Fabian**, who spent most of his time with Judy McHugh, granddaughter of the host, brought his young brother Bobby, fourteen. **Natalie Trundy**, who has more freckles than I have ever seen, was with **Mark Damon**. His frequent date, **Jack Benny**'s daughter Joan, was with another handsome escort, whose name I didn't get.

Troy Donahue brought his mother and fifteen-year-old sister who told me she is a columnist. "I have a column twice a week," she said, "and I'm going to write about you." She's pretty as a picture. **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** was having himself a time with **Asa Maynor**. He's so happy these days, now that his troubles with Warner Bros. are over.

Jimmy Boyd and **Yvonne Craig**, who should be married by the time this is in print because they planned to marry the week end after Jimmy's party, looked very happy.

David Janssen, who really doesn't belong to the younger crowd although he is only twenty-nine, created quite a dash when he walked in with his Ellie. **Patti Page** and Joni James talked songs and who recorded what first. **Irene Dunne** always gets a lot of admiring glances, even from the younger set.

When **Audrey Meadows** and her sister **Jayne** (Allen) walked in with **Steve Allen** and Robert Six, Audrey asked me if I could tell them apart. You know the funny thing is that I don't think they look too much alike anymore.



Guests of honor Tony and Joni (left) chatted with Kookie and Asa Maynor.



Cute, freckle-faced Natalie Trundy was escorted by actor Mark Damon.

$25,000 Roman Orgy —Hollywood Style

"I wish the fans could see us *now*," whispered **Jack Lemmon** in my ear as we sat in a Roman-Grecian decorated cabana beside the flower-strewn swimming pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel which, this night, millionaire-producer Joe Levine and his wife had turned into a $25,000 party-plug for *Hercules Unchained*.

I knew what Jack meant. This lavish splurge was just exactly what some fans think Hollywood life *really* is: There were beautiful models (hired for the evening) lounging in white and gold Grecian style bathing suits on gold satin lounges around the pool; Hercules-type young Adonises (also models, of the male gender) were strolling around in gold-colored trunks and little else; floating in the enormous pools were veritable islands of the most gorgeous flowers, so abundant that their fragrance scented the air.

Completely modern, however, were the four bars serving everything under the moon to drink, the gold fountains spraying *champagne*, and table after table groaning with the finest food and fruits our generous hosts could find.

Rooms overlooking the pool from the hotel were jammed with wide-eyed tourists who must have been saying to themselves—"See? I told you life in Hollywood was like this!"

Jack Lemmon had come alone (who wants to bring a date to even a fake 'orgy') and he was the delight of the 'Grecian' beauties who asked him for his autograph when they weren't splashing in and out of the pool.

Certainly for lavish outlay—Hollywood may never see another evening like this. Even a big paper moon came over the hibiscus bushes to cast glamor over **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, **Dana Wynter**, **Barbara Rush**, **Barbara Nichols** and all the other goggle-eyed guests who all said, "This is the party the public would pay to look in on!"



Jack Lemmon came stag to the 'orgy' and delighted the 'Grecians!'



Mitzi Gaynor got quite a lift from two muscular young Adonises.



As Barbara Nichols said, "This is the party people would pay to look in on!"



I nominate for **STARDOM**

—Ina Balin

She's already being hailed as the only one of the new actresses to give promise of being a great glamour star along the lines of an **Ava Gardner** or a **Lana Turner**. That's how the critics have greeted her sexy and glamorous performance as the "other woman" in *From The Terrace* with **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward**.

Amusingly, Joanne and Paul and Ina are the best of friends off screen. Calling themselves "immigrants from New York," they lived in the same apartment building during the filming of the 20th picture. Either in Joanne and Paul's big apartment or Ina's small one, they spent almost every evening together going over their "lines" over homemade dinners of hamburgers and coffee.

Also like the Newmans, Ina had her professional roots in the New York theater—she was a big hit in *Compulsion* on Broadway —before 20th Century-Fox grabbed her for pictures. Ina was a little nervous about giving Hollywood a "second" chance.

She had been one of the actresses in the running for *Marjorie Morningstar* and thought she had it clinched before she read in my column one morning that the (then) coveted role had gone to **Natalie Wood**! A bit bitter and cynical she had returned to Broadway and *Compulsion* before Hollywood paged her again.

Ina, a dark-haired, exciting-type beauty need have no farther fears since her reviews in *Terrace*. At the age of twenty-two, she seems to have completely conquered two fields, the stage and the screen.

Born Ina Sandra Rosenberg in Brooklyn, New York, she can't remember when she wasn't stage struck. Used to baby sit to earn money for dramatic coaching when she was just thirteen. She came up the usual route, summer stock, some modeling, then TV, before hitting good roles in *Bus Stop*, *Compulsion* and *Majority of One*.

Too bad, Broadway—it looks like Ina's in Hollywood to stay.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*





Some stars, like Ava Gardner and William Holden, have pulled up stakes in the USA and moved to Europe to save taxes. Louella's against it.



Louella has found Fabian to be a charming young boy, hard working, and not conceited.



Louella will explain Sandra Dee's attitude about glamour, etc., soon.



Bing and Gary surely are not feuding here: Bing came during Gary's Vegas stint.

LETTER BOX

"What is your honest opinion of stars like ***William Holden, Ava Gardner*** and *some others who have pulled up stakes in their native USA and moved to Europe to save taxes? I was shocked to read that Holden refused to star in a picture made in Hollywood and give work to his countrymen—because he doesn't want to spoil his 'residence' set up in Europe,"* blasts MRS. VERNON DEVORE, ATLANTA. My honest opinion? I'm very much against such conduct on the part of American actors. . . .

MAE BELLE MARKS, DETROIT, who says she is seventeen, writes: *How can a girl as young as* ***Sandra Dee*** *admit in print that she has spent as much as $1,500 on clothes on a single shopping jaunt? Sounds to me that someone should be helping Sandra save her money.* (I have an interview coming up in MODERN SCREEN on Sandra which will explain her attitude on investing in glamour—and other things, Mae Belle. Look for it. . . .

Do you deny that you favor ***Fabian*** *above* ***Bobby Darin, Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon*** *and other young singers?* snaps GLORIA O'DELL of FT. WORTH. I sincerely try not to favor any of the youngsters. I like them all. I have just found Fabian to be a charming young boy, modest, hard working and not at all conceited—very likeable qualities, you must admit. . . .

RICHARD MEERS, NEW YORK, postcards: *Is it true* ***Kim Novak*** *is so ill she will never make another movie?* No, no, no! Kim had a siege of hepatitis—but she is much improved and will make many more movies. . . .

You keep saying that the family fight between the ***Crosby*** *boys and* ***Bing*** *is all settled. How come then that we continue to read magazine stories in which* ***Gary*** *criticizes (a mild word for it) his dad?* asks BILL BATTENBURG, PHILADELPHIA. Don't understand it myself.

MRS. ADELAIDE HANHEIMER, BROOKLYN, writes: *Someone should speak to* ***Debbie Reynolds*** *about marrying Harry Karl.* How do you mean that—speak *for* or *against* it?

My mother tells me that she read that ***Dolores Hart*** *dates only on week ends and goes to bed at ten o'clock other nights. Is this true or is my mother just trying to sell me the old-fashioned idea that young girls should stay home five nights a week?* asks PEGGY POTTER, MILWAUKEE. It's true, Peggy, that Dolores dates only on week ends—but that's because she's usually working in a movie and believes in getting her beauty sleep for the cameras. . . .

DOTTIE DONALDSON, SEATTLE, has a problem: *I am a nice-looking girl except for very bad skin. I have been told that movie actresses have many secrets for keeping their skin good. Can you tell me some of them?* If your skin is really bad, Dottie, I suggest you consult a good dermatologist in your home town. Don't accept tips on treatments or "sure fire" cures. Get expert medical advice. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GRAND SALON AT PIERRE CARDIN IN PARIS

I dreamed I covered the Paris Collections in my maidenform* bra

I wore an original, too! New ARABESQUE*—the bra that tops the whole Paris picture! Bias-cut insert between the cups for *superb* separation, uncanny (almost *custom*) fit. Noteworthy: flowered circular stitching combines hand-embroidered look with newly defined contour. Excitement . . . high! Price . . . low! White, A. B and C cups. 2.50. *Pre-shaped* ARABESQUE* (with light foam lining) 3.50. At stores everywhere.

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OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is the opal and your flower is the calendula. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

October 1—**Stella Stevens**
Laurence Harvey
George Peppard

October 4—**Charlton Heston**

October 5—**Peter Brown**
Skip Homeier

October 7—**Glynis Johns**

October 10—**Helen Hayes**
Richard Jaeckel

October 13—**Laraine Day**
Yves Montand
Roger Moore
Cornel Wilde

October 16—**Angela Lansbury**

October 17—**Julie Adams**
Jean Arthur
Rita Hayworth
Montgomery Clift

October 18—**Inger Stevens**

October 20—**Barrie Chase**
Dolores Hart

October 22—**Joan Fontaine**
Annette Funicello

October 23—**Diana Dors**

October 24—**David Nelson**

October 25—**Anthony Franciosa**

October 27—**Teresa Wright**

October 28—**Suzy Parker**

October 31—**Barbara Bel Geddes**
Michael Landon



June Allyson
October 7



Janet Gaynor
October 16



George Nader
October 19



Jack Carson
October 27

EXCLUSIVE

AMERICAN PUBLICATION

UNCENSORED

shockingly frank

MAY BRITT'S OWN STORY

my love affair and marriage to a negro...





I am blonde, white, Swedish, Protestant, and Sammy Davis is negro, a Jew; instead of hating each other, we love each other. So we have decided to get married, after September 28th next, namely when my divor from my first husband has become actual. Every time that a Negro makes up his mind to marry a white woman, a deep, morbid concern is created around them, especially in the United States, where unfortunately very dee race barriers still exist. Then any time that a Negro and a white woman, who are very well known, speak of marriage, the world seems to divide into two opposite factions, both of them well trained u both of them very strong, both of them alleging reasons seemingly valid. But all these unknown people, who want to thrust their nose into other people's life, give the impression of not realizing that, if a Negro and a white woman have made up their mind to get married, this is an evident proof that they love each other. If they have decided to take this step, in spite the difference of race, their love is certainly much greater than that of many other people, who are willing to get married, because they belong to the same race, but perhaps they would not do so, if they were of diff rent race. Now I should like to ask all the betrothed of the same race this question: would you marry your play boy or your play girl, if he or sh were of different races? If their answer is positive, I should be led to presume that theirs is a real love, but if their answer were negative, I should say that their love is relative, or in any

case subject to conditions. As we belong to two different religions, we have made up our minds that our children may grow and choose the religion they feel like professing the more, without any constraint whatsoever and without any hurry. As both of us have wished to have our own family for a long time, both of us want a tranquil, calm, usual life with a brood of cheerful children around us. Sammy has told a journalist, who put the question of children before him, that he did not want to be anxious about their skin colour: It does not matter, whether they are black, white or spotted because we shall be their parents and we will consider them all only as our children. Many people may have the impression that all this is disconcerting and excessive, but, joking apart, this is our way of how to face a marriage. We are quite aware that, loving each other and getting married we shall have difficult problems to solve and many obstacles to overcome. We have already asked ourselves these questions and they have been the object of our considerations. We are quite convinced therefore, that our marriage will be one of the happiest. It is possible we may happen to find hotels, where we are not allowed to stay as husband and wife, there may be some States of the U.S.A. where we will not be received in the families, there may be public places, where we will be obliged to part, owing to the different colour of our skin. Well, let it be so, we will avoid to frequent these hotels, these places, these friends and it will not be a great sacrifice for any of us. Some one thinks that, if I marry Sammy, in many States and towns my films will be prevented from

(Continued on page 78)



a tragic Princess tries to rebuild her shattered life

■ It had been a strange little party at the Palace that night. Grace, the Princess, had had a headache. Rainier, the Prince, had been moody over some business transaction gone wrong during the day. Their guests, a Count from here, a ship owner from there, their overdressed and underdressed ladies —nobody had seemed in proper spirits that night.

The strange little party was over now.

The guests were gone.

And Grace and Rainier were in their huge bedroom now, quiet, not talking, Grace seated at her vanity, listlessly brushing her hair, Rainier seated in a chair near the bed, looking through a large folder of contracts and complicated legal documents that perched upon his lap.

After a while, Grace's maid knocked and entered the room.

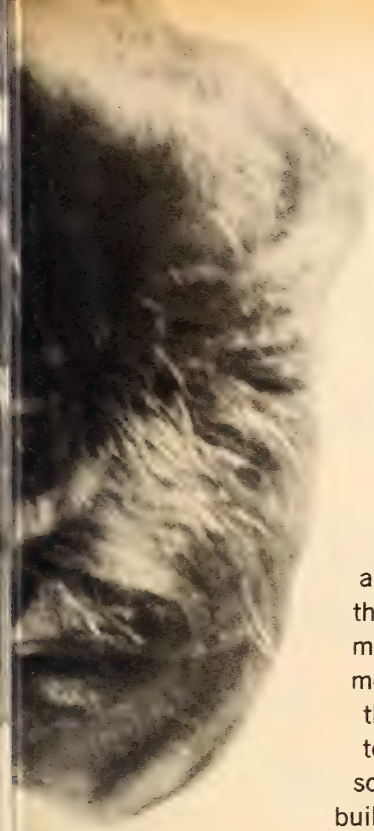
She told her Princess that a long distance call, from Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., had just been received at the Palace switchboard.

"Would Madame like to take it in the sitting room as usual?" she asked, in French.

(*Continued on page 56*)



I'LL NEVER SING



▪ I'm quitting the Lawrence Welk Show as soon as Dick Gass and I get married. He got out of the paratroopers in June and we'll get married this month. That will give us plenty of time to fix up our home. Dick's family moved into a larger house a year or so ago and he bought the two-bedroom home they'd had and he's been renting it out. So that means we have our own home to move into—how many people our age have that? We're going to paint it from top to bottom and Dick's going to make some furniture; he's so handy, he can build or do anything, and I'll make curtains. Yes, Mr. Welk knows I'm going to quit. He's a family man and he's so happy for me. The other girls will get on very well as a trio. Janet and I (Continued on page 54)

AGAIN!

by Dianne
the future Mrs. Gass
Lennon





Debbie Admits

■ A few days ago MODERN SCREEN'S Louella Parsons asked Debbie the big question: "Are you going to marry Harry Karl?" Debbie answered clearly: "I have no plans to marry . . . I'm going to think a long time before I marry anyone." Despite this, Debbie and Harry have fooled

(Continued on page 70)


THE TRUTH
ABOUT OUR
MAKE-BELIEVE
ROMANCE

DISGRACE AT GRACELAND



The whole story of Elvis' feud with his father ov



■ When Elvis Presley returned from the Army in March to Graceland, his Memphis mansion, a profound and disturbing change in his life was in the making. The hullabaloo of his return kept the disquieting element in the background—because all was happiness and gaiety and laughter now that Elvis was home.

The change in his life: his father's love interest, Mrs. Devada (Dee) Elliott, 34, a blonde, pretty, shapely and the mother of three young children, who had met Vernon Presley and had divorced her Army husband.

Elvis, an only child (his twin brother died at birth), had always been close to his parents. He would have done anything for them —and did. They were as close as parents and child could be.

What Elvis was having a hard time adjusting to, when he returned to Memphis after the filming of *GI Blues*, was that his father was still a young man at 44, lonely and attractive, very much in need of love.

(*Continued on page 82*)

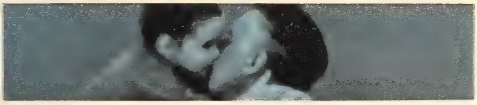


a woman—including the first exclusive

magazine interview with Dee Elliott Presley herself . . . !



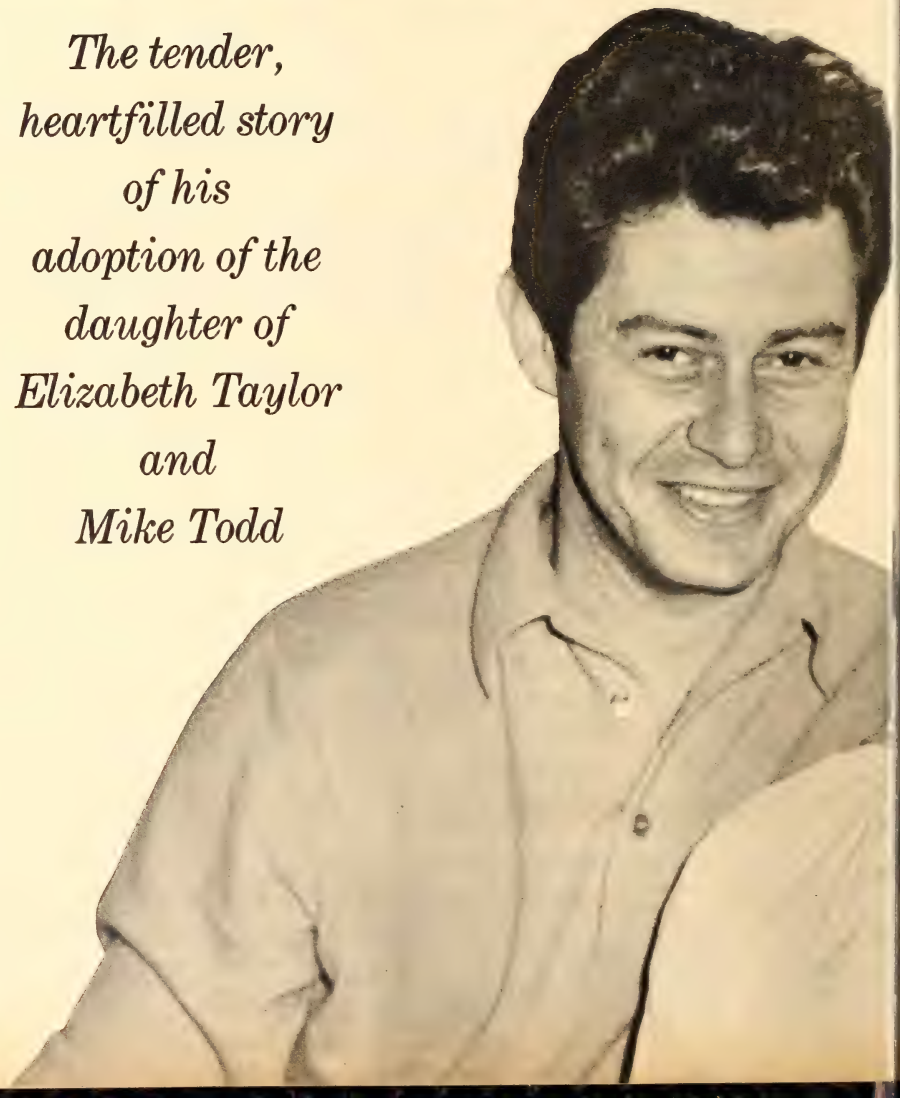
A few days before public announcement of their break-up, the candid camera records a final, touching family moment on the Arizona ranch of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger: Jean holds back the tears as daughter Tracy, too young to understand why they must part, kisses her daddy good-bye . . .

THE SADDEST PICTURE OF THE  YEAR

A few weeks after the tender parting scene pictured here, little Tracy was striding around grandly in a suite she shared with her mother at London's Dorchester Hotel. She looked so adorable in her new formal English riding habit that Jean couldn't resist a proud smile. The fitted jodhpurs on the child's chubby little legs were so unlike the jeans she was used to wearing on the ranch when she'd ride out on the vast Arizona acres with her father. Sometimes–and Jean smiled tenderly at the memory–Tracy would sit on the same horse with Stewart holding the reins while he guided her hand gently, taking care that the horse didn't jounce her too hard. Now that she (Continued on page 68)

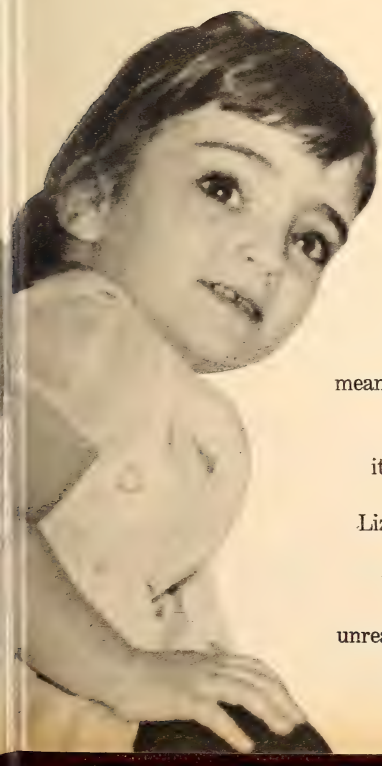
EDDIE NAMED

The tender, heartfilled story of his adoption of the daughter of Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd



FATHER OF LIZA

■ Liza Frances Todd was only seven months old when her famous father, Mike Todd, met a spectacular end in a plane crash over Grant, New Mexico. Her mother, the beautiful queen of the American cinema, Elizabeth Taylor, was spared from the same fate by the fortuitous fact of a serious cold which kept her homebound that blustery March day three years ago. Liza was too young then to perceive the grief that had befallen her and her mother. She was still surrounded by love and attention. If she missed that mock-stern voice of her father's calling her "sweet monkey," she could not communicate her loss to anyone. Besides, Mama was there, hugging her to pieces and bathing her tiny face in warm kisses. Liza never knew that those moist kisses were mingled with tears of anguish. Then there was all the traveling and two big brothers to tease her and please her every whim. Then the first steps into Mama's arms, the first word "Mama"—for the beautiful lady who played for hours on end with her. The kind soft voice that encouraged a baby to smile, crinkling nose and mouth and bringing a sparkle of love to those magnificent blue eyes so like her late father's. Then it was talking time. Words put together like magic. Words that could bring squeals of pleasure and pride from beautiful Mama. Words that Mama said over and over again so little Liza could learn. Mama telling Liza about little puppies and kittens and pretty blue birds, pointing out the floppy tail, the tickling whiskers, the soft feathers and explaining each over and over as if the words had as much meaning for the tiny two-year-old as they did for Mama herself.



That was the secret, of course. Mama felt Liza could understand and Liza *did* understand. Mama never talked itty-bitty baby talk. She said words of love, of instruction, of happiness, of pride, of soothing, of prayer in her grown-up way so Liza could learn how to grow up too.

Then there was the day that Mama looked so very beautiful in moss green chiffon with lots of people kissing her. Liza wanted to kiss her Mama too. She was like a fairy tale princess, too unreal to be true. But when Mama saw her, she stooped to scoop her up in her arms, crushing the lovely dress and flowers and not caring one single bit. Then Mama took (*continued on page 78*)



THE NUN I HATED

An extraordinary account from Connie Stevens of her life as a tough little girl in a Catholic School

New Jersey, Connie thought, looking out the bus window—*they might as well have sent me to China!* She remembered her father's words: "It's a good school you're going to, Connie. Daddy's gotta pay a lot of money to send you. But it's a good place, Catholic, with good nuns, and you'll meet nice friends there, young ladies, with manners, and good backgrounds." She remembered her own words: "Please don't send me. I wanna stay in Brooklyn." And she remembered the words of one of her girlfriends: "Just be mean and tough with all those creeps and you'll see how fast they'll send you back."

The bus stopped, in front of the school. And Connie, clutching her valise, got out.

On the porch of the main building she bumped into a girl, about her own age, with short hair, unlike hers, and a pretty dress, unlike hers.

"Are you the new student?" the girl asked, smiling, in that ritzy New (*Continued on page 72*)



A MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL FAMILY SERVICE SECTION



THE

In these troubled times the divorce rate rises every day—especially in Hollywood. We at MODERN SCREEN, who are so close to the problems of the stars and (thanks to your letters) of our readers, find ourselves increasingly distressed by this situation. Is there some small way, we wondered, in which we might help stop this alarming increase of broken homes across our nation? After talking with hundreds of stars—married and divorced—we learned that many, far too many couples begin marriage thinking life together will be all sugar and spice and everything nice—and when doubts and despairs set in (as they must) they assume their marriage has failed. If we could only show such people, we decided, that doubts and despairs are a natural part of marriage, that the best, most lasting and loving marriages are never free of them—then perhaps some humpty-dumpty home somewhere might be put together again, and our small effort would have been worthwhile. With this in mind, we've chosen eight wives among the hundreds we talked with, to reveal the sorts and degrees of problems marriages run into. Your own problems will of course be different, but for the good wife the point is always: problems are what a marriage runs *into* and not *away from!* We would appreciate your comments after reading the stories beginning on the next page.

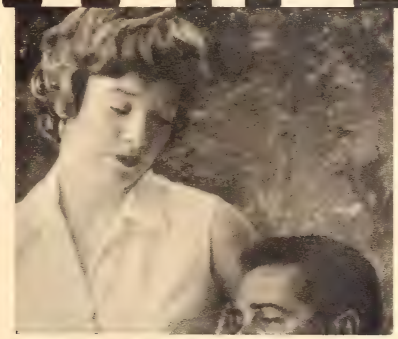








GOOD WIFE







THE GOOD WIFE CAN TRUST HER HUSBAND



ROSELLE COMO



LIVE WITH A CONFIRMED BACHELOR



GLORIA STEWART



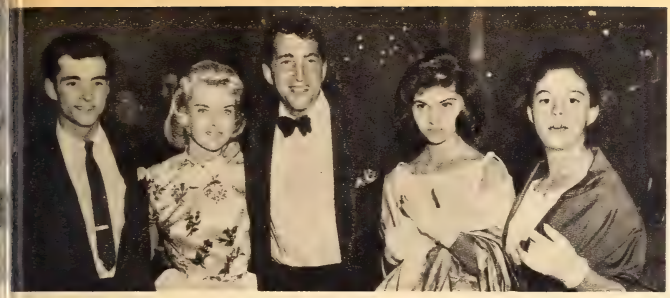
JANET CURTIS

HELP HER MAN THROUGH EMOTIONAL TURMOIL

LYDIA HESTON



GIVE UP HER CAREER



JEANNE MARTIN

LOVE ANOTHER WOMAN'S CHILDREN



SHIRLEY PARKER

BEAR LONG SEPARATIONS...



SHIRLEY BOONE

TAKE ANY CHANCE

BE PROUD
IN THE FACE
OF SHAME

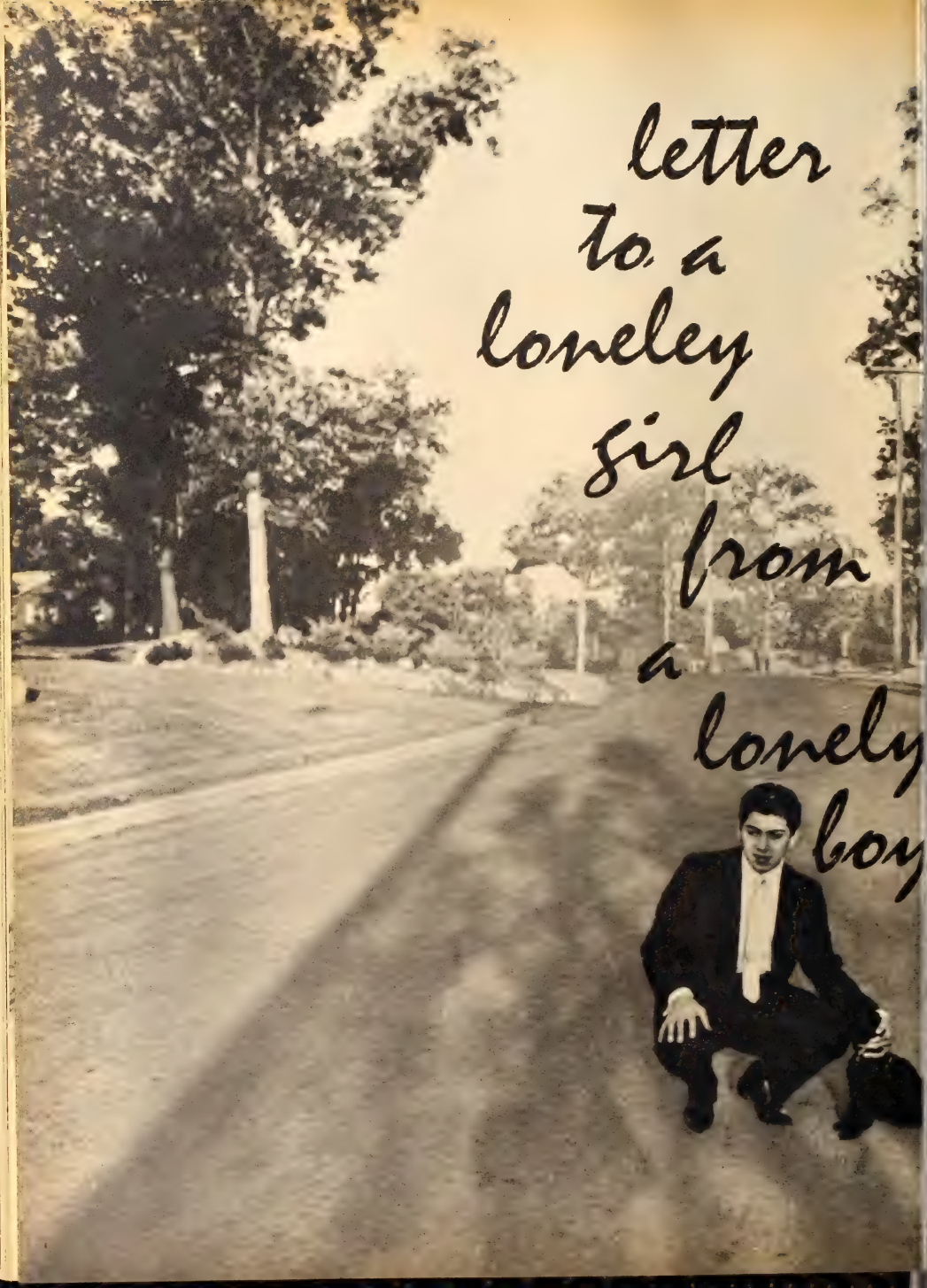
OROTHY MITCHUM



Dean Martin says it's easy to raise seven kids: "The older children pass on the clothes; we keep the crib and the high chair for the next kids; we never throw anything away."

Dean makes everything look easy, even his second marriage, to petite blonde Jeanne Biegger, in 1949. But for Jeanne, it has been no joke to raise their three children, plus Dean's four children by his first marriage.

Jeanne was thrust into the difficult and usually thankless role of a stepmother when Dean's first wife lost custody of Craig, Claudia, Dena and Gail, who then moved in with Dean and Jeanne. (*Continued on page 76*)


letter
to a
loneley
girl
from
a
lonely
boy
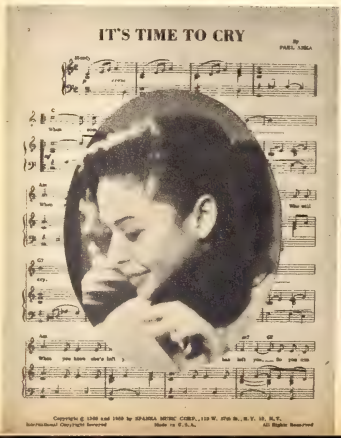


Dear Someone:

I'm Paul Anka. I'm writing this open letter because I guess you might say I have no one right now to write a "closed," private letter to. I'm hoping that someone who reads this may turn out to be "the" one.

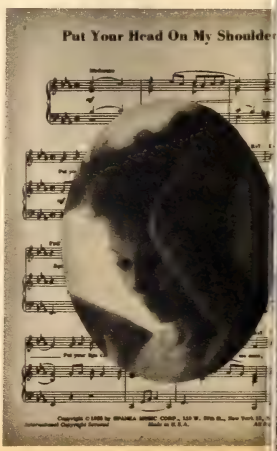
So I'd like to just ramble on here a few minutes and tell you about myself and my feelings. . . .

(Continued on next page)









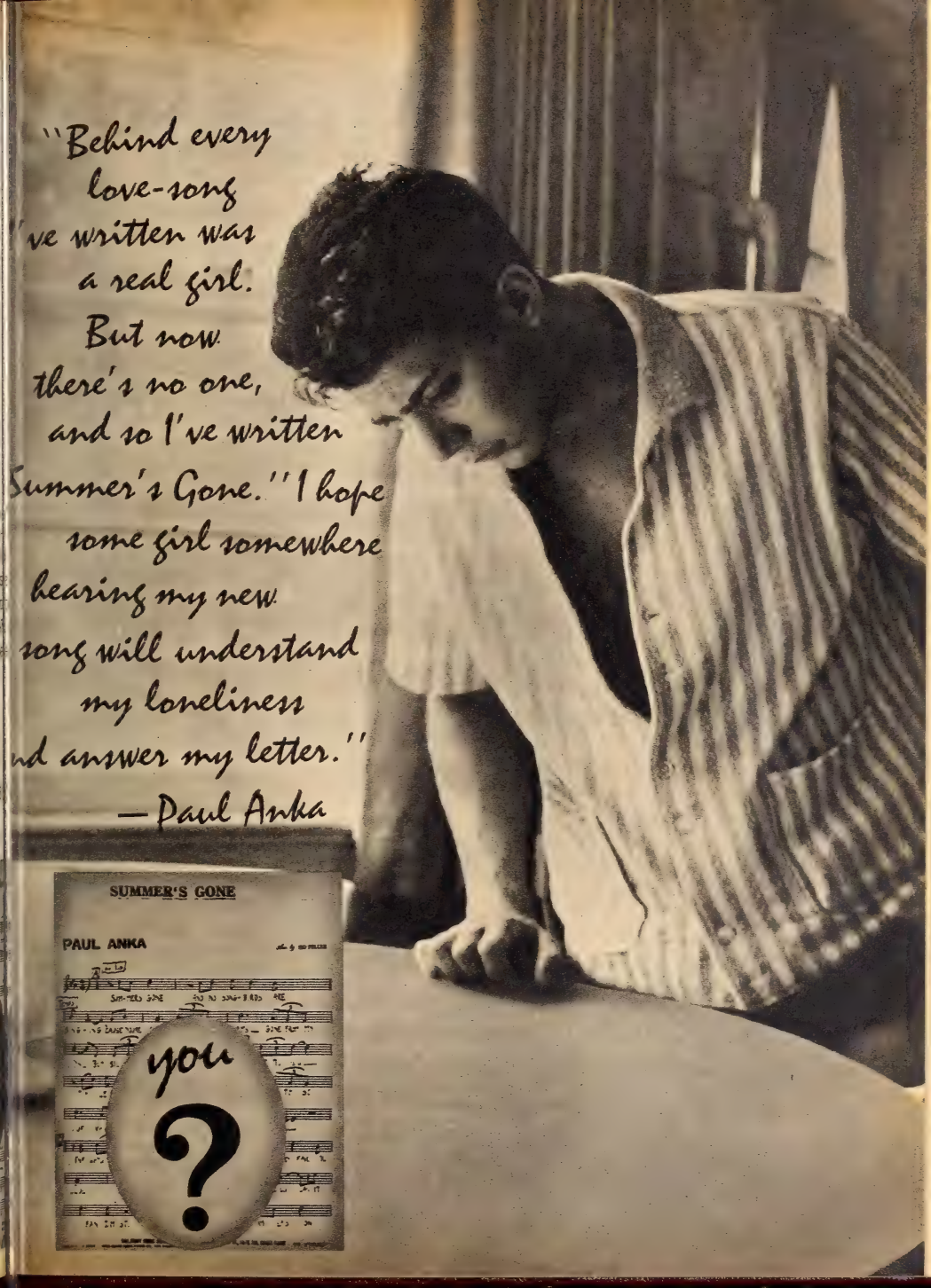
Isn't it funny how a lot of song lyrics really tell the truth about people's feelings? I like listening to a song because something happens to me—inside. And I like writing songs because I can let out my feelings.

This summer, for instance, I knew something was missing from my life, because I was moody and blue. Now, don't get me wrong. I know I'm lucky in many ways. I'm healthy, and I have the most wonderful family, and adults say I'm very successful. But what was success, I asked myself. Success brings fame, fortune. Is this enough to make a person's life worthwhile?

So I wrote a song about the deep feelings in my heart . . .

I'm just a lonely boy,
Lonely and blue.
I'm all alone
With nothing to do.

(Continued on page 63)


"Behind every
love-song
've written was
a real girl.
But now
there's no one,
and so I've written
Summer's Gone." I hope
some girl somewhere
hearing my new
song will understand
my loneliness
nd answer my letter."
—Paul Anka
SUMMER'S GONE
PAUL ANKA
you
?

A WIDOW'S

Bogie is dead, Lauren Bacall keeps telling herself....Jason looks like Bogie and talks like Bogie, but my heart is in the grave, isn't it? Isn't it?





TORMENT



■ On January 14, 1957, the unyielding killer, cancer, robbed Lauren Bacall of the love that shielded her from the cruelties of the world, and took from her the one man in her life, Humphrey Bogart.

The days that followed were bleak and empty, and the memories that haunted her made her finally sell the Holmby Hills house that love built.

(*Continued on page 75*)

earth girls

attention

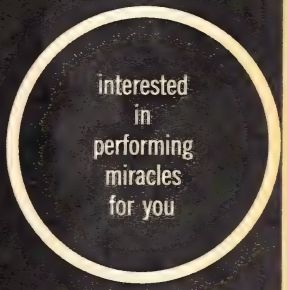
ONE LIVE, FAIRY GOD-

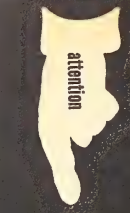


EXPERIENCED MOTHER

The most exciting thing in the world (or out of it) has just happened at Modern Screen. We've captured alive and are now holding in our offices a genuine Fairy Godmother—the same one who, you remember, many years ago visited poor, lonely, dusty, little Cinderella, and with a few strokes of her magic wand made her a princess. Impossible? Ridiculous? That's what we thought too, so we put our captive to the test: we took her downtown in a taxi to visit a poor, lonely, dusty, little mouse of a girl who, like Cinderella, was hard at work as a maid in a humble cottage. (The humble cottage belonged to our editor, by the way, and the maid's name was Evelyn.) Well, out came the magic wand and quick as a flash Evelyn became a princess. We knew no one would believe what actually happened, so we took pictures of the extraordinary event, and will publish them in next month's Modern Screen. Whatever you do, don't miss the next issue, or the one after that, or after that, or after that, because every month in Modern Screen the Fairy Godmother (whose earth name is Fran Hodges) has agreed to perform one of her miracles. Meanwhile, turn the page for a personal message from the Fairy Godmother herself . . . .

(*Continued on next page*)

















Yes, my darlings, that's the way it happened . . . And it's pleased and proud I am to be around as chief Fairy Godmother, free every month to work a whole new batch of magic on some Cinderella who might happen to need my attention.

But, don't be taken in by all that talk of "wand-waving"—I'm a modern, 1960-type Fairy Godmother. All the ingredients for my magic make-overs will be easily available to every one of you—as near as the corner drugstore or your favorite department store, as simple to reach for as the telephone. I plan to tell you all of my secrets so that, wherever you are, you may use them to do your own miracles.

From lipsticks to lingerie . . . from home-permanents to high fashion . . . from perfume vial to undercover style . . . you'll get the word, how to use our new MODERN CINDERELLA beauty-fashion portfolio to make your own dreams come true.

And, my dears, if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, please don't hesitate to drop me a line . . . I'll be around, working on a new miracle. . . .

See you in these pages next month.

Fran Hodge

A LOVABLE® Bra is a gift of beauty

To each her own . . . three differently padded contours that give just-right glamour, shaping and new rounded beauty . . . and at such beautifully low prices!

Small? "Add-Vantage" *(left)* has medium-firm foam padded cups with new "soft touch" lining to add comfort to contour! White. **$2.**



between? "Interplay," with light foam ...ured shell to round out your figure. Defines ...s beautifully! White or black. **$1.50**



Very small? "Add-a-Pad" has full foam pads, removable, that add so much beauty to your contour. White or black. **$1.50**

Lovable

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

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Sold in Canada and throughout the world
Ask for Lovable girdles, too



"THEY STOLE MY MEMORIES"

Inside Report from England on the most terrifying night of Sophia Loren's life...



Scotland Yard organized a thorough investigation, but the thief remains at large.

■ When Sophia Loren became the victim of the greatest jewel robbery in England's history, there were people who were inclined to pooh-pooh the whole situation with something like, "Oh well, she's a big movie star, she makes lots of money to buy more."

But, as Sophia Loren frantically sobbed out her story to a Scotland Yard inspector and said, "Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories," there were few who could share her bitter memories. Like that of the oh so shabbily dressed little girl who stood in a muddy Naples street watching a big chauffeur-driven car, carrying an elegantly dressed woman with two magnificent strands of pearls around her throat. As the car drove away and splashed mud on the only dress she owned, the girl vowed that one day she would have a big car and driver—and she would have pearls. Three strands.

And the little girl, Sophia Scicolone, grew up to be movie star Sophia Loren and she kept her vow. Each movie brought new fame, new riches, hosts of admirers—and with each success, Sophia acquired some precious new jewel, that would hold a memory fast in its flashing depths.

So, just this past May 27th, when the headlines in papers round the world screamed the news that over half a million dollars worth of jewels had been taken from the chalet where Sophia was living, called the Norwegian Barn, what couldn't be recorded were the emotions of a woman who felt that she faced the greatest tragedy of her life.



This is the drawing room where Sophia, her husband and her staff sat leisurely talking and enjoying a nightcap, never dreaming that all the while a clever thief lurked upstairs.



They're gone, these jewels, these and all her precious mementoes of her brilliant rise from poverty.

The heartbreak had already begun when Scotland Yard man Eric Shepherd was roused from a sound sleep, at 12:21 a.m., Sunday, May 29th.

"This is Sophia Loren," said the voice on the telephone.

"Yes?" Shepherd's eyebrows went up a fraction.

"My jewels . . . stolen. . . ." Her words came fast and frantically. The voice was filled with grief—and something else. Fright.

At the Norwegian Barn, Sophia Loren was standing in a dark upstairs corridor, clutching the telephone. The cord of the bedroom extension was taut, strained to capacity, as she pulled the instrument as far as she could into the hallway. She could hear her husband Carlo and her manager, Bascilio Francina, as they searched the loft. She wanted to be as near as possible to their voices and, at the same time, become invisible in the corner of the hall. She was afraid "he," the thief, would return, armed and in panic. She was afraid he would shoot her.

She'd dialed 999, Police Emergency.

"What number are you calling from?" an operator had asked. Somehow, she'd managed to remember it. Moments later, she was through to the nearest police station with a Scotland Yard office, telling the details, trying to be coherent.

When her call had been transferred to Shepherd, an automatic alert went out from the Golders Green switchboard—to radio cars, ports of embarkation, police stations throughout the country. The men who handled the police dogs were awakened at their homes, instructed to proceed to the estate. Assuring Sophia that help would arrive soon, Shepherd dressed and started for the scene of the crime.

He arrived at 1:00 a.m. Policemen with their dogs were already at work, searching the grounds. Officers in uniform stood in front of the doorway. Ponti and Francina were in the drawing room, speaking in bursts of rapid Italian. Their search had been futile. Shepherd introduced himself, expressed his sympathy, then asked, "Now, tell me where it happened."

"It was upstairs. . . ."

"Let's go up and look around. . . ."

They were met by the blue-jean clad figure of Sophia. Her eyes were red from weeping. She showed them into the bedroom. It was a small room, with a little alcove at the far end. A blue and gilt Italian chest of drawers stood beneath the only window, a few feet from the door. The top drawer was open. It was evident that the lock had been forced. The window was open, too. Looking out, the superintendent saw a light. "What's that?" he asked them.

"A little house. A gardener uses it. He comes and goes in the daytime," Francina answered. "But no one lives there."

They went downstairs, through the kitchen door and over to the cottage behind a hedge a few steps away. An officer with a dog entered first. The place was empty, except for a few gardening tools. The dog, sniffing the concrete floor, led the way into the largest of three rooms—a room with a window that looked directly up into Sophia's bedroom, a room from which a thief might have watched, where an accomplice might have waited, possibly to signal, with a light, the arrival of a car in the driveway.

They returned to the main house. "Now, tell me what happened," the superintendent asked them. "How was the theft discovered? Tell me everything you remember. Everything. . . ."

Saturday had been a sterling example of good English weather. The cast of "The Millionairess" could especially enjoy it. There was no shooting that day. For Sophia, herself, it was a very special day: Carlo Ponti was arriving from Rome.

Around 10:30 a.m., the members of the household—Francina; Franca, the maid; Maria, the hairdresser—gathered in Sophia's room to discuss housekeeping matters. In the midst of the conversation, Sophia started. "What's that?" They listened in silence. "I'm certain I heard a noise downstairs."

Francina went to the door. "Who is it?" he called.

There was no answer. "Franca, would you go and see?"

But Franca found no one. Sophia shrugged. "I must have been mistaken. Perhaps it was the wind."

A little later, while Franca was preparing lunch, Sophia went over her lines with Francina, who was her artistic advisor as well as manager. Maria sat listening. Shortly after noon, they went down to the dining room. They were there for over an hour. Then, returning upstairs, they (Continued on page 65)



Dear Kathy—

It was so good to see you when you were in New York, even though you had the measles. The only sad thing was that we had so little time alone together. That last day, I'd hoped we might snatch a few minutes for gossip, and what happened?

When I got to the hotel, your suite was filling up rapidly—a close friend, a newspaper reporter, the man responsible for seeing you got

I'm so worried about you, Kathy

to the airport safely, a writer with a tape recorder to do an interview, and telephone calls by the dozen . . . but no time for intimacy.

That's why I'm writing to you. There are so many things I want to say, but when we see each other face to face, other things get in the way.

I was so proud of you!

It seemed natural to see you surrounded by friends. You've always had a great capacity for real friendship, and that isn't so common among theater people as you might think.

You're a thoughtful hostess, too. I noticed how naturally you put everyone at ease, how generously you suggested coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes—anything anyone might enjoy.

Like most mothers, I slipped away to pack your clothes so you could make the plane, so I didn't hear all your answers to the interviews. I was proud of what I did hear, but not surprised at your fluency. Do you remember your high school principal in St. Louis said, "Kathy has the potential to win a scholarship instead of just passing. She's got a brain!"

In those days I spent almost as much time at school as you. I was forever having to explain your sister Nancy Carroll's tardiness, and your playing hookey.

I never blamed you. It must have been hard to go to school and wait to grow up while your sister was studying drama in New York. She wasn't always entirely sure she wanted to be an actress—but you always knew.

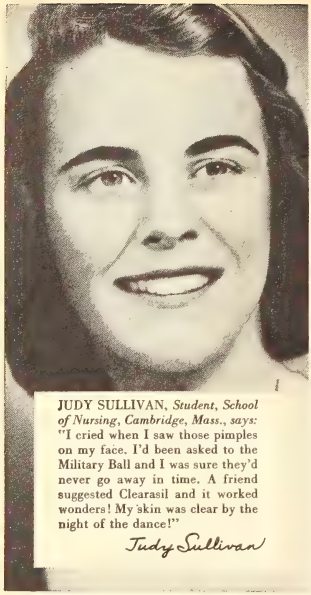
You always wanted to be a star. You've always believed in yourself, never let anything deter you from your goal. So far you've gone ahead steadily, because you put your whole heart and soul into everything you do. You know what I think of your talent: I can sum it up in one word: great! You're that rare combination of a potentially top comedienne with a fine serious dramatic actress. That's why I'm so happy to hear about the experimental theater work you've been doing in Los Angeles.

Television has been the best thing in the world to establish you quickly. But I know you'll get the greatest satisfaction out of a Broadway play. To anyone in show business, success on Broadway is like a writer's winning the Nobel Prize, so I'm happy to hear that you're working at your craft.

You know I watch (Continued on page 61)

AN URGENT LETTER TO KATHY NOLAN FROM HER MOTHER





JUDY SULLIVAN, *Student, School of Nursing, Cambridge, Mass., says:* "I cried when I saw those pimples on my face. I'd been asked to the Military Ball and I was sure they'd never go away in time. A friend suggested Clearasil and it worked wonders! My skin was clear by the night of the dance!"

Judy Sullivan

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. ***Penetrates pimples.*** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. ***Stops bacteria.*** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. ***'Starves' pimples.*** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

"I'll Never Sing Again!"

(*Continued from page 25*)

actually double on the lead, you see; they have such sweet voices, they'll be fine. And I just can't approach marriage without giving myself to it completely, the way my mother did. Mother was only nineteen when she married Daddy and she gave up her job as a dental assistant. The important thing, the most important thing to me in the world, is marriage. Singing was never *important* to me; it was *fun.* Marriage is a sacrament, and the more of the world I've seen in the years we've been singing, the more I've realized what marriage and a family *mean.* There are so many great stars who have missed what we've always had in our house and what Dick and I hope to have in ours.

Ever since I can remember, I've had one dream: to grow up and get married and have a big houseful of children like Mom and Dad. Maybe that's why I fell in love with Dick Gass. He's dreamed the same dream, and he likes all the same things I do and he's crazy about children and so wonderful with them. I'm the oldest in a family of twelve, Dick's the oldest in a family of eight—as a matter of fact in school there was a Gass for every Lennon down to our Billy and their Debbie, always a boy of one family and a girl of the other family in each room. Dick is so like my dad, he might be his son, they even *look* alike; and Dad is crazy about Dick, the whole family is. They know he's dependable.

What marriage needs

This is something terribly important. I have seen a number of marriages that started out with plenty of love but they didn't work out because neither the fellow nor the girl had grown up enough. To be in love is wonderful, to have someone your very own; but I couldn't have grown up in this family, I couldn't have watched my parents handle the complicated matter of daily living for themselves and all of us Lennons—without being aware that it takes more than love to make a marriage work. It takes faith and humor, tolerance and understanding and it certainly takes the ability to assume responsibility.

Dick and I would just have to have these qualities, each being the oldest. He looks out for his brothers and sisters as I look after mine. I've known his family for fourteen years, I dated his younger brother in seventh grade and I knew who Dick was but he was three years older than I. He was a senior at Saint Monica High when I was a sophomore and I met him for the first time—really met him—October 19, 1957, at exactly seven-thirty. He was working at the telephone company as a cable splicer. He knew my Uncle Dan and Uncle Dan had said yes, Dick should go ahead and phone me. So Dick called and he arrived, right on time; when I bounced down the stairs he was talking with Daddy and Daddy'd evidently said he supposed we were going to the football game at school and then to the dance, so that's where we went—thanks to Daddy. The funny thing—neither Dick nor I wanted to go there *at all.* We'd each just broken up with a steady date, we each dreaded going back to school where everyone would wonder what had happened to our former dates and how come we were together. It was a miserable kind of evening and the fact that I started it off stepping into a mud puddle when I was trying to get in the car, didn't help things a bit. Nor did the fact that I couldn't jitterbug so Dick jitterbugged with his sister!

I didn't ever expect to see *him* again. But the following week, I guess he decided to give it one more try. He phoned and asked me for a Saturday night date and I said yes; but Saturday when we came home from the studio, my throat was so swollen, I had to call him and call it off. He arrived at the house anyhow, about an hour later, bringing me a strawberry sundae, and sore as my throat was, he had me laughing after awhile.

I dated other boys once or twice after that, but from our fourth date I just knew that I wanted to marry Dick with all my heart—if only he'd want to marry me. And he did. I love the way he looks, lean and strong and clean-cut, with sandy hair and good teeth. I love his religious devotion—he's Catholic, he's strong in his faith—and he studied at the seminary for ten years. I love the sense of humor that shows in his blue eyes, I love his ability to make decisions and to take over. No question about who's going to be head of the house. He likes sports—anyone who didn't like sports would be lost at our house because my parents love sports and we've just grown up that way. We're baseball, football, basketball, boxing and track fans, to name just a few. Well, Dick loves sports too, and he loves children—anyone who didn't would *certainly* be lost at our house where we enjoy children so much, where the dearest thing in life has been caring for the babies and watching them grow.

How the Lennon Sisters started

In a way, it was our growing family that began our career. We started singing in the first place to build on another bedroom to our house. We'd had a two-bedroom house and it was beginning to be a lot too small. My dad has a good voice and we'd always sung around the house, so it was easy to sing for club groups and socials. It was Mr. Welk's son Larry who heard us sing at an Elks Club affair—he was my date that night—and he was the one who brought us to Mr. Welk. It's all been sort of a happy accident, especially happy this last year and a half since Dick's been with the paratroopers at Fort Brad, North Carolina; because every time we go on tour, I'm able to meet Dick somewhere. We spent Thanksgiving together in New York and he was with us in Washington when we sang for the President, and he surprised us in Atlantic City Christmas before last.

Of course he surprised us even more last July 4th when he gave me my ring. I hadn't expected that until Christmas. Dick had a two-week leave last summer. We had dinner at the Sea Lion Inn, and on the way back to Ocean Park to see the fireworks, he gave me this box and in it, this dear dainty ring, like a diamond flower. "Now let's find your folks and tell 'em," he said, holding my hand tight. Then he grinned. "I sure am scared to tell your dad," he said. "So let's get it over with." Which wasn't so easy. There were only a few *thousand* cars parked at Ocean Park pier to see the fireworks. When we finally found my family it was a real sight. They had the tail gate down on the station wagon and the car was crammed with kids, all of ours, including Annie who was asleep on Mother's lap, and several neighbor children too. Our announcement, as you can see, was very private. We were kneeling on a couple of children on the tail gate and shouting up to Dad and Mom in the front seat.

"Deedee and I are engaged!" Dick shouted. Then he had to do it all over again because Dad couldn't hear over all the other noise. "Deedee and I are engaged."

Dad says he was all shook up. Not on account of Dick—he knows as well as I

do that this is the one for me. Not on account of me, because he knows I'm ready. I have stars in my eyes but I know how many things there are to face up to as you go along. Not on account of the future, because it is Daddy himself who's always taught us that the Lord provides. It's just the first of us leaving home, the thought of it. We've been so happy.

This is, I'm sure, why I've dreamed so of marriage; we've been such a happy family and the reason we were happy grew out of the wonderful easy relationship our parents have. They're not *old* parents, and I'm not talking about age, and they're not *always* parents. What I mean is—besides being parents, they're also companions. If there's a baseball game going out in the back yard, they're in it. They enjoy life as they go along; nothing bugs them.

Focus on family

I think what's behind my mother and father's ability to get along is not only love but a sense of humor and a focus on the family. There's no such thing as keeping up with the Joneses. This is something that just doesn't count. I'm glad Dick has a steady job that will be waiting for him at the telephone company when he gets out of the service. I'm even more glad that his sense of fun and well-being doesn't depend on spending a lot of money. When we first started dating, there was a big rain storm and loads of cables were out. Dick wasn't on duty that night so we spent the evening visiting manholes along Highway 101. It was exciting and it was fun, meeting Dick's friends who'd pop up and chat with us a moment and tell us what was going on. Other nights we'd drive to the beach, take the tram to Ocean Park pier, watch all the crazy parade of people, such interesting different people everywhere you look; then for another dime, we'd ride the tram to Santa Monica Pier and watch the parade there. Or we'd go to Palisades Park and see some of the people we know, just walking about. Or we'd play miniature golf or see a movie.

Dick's a person who knows how to have a good time without trying to put on a big splash. And on Wednesday nights, we'd go to visit his grandmother. She's dead now, and we're going to miss her so at our wedding, but we had lovely evenings, watching TV, going through old albums of family pictures. This, to me, is how you know you can live day after day, year after year with somone—that while we were dating we didn't have to do extravagant things to have fun. And many and many a time, Saturdays and Sundays especially, we've hauled a couple of brothers and sisters with us. If we're going to the beach or the San Diego zoo—why not take some of the kids? When Dick was home this summer, we went to the beach one day and took three of my brothers and my little sister, three of Dick's sisters and a friend's child besides.

If a fellow can have a happy time and keep all those children happy, and be calm even when they get rambunctious and if you are right with him, enjoying it—then you know you've got what it takes to make a marriage work.

Plans and dreams

Now all I pray for is Dick's safe return home. He's taken seventeen jumps and he takes pictures while he's jumping and he can't write every day because they go out on bivouacs—so I do quite a lot of praying. But he calls on special days and sends little gifts: a paratrooper suit to each of my brothers, a darling white blouse monogrammed in red, a pink satin heart of candy and a story book doll for my Valentine, and we're planning and dreaming.



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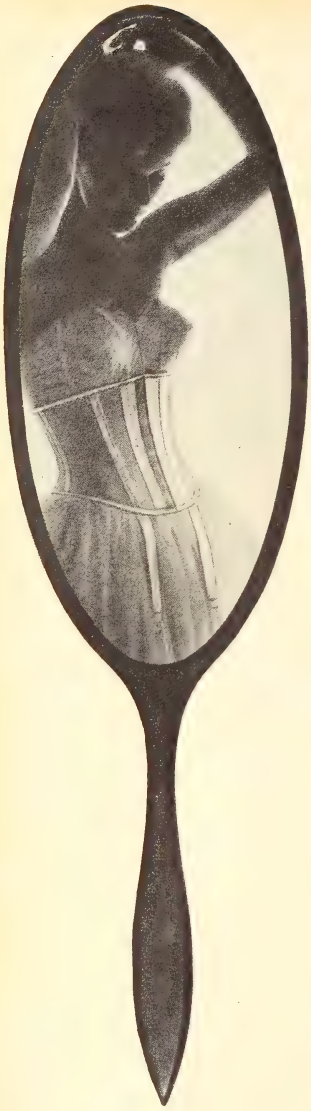
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We'll be married right next door at St. Mark's church. My mother says they'll never get all the Lennons and the Gasses in—the church was crammed for the baby's baptism and Dick has more friends than anyone I've ever known in my life. My sister Peggy will be maid of honor, best man will be either Dick's brother Mark or his best friend Don Smith. My four-and-a-half-year-old Mimi and Dick's five-and-a-half-year-old Debbie will be the flower girls; our junior bridesmaids will be Joannie Esser and my sister Janet; the other bridesmaids, my sister Kathy, Dick's sister Patsy and my dear friend Cleo Clapp who's been my pal since we were little kids. She's getting married soon too. Monsignor will marry us. I asked him because we love him so and he's such a *family* priest—that's why he wanted to be here in Venice—it's a family town.

Oh, and to make it perfect, my sister Kathy's going to lend us her brand new Lincoln for our honeymoon. It's a funny story about Kathy's Lincoln (which looks as though it should belong to the British Ambassador or someone). We were up in St. Cloud, Minnesota, recently and there was a Catholic Family Life Benefit dinner where we were invited to sing. Merchants in the town presented each of us with a ticket to the dinner and after the dinner, they asked Janet to draw a dinner ticket for the door prize—this beautiful black Lincoln lined in black and white leather! Guess what ticket Janet drew—Kathy's.

It seems like I'm going to have the most wonderful life possible. When we're on tour, so many people say to me, "Is it true that you're going to quit singing?" And when I say yes, they say, "Oh, that's too bad." But it isn't, it's going to be basic, a real way of life, what I've been living toward since the day I was born. **END**



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A Tragic Princess

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Of course," answered Grace, in French.

She rose and entered the sitting room next door. She stood by the phone, waiting for the call to be transmitted. As she stood there she looked back into the bedroom, at Rainier. He was still reading. He yawned once or twice.

Finally the phone buzzed.

Grace lifted the receiver.

"Hello," she said, in English now. "Mother . . . is that you?"

She frowned.

"Mother, what's *wrong?*" she asked. . . .

She walked back into the bedroom a few minutes later. Her body was tense, her face pale.

"Eh?" Rainier asked, smiling a trifle, looking up as she entered, "—and what *is* wrong now in the City of Brotherly Love?"

"It's my father," Grace said. "He's sick. He's very sick. He just underwent an operation. They thought it would be nothing," she said. "But it was cancer."

She sat down as she said the word.

"Cancer," she said again.

For the next moment or two she was silent, as she thought of her father, John Brendan Kelly, Big Jack Kelly, never-sick-a-day-in-his-life Jack Kelly, strong unbeatable contractor, Brickwork-by-Kelly Kelly, Kelly the athlete, the greatest American oarsman who ever lived, Kelly who'd thumbed his nose at George V of England for not letting him enter the Diamond Sculls because he'd worked with his hands and who'd then raised a son—trained a son—who twenty-seven years later would win the Diamond Sculls' Cup, Jack Kelly, her father, The Unbeatable, down now, with cancer, down and dying of cancer. "Six days, six months, we don't know how long he'll live," her mother had said. "But he's dying, Grace. . . ."

Rainier rules

"We've got to go home," Grace said, suddenly.

"*I?*" Rainier asked, almost cutting into the sentence, as if he knew just what was coming. "*I* cannot, not right now." He lifted the papers he was holding. "There are problems here I must tend to," he said. "This is a Principality I run . . . not a boutique."

"But my father—" Grace said.

"I cannot," said Rainier.

"Then the children and I—" Grace started to say.

Rainier interrupted her by tossing down his papers. "Albert is sick," he said. "Is the baby not sick? . . . And Caroline. What happened to her the last time she was in a plane. Do you remember?"

"Their grandfather is dying . . . *dying*," Grace said. "Don't you understand that?"

"You talk—" Rainier said "—and you get excited with me as if it is that uncle of yours who's dying instead of your father. What has he meant to you really, your father? What about some of the things you've told me about him . . . the hurts, and the—"

He stopped.

"I'm sorry about your father," he said. "But I cannot come with you. And neither can the children."

"You want me to go alone then?" Grace asked.

"Exactly," said Rainier.

"You want me to go alone," Grace said, not asking this time, sitting back wearily in her chair.

Rainier rose. He began to head for the sitting room. "I'll phone for your tickets right now," he said. "Of course you want to leave on the earliest plane."

Grace nodded and brought her hand up to her forehead.

"You're feeling dizzy?" Rainier asked.

Grace nodded.

"You'd like a drink?"

Grace glanced at a small bar, a few feet from where Rainier stood. Again, she nodded.

"I'll get your maid then," Rainier said. "What should I tell her you'd like . . . A brandy? . . . A cognac?"

Grace didn't answer.

Instead, her Serene Highness of Monaco looked from the bar, over at her husband—looked at him long, long and hard. . . .

"I want to see my grandchildren"

She tried to smile as she bent over to kiss her father in his bed that next night—but she couldn't. Because it was not like seeing her father, Jack Kelly, again, but rather it was to her as if there were some strange man in his bed, an old man, a hollow-cheeked man with a thin neck and thin hands, and with yellowing skin and with breathings that came hard and warm from his mouth, and with eyes that had obviously once been very blue but which, somehow, were not so blue anymore, and with a voice, once so strong and booming, now so weak as it asked, "Gracie, is it you who's come to see your old man in this state?"

"Yes, Daddy," Grace said, very softly, nodding.

He reached for her hand.

He managed the smile his daughter had not been able to manage.

"I'm glad, Gracie," he said, "because I'm a sick man. Awful sick. No matter how much those whitecoats try to fool me, that I know. And because, Gracie, before I go—"

Grace shook her head. "Shhh," she said, "don't go talking like that now."

"Because before I go," her father went on, "I want to see you again, Gracie. You and your babies . . . I've been thinking of this. Of when you'd come back. From as soon as I woke up after that operation . . . Us talking like this. You coming with your babies."

He squeezed her hand. He barely noticed that it had begun to tremble in his.

"Carrie," he asked, "how is she, that little Carrie of yours?"

"She's fine, Daddy," Grace said.

"And Al," he said, "—did you know, Gracie, that I've never even seen him, my new grandson, His Royal Highness Albert or whatever the heck it is those people call him over there . . . Did you know that?"

"I know," Grace said.

"And now," Jack Kelly said, raising his head a bit, with a struggle, it seemed, "just once I want to be with him, so he can remember his old grandpa. And so that I, when I'm Upstairs, taking my walks in those Irish-green pastures I hear they've got up there, I can remember him, too. Just like I'll be remembering all of you. My family. My bunch of Kellys and their kids."

He took a deep breath. And his head fell back on the pillow once more.

"Are they downstairs, Gracie, the kids and your husband?" he asked then.

Again, Grace's hand began to tremble.

And before she could answer, her father said, "I'll see them in a little while. I'm feeling kind of drowsy now. I don't want them to see me, drowsy like this . . . later, when I'm better.

"But for now," he said then, letting go of her hand, "you sit, right here beside the bed, and tell me about yourself, daughter, and things that have been happening since I saw you last."

Grace sat. And she began to talk, telling a little about little things, about this, that, talking just to talk, talking, on and on, as if by talking she could keep what she now knew to be a room of death alive—even if only by talking.

"That's nice," her father would say, as she talked.

"That's nice."

Once in a while he would close his eyes and seem to be asleep. But then, suddenly, he would open them and he'd say, "That's nice, my girl, my Gracie."

And then he'd say, asking, as if he'd forgotten, "The kids? Are they downstairs, Gracie?"

And each time he said that, Grace would start to tell him about the children not being there. But, unable to finish, she would stop. Until, unable to continue talking at all, she stopped completely and let her father talk. Because it seemed as if, suddenly, hard as it was for him, he wanted to talk now, very much.

The Irish influence

"Do they say their prayers?" he asked, at one point, after he'd been talking on for quite a while.

"Yes," Grace said. "At least, Caroline does . . . Albert's still too young."

"Well," Jack Kelly said, "see that they both do—just like you and your brother and sisters used to . . . Tell me, Gracie, how did it go, that prayer you all used to say, the one at the table? You should remember. You're the actress, the one with the memory in the family."

Grace told him.

"We would sit around the table," she said, "and Peggy would start.

" 'Bless us, Oh Lord,' she'd say, 'and these Thy gifts we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord.'

"And then Kelly would say, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'

"And I'd say, 'Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.'

"And Lizanne would say, 'Amen.' "

"And me?" Jack Kelly asked, beginning to laugh.

"You'd say, 'Let's eat!' "

"And your mother?"

"She'd say, 'Poppa, *really!*' "

"Yes," Jack Kelly said, remembering, "that's right . . . Your mom," he said, the laugh beginning to go, "—you know, Gracie, there is a woman who you can learn by. She taught you all to be good for good's sake. And to live clean lives. Active and healthy lives. That's the spirit Margaret Kelly raised our youngsters by. Letting you have it when you needed having it. Trudging you all off to St. Bridget's every Sunday morning. That was her spirit. Her way. And that's the way *you've* got to bring up your kids, your prince and princess or whatever it is they call my grandchildren over there."

He closed his eyes.

He seemed to be in some pain; Grace could see that.

But, still, he talked.

"And exercise," he asked, "are you seeing to it my grandchildren are getting plenty of exercise?"

"Yes," Grace said.

"Too much sitting nowadays," Jack Kelly said. "Too many escalators, elevators, cars. Everybody rides. And if they're not riding, they're sitting . . . That's not the way you make a champion, you know. And remember, Gracie, it's a family of champions—*champions*—you just happen to come from."

Not like the others

He opened his eyes.

Again he reached for her hand.

"Of course," he said, smiling, "you were the different one, Gracie. Always with your dolls. And making up your plays. My quiet little girl, with her dolls, her plays. And her poems. . . .

"Gracie," he said then, still clinging to her hand, "sometimes—it's no secret between us—but sometimes I didn't understand you, Gracie. With you not being like the others; with me wanting you so much to be like the others . . . And I hope, all I hope now is that I never hurt you for not understanding sometimes."

His eyes looked into hers, almost pleadingly.

"Did I hurt you, Grace? . . . Did I hurt you much?"

"No," Grace said, shaking her head, "you never did, Daddy."

"That's good to hear you say that," her father whispered, closing his eyes once again, "—even though I know you're lying to your old man. Even though you're only saying this to make me feel good now . . . Because I know," he said, "that there were times—your mother would tell me about them later—times when I hurt you . . . times when I made you feel bad."

Grace looked down, and as she did the times came flashing into her mind; much as she tried to keep them from coming, they came.

"Swim like a Kelly," they came, her father's words, *"not like a stranger with arms made of putty!*

"What's she sniveling about now? So I forgot and put a candle less on her birthday cake. So what?

"My daughter, become an actress? So she can get to be as shallow as the rest of those people?

"She amazes me, Grace does. I always thought it would be her sister Peggy. Anything Grace could do, Peggy could do better.

"Sniveling.

"Sensitive.

"Different—darn it, she's different.

"Can't anyone knock some Kelly into her?"

"But I never meant to hurt you, Gracie," she heard her father's voice again.

"I know, Daddy," she said, looking up.

A chance to apologize

"And you know," he said, "sometimes, most of the time, what I said that hurt you was unintentional. But you, you'd never admit this and give me a chance to apologize. You'd just avoid me after that. It made it hard on me, Gracie. I was never one to go chasing after people . . . And you made it hard on me a lot of the time."

"I know," Gracie said.

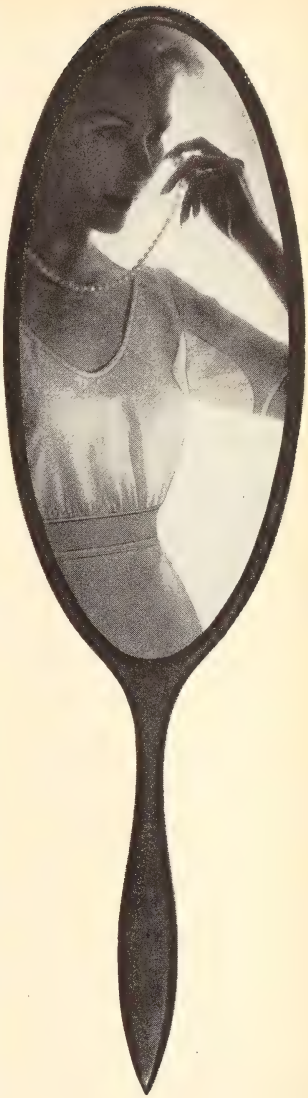
"I was a gruff man," Jack Kelly said. "I guess I expected my children to be that way, too. All of them . . . But you," he said, "*you* were like your aunt. I realize that now. Just like my sister Grace, Lord rest her sweet and beautiful soul. She was the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, Gracie," he went on, remembering. "She had a voice, a real talent. She wanted to go on the stage. But none of us would ever allow it. Your mother, she was pregnant with you when my sister died. Twenty-three years old when she died. And someone said the day of her funeral, 'The namesake will have the talent our Grace had, and the chance we never gave her.' And that was you, Gracie. The namesake . . . Did you know that?"

Grace nodded.

"Like my sister you were," Jack Kelly said, opening his eyes once more, "—and like my brother George. Like *him* you were, and not at all like me."

Again Grace looked down. And again, the thoughts—hard as she tried to keep them from coming—came.

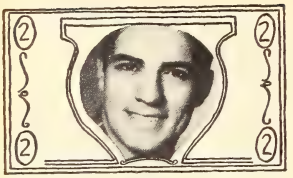
Uncle George, came the thoughts, the memories. *Mr. George Kelly. Writer.*



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JOHN GAVIN:



PAY THE MAN THE TWO DOLLARS!

John Gavin knew his wife Cecily for eight long years before he "set the date." But once they decided, they didn't want to delay another minute.

They took their blood tests and rushed down to the license bureau about a half hour before closing. They signed the necessary papers. Then the clerk said: "That will be two dollars please."

John reached into his pocket—but in his rush he'd forgotten to take any money.

"Got any money with you, dear?" he asked.

"About $20," Cecily replied. "Why?"

"Well, it seems I forgot my wallet, and I need to pay the man the two dollars."

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I won't lend you the two dollars."

"Honey, don't be silly. I'll give it to you back the minute I get home."

"That's not the point," Cecily replied. "I'd give you anything in the world . . . forever. But I'm just not going to pay for my own marriage license."

"But I won't have time to go all the way home. . . ."

"I love you. I'll always love you. But no."

John asked the clerk if he'd accept a check.

But the man said, "Nope—two dollars —*cash*."

"Stay right here, honey," John told his girl. "I'll be right back." And he canvassed every gas station in the area trying to get a two-dollar check cashed. He was turned down cold—by attendants who looked at him as though he was some kind of nut after they heard his story.

Finally—about five minutes before the license bureau closed, he found a fellow who cashed it without hesitation. "Know just how you feel, Bud," he said. "Same thing happened to me 15 years ago."

"How did you manage to solve it?" John asked.

"Didn't," replied the man. "I lost the girl."

John stars, with Sandra Dee, in Universal-International's ROMANOFF AND JULIET.

Pulitzer-Prize playwright . . . Sitting at the piano playing Chopin and Ravel for a little girl . . . Walking with her when he came to visit, right here down Henry Avenue, walking and reciting his poetry to her while the rest of the world rode and walked by, not knowing . . . "Someday, I will write a play for you, young lady, and you will act in it and we will stand together during the curtain calls, arm in arm" . . . "I look into your pretty eyes, young lady, and I see that same strain of Irish mysticism and melancholy as is mine, mine" . . . "I love you, my niece, my fairy child of East Falls, P-A."

"Like *him* you were," she heard her father's voice again, "and, and sometimes I think that he should have been your father . . . that you would have been a happier child with him than you were with me."

"No, Daddy," Grace said, pressing his hand. "Don't say that, Daddy."

"I complained about you a lot," Jack Kelly said. " 'No spunk like the others,' I'd say. But"—he nodded—"I know now that it was you who had the real spunk in this family of ours. Going up there to New York the way you did when you were only eighteen, after I'd asked you not to go. And showing them—and me. The theater. The modeling. Then the TV. Then Hollywood. And those grand pictures you made. And that prize you won. Your Academy Award.

"I was proud that night, Gracie," he said, "prouder than I had any right to be. And if I never told you how proud I was . . . I want to tell you now."

He sighed.

Again the pain had hit him, it seemed.

"I'm talking too much," he said, his voice suddenly more wan than it had been before, more tired.

"You should rest for a while," Grace said.

"Yes," Jack Kelly said. ". . . And while I do, you talk to me, Gracie, with that cool and soothing voice of yours. And tell your old man, while you're talking, about some of the better things you remember about him." He smiled a little, and he even winked. "Go ahead," he said, "and tell me about what a wonderful dad I was to you sometimes. I won't be embarrassed."

Grace smiled back.

"Well—" she started to say, the word sticking in her throat.

"Well—"

She tried to think. Desperately, she tried to think.

"Oh God," she thought to herself then. "I can't remember. There *were* things. I *know* there were things . . . But I can't remember.

"Oh please," she thought.

"Oh please.

"Oh *make* me remember."

And then, suddenly, she could hear herself talking. Very calmly. Very softly. In a voice and manner that were obviously very pleasing to Jack Kelly.

A few good things

"I remember," she said, "playing 'kitchen' this one day. With Alice Walters. We were looking through the old *Boston Cookbook* and we saw this recipe for vinegar candy. It sounded funny, so we made it. And that night, after dinner, I said I had a surprise dessert for everyone. And everyone said, 'Really; what is it, Grace?' And I said, 'Vinegar candy.' And they all laughed and made faces. All except you, Daddy. You said, 'If you made it, daughter, I'll brave it.' And you had a piece. *You* tasted it . . . I remember that now. Yes, I remember that now."

"And?" her father asked.

"And the time I made the turtle soup—do you remember that, Daddy?" Grace asked. She was so thankful that *she* remembered.

"Tell me about it, Gracie," he said.

"The time we were alone in the house, I mean— Everybody was out, even the cook," Grace said, "and I told you I'd prepare your supper. And I opened a can of Campbell's pea soup and told you it was—what did I say?—I told you it was a rare green turtle soup, I said, imported directly from the palace of the King of Barcelona."

Jack Kelly laughed.

"Yes, I remember," he said.

"And?" he asked then. "And?"

"And I remember," Grace said, "the night you made me sit at the table till nine o'clock because I wouldn't eat my calves' liver. How you wouldn't talk to me at first, you were so mad. How you didn't even talk to me after everybody else had gotten up from the table and just the two of us sat there, alone, just you and me and that portion of calves' liver. I remember how the hours passed. How I didn't eat. How I started to cry all of a sudden. And how you looked at me then, sternly, so sternly that I figured I'd better eat. And I began. And I swallowed it down, piece after piece, that awful meat. And I remember how, soon as I finished, I began to cry again. How you got up from your chair as I cried. How that stern look was gone from your face now. And how you kissed me . . . I remember that."

"Why are you crying now, Gracie?" Jack Kelly asked.

"I don't know," Grace said, shrugging, wiping away her tears with her fingers.

"Is it," her father asked, "is it because I never kissed you enough?"

"No, Daddy, it's not that," Gracie said.

Jack Kelly brought a hand up, weakly, to his neck.

"Is it because I'm going to die?" he asked.

Grace didn't answer.

No regrets

"I'm not afraid, Gracie, in case that's what you're thinking," he said. "In fact, to tell the truth, I'm even a little curious. I've lived seventy years. I'd liked to have lived a little longer. But I've no regrets," he said.

He paused.

"Don't cry," he said then. "A few tears after I'm gone maybe, Gracie. But no more then. And no more now.

"I'm happy now, Gracie.

"Believe me.

"You're here.

"My grandchildren are here—"

He turned his head a little.

"Where are they, anyway, huh?" he asked.

"The kids.

"I don't hear them.

"St. Anthony preserve us, but this house is like a tomb lately.

"Even the voices of children are being hushed in this—"

"Daddy," Grace said, sobbing suddenly, falling to her knees suddenly, beside the bed. "The children . . . They're *not* here. I'm sorry. But they're *not*."

"What?" her father asked.

"I wanted to bring them," Grace said. "But my husband. He—"

"He what?" Jack Kelly asked.

"He wouldn't *let* me bring them," Grace said, the tears coming to her eyes again, the sobbing returning.

Her father brought his hand down from his neck and touched her head with it.

"Get up, Gracie," he said.

She didn't.

"Hey there," he said then, "what kind of Princess are you supposed to be, anyway, kneeling like this, crying like this?"—the tears coming to his own eyes as he said that.

"Look," he said, "look at me, Gracie, and

listen to me. . . .

"Your husband," he said, talking very slowly now, very softly, "—what he did may seem wrong to you, I know. But he must know what's best for them, for the children. You see, a father's job isn't an easy one. That much old Jack Kelly knows. And a Prince's job—that mustn't be so easy, either. And I guess a Princess' too. Not so easy sometimes. Hey, daughter?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me, Gracie," her father asked then, "does it ever get too tough on you, being way over there in Monaco, living so far away from everything you know, living there in that big palace, people bowing and scraping all over the place, people—"

The door to the room opened at that moment and a nurse walked in. First, she handed Grace an envelope she was carrying. And then, merrily, she said, "Time for Mr. Kelly's needle so's Mr. Kelly can get some sleep now!"

Grace watched her as she filled a needle with some serum, then brought it up to her father's arm and injected it.

Then, after the nurse had left the room, she looked up at Jack Kelly's face again.

The serum had begun its work already, she could see.

His eyes were closed again.

His thin body, for the first time, seemed relaxed.

He began to talk again, rambling from this subject to that. But as he talked now it was clear that his voice was becoming husky. And his lips dried, and he licked his lips as he talked now and as, slowly, drowsily, he began to fall off to sleep.

"Your Aunt Grace," he said, at one point, forgetting what he'd been saying before, about Rainier, a Prince's duties, a Princess'; "dead at twenty-three . . . The namesake . . . Your namesake. . . ."

Then:

"I was proud that night you won your statue, Gracie, you standing there on that stage, all those people clapping."

Then:

"Don't feel about my grandchildren . . . not being here. I wanted them, but if they're not here—"

Then:

"Gracie?"

"Yes?" she asked.

"Have I told you . . . how I feel . . . in my heart, about you . . . Gracie? Have I ever told you?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"When did I tell you last."

"I don't know, Daddy," she said. "I can't remember right now."

"Then let me tell you . . . Gracie?"

"Yes, Daddy; tell me, Daddy."

"Let me tell you. . . ."

"Yes, Daddy"—she leaned forward, closer to the bed.

"Before it's too late. . . ."

"Yes, Daddy." She could feel her heart beat strong inside her.

"Gracie? . . . Gracie?"

"Yes?"

"Gracie? . . . ."

But he was asleep now.

"Yes?" she said once more, "—*what* were you going to say to me, Daddy? Were you going to say that you loved me . . . ?"

But it was no use now; that she knew.

Her father was asleep, knocked out by the drug he'd just been injected with.

And so she sat back in her chair and she watched him for a little while longer. And, as she did, she became conscious of the envelope she's been holding these past few minute.

She looked down at it.

It was a cablegram, obviously from Rainier.

She opened it. and read it.

RETURN IMMEDIATELY, it read. CHILDREN ARE ASKING FOR YOU. ALSO YOU ARE NEEDED HERE FOR THE RED CROSS BALL NEXT THURSDAY.

Her eyes darted back to those first two words.

RETURN IMMEDIATELY.

She read them, over and over again.

And then, finished reading them, she began to crumble the cablegram in her hand, furiously.

And she whispered, "I *won't!*"

The man who was her husband

She did, however. After another cable from Rainier, then an overseas phone call from him, and after a talk with her mother and her father's doctor, both of whom convinced her that staying with her father would prove of no use now, Grace returned to Monaco, to her children, to the man who was her husband, to wait for the Red Cross ball and for word of her father's death.

She waited alone, most of the time, she and the children, avoiding Rainier whenever possible.

Finally, only a few days after her return, the news came that her father had passed away.

Grace was on a Philadelphia-bound jet again in a matter of hours. This time, Rainier was with her.

He remained in Philadelphia with Grace for five days and, immediately following the funeral, he flew back to Monaco, alone.

Grace stayed on a few days longer.

Then she, too, flew back.

People who were around them those five days they spent in Philadelphia say they barely exchanged that many words, except for the two or three violent arguments they had.

Word of the arguments caused much speculation.

Some people said that Rainier was angered by the fact that he had been "playfully, but purposely" excluded from Jack Kelly's will.

Others said this was nonsense—that it was Grace's growing "coldness" towards him that had caused the trouble.

At any rate, Rainier left Philadelphia a few days before Grace, and, immediately, items about the two began to appear in newspapers all over the world, items liberally sprinkled with the words:

"Rift!"

"Separation?"

"Divorce?"

Quickly, it seemed, was the fairy-tale romance of 1956 heading for an end. . . .

Belonging

Grace had been back at the palace for only a few minutes, and she sat now on the terrace just outside her bedroom, alone, still wearing the black dress she'd traveled in, still wearing the tight expression she'd worn these past two weeks.

Rainier joined her after a while, welcoming her back in a few words, then sitting beside her.

"I just spoke to Caroline's nurse," he said. "She tells me that you were upset the child greeted you in French."

"I want her to speak to *me* in English from now on," Grace said, "—in *English*."

"I will make that clear to the nurse," Rainier said, "if that is your wish."

Grace turned away from him.

"Grace," he said, trying to take her hand.

She pulled hers away.

"Grace," he said, "how is it that this is happening to us, these past few months? Does it happen to all married people after a while, after such a short while?"

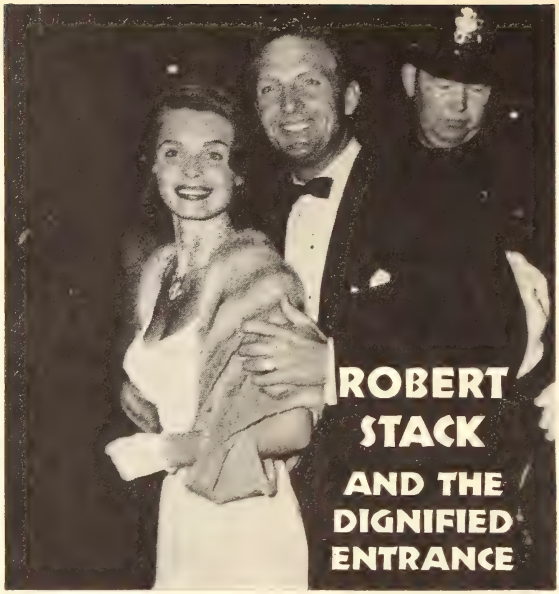
Grace didn't answer.



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Robert Stack, who portrays the sincere, dedicated, no-nonsense Elliot Ness on TV's *The Untouchables*, is, in real life, a sincerely dedicated family man. His greatest joy is spending time "getting to know his children," as he calls it. He and his wife Rosemary love to drive out into the country for family picnics, family beach parties.

One night Robert Stack and Rosemary were getting dressed to attend a press premiere and the kids decided they'd rather have Daddy at home with them. Or better still, go with him.

"Now kids," he said firmly, "you just can't come with us. Do you realize what a premiere is? From the minute you drive up to the theater, everyone stares at you. You have to be very dignified. It seems like miles sometimes till you're inside. And you have to be all dressed up. It's quite an elegant affair."

"Are you elegant, Pop?" they asked.

"When I have to be, yes," Robert Stack answered grimly.

"And you're going to be dignified tonight, Pop?"

"I hope so, if I can ever get dressed in peace. Now you kids scat."

"Aw, gee, Pop, we'd be good. . . ."

"Now look. You can't squirm, you can't giggle, and the hard part of it is you have to be ready to walk right through that crowd and not lose your composure."

"What's composure, Pop?"

"When you're old enough to know what that means, I promise you, you can come to a premiere. . . ."

And so it was that Rosemary and Robert Stack managed to get off to the premiere, and miraculously, on time too.

They pulled up in front of the theater, the doorman opened the door. Robert Stack, elegant in his impeccably-tailored evening clothes took the arm of his beautiful wife, and smiled a dignified smile as the people crowding the velvet ropes gasped at her fabulous gown. Then suddenly a smothered titter arose from the crowd and everyone stared in the direction of his car.

He turned, puzzled, just in time to watch two empty Coke bottles and a leftover picnic orange roll to the pavement. It was an embarrassing moment.

But his fans smiled indulgently. They just wanted to see Robert Stack. *They* didn't care if he was composed or dignified or not.

"At the beginning," he said, going on nonetheless, "how were we but so happy, so much laughing and joking together and being together . . . And now, so many angry words. And, sometimes, for long times, no words. Not talking. But trying to lose ourselves instead, trying to get lost from one another all the time in these two hundred rooms . . . How does it happen, Grace?"

Still, she said nothing.

"I know," Rainier said, "part of it is your anger over my not sending the children to see your father before he died. I thought I had good reason not to. I realize now I had no reason. And I'm sorry about that—about the children, and about you, not being there when he died. . . ."

He paused for a while.

"And I know, too," he said, "that it is not easy putting up with some of the life you must put up with, living in a strange little land, attending all sorts of galas, night after night, being pleasant to people neither you nor I can really stand, but being pleasant to them because they are important to me and to this little bit of land which has been handed down to me. . . ."

He paused again.

"And me," he said. "'What manner of man is he?' the whole world asked, when you married me, after so short a courtship, '—this Prince—who is he? What is he like? How can she know what he is like after so short a time, and take so great a chance?'

"Well," he said, "I don't know how much you've learned about me these four years, Grace. About my good points, I hope you have found a few, at least.

"And about my bad ones—"

He clasped his hands together.

"About my bad ones," he said, "my temper sometimes, my giving of orders, my moodiness, my suspicion of people; I guess you know those well by now . . . But, know, too, Grace, that before I met you my life was not an easy one. I've told you something of my life before. I've told you of the loneliness of being a boy and a prince at the same time. Of the distrust that came to me of people who catered to me only for their own wants. Of the other bad and confusing things . . . And strange, isn't it, that the only way I could fight the life I was being smothered under was by becoming a bully at times, and snapping orders, and being moody, and showing temper—just as I do with you sometimes. . . .

"Last night," he said then, "as I lay in our bed, thinking of you getting ready to board the plane, getting ready to return here, I began to think what was it that had brought the two of us together. I thought about it for a long time. Yes, I remembered the first attraction we had for one another. The first laughter we shared. The feeling of the first kiss. I remembered all that. But I tried to probe more deeply, for a fuller answer. And I realized that what had really drawn us together was an unbelonging, if there is such a word in English; a feeling shared by both of us that despite all our titles and honors and glamour of living and money and such things, that neither of us had ever really, really belonged to anything. And then we found each other. And we belonged. For a while. For a beautiful while.

"But," he went on, "as I lay there in bed last night I also began to wonder what it was that is tearing us apart now, slowly, so slowly, but so surely.

"What, I wondered, is causing the angry looks, the angry words, the hiding from one another?

"I wondered. And I wondered.

"I probed. And I probed.

"But the answer never came to me.

"I do not know the answer. . . .

"Do you, Grace?"

He waited in vain for her to say something. . . .

"Only once before you," he said then, "did something really belong to me." He smiled a little. "I have never told you about her before," he said, "—but her name was Carmen. I will never forget her. It was a few years before I met you, Grace. It was at the opera where we met. I was very tired that night, I remember, and I said specifically to Jean-Pierre, my aide then, that I wanted only to hear the opera, that I didn't want to be with people. When we got to the opera Jean-Pierre said, 'Sir, there's a lady in your loge.' 'I told you I didn't want to see anyone tonight,' I replied. 'But she is here anyway,' said Jean-Pierre. 'Well,' I said, trying to keep my temper, 'Well, where is she?' And Jean-Pierre pointed to a forlorn little pigeon hiding in the columns of the loge. I could see that something was wrong with the pigeon. I picked her up and I saw that her wing was broken. I held her in my lap all through the opera and that night, later, I took her here, back to the palace with me, and I began to tend after her.

"We became great friends, my Carmen and I, as I tended her, soothed her hurt, took care of her wing. We became, you could say, almost like lovers, always cooing at one another at first and playing silly with one another, Rainier of Monaco and the pigeon named Carmen.

"And then one day it became apparent to me that Carmen's wing was completely mended. And I began to notice in her a certain restlessness. She did not seem to like my room in the palace anymore, the big room with its big closed windows. She seemed to want to fly away now.

"I asked her one day if that was what she wanted, whispering the question to her, in her ear, the way gypsies do with animals and birds.

"And, immediately, hearing me, Carmen flew to the window and pushed all her weight against it, and I opened the window, then and there, and I let her go. . . .

"She was the first thing that had ever really belonged to me, Grace, loved me for a while. You are the second.

"Now, I sense in you the same restlessness that I sensed in my little pigeon.

"Now, I ask you—would you like to be set free?"

He waited through the silence that followed.

"If you stay," Rainier said then, "we will begin all over again. And I promise you I will try to make our happiness more than either of us has ever dreamed of.

"But," he said, his tone firmer now, "also if you stay, you must know this. That when and if we argue again, when something is wrong, anything, you must not climb into a shell and make it impossible for me to apologize to you. You do that, you know. I don't know if you've ever been told this, but you do that. And I, you should know, I am not a man who can go out seeking people to apologize. Not even my wife.

"I—" he started. But he stopped.

Because for the first time since he'd begun talking, he saw that Grace had turned her head and was looking at him. And he saw, or at least he thought he saw, a look in her eyes that he had not noticed for a very long time.

Slowly, almost shyly then, he took her hand and he kissed it.

"I hope you stay," he said. "Because I love you, Grace. I don't tell you enough. But I do, with all the heart and blood that's in me. And I tell you now, as if for the first time, hoping that it is not too late . . . Because, you know, sometimes what a person feels, he does not say for a long time. And then it becomes too late . . . Do you know what I mean?" he asked.

"I know," said Grace, speaking finally.

"I hope you stay," he said again, beginning to draw his hand away.

But this time Grace took it back.

And she held it in hers.

"I will stay, Rainier," she said. **END**

An Urgent Letter to Kathy Nolan

(Continued from page 53)

The Real McCoys every week. I buy every magazine that even mentions your name, although some of your publicity has been pretty weird, and I don't believe everything I read. I truly believe your success is going to grow and develop into an outstanding career.

All the same, I'm a mother and I worry about you even though you lead your own life very successfully. I've always encouraged you and your sister to be as independent and self-reliant as possible—sometimes I wonder if you're both a little too much so. But you've had a home of your own ever since you were twenty, and you've managed it well. I taught you to be a good cook and to keep house properly, so it doesn't surprise me that you'll invite everybody you know for a Christmas turkey dinner—and feed them until they burst.

The last time I visited you was before you'd bought your house, but I know it's going to be the sort of home you want. When I was in Hollywood, I stayed a month and felt we were *very* close all the time.

You—more than your sister—are like me. We like the same people, approach our problems in the same way, and because we're so alike, sometimes we understand each other too well and are extra critical. But when I was in Hollywood, we were really *en rapport.*

You took so much trouble to be sure I met all your friends, and you planned such fun-evenings. Remember you told me, "You can dance longer and stay up later than I!" I'll never forget that visit. It was such deep pleasure to be with you, to feel close, to be proud of the success in your life.

The women in the family

Still, I worry about you, dear. Like all the women in our family, you have a tendency to overdo. I saw it most clearly on this last trip. You opened the door to me and you looked chic in your beautiful silk print lounging pajamas—but your face was peaked and drawn.

I know this about you: when you're sick, you won't tell anyone how badly you feel. You're quite a trouper. I remember when you were a child in St. Louis and were doing a children's show in a little theater. You were quite young and you ran a needle into your foot—but you went right on with the show and never told us about it until afterward!

So when you had measles, you made light of it. "It's nothing," you said airily and added a dramatic description of the

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doctor's visit. "There I am, lying on my bed of pain. I look up and what do I see? The doctor's brought three little kids to visit me! I said, 'For Pete's sake, don't you remember I have measles?'

"And *he* said, 'Don't you remember I'm the one who told you you had 'em? Come on, kids—lean over and kiss Kathy Nolan . . . so you'll get measles and be through with 'em.' Just like *that!*" you said, snapping your fingers. "Come to find out—after they'd all kissed me enthusiastically—they weren't even his own children!"

"Whose were they, then?" someone asked.

"Three patients," you replied calmly. "He went right home from diagnosing me, called their parents and said, 'Kathy Nolan's at the Sheraton East with measles. Have your kids ready at 10:00 a.m. and I'll take 'em down and expose 'em!' Now there's scientific advance for you!"

But underneath the laughter, I could tell from looking at you that you were really pretty miserable and just putting on an act. It wasn't lack of make-up; you looked pale from overwork, and the very people who should have canceled your engagements were actually piling more and more onto you.

When someone sympathized with you for having to cancel engagements and stay in bed for three days, you just laughed. "*Who* stayed in bed?" you remarked sadly. "I did six radio shows and twelve magazine interviews, and when I simply couldn't take a luncheon appointment yesterday, the public relations agency couldn't understand it. They kept saying, 'But it's only a *little* fever, you can make it—the show must go on, you know!' "

But even though measles may sound absurd, they're devastating for anyone over thirteen, and even though you no longer had a fever, you showed the strain. It was hard to keep still when I saw you receiving hordes of guests and answering the phone constantly. You should have been resting, but I knew you'd only be impatient if I protested, so I was silent . . . then. *Now* I'm speaking my mind.

You push yourself entirely too far. You don't rest enough and you don't eat properly. You are too alive, too wound up, with too many things cooking for you all the time. When someone asked where you'd be two weeks hence, you rattled off your schedule like an airlines announcer.

"Next week, San Francisco—then Washington, D.C., for an appearance, three weeks from now I go to Miami for a telethon . . . I was in Wisconsin last week end. . . ." And so on and so on . . . I was worn out just listening to you.

When I was with you in Hollywood, I wanted to do the sentimental, homely things a mother always does for her child. I fixed breakfast every day for a month—and you never ate a bite. You were always on the telephone, or late for an appointment.

Straight talk from mother

Of course, I can understand that overworking is part of being young and a star, but still *I* know you will pay for it later. You can't ignore regular meals, and wind up feeling so starved at midnight that you eat far too much of the wrong things. Perhaps it doesn't matter now, because you're young and healthy—but when you are older you'll begin to pay for every one of your indiscretions.

You've the wiry physique and you naturally have a great deal of energy. You've always been very healthy. Of course you've broken a lot of bones . . . I still shudder every time I see a Broadway play that requires a platform, remembering the time you fell in *Peter Pan* and broke your leg. When you got concussion on the set of *The Real McCoys,* I was really frantic!

You telephoned to let us know you were in hospital, and you made light of it. "I got a hit on the head, Mom," you said. "Nothing serious. . . ."

Usually, when you get even a minor ailment, you're wise enough to go to the hospital instead of trying to take care of yourself alone, so I'm used to your phoning you're in hospital—but that day I was psychic. I simply *knew* it wasn't a little thing. I couldn't wait for your father to come home before calling again. The nurse told me you'd been taken down for a spinal.

That didn't mean anything to me, but your father knows more about medical matters than I, and when I told him the report, he said, "That means they don't know exactly how badly hurt she is."

"In that case," I told him, "one of us must be there."

He wasn't sure it was that serious, but I was firm. We delayed just long enough to telephone you that evening, and when we heard your weak little voice, he was as worried as I. We packed and phoned, made his reservation and didn't get to bed until 3:00 a.m. We'd decided he should go rather than I, because your sister was having her first baby and wanted Mama with her. But your father was on the first plane to Los Angeles next day, and I didn't draw an easy breath until he phoned that you were all right.

In a sporting club on the French Riviera, Noel Coward introduced Frank Sinatra to the audience in both French and English. Frank mounted to the stage and held the audience spellbound through a forty-minute routine. He used his own unique lingo, including words like "gasser," "grabber," "clyde," and others. Frank suggested to the audience, "If any of you cats don't dig this crazy talk, just turn to the person next to you and maybe he'll lay the news on you."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

But I never know what you will do next! I never knew you'd really parachuted from a plane until that last day when Jody McCrea came into the hotel suite. He brought you a silly baby sleep doll, dressed in red and white polka dots, "to match Kathy's measles." It had a music box in the back and when you wound it up, it played Brahms' Lullaby.

Everybody shrieked with laughter when he said, "I brought this because you never sleep—so he'll do your sleeping for you!" But all the same, it wasn't really funny—because I knew you'd been entertaining people, from critics to disk jockeys, until 4:00 a.m. the night before . . . despite your measles.

"Sleep?" you said with a shrug, winding up the doll again. "Who needs it?"

"You will," Jody told you, "if you want to go parachuting again from my plane!"

That was the first moment I knew the story was true—and it *really* startled me. I wanted to cry out, to protest, "Don't you know you're taking your life in your hands!" But of course, I couldn't say a word. I just sat quietly and listened to the banter between you and Jody . . . and wondered why you hadn't told *me.*

Did you think I wouldn't understand? If I had the opportunity I might do the same thing!

Naturally I wish you'd write letters more regularly, and I'm sentimental enough to wish you'd remember to send just a card for my birthday—but I have to admit I wasn't any more thoughtful of my parents when I was your age. I used to forget to write, forget my mother's anniversaries, so I'll never reproach you. You'll learn when you have children of your own.

Problem with love

I'll confess that's one part of your life that worries me deeply. I think you're completely mature, except about love. In that department, you're still searching. When people ask me if you're happy with stardom, I have to say Yes—and No. I know that much of your life today is sheer bravado. You need somebody to talk to, someone to look up to and respect, someone you can't wind around your little finger.

One of your greatest problems is that you're in love with love. You're all affection, all generosity. I think sometimes people take advantage of this, and I know you're not so perceptive of people as you might be . . . but I wouldn't have you different, because a vital part of you is your faith in people, your love for them.

But you need someone to admire and respect. Then love will follow naturally. I think it's perfectly possible for you to find the sort of love you need, even in the theatrical profession and with all the hazards we both recognize in two careers in a family and so on. The right love for you will grow out of meeting many different people, adding maturity and experience to yourself. Then finally, one day the right person will simply *be* for you.

You've seen that happen with your sister. I think sometimes you're a little envious of her happiness with the right man—but she's sometimes a little envious of you, when you fly into New York with the mink and the chauffeured car to take you from one glamour spot to another. That's natural, because the grass always looks greener in the other person's yard—but just as you found it hard to wait through high school when Nancy Carroll was out in the world, so you'll eventually get that happy marriage you yearn for now.

One thing I'm certain: you'll never place security and money ahead of love. You'll never marry a rich man because he is rich, but only if you love him . . . and he'll have to understand your need for the theater, because it's in your blood and you'll never give it up. I've known that ever since the first big show you did on the show boat with your father and me.

I know it's a serious business with you—but, my darling daughter, I know, too, that you'll never be completely happy . . . you won't even realize the great talent I know you possess . . . without a full life. And that means a happy marriage, a home, husband and children. You've always loved children, and I think you're going to be a very good mother.

These days the world is very much your oyster. You're pretty and popular, young and successful with lots of beaux to escort you to premieres and parties. I've never seriously worried about your being able to take care of yourself. The silly stories that make you sound a madcap are only stories—and you're learning not to trust *every* magazine writer you meet.

Still, I'd like to see you happily married, enjoying your career, raising children, making a home for a family instead of just yourself. These are all things I can't say to you when we're together. Mostly, there isn't time for talking, but anyway I know we'd both be embarrassed by too much sentiment.

All the same, I'm your mother. I love you dearly—I always will—and all I want is your happiness. Please take more care of yourself, darling—until that happiness arrives.

Love always,
Mama

Letter to a Lonely Girl

(*Continued from page 42*)

I've got everything
You can think of.
But all I want
Is someone to love.

How does a guy know he needs someone to love? Well, if you're human, sooner or later something's bound to pound in your heart, and like the butterfly that quivers to be released from the dark cocoon, a guy's love wants to see the light.

True, I've been fortunate in one sense. Traveling the way I do I get a chance to meet a lot of wonderful girls. But the trouble is I meet them for a moment and then it's good-bye. That's the story of my life: here today, gone tomorrow. And a lot of people still link me romantically with Annette, and that's a piece of past history I want to clear up now . . . in this story. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

The first girl; the first song

Let me start at the beginning when I was a freshman at Ottawa High School in Canada. A gal named Kathy sat in front of me in class. She wore her blonde hair in a perky ponytail, and she had bright blue eyes that glittered like jewels. To be perfectly honest, I had a devilish streak in me (still do!), and I used to pull her ponytail. And she'd holler, "Paul, will you please stop acting like a child!"

Her words always cut right through me, but when a fellow's only fourteen years old, he's not experienced in the ways of the world and he doesn't know how to get a girl into civilized conversation. So he pulls her ponytail to let her know he notices her. Girls, on the other hand, even at fourteen, seem to be wiser than guys. I guess the Good Lord made them that way so that they could put up with all the guff they have to take from the fellows.

Since I didn't have any poise and didn't know how to talk to Kathy in a sensible way, I pined quietly for her all that school year. Finally, an idea popped in my head. Writing never frightened me as much as speaking; so why not send her a note. I don't remember the first note I wrote her, but I started passing folded pieces of tablet paper to Kathy, and I'd write things like, *You're looking good today!* Or I'd write, *Doing anything this week end?* And she'd answer, *Yeah. I'm busy!*

I got the message. She didn't want to be bothered. And then, that spring, I heard she was going steady so I gave up trying to find out if she had a free week end. I just wrote her nutty like, *What's black and white and red all over?* And she'd write back, *A newspaper,* and I'd answer, *No, a blushing zebra!*

We had laughs, lots of laughs, with the notes. And then school came to an end, and it was summer, and I didn't see her until September. But I couldn't get her out of my mind. I guess that's when you begin to realize something's happening to you and your heart. I always wondered about her, what she was doing that very minute while I was swimming or having lunch or riding my bike. And I'd wonder if she liked pistachio ice cream and cherries and ukulele music the way I did.

Now I've never been a great one for grades at school, but I was happy as a chimp when Labor Day came around because I would be seeing Kathy again. I'll never forget the way she looked that first day at school. She wore a blue checked dress, and her blue eyes sparkled like blue-white diamonds. That first week I got up my gumption, after rehearsing what I wanted to ask her night after night, I said, "Kathy, will you go to the prep dance with me on Friday afternoon?"

Her eyes looked into mine, and I melted. I don't think I heard her say yes. I remember seeing her sweet lips mouthing it. I was in a kind of Utopia just looking at her.

That's when I stopped pulling her ponytail. I didn't stop doing it consciously, but I remember now I didn't pull it after that. I guess a guy stops being mischievous when a girl he likes throws a little attention his way.

The prep dance was from four to six (every Friday afternoon there were prep dances at Ottawa High). When I danced with Kathy, I was in what I called "step-ladder heaven." They say there are seven heavens. Well, I was hopping around on all of them.

We danced wonderfully together, and once I put my lips against her hair which smelled so clean.

I wanted to kiss her but I was afraid she would think I was fresh—and fast.

Then, one Saturday night I asked her to a party at someone's house, and we danced for hours. I can remember the songs that were our favorites. The Crew Cuts singing *Earth Angel* and the Charms crooning *Two Hearts, Two Kisses.* Finally, as the party was ending and we were dancing our last dance in the dim lamplight, I whispered in her ear, "Promise me . . . that when we're alone, you'll give me a kiss."

And she squeezed my hand and said, "I promise."

One of the guys gave Kathy and me a lift to her house (she lived way out on the outskirts of town; I always had to transfer to three buses when I went out there), and we ducked behind the house to the back door because my buddy was waiting to drive me home. It was autumn, late autumn I guess, because a light snow was falling, the first of the season, and everything looked pure and white and beautiful. A snowflake fell on her nose, and I blew on it lightly, so lightly. And the snowflake drifted away.

"Kathy," I whispered, "I . . . I never pass up a promise." And she looked up at me and I kissed her, and I'm embarrassed to tell you this but I started to cry. Don't ask me why. But everything was too perfect: Kathy and the kiss and the dazzling white wonderland all around us.

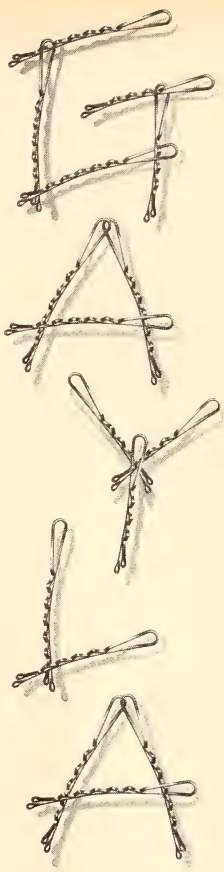
And suddenly a car horn honked, and I said good-bye and began to walk away. But I stopped and walked back to her and took her in my arms again and I said, "Kathy, oh Kathy, I love you."

Jealousy

We went steady for almost a month, but Lady Luck was against us. Everything seemed to go wrong. If Kathy talked to another guy, if I talked to another girl, we were at each other's necks. You've never seen such jealousy. And so, one night, I went up to her house. It was a cold night, but we sat out on the front porch in our plaid mackinaws so we'd have some privacy. It was time to talk things out. The evening stars looked like a handful of silverdust in the inky Ottawa sky, and there was a frost in the air. Our breaths clouded in front of us, but we held hands, and I said, "Kathy, I like you. A lot."

And she said, "Paul, I like you."

We were silent for a moment. Then I knew I had to say it. "Kathy," I began, "we're still young, and we're acting like we're going to kill each other if we just happen to look at somebody else. We're only young once, Kathy, and we're not having any fun. We're making so many enemies because of the way we act. You're



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afraid to talk to fellows because I get jealous, and I'm petrified if I say hello to another girl because I know you'll get mad."

"Let's call the whole thing off," she snapped, suddenly. And I said we didn't have to call it quits, that we should be more reasonable with each other. But she got up, and she said, "It's over," and walked into her house.

That was it. Every time I saw her at school after that, she'd lower her eyes and I'd feel my heart twisting and hurting. So I'd go home to our red brick house at 87 Clearview Avenue, hole up in the basement with my second-hand piano and write sad songs about love. That was when I began to think about writing a song—which I did later—with the lyrics: *When somebody leaves you, That's the time to cry. . . .*

The next girl; the next song

Isn't it funny about love? You can't define it, can you? And yet, just look at the thousands of songs we write about it. Once you experience it, it's the only thing that makes life worthwhile.

After Kathy, I was a lonely boy for a long while, and then late that spring I noticed Margaret, a girl who was a grade ahead of me. She was always coming out of Mr. Payne's science class as I was going in; and I would smile at her. But the smile got me nowhere. So I figured I'd write a note. And it worked.

I wrote: *Hi, I'm Paul. Can't help but notice you. I'd like to see you after school . . .*

And the next day she passed me a note, and it said: *Meet you by the tracks.*

The railroad tracks were near the school, and so we met and talked and then we walked to the soda shop for ice cream sodas. From then on, Margaret and I met by the railroad tracks after school, and I guess that's where I got the inspiration to write my song, *The Train of Love.*

Margaret and I were never serious, but the thing that fascinated me about Margaret was her mystery. She never told me everything about herself. She always knew how to hold something in reserve and to keep me guessing. And her gray eyes had a strange, faraway look that flipped me. After we went to a bunch of parties, our friendship cooled. I found out she was going with another guy, and I was crushed.

I stayed away from girls all through that year at school. Not that I didn't notice them! But I was afraid of getting hurt.

In July of that summer a girl came up from the "States." She was visiting relatives who had a white cottage by the lake. All the teen-agers in Ottawa went to the public swimming pool in the afternoons, and that's where I noticed her.

Her name was Elaine, and she was petite with dark brown hair, dark eyes and a dimple. I double-dated with her and her sister. My older cousin Bob, who had a beat-up Ford, dated her sister. We went riding a couple of times, and then one night Elaine and I went out alone, without Bob and her sister, and we walked down to the lake. The ivory light of the full moon shone on the lakewater, and the lake looked like a long carpet of silver sequins.

Elaine looked beautiful in the soft light of the moon, and I said, "Moonlight becomes you," and she turned to me. Her face was so close to mine I could feel her warm sweet breath so I kissed her. And I'll never forget what she said.

"Ooh, what a lover!" Those were her words. "I . . . I like you, Paul."

"I . . . like you, Elaine."

We kissed again and walked home hand in hand. And for two weeks we were always together and we'd kiss often. And I figure that's where I got the inspiration to write *Put Your Head On My Shoulder.*

Only our happiness was too short-lived. Elaine had to return to Detroit, Michigan. And we promised to write to each other. But that fall she wrote me a "Dear Paul" letter, telling me she went out with a college guy who was The Most, and that she wasn't going to write anymore.

I was heartbroken. I went back to school without any spirit. I didn't care whether I passed or failed. All I could think of was Elaine with her college Casanova, the good times they were having and how I'd been left behind.

One day I finally confided my feelings to a buddy.

"I . . . I can't get this girl out of my mind," I told him in the wash room after a basketball game. I was sad because everybody was going out with a girl after the game, and I wasn't.

"Who's the chick?" he asked. "Anybody I know?"

"Nope. She was here for a couple of weeks this summer, and we hit it off. And then she had to go back to Detroit and she met Joe College and ditched me."

"Aw, she'd have left you sooner or later," my buddy said. "Or you would have left her. Look at that distance between you."

"But we were going to see each other next summer," I explained.

"Come on now, buddy boy. Next summer is hundreds of years away!"

He was right! And in a while I took notice of Baby. Her first name starts with an M. I call her Miss Mystery because I knew her all my life, and she came up on me unawares, the way the springtime does.

Her folks had come over to our house one Sunday night, and we were all having supper and I looked across the table—and wow! Now, let me explain. She wasn't a knockout. Her looks weren't anything out of the ordinary. She had darkish blonde hair, plenty of freckles. But she had Something. It. Whatever It is.

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We knew each other so well she always referred to me as "Cousin Paul" and I called her Coz. I asked her for a date after the basketball game next Friday night, and she accepted.

I guess girls have built-in radar, because on Friday, after we whooped it up at a party since our team won, she told me she didn't like the way I was acting at the party, as if she were my one and only.

And I became ashamed and afraid to ask her for a date again. So I wrote a pile of love songs, packed my grip and took off to try to forget my loneliness. Later, when I thought about Baby back home, I wrote *My Hometown.*

Well, I knocked on a lot of doors to try to get anywhere with my music. And Sol and Joe Bahari of Modern Records let me record *Blau Wil de Beest Fontaine.* They paid me fifty bucks for it, and I called home, bursting with joy, but the record turned out to be a bomb.

I went home, my face red. I decided to organize a small combo for some fun and excitement. We played a lot of school affairs, and I got a great deal of experience. And during Easter vacation I begged my dad to let me try the big city of New York. He frowned. "Nothing doing!" he bellowed. But my mom told him that if it meant so much to me that he should let me try marketing my songs for a couple of days. And so he let me go.

Lucky

I took the train, arrived in the big city (didn't know a soul), called the first recording company I found in the classified telephone directory: ABC-Paramount.

They gave me an appointment.

Somebody told me once that if you're unlucky in love you're lucky in other things. And I was lucky. My songs sold. My mom and dad were wonderful to me. They gave me the money I needed to live in New York. And I concentrated on my career.

Diana was my first big hit, and I began touring, and I met wonderful girls all over the country. And last year I had the good luck to meet Annette Funicello. When I met Annette, I knew she was a very special person. She's so warm, so sincere. We met on the West Coast when I was filming *Girls' Town,* and then we really got to know each other very well on a p.a. tour across country. But our relationship was ruined by all the rumors. All the magazines wanted us to get married. Every other day Annette or I would read something about wedding bells ringing for us and how we planned to walk down the aisle very soon.

And we didn't know what to believe. Annette wondered if I was telling these stories to people, and I wondered if she was making them up. So we decided to cool the whole thing because we were young and had our careers. We're close friends now, more like brother and sister. After my romance with Annette, I wrote *Puppy Love.*

Now, again I'm all alone, looking for someone who's right for me, someone whom I'll be right for. And now that summer's over, I keep thinking of all my summer romances in Ottawa with the girls I told you about, with Kathy and Elaine and Baby, and I've written a song, out of my nostalgia, and called it *Summer's Gone.*

In the song I say, . . . *No songbirds are singing 'cause you're gone . . . gone from my arms, gone from my lips, but still in my heart.*

And that's the way I feel. There's love in my heart, and I want someone to love. And maybe, there's someone else who feels the same way I do, some girl somewhere who'll put her head on my shoulder now that summer's gone. . . . **END**

"They Stole My Memories"

(*Continued from page 51*)

set about putting a lock on the top drawer.

When Francina and Maria returned downstairs, Sophia picked up the manuscript of *The Millionairess*. But she put it down again a moment later. There was something else to be done. She walked over to the dressing table, opened a drawer and removed a black leather attache case. From the case, she took a small box, opened it and smiled as she looked at the necklace. She held it up to the light. She loved to look at her jewels. She loved having them near her. They were beautiful. They were symbolic, too. They were proof of her success, they were her steps to fame from poverty, they were assurance that she would never again be poor. She returned the necklace to its box and placed the case in the chest. She turned the lock and slipped the key into her pocket. She picked up her script, stretched out on the bed and began to study.

On the ground floor of the barn, Francina and Maria sat in the living room. Franca was busy in the kitchen. Outside a studio driver waited in the Rolls-Royce that the production company had provided for its star. He was standing by in case there were any errands to be done in Elstree during the afternoon and, most importantly, to drive Miss Loren to the airport that night.

At 4:00 p.m., he was told that he wouldn't be needed until 5:30. When he returned, he was dismissed for the rest of the day. Ricardo Aragno, one of the script writers, and a close friend of Carlo's had stopped by. He had a car. He would drive Miss Loren to meet her husband.

Just before 8:00 p.m., Sophia went to her room to get her coat. "Usually, I wore some of the jewelry," she remembered. "But this time I was dressed in blue jeans. This time, I took nothing."

At 8:05, she and Aragno left for the plane. At 8:25, Franca went to turn down the bed. Afterwards, she and Maria and Francina watched television in the drawing room. Ironically enough, one of the programs scheduled that night was *Dial 999*.

The Pontis arrived back at the house at 10:40. Carlo had never seen the house, Francina volunteered to show it to him. When they reached the bedroom, Carlo eyed the drawer with the lock. It was open. "You put the lock on?" he asked casually.

"Yes . . . for the jewels," replied Francina. He thought idly, "She hasn't put them in yet." And he thought nothing further about it. Then he and Carlo returned to the drawing room to join Sophia and Maria. Franca mixed everyone a drink. They sat and talked.

Discovery

At midnight, Sophia said good night and went upstairs. "In the small room, the furniture was close to the door," she remembered. "You looked at it without even wanting to. The drawer was open. I called to my hairdresser to ask if perhaps she'd picked them up for some reason. She called back that she hadn't. I walked over to the dresser, looked at the lock and called Francina and asked him if he had the jewels. He said that he hadn't."

"I saw that the lock had been forced," Francina remembered. "It was at that moment we realized what had happened. Sophia screamed. She doubled over, holding her stomach as in pain. She had to lean on me. 'My jewels . . . my jewels . . . , she cried, over and over, grief-stricken."

Carlo rushed up the stairs and into the room. He was followed by the frightened Maria and Franca. They heard a noise, somewhere outside the room. "He may still be in the house," Carlo raged. "Call the police, Sophia, Francina and I will look."

Now the police were there. But there was little more they could do until daylight. "We'll be back later in the morning. Try to get a bit of sleep now," said the superintendent.

How kind they are, Sophia thought.

Before getting into bed, she glanced at the clock. It was 5:00 a.m. She tried to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come.

The memories

Her jewels. . . . They weren't insured. She'd been waiting for Carlo to come, to make the arrangements, sign the necessary papers. "But it was not only the financial value," she told MODERN SCREEN later. "Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories."

With the money from each picture, she bought jewelry. How proud she'd been of the necklace from the first one, *Gold of Naples*. An inexpensive necklace—but her first. And she'd been able to buy it herself. There were the diamonds she'd worn when she'd been presented to the Queen of England. Who would have dreamed that Sophia Scicolone would ever have been presented to a Queen? There were the diamonds, emeralds, sapphires that her husband had given her. His first gifts to her. He'd never bought presents on her birthday, or on an anniversary. No, never. He would surprise her on an ordinary day, and make it the most special day in the world. "My jewels . . ." she moaned. "My jewels. . . " Finally, she fell asleep.

The police returned promptly at 10:00 a.m. They combed the house and the grounds.

It was Carlo who made the most spectacular discovery of the day—in the wall which separated Sophia's room from the half of the loft where her clothes hung. The spaces between the logs had been filled with a tan putty-like substance, from the loft side. In the corner, just to the left of the headboard he found that the putty had been scraped away. Through the crack, the thief had been able to look straight across to the chest. He'd also had a perfect view of the rest of the room. The thief had obviously been in the house for a lengthy time—and he had found a perfect hiding place.

They dusted for fingerprints. Took away the chest. They discovered that the window of Francina's room downstairs had been broken. They took that, too. They fingerprinted each member of the household, so that they could eliminate the prints when they found them on the pieces of furniture. They discovered scratches on the wood outside Sophia's bedroom window . . . scratches that might have been made by someone climbing out.

There were more questions. There was much to be discovered. How had the thief's mind worked? Had the robbery been planned from the Continent? Had the criminals followed her for days? *They must have*, she thought. *Only a very few people knew the whereabouts of the jewels . . . people close to me, people I can trust. Whoever it was must have been watching us all.* Whom had she seen? Whom had she met? Who might have seen her? Where had she been?



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During a terrible storm in France recently a recording executive just barely prevented his car from skidding on the slippery roads of Neauphle-le-Chateau. He decided to interrupt his journey to Paris and have a brandy to steady his nerves.

As he entered the bistro he saw that the place was nearly deserted, and he was glad that he would be able to sit quietly sipping his cognac while recovering from the shock.

He was just debating whether to risk having another brandy when he thought he heard someone singing outside. Whoever she was, she had the most exciting voice he had heard in years.

The recording executive was most intrigued. "Listen," he said to the barman. "Do you know who it is?"

"Yes. That's Madame Charles David. She has a beautiful voice, you know."

"Where does she live?" the executive shouted excitedly.

"Just a few minutes walk from here. She lives with her husband and family in one of the small farmhouses you'll see up the road. . . ."

The recording executive didn't wait for any more. He paid for the brandy, left an enormous tip and raced up the road.

Madame Charles David looked quite surprised to see her caller when she opened the door to him. He was equally surprised because he had expected the owner of the voice he had heard to be much younger and slimmer. He handed his card to her, explained that he was always looking for new talent to sing on his records, and was puzzled when all she did was smile in a very secret way, as if she was enjoying a private joke.

He told her that he wanted her to travel to Paris next day and he would arrange an audition for her in front of his colleagues, but he was certain that they would all like her voice as much as he had done. When she declined his offer he was puzzled, but then he told her how rich and famous she could become if she did take advantage of his offer.

"I'm sorry but I don't want to leave my home and family," she said.

It was then that the executive noticed the trace of an American accent in her voice. So she must be an American married to a Frenchman. That was interesting.

"You'll remember American singers like Deanna Durbin, Jane Powell, Kathryn Grayson and Jeannette MacDonald, and I can guarantee that my company will make you as big an international star as they used to be."

Still Madame Charles David shook her head, and eventually he realized that he wouldn't do any good arguing with her. He would write to her when he returned to Paris. As he walked down the pathway from the farm onto the main road he heard her singing again, and her voice followed him all the way down to the bistro where he went in to see the owner to ask him more about Madame David.

"Yes, she has a lovely voice," he laughed. "Once she used to sing professionally and make films. They used to call her Deanna Durbin then, you know."



Deanna Today!

How had she spent all of her time? . . . She'd landed at Folkstone on the morning of May 17th, accompanied by Francina. Franca and Maria would arrive the next day, Carlo the following week. As she stepped off the boat, she carried the black attache case, along with her handbag. They'd gone straight to the customs shed. There, they stood a little apart from the rest of the passengers. *But,* she thought later, *only a little.*

"Have you anything to declare?" the customs man had asked her.

"My jewelry," she'd nodded down at the case she held.

"Are they personal property?"

"Yes."

"All right, then."

She wasn't required to open the case. As she left the shed to board the train, she glanced at the other passengers from the boat. Many of them had been watching her, still watched her. *Because I'm in pictures,* she thought. She smiled at them as she made her way to the Golden Arrow.

Arriving at Victoria Station, she found a lavish reception. Her co-star, Peter Sellers, was there to meet her. So were half the photographers and reporters in London, it seemed. A crowd gathered to stare at the spectacle. She saw no faces, only the outlines. She was still clutching the case when she walked into the crowded lobby of the Ritz Hotel. She laid her purse on the desk when she registered. She held the case. If people thought it odd, they might assume she was carrying important papers. *That's what attache cases are for,* she thought. Who would dream she had a half million dollars in her hand? Who, but a practiced thief?

She took the case with her to her room, selected the jewelry that she planned to wear for the 5:00 p.m. press conference, had the case taken to the hotel safe.

The day following her arrival in England, a studio driver arrived in a Rolls-Royce to take her to the studio at Elstree. It was 9:00 a.m. At 11:00, he returned to pick up Francina and the luggage. They were to drive to the house which the studio had rented for her. "At first she'd asked to stay at the club," the owner remembers. "She liked it so. But this time we were full, and so we offered her the Barn."

"I noticed that day that Mr. Francina sat with Miss Loren's attache case on his lap all the way to the Barn," says the driver. "But like I told Scotland Yard, if I'd thought for one minute that there were even two or three thousand pounds' worth of jewels lying around the house, I'd have gone to the security officer at the studio and asked him to suggest that they put the things in the studio safe. I think the suggestion would have been better coming from him.

"But if I'd had any idea of what was in the house, I'd have gone mad!"

The driver unloaded the luggage and took them into the house. Francina, with the attache case, walked the three hundred yards to the country club. He asked for the secretary, Mr. Scriben. When told he wasn't in, he asked whether he might put the jewels in the club safe. No, the gentleman was afraid that was impossible. The safe was for the use of members only. And it was only a small one.

"To be responsible for the safekeeping of things like that is something one thinks twice about," the country-club housekeeper explained to MODERN SCREEN later. "I always feel that things are safer in the bank. I was under the impression that she'd put them in the bank."

"I felt dreadful about the robbery when I heard of it. I didn't go over—so many people were there milling about. So I sent her a little note to say how sorry I

was that this awful thing had happened.

Francina returned to the house with the attache case. It seemed logical to keep them there for the night. ("The next day was the first day of shooting and she didn't know which scene she would be playing," Francina told MODERN SCREEN. "She wanted to be able to make a selection, decide that night, which might be the most suitable.")

The days passed. "It was so pleasant here," Sophia remembered. "It seemed as if nothing unpleasant could happen. . . ."

Yet, on Friday, she felt vaguely uneasy. Finally, she called the club. She spoke to Mr. Scriben. "Would it be possible for me to have a watchman?" she asked him. "I have many things of great value in the house."

Scriben chuckled. "He told me," Sophia recalled, "that in England you could sleep with your doors open at night."

. . . While Sophia talked that Sunday afternoon, the police listened intently. She talked "until I was so tired I just couldn't talk any more." She went to her room, lay on the bed, almost as in a daze. "I couldn't think about anything but the things in the case," she says. "There were the awards that I had won for my acting in Italy and France. . . . They meant that I had been recognized as an actress. They were great honors. And there was the little gold brooch from a fan in Sicily. My first gift from a fan—a gift that for the first time told me that the fans loved me. . . ." To the girl who'd known the cruelty of the taunts, the jeers of "Little Stick," to the girl who'd once thought that no one could ever love her, the knowledge was priceless. Her mother had said that the contents of the case had been bought with tears. How right she had been.

On Monday morning, the tension at Elstree was all but unbearable. When he'd heard the news the day before, cameraman Jack Hildyard had mentally begun to rearrange the lighting. They'd be shooting another scene, of course. How could Sophia be expected to appear. As director Anthony Asquith said later, "I was ready to shoot around Sophia and give her a chance to recover. I didn't expect her that day at all."

She arrived at 7:45, going straight to her dressing room. "Everyone told how sorry they were," remembers the publicist, Hugh Samson. "But they didn't keep on sympathizing in a maudlin way. That would have made it worse for her. She carried on like a real pro in front of the camera. But when she came off, she was miles away. She'd go into a real brown study. I felt so sorry for her. Once that day, she turned to me. There were tears in her eyes. 'Please help me recover my jewels,' she asked me.

"I suppose she thought I could help through publicity . . . but I don't know how. I told her, 'I wish I could. I could kill the guy who took them.' "

Scotland Yard men made the first of many visits to the set. They got a set of photographs of Sophia wearing the jewels from the still department. They talked to everyone connected with the film, on and off the set. "They came to me first thing," says the driver. "It was a natural fact that I happened to know that she was going to pick up Mr. Ponti, because I was going to take her to the airfield. I didn't, only because Mr. Aragno came along on the spur of the moment.

"They wanted to know if I'd seen anyone while I was waiting that day. Well, someone could have stood behind those bushes and I'd never have caught sight of him. I did notice people coming and going over to the club . . . and some of them were wandering across the grass. At the time, the thought crossed my mind that they must be having some sort of function there. Franca said she'd seen a strange car arrive and turn around and go out again, but it must have been while I was gone. As for anyone I could say looked suspicious—no. No, you've got to get it out of your mind that a thief is going to walk around looking like a thief. That's only in the movies."

. . . It was on Monday morning that a fisherman named Fred Smith saw a black case as he was helping uncover a cargo of rice by Fisher's Wharf. He took a long pole with a hook on the end of it, reached into the water and caught hold of the case. The string around it broke, and some of the contents spilled out. (They were later found to be empty boxes.) But Smith caught a glimpse of a small gold brooch. He took it out of the box. *Can't be worth much,* he thought. *Hmmm, interesting . . . spelled 'Sophia.' Sophia!* His eyes widened. He went to call the police.

The brooch was taken to the studio. "Yes! Yes! It's mine," Sophia cried. "May I have it now? May I keep it?"

The detectives promised that it would be returned to her.

"Most people want to be helpful," Sophia told MODERN SCREEN. "Most are kind. But the hoaxers. . . ." She shuddered. "They are the evil people. One of them wired me, 'Meet me at Victoria Railway Station tonight . . .' or something like that. Whoever sent it promised help, but signed no name." She brightened. "But others . . . they'd written such nice letters. They've sent gold rings and bracelets and crosses. And I had a letter from the Sicilian fan saying that he was so happy that they had found the brooch he'd given me and that he wished me luck in recovering the rest of the things. So there is something good about even the bad things that happen to you. You see, I never knew before how much people love me.

"And then there are the police. They are kindness itself. . . ."

And understanding. But firm. Each day, the superintendent would appear to report their progress.

A $60,000 reward was offered for the recovery of the jewels. "That is approximately ten percent," said Francina. "Actually, there was never a precise evaluation. It would have been hard to make. In any event, the reward is as much as the thief might get. The gems were antiques. They came from important jewelry. Every expert would know them. And so they would have to be broken up, made unrecognizable. And when you take them out of their settings, their value decreases."

There were no replacements for the jewels. "I don't want anything yet," Sophia said. "I must wait a bit. If Carlo were to give me something, I'd have the feeling of starting all over again. I don't want that. The police here are the best in the world and I must have faith."

She waited each day for the visit of Inspector Shepherd. And each day, as she'd go to meet him, her heart was in her throat. But still, there was hope in her heart.

Finally Sophia left for Rome, the case still unsolved, with uninsured luggage.

"The insurance company just wouldn't insure it," she said. "The reason is pretty obvious, but I don't think anyone would try anything now. Everything is gone. . . ." The child who was called 'little stick' has grown up and need no longer fear the jeers and taunts of the gutter. But, the past is not so far behind her that she can keep the wistfulness from her voice when she says of the jewels and her memories, "Everything is gone."

END

Sophia's latest films are IT STARTED IN NAPLES *and* A BREATH OF SCANDAL, *both Paramount.*



The Saddest Picture of the Year

(Continued from page 31)

had Tracy with her in London while she was working on *The Grass is Greener* there, Jean had arranged for the child to go horseback riding, because she loved horses so. At first Tracy hadn't been able to get used to the English saddle. "But it's not the way Daddy and I ride back home," she said. And then, after her first experience riding at the stables outside of London, Tracy'd come home with Nanny, her face dimpling. "I must tell Daddy how I rode," she'd exclaimed. "It's so funny. Oh, how Daddy will laugh when I tell him. . . ."

Would he? A shadow crossed over Jean's face. She knew that she and Tracy would be coming home to Hollywood soon. But she knew what the child didn't know . . . that for a long time she'd been unhappy in her marriage; that she'd tried to save it because there was such adoration between Stewart and Tracy . . . and that she was getting very tired of living a lie, of pretending that she and Stewart had an ideal marriage when the truth was so very different.

Little girls and their fathers have a special love of their own, she'd heard people say. She'd seen so many little girls' hearts broken when their mothers and daddies could no longer get along with each other. And she'd made up her mind over three years ago, when Tracy was a baby, that she wouldn't let anything deprive Tracy of her father.

The only trouble was that even then there was a shadow on their marriage. Even then, while they were pretending to be so very happy together, the marriage was beginning to deterioriate.

More familiar than his wife

Nanny came in to take Tracy for her ride in the park. Jean knelt and took her daughter in her arms and said, "Oh, will your daddy laugh when you show him the way you ride now."

She smiled to herself at the thought of Tracy's childlike assumption that her daddy knew nothing about the English customs. They were, of course, as familiar to him—even more familiar, she thought wryly—as the sight of his own wife. For he had been brought up in England, and he'd shuttled between England and other countries very often. He'd seen the shores of England almost as often as he and Jean had seen each other.

They'd never dreamed when they were first married that they'd be parted quite so much. Picture work took them in separate directions all over the world. It was odd, with all their partings that the relationship between Stewart and his daughter was so close. For the child had been traveling with her. But the thing was, a little girl who had fun with her father and could ride on the same horse or side by side with her father, could always remain close to him, even if they were miles away. Tracy's Daddy was something very special to her.

But a grown, warm-blooded young woman . . . how can memories of a husband who is far away be enough when she longs for his arms on a lonely night?

It was so strange how on the days and nights when she needed him most, destiny had so often kept them apart. It was togetherness, they said, that cemented a marriage.

But in the last four years she and Stewart had been together less than two years.

When she married him almost ten years ago, she had been so sure that their marriage could survive everything. She'd adored him then . . . had been in love with him from the time she was fourteen and had first seen him walking across a studio lot. It had taken her five years to win him, for he had been afraid she was too young to know her own mind. He had been through the upheaval of one divorce . . . for a while he had known the wrenching experience of being separated from his boy and girl by his first marriage.

It was after Jean's marriage to Jimmy (Jean calls him by his real name) that the two children, James and Lindsay, came to live with them, because their mother became too ill to take care of them.

And being responsible for these children had brought Jimmy and Jean even closer together than they'd been before. More than ever, Jean knew then what she wanted most out of life—Jimmy's child and hers.

When she first knew that she was going to become a mother, she had to break the news to him over the Transatlantic phone. It was not the way she'd dreamed. She'd always fancied herself whispering the happy news to him and being swept up in his arms. But he was in London making a film at the time.

Ray Bolger once played golf with Sam Goldwyn because he wanted a part Goldwyn was casting in a picture.

Goldwyn didn't mention the picture for hours. Finally he got around to it. He said, "I'm looking for a great dancer to do a wonderful role in a new picture. What would you think of Gene Kelly?"

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

"What's that you're saying?" he'd yelled into the phone. "A baby—when?"

He flew home as soon as he could, and he stormed into the house, railing at producers and at the rat race of picture-making that had kept him away from the side of his beloved "Pot Face."

Jean smiled, recalling this.

Strangers wouldn't understand

"Pot Face"—that was what he called her—and only he and Jean knew the tenderness, the love that went into that nickname. Strangers thought it was an odd nickname; they didn't understand the humor that was shared by these two.

The whole family was Bohemian, and had customs that were odd to Hollywood. They called Stewart's boy James "Jamesbag," his daughter, Lindsay, "Lindsaybag" and the children called Jean just plain "Bag."

Most people thought Stewart-Bag was just a tyrant. He was accustomed to roaring and swaggering around the studios. At home, he had his own way 100 percent. But Jean also knew that at home he had moods of wonderful tenderness when he romped with his two children. She knew that a man who was so good to them would be wonderful to their own child.

Of course, they were very sophisticated people and Jean knew that Jimmy wouldn't behave like most expectant fathers. He was a man of the world, his sentimental feelings controlled. He wouldn't get excited or stumble into doors or roar if she tried to move a chair. Only she was wrong. Delightedly wrong. He became absolutely unsophisticated when he knew that they were going to have a baby.

Like the way he took over when Jean was developing crazy hankerings for food. She woke up one morning with an acute longing for fried bread. "Don't I smell bread frying?" she asked wistfully. Almost from the beginning of their marriage, Jimmy, an excellent cook, had taken over the cooking and baking chores.

"No," he said.

But shortly afterwards she smelled bacon grease frying in the kitchen, and knew that Jimmy was frying bread, just the way she liked it. Knowing it wasn't good for her to continue to yearn for fried bread he cunningly gave it to her for breakfast lunch and dinner—till she got so tired of it she never wanted to taste it again. Even the doctor agreed that he'd handled it very cleverly.

She was grateful

Jimmy could handle everything, just everything. Jean, on the other hand, felt that she was a complete idiot about everything. She gratefully let Jimmy take over completely. Even the baby.

When the baby was born, Jean was frightened.

"She's so tiny," she said. "I'm afraid if I hold her I might drop her."

She remembered how she'd looked at Jimmy while he held his baby tenderly, his big hands gentle and sure. At the beginning he took over the care of the baby, Tracy, just as he'd already taken over the care of the whole house and everything else around.

For all this and more, Jean loved him. She felt as if her heart would burst with gratitude. If later this was to give her a feeling of being stifled, she had no awareness of it then. She thought only, at that time, "Where in the world is there another man like Jimmy—so rough, so domineering on the outside, and so soft with the children? And what other man would coddle me so, make me feel like a child?"

It was a perfect marriage. Even the people in Hollywood who had thought it was a crazy marriage at first—a beautiful, ardent, flighty young girl marrying a man twenty years older than she—were now ready to admit that it was okay. They were beginning to understand that Jean, in her own gentle way, was able to handle the blustering actor whom most of Hollywood feared.

But even while Hollywood was making up its mind that perhaps these two, after all, were right for each other, the seemingly wonderful fabric of their marriage was beginning to deteriorate.

It had begun so quietly, so slowly, the deterioration of their marriage. Now that she thought of it, it had begun even before Tracy was born.

Even while she was defending him in her mind, she was reacting unhappily to the way in which he bawled out people on the set. If a plumber came to their house to do work for them and Jimmy didn't like the way the work was done, he'd bawl him out as though he himself knew a great deal more about plumbing than the plumber did. It was the same way with directors.

She knew that people in Hollywood thought of them as the "doll" and the "brute." She was always popular with the people she worked with; those who worked with Stewart were often livid with hostility.

At first she figured he was older and wiser than she. And she thrilled like a little girl at his rages, thinking his anger was a sign of his strength.

It was inevitable that when she was cast

in different movies opposite other handsome and competent actors that she should compare them in her mind with Stewart.

Most of them were wiser in their industry relations. They didn't fight with their directors, didn't tell off the set workers, display temperament.

Though she wouldn't confess it even to herself, she was getting a little tired of the temper tantrums.

Did a really strong man have to have such tantrums, she wondered—and tried to banish the thought from her mind, as though it were a sign of disloyalty.

And then came Stewart Granger's great inspiration.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, now that they had three children to look after, to buy a big ranch in Arizona where the children would have a normal life? Eventually they could retire to this ranch.

She was appalled. Why, they were so young. How could Jimmy talk of retirement? And anyway, what did they know of ranch life? Such a life was for one's old age—fifteen or twenty years from then, they might be ready for retirement.

Jimmy had laughed at her fears. "Retirement?" he howled. "I meant years from now. Not now. Have you any idea of the hard work involved on a ranch? I'll be knocking myself out like mad. Anyway, a ranch is expensive. It'll take us years, darling, to pay for the darned thing or to make it begin to pay for itself. Meanwhile, it'll be a wonderful place for the children."

Yes, the children. Maybe it would be good for them. She had become accustomed to letting Jimmy make the decisions. Even though she had misgivings she went along with the idea and invested her money in the ranch.

They converted an old adobe house into a beautiful ranch home, and furnished it beautifully. As usual, Jimmy was in charge of the whole thing; Jean looking on like a child. She went there when she could and tried to convince herself that she loved it, but she was miserable there.

She felt as though she were stuck in the middle of nowhere; she couldn't stand either the 110° heat outside, or the dullness inside.

Life on the ranch was strenuous for Jimmy, but there just wasn't enough for Jean to do. There were many times when she found the monotony almost too much to take.

She and Jimmy would get up around seven; then she and Tracy would go riding on the truck and she'd take the child horseback riding before the heat became unbearable. Jean tried to get interested in watching the branding and other activities on the ranch, but they soon palled on her.

Added to the problem of adjusting to the ranch was the fact that there were so many times when she and Jimmy were parted by their work. At such times he would leave the baby reluctantly. It was those reluctant partings with Tracy that made her feel that somehow she must make her marriage last.

When had it happened, that feeling that it was all over. . . ?

Was it that certain evening at the ranch, a few months ago, when something happened to finally make her face the fact that she no longer was in love with Jimmy?

The thrill was gone

The children were asleep, and Jimmy, long legs stretched out on an immense leather hassock, his ruggedly chiseled features and greying hair highlighted by the fire on the hearth, sighed contentedly and reached out for her hand.

She let him put his strong hand over her slim one, but the thrill she had once felt when his hands touched hers was no longer there. She stirred restlessly, remembering how she used to tingle at every touch of his. His face was as handsome as ever, the magnificent body was still youthful and vital.

And there was so much more serenity in him than there had been in the old days. She had thought she would welcome the serenity. Instead, she chafed at it. It made her too conscious of the years between them. In the nine and a half years they had been married, she had changed from a naive young girl to a restless, desirable woman, and Jimmy had changed to a mellow but middle-aged man. Now everybody called her a fascinating woman, and many men had been fascinated by her. That wouldn't have mattered if Jimmy had been close by at all times to reassure her with his love, his physical presence.

There had been too many times when he was away, times when she ached for a man's arms around her, but stifled that ache. And finally, aching so much for love and not having her husband there to assuage the ache had left a void in her heart.

Make Believe

Their marriage had been make-believe for a long time now. How could she go on pretending? If she did, she might end by hating Jimmy—Jimmy, who, after all, was not at fault. He had been very decent letting her travel thousands of miles away from him with Tracy.

Tracy . . . Tracy . . . the little daughter named for one of their best friends, Spencer Tracy. How she had put off the thought that she might some day be forced to tell her, "No darling, Daddy does not live here with us."

That night on the ranch she thought about it . . . thought about her restlessness.

She couldn't sleep. And finally she said to herself, "Some day I must decide whether or not to leave Jimmy. We're no longer right for each other. But I'll decide tomorrow."

And now, sitting in her suite in the Dorchester, it seemed that the tomorrow she had been staving off these past months, had finally come. She and Tracy would soon be leaving London. Jimmy was in Hollywood, awaiting her return with their little girl. Then he would take off for India, for a picture. When he returned she'd be off somewhere. Jean put her hand to her head. It could only drag on like that forever.

If she didn't tell him now, they'd fall into the same endless pattern . . . the separations, the pretending, the frustrations. This was the time to resolve it, before they came face to face again. When she faced Jimmy, her courage fled.

She reached for the phone and put through a call to Beverly Hills. She must tell him before Tracy came home with Nanny.

"Darling," she said when she heard his voice. And then she thought, "How we cling to old phrases even after they're dead."

"Jimmy," she said slowly, "Don't think this is a sudden decision with me. It's not. I've been thinking—for such a long time. . . ."

He had seemed shocked. Then he'd asked about Tracy. Yes, he'd be able to see her any time it was possible. She wouldn't deprive the child.

Then she sat by the phone and waited for Tracy to come back. . . . **END**

Jean stars in three new films—United Artists' ELMER GANTRY, *and Universal-International's* SPARTACUS *and* THE GRASS IS GREENER.

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The Truth About Our Make-Believe Romance

(Continued from page 26)

the public, the press, and to some extent themselves, into making believe they are in love and headed for a lifetime together. But all of the castles they've been building are not in the air; some are firmly rooted in the dry California soil.

Some months ago Harry Karl sold a home he had built to last him a lifetime as a happy bachelor. It had two bedrooms and it sold for half a million dollars. In parting with the gem, Karl stood sadly in the street with the new occupant for a last look.

"I hate to give it up," he said.

"Then why are you selling it?" the buyer asked.

"I have to have a bigger place for Debbie and the kids," Karl said.

Harry's suite and Debbie's home

And from his large suite at The Beverly Hills Hotel, Harry Karl began leisurely house hunting. He pored over elegant brochures from the toniest realty offices in Hollywood and its environs, beautifully illustrated with photos of Taj Mahal-type cottages and roomy mansions and with text bordering on literature describing the superb features of the properties offered. And there were stacks of blue prints, expensive suggestions as to what money can accomplish in piling brick on stone to come up with a home.

In another part of the town Debbie Reynolds walked the long length of her living room to a window that overlooked the yard in which her children, Carrie and Todd Fisher, were playing. She listened to the sounds of their play and watched the physical activity they put into it, and she couldn't help but think: "This is the home they have always known. These are the trees and that is the grass and those are the flowers they have in their minds when they ask to go out to play. Can I take them away from these things?"

She let the curtain fall back into place, hiding all but the voices of the children from her, and paced off the carpet to the other end of the living room. She noticed the spots on the carpet where candy had been dropped or milk spilled or where a particularly dirty pair of infant shoes had left a permanent mark. And there was the chip in the edge of the coffee table, beyond repair, and the scratches made by adventurous hands questioning the relative hardness of a metal toy car and mahogany—and the thin, long streaks in the couch cushions resulting from a child's curiosity about how long a jutting piece of thread would turn out to be if it were pulled from the material with determination.

"Can I," she said to herself, "take these familiar things away from them? Will they feel displaced, no matter what manner of mansion I replace these things with?"

Debbie threw herself deep into the feathery comfort of a large chair and speculated, not on brochures or blueprints, but on the *manner* of home she could provide if she married Harry Karl. Luxury would be there in abundance, she well knew, luxury in real things beyond the hopes of even the most famous of movie stars. Space would be there, more than enough to sleep and feed the five children that might sometimes live there together—and allow them room to romp—and the in-laws and Harry Karl's grown daughter, son-in-law and grandson if they should all pile in at once.

And there would be servants in every doorway and cars and all the money needed to satisfy the wildest whim of any of them. And trips and resort homes, subsidiaries of the big house, and furs and jewels and fine schools for the children as they grew older. And most important of all, there would be a man about the house, a man to point authoritatively to the stairway at bedtime, take care of Todd when he fell out of a tree, fix the broken head of Carrie's doll and put them both on the carpet when they were naughty.

"Could I," Debbie wondered, "exchange these precious things my children have lived with for all of that?"

She knew she'd have to find the answer soon. . .

And at the Beverly Hills Hotel, scanning the pamphlets and plans, Harry Karl, caring not for the cost of anything, halted for a moment, leaned back and pondered on a well-lived life and a future he was sure he would like. His start in life had been a foundling home. He was taken from it as a sickly baby by a childless Russian immigrant couple who doted on him. Although he grew up to head a million-dollar enterprise, he could never forget that he started, at eight years old, by polishing shoes in what was then a cramped repair shop. Although his life was one of ease and luxury now, he didn't have the one thing he wanted most: recognition and the spotlight.

This he could have, married to a famous movie star. . . .

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Eddie's Worry

At an elegant New York restaurant, Eddie Fisher and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, sat at Table Number One, set exquisitely for two, and dined silently. Liz had thoughts about tomorrow's scenes and the lines she must learn before she went to sleep. Eddie was engrossed in a more pertinent thought:

Did Debbie really love Harry Karl? Would she be happy with him? It was important to him, because the future serenity of his children might depend on it. If she *didn't* love him, would she be happy anyhow with what he could give her?

"How is your steak?" Liz asked.

"Time will tell," said Eddie. Then he laughed. "I'm sorry," he said, "I was thinking of something else. . . ."

The romance—if it is a romance—of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is, indeed, a matter of vital concern for a number of people. For the children involved, the couple themselves, the ex-husband of Debbie, the former wives of Harry Karl and his year-old grandson. All will be affected by it, substantially.

Will they marry?

A few weeks ago a press agent called a Hollywood columnist and indirectly mentioned the "coming marriage of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl." The columnist hit the ceiling. "I am sick and tired," he snarled, "listening to the phony story about those two. Why don't you try something new?"

Nevertheless, all the newspaper and magazine reporters who cover the Hollywood beat are keeping a close watch on the developments. Consequently, many hours are spent in the grog and coffee shops these press people frequent on speculation as to where, when, how, etc. And if. A recent conversation between the legmen of two of the top columnists went something like this:

"Where do you think they'll do it?"

"If it's up to her some quiet place, a hideout. If it's up to him, maybe Las Vegas."

"How do you figure that?"

"You know her. Reserved, wants complete privacy in her personal life. And he loves a parade—and publicity."

"Do you think they'll be happy?"

"Why not? They'll both be getting what they want. She wants security and a permanent home. He wants a magenta spot on him every time he goes outdoors. He can use hers."

"Do you think this marriage will be made in heaven?"

"No. . . ."

What Hollywood thinks of the "romance"

The gist of what Hollywood thinks of the union of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is contained in that conversation. Take a look at the past of Debbie, for instance. Torn from obscurity by a local beauty contest, she was plunged into a world of make-believe she never really wanted. But it was work, better than she could have found in Burbank. And, while the glare of publicity that went along with the job wasn't much to the liking of a girl who craved a lot of solitude, she was, early in the game, willing to make the sacrifices.

Then, as the years passed and Debbie rose from a starlet being pushed to the top of the heap by every means her studio could muster, and her fan mail proved what was happening, and her salary increased to that of a top star—Debbie was forced to face certain facts. The price of fame is high. She had, by becoming an idol of countless millions of young people, accepted certain responsibilities she could not shirk. If she had inclinations to be wayward they had to be curbed. If she wanted to go to some place she saw pictured in a travel magazine, she had to remember she was not the little girl who lived in a little house in Burbank but Debbie Reynolds, who maybe shouldn't be seen in such a place, or she had to face the true fact that she wasn't able to go places like an average vacationer, because she was Debbie Reynolds, the movie star. And she had to forego the heady days of juvenile romance, getting a crush on the best-looking basketball player in school, steady-dating the kid down the block or falling in love with the delivery boy from the corner drug store. She was a famous celebrity—and it wouldn't have been fit.

The price of fame was high—but the rewards were not in proportion.

Fame, for instance, is, in the main, a prying eye. It is a chain of bondage after a while. And then the money. The first figure on the paycheck was big,

real big—but, after the tax deductions, it was small; then the agents, the publicity men, the dressmakers, the hundred and one demands made on the check brought it down to nothing like what a girl hoped it might be at the beginning. And Debbie wondered if the sacrifice was worth the pay-off. At the rate she was going she'd be secure for life—but she'd never be rich. The yachts and silver Rolls-Royces are not for movie stars. They can't afford them.

There is no question about Debbie Reynolds' marriage to Eddie Fisher being a love match. And, as far as she was concerned, it was for life. *Even in the spotlight,* she thought, *I can find some normality, something that resembles the happiness I see in others.* She was wrong.

"Debbie Reynolds," a radio gabber said, "is taking the smash-up of her marriage to singer Eddie Fisher like a real trouper. She is dignified in her statements. She is accepting defeat at the hands of Elizabeth Taylor graciously. And she hasn't lost her sense of humor. . . ."

And all the while Debbie was like any other young woman in her situation—too stunned to make sense, in tears every time she was alone, proud before strangers, and, as she had been taught, witty when the jerks who couldn't read a woman's sorrow in her face made their silly jokes. And, like the rest of the women in her position, she suffered the cuts and walked away from the inevitable one day with the same scars. You know her today by those scars.

Debbie's fear

And she confides to her closest friends now that she is afraid she may never fall in love again. Yet being with Harry Karl, experiencing the warmth of his deep concern for her and her children, having someone there to take the heavy load of her responsibilities on his shoulders, being treated like a glamorous young woman instead of a wife cast aside—all this left a glow that seemed very much like love. And it would be so good to feel that wonderful feeling again. Debbie longed to be in love again. But if it wasn't real . . . ?

Debbie Reynolds is no longer the youngster with stars in her eyes. She is a mature woman with concrete values. She devotes a good deal of her time to work with The Thalians, a group dedicated to the care of mentally retarded children. She doesn't play at this—she works at it and she is known as a tireless, sound-thinking executive officer of the group. In business, the business of making deals for movies, that is, she is known as a sharp trader, more than wise to her own value and the value of a dollar. As a film star, she knows her rank in the firmament and she sees that she gets every bit of respect due her on the set. To some people she is known as a tyrant, to others a snob, to others a real tough dame. Maybe she is all of these things. And if she is, it is because she was made that way. The ingredients of the formula went into the flask—and Debbie Reynolds, as she is today, came out.

As to Harry Karl, his tale is the reverse of Debbie's. Some say he has a very large fortune—others, including his former wives, not so large. At any rate it is enough to allow him to live in luxury such as few men get to know. His whole background is laced with evidence of his liking for publicity and desire for acceptance by the community of celebrities in which he lives as one worthy of mention in the daily blabs. He has had a press agent for years—and he is probably the only shoe maker in the world with a private press agent. In moments of strife, such as when his ex-wife got into quite startling jams, Harry was always available to the boys with the by-lines for a quote. He contributes handsomely to the Los Angeles Press Club. One of his adopted sons is named Harrison, after a local gossip columnist. Yes, Harry digs the limelight.

As to the kind of husband he would make Debbie, who can tell? But his exwives may give us a clue. His first wife, Ruth Winters, now operates an accessory shop in a Beverly Hills beauty salon. They were married twenty-four years ago, not too long after Debbie was born, and have been divorced fourteen years. They had a daughter, Judy, who is now twenty. Harry owes nothing, nor does he *give* anything to his first wife. He does, however, employ his daughter's husband at a quite respectable salary—and more than likely gives his grandson shoes for free.

Not joyous at all

Harry's second wife, Marie MacDonald, is considerably less than kind in speaking of Harry and her memory of her times with him are not joyous at all.

"I hated being married to Harry," she stated frankly quite recently. "He was fun when I dated him. I didn't even know he was a rich man. I thought his uncle owned a few shoe stores. (There will be loud laughter from many who know the canny Marie at this.) After we were married I discovered he was subject to terrible fits of depression. He'd stay in bed for days at a time, all wrapped up in depressed moods. I couldn't stand it. We lived in a house like Wuthering Heights—and after a while I began to feel low and depressed all the time. When I left him, I felt as though a great weight had been lifted from me."

Marie adds, "I think he finds in Debbie something he found in me. Vivacity. Now in my case, I had all the vivacity—and I think she'll find out the same thing. She won't know what he's really like while she's dating him.

"And as for the children, we have three, two adopted, Denise and Harrison, both aged ten, and Tina, who is our natural child, aged three and a half. Harry has seen the children only three times last year and twice this year. I don't know how good he is to Debbie's kids—but he doesn't bother much with his own."

According to Marie, Harry Karl's income, after taxes, is about $56,000.00 a year today. If he were to live with Debbie and the family, the way he wants to live, this wouldn't go very far.

And he pays a heavy divorce settlement to Marie. She gets $3,500 a month alimony until the day she dies, whether she marries again or not. She gets $750.00 a month each for the three children—and Harry pays extra for such items as clothing, toys, medical and dental care, transportation to and from school—and, when the day comes, he will pay their college tuitions and board while they are being educated. So, even if he is a little blue once in a while, he most surely has established credit as a good family provider in latter years. . . .

As Harry Karl pores over luxury house plans in his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Debbie looks around the home her children know and love. And she looks into her heart and the truth becomes very clear to her. She is not in love with Harry Karl, she probably never was. But she had wished she were. Wished it so much that she almost believed it, and certainly the public believed it. But she'd only been fooling herself.

She knew now, beyond a doubt what the answer would be: "I like him better than any man I know," she admitted, "but I have no plans to marry . . . I'm going to think a long time before I marry anyone."

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The Nun I Hated

(*Continued from page 35*)

Jersey tone of hers. She smiled pleasantly.

"Yeah," Connie said, flatly.

"Welcome then," said the girl, "and here, let me help you with your suitcase."

Connie pulled the valise away. "I'll kick you in the shins if you touch this," she snapped. "I'll—"

A voice interrupted her. "Hello," it said, "you must be Concetta Ingolia. We've been expecting you. My name is Sister M———."

Connie looked up at the nun, a young and beautiful lady, with one of those faces and expressions she'd seen in paintings of saints her dead grandmother used to keep around the house. It made her sad to think of her dead grandmother now. It made her feel like bawling. But she wasn't going to bawl now, no sir. Because bawling was the farthest thing from being tough.

"Come," the nun said, as Connie stood looking at her, "let's go to my office and get to know one another a little. . . ."

The nosy business

In the office, sure enough, the nun started with the nosy business.

"I see no mention here of your mother," she said, looking at a paper she'd just pulled from a folder. "Is she alive, Concetta?"

"She and my father got divorced when I was two," Connie said.

"And do you ever see her?" asked the nun.

"Sure, a lot," Connie said, lying, the truth being that she only saw her mother a couple of times a year.

"And your father's a musician," the nun said.

"*That's* why I'm here," Connie said. "He's gotta go on the road all the time to make a buck and he couldn't take care of me."

"You lived with your grandmother until recently?" asked the nun.

"Until she died," Connie said.

"Rest her soul," said the nun. Then, "And I guess there was nobody else to take care of you."

"Sure there was," Connie said. "I've got nine aunts and thirty-one first cousins and we're a big close family—" She stopped. The truth would show if she kept on talking, she was afraid; the truth that nobody in that big close family, nice as some of them were, really wanted to take care of her, to take the responsibility for her.

She watched the nun now as she reached for another piece of paper—a medical report. And she listened as the nun, in a very quiet and long way, and even turning red in the face once in a while, asked the nosiest question of them all—"because," as she said, "I must know for our own records, my dear, and so that we can help you and give you advice."

Connie sat, hearing her out.

And then she said, "Oh, *that's* happened to me already, yeah. I know all about it. I was in a hotel room one night, on the road, visiting my father. He was out, working. I was alone when it happened. I got scared at first. I even thought I was dying. But I asked a maid in the hotel, finally. And she explained it all to me . . . This maid."

When she was finished talking, Connie noticed that the nun was looking at her, very sympathetic.

This made her uncomfortable.

She didn't want any sympathy from anybody here, especially not from a nun.

"How come you're a nun?" she asked, suddenly, remembering hearing once from somebody that nuns don't like to be asked that question.

"How come?" Sister M——— asked back.

And not mad, either. But smiling a little, just like those pictures of the saints. "Because, Concetta," she said, "I am in love with Christ our Lord, and because this is the only way I know to show Him my love.

"What," she asked Connie then, "do you want *your* life to be like, when you grow older? What do *you* want to become?"

"I don't know," Connie said, lying again, since more than anything she wanted to be a singer—but why should she go telling this nun and have to hear her say, "Oh, how nice," or something stupid and phony like that?

"Well," said the nun, "there's plenty of time to decide, isn't there?"

If anything is ever wrong . . .

When Connie didn't answer, she got up from her chair and she said, "Concetta, before I show you to your room and introduce you to some of the girls, I want you to know that if anything is ever wrong, if you ever want to talk over anything, you must feel free to come and talk with me . . . All right?"

Connie shrugged. "I guess so," she said.

"And," the nun started, "if, at the beginning, especially, you ever find yourself feeling lonely—"

"Me?" Connie interrupted. "I'm never lonely . . . Look," she said, "When I was a little kid, my very first day of school, in *kindergarten*, I went alone. Other kids were standing around with their mothers, holding their hands, crying. And me, I was alone. And not crying."

"You're a very independent young lady, aren't you?" the nun asked, still smiling a little.

"Yeah," Connie said, "very independent" —whatever that word meant.

For the next moment, the two of them stood, looking at each other, the nun thinking her thoughts; and Connie thinking hers—how she wanted so much right now to say something mean and nasty to this stiff lady in black with all her make-believe niceness, something so mean and terrible that the nun would have to let her have it, a good hard slap in the face; yes, *that* was what she wanted. Connie knew now, for the nun to get so mad she'd have to bring up her hand, and so that she, Connie, could say, "You lay a paw on me and they'll hear me all the way over in Brooklyn!"—just one good slap so she could leave this place and go back to where she'd come from and stay with a girlfriend's family, with anybody, till she got old enough to be on her own.

Oh yes, Connie knew, this was just the time for her to say something and get the nun's goat and then get going.

But she knew, too, that she couldn't say anything now, not now this minute, *not* as the nun stood there with her fingers touching, all of a sudden, very gentle, that big silver crucifix she was wearing around her neck.

Well, Connie thought, looking back up, into the nun's eye, *there's still time. And there's ways. And I'll find a way . . . You just wait and see. . . .*

For the next few weeks, Connie tried everything to get kicked out of the school. She didn't study; she yawned all through her classes. She was sullen sometimes, mopey. And when she wasn't moping she was rude, always looking for fights. She tried aggravating everybody; the girls on her floor, the girls in her classes, the nuns, Sister M———, especially, the one she couldn't stand most of all. But everybody, it seemed, forgave her her aggravations and turned the other cheek. "Poor Concetta," she overheard one of them say one day, "she must be so lonely with nobody ever coming to visit her. It's no wonder she's so nervous and doesn't want to talk to us."

"Poor Concetta, my eye," Connie thought "Just give me time!"

More weeks passed.

And more.

Still, nobody was kicking Connie out of any place.

How to get kicked out

And then, another day, Connie overheard another conversation. This time the girls were talking about a former classmate of theirs, wondering how she was doing now. It seemed that this girl had had the pleasure of being asked to leave the school, because she'd been caught writing something "insulting," by Sister M———, of all people, and in her class too.

Mmmmmmmmmm, Connie thought to herself, hearing this.

"Mmmmmmmmmmboy!"

Suddenly, she smiled triumphantly.

She knew now what she had to do.

She sat in Sister M———'s class that next morning. The other girls were sitting with clasped hands, looking up all attention at the nun, who was explaining something on the blackboard, while Connie, ignoring the lesson, was writing furiously away in her notebook.

I hate this school, she wrote.

I hate the food.

I hate my room.

I hate the girls.

I hate the nuns.

And I really hate Sister M———, who is a pain in the neck and thinks she's so holy.

She looked up when she was finished wondering whether the nun had noticed her.

But Sister M——— hadn't; or, at least she looked as if she hadn't.

So Connie started again. And this time she pressed down harder with her pencil and wrote slower, and underlined the words *really hate* and *Sister M———*.

And this time, she was glad to see, she got caught while doing it.

"Concetta," the voice came floating across the room, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Connie said.

She gave her notebook a push and made it drop to the floor.

"Have you been writing something, Concetta, instead of listening?" Sister M——— asked.

"Sort of," Connie said.

"May I see what you've been writing?"

Connie cleared her throat and pretended to be embarrassed. She picked her notebook up from the floor. "I'd rather not," she said.

"Concetta," the nun's voice came, "if you don't mind, please bring that book up to me."

Connie did.

Sister M——— read what she had written.

"All right," said the nun, when she'd finished, her voice very calm, but her eyes kind of sad-looking, of all things "—now you tear this page out of your book, and go tack it onto the bulletin board out in the hall, and then go to my office and wait for me."

Connie rushed—nearly skipped—out into the hall, and did as she was told. Then, as she was about to go on to Sister M———'s office, another nun, an old nun, came over to see what Connie had tacked to the board.

"Tsk-tsk," said the nun, when she read it, "and we'd had such high hopes for you here. Sister M———, especially, always saying those nice things about your potentials."

Two girls, walking by now, came to see what the old nun was tsk-tsking about They, too, read what Connie had written

"Golly," one of them said, looking at Connie, "at least it's nice to know who your friends are."

"So she's chicken and can't take us," the other said, not looking. "Well then, good riddance to her."

And they walked away. . . .

The nun's farewell

Connie sat waiting in Sister M———'s office a little while later. She'd been waiting only a few minutes, but it had seemed like days. She wished the nun would hurry up and come, so they could get this over with. She didn't feel good, all of a sudden, for some reason; her head was aching and her stomach was making noises, and she wished—oh come on, come on, she wished—that they could get this over with.

Sister M———, when she finally did come back to the office, said nothing at first. She just sat down in her chair and she looked at Connie with those suddenly sad eyes of hers.

"Well, you gonna kick me out now?" Connie said after a minute, figuring that maybe she was the one who was supposed to start the conversation.

"No," Sister M——— said, shaking her head. "I'm not going to kick you out, as you say, Concetta . . . I'm going to let you out."

"Same thing," Connie said.

"No," Sister M——— said again, shaking her head. "It's not the same thing, Concetta. Bad girls, really bad girls, get *kicked* out of here. But good girls, really and basically good girls, like you—"

"I'm not so good," Connie found herself saying.

"—But good girls like you," the nun went on, "well, it always gives us much sorrow to find out they don't want us, any of us, and that they don't want to stay with us."

Then the nun said, "We'll have to notify your father, and tell him that you want to go. Where can we locate him right now, Concetta?"

Connie told her.

"All right," said the nun. "I'll phone him in a little while. He can send somebody over to pick you up . . . and then you can go."

Connie took a deep breath and rose and started to head for the door.

"It might take a few days," the nun said, as she did.

"I know," Concetta said, placing her hand on the doorknob.

"And," the nun said, "meanwhile, if you want, you can keep on coming to classes. Or you can stay in your room. Or do anything, Concetta. . . .

"And," she went on, smiling a little again now, the way she normally did, "while you remain here, if there's anything you want, want to talk over, anything, you just come down here and you still consider yourself free to talk with me. Any time, Concetta . . . Do you understand, my dear?"

Connie's hand tightened on the door knob.

She tried to turn it, but she couldn't.

Because it felt heavy in her hand now, and her hand felt very light, both at the same time, and she couldn't, she couldn't open the door.

"If you'd like to stay . . ."

She stood there for a long moment, trying.

And then the ache in her head got worse, suddenly, and her stomach began to feel more and more upset. And she began to cry, suddenly.

"You!" she screamed then, looking up from her hand, and over at the nun. "Youuuuuuuuu!"

Sister M——— got up. "What's the matter?" she asked, all concerned. "What in the world's the matter?"

"You!" Connie screamed again. "Why do you have to be so nice like this? Why can't you be mean like me? Why do you have to go making me feel so bad . . . *now?*"

She was bawling by this time; not crying, but bawling.

"I don't deserve it," she said, the bawling growing louder, "—you being so nice to me."

She leaned against the door.

"Why," she bawled, "—why don't you just let me go in peace?"

Sister M——— rushed from where she was standing, and over to Connie. She put her arms around the girl. She held her close, and gentle, as she let her cry it out.

And then, when the crying had stopped, she said, "Would you like me to get you some water?"

"No," Connie said.

"Is there anything you'd like?" the nun asked.

Connie said nothing.

"Is there, Concetta?"

Still, Connie said nothing.

"Tell me," said the nun, very softly. "Come on . . . don't be a baby. If you'd like to stay, just tell me."

"You mean I can?" Connie asked. "I'm not in too hot water? Hey, how'd you know, anyway, that I wanted to stay?"

Sister M——— just smiled that little smile of hers.

And Connie, figuring she'd better get back to her classes while the going was good, whispered something about a thank you, and turned towards the door.

And once again she brought her hand up to the doorknob.

And this time, she saw, she could turn it, very very easily. . . .

Talks with sister

You would have thought Connie had taken a lease on Sister M———'s office, they were together so much after that incident—that is, when Connie wasn't in class or up in her room doing her homework or spending time with lots of the girls who'd become her friends. She spent lots of time with these friends now, hour after hour, nice pleasant hours. But her happiest hours, by far, were those she would spend in Sister M———'s office, whenever Sister M——— had the time to spare, and where they both would relax, and talk, talk, talk. They talked about many things, the two of them—religious things, lay things, what you might call hygiene things, happy things, sad things, current events things, future things, past things, all things.

And though many of these conversations they had are just vague memories to Connie now, swept away by the sands of time, as they say, some of the things that happened between her and Sister M———, and some of the conversations they had, these Connie will never forget.

Like their conversations that day Connie was feeling blue.

"I feel sometimes, Sister," she'd say, "like things are wrong, even though I don't know *what's* wrong. And I get all choked-up feeling inside me. And I'm really not much good, much fun, to be around . . . And I don't know what to do till the feeling passes."

"Well," Sister M——— had said, "if I were you, I'd use that time to catch up on some of my prayers, to begin with. And I'd use it to read; that's a perfect time to sit alone with a book, you know. And," she'd asked, "you like to sing, don't you, Concetta?" At least, I hear you sometimes, singing softly, when I'm passing your room?"

"Yes," Connie had said, "I love to sing."

"Then sing aloud," Sister M——— had



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said, "for all the world to hear. Happy songs. Songs you like. Sing," she'd said, and then she'd winked, "except," she'd said, "during Mass and during Meditation, of course. . . ."

And then there was the time they'd talked about Connie's "boyfriend."

"Who is he you're so stuck on," Sister M——— had asked, "and why are you so sad about him?"

"Well, you know on Fridays, when I go shopping at the market with Sister A———?" Connie had asked. "Well, there's this dreamboat of a boy who works there, in meats and fish. And every Friday I'd try to catch his eye and hope that he'd talk to me. And finally, last Friday he did. And do you know what he said? He said he was going in the Army right away."

"The Army?" Sister M——— had asked, all astounded. "How old is this boy, Concetta?"

"Going on twenty-one," Connie had said.

"And how old are you?"

"Going on fourteen."

"More like thirteen," the nun had said. "Oh, Concetta!"

And there had followed a very serious discussion on boys and girls and the little matter of differences-in-their-ages. . . .

About sin, about heaven

There were other times together, other conversations.

Like the conversation about Connie's stepsister, and Connie's own sin.

"My mother got married again, you see," she'd said, "and she had another daughter, my stepsister . . . I went to see them one day. My mother took me in to see the baby. And you should have seen the room—a room all to herself, she had—all in pink, and with a beautiful crib, and with a place where my mother said the baby's bed would go when she was bigger, a canopy bed, she said. And all I could do was stand there and envy this little baby, because *she* was going to get all the things from my mother that I never got. . . . And, Sister, I wonder, was it a sin to envy this baby like I did?"

"Do you envy her still?" Sister M——— had asked.

"No," Connie had said. "I've thought it over since then—she's only a little baby, and I can only wish her the best."

"Then," Sister M——— had said, much to Connie's happiness, "it was a sin at the time. But it is no longer. . . ."

And then there was the time they'd talked about Brownie.

"He was my dog, when I was a kid," Connie had said, "the most wonderful little mutt in the world. He ran away one day, and I think he got killed. Anyway, I asked another nun, in Brooklyn, if he would go to heaven, at least; if there was a place in heaven for dogs, even mutts. And she said, 'Don't go bothering me with such foolishness. The church has enough to do worrying about the human soul, let alone dogs'. And, you know, even though that was years ago, I still think about Brownie. And I wonder, Sister M———, but do *you* think there might be a place in heaven for dogs?"

Very simple and direct, the nun had nodded. "I do," she'd said. "At least, I'd be very disappointed if I didn't find *my* pooch up there if and when our Lord allows *me* in."

And *that* had settled the matter of Brownie and his whereabouts for Connie, once and for all. . . .

There were other times together, other conversations.

And they all of them had made Connie feel so good, not only because she finally had somebody she could talk to, really talk to; but because when she talked with Sister M———, she felt she was talking with a woman who was to her a friend, a sister, a mother, and her private saint.

They lasted, these conversations with Sister M———, for the two years Connie was at the school.

And they ended on that morning following Connie's graduation night, when the last conversation they would ever have together took place . . . the one which began with Sister M——— so mad, suddenly, at first. . . .

The walk in the rain

The nun had been waiting in Connie's room, pacing the floor, looking out the window sometimes. Waiting.

And then, when Connie did come in, she called out, "Where've you *been*? We've been worried sick . . . And look at you, soaking wet. Your beautiful new dress—Your hair— Where've you *been*, Concetta?"

"In the rain," said Connie, "walking."

"Since last night?" asked the nun.

"Yes," Connie said.

"But why, Concetta? Why?"

"Because," said Connie vaguely, "I like the rain. It's like life is, really. It's good and it's bad. It makes the flowers grow, and it gives people colds . . . And me, I want to catch cold and die."

"Concetta!" said Sister M———, sharply.

"I know," Connie said. "It's a sin to say. But I do. I *do*."

"Why?" she was asked.

"Because," said Connie, "the night of all nights—my graduation. And did she come?"

"Who, Concetta?"

"My mother, that's who," said Connie. She pretended to laugh. "Oh boy, how I felt. I didn't think it would ever hit me like this. But last night, after the ceremony, seeing all the other girls with their mothers there, waiting for them, in the lobby, with those big flowers, those big bouquets . . . And me, just standing there alone, like a big jerk, making believe I was looking around for *my* mother, making believe—"

She stopped, and she pretended to laugh again.

"Did you invite your mother, Concetta?" Sister M——— asked, cutting off the laugh.

"She knew it was my graduation," said Connie.

"But did you invite her?" the nun asked.

This time, Connie didn't answer.

"You know," said Sister M——— now, "she might have thought you didn't want her to come. Did you ever stop and think of it that way?"

"But she *knew*," said Connie. "She *knew* it was my graduation."

Sister M——— sighed.

"Well, now," she said, changing the subject, "most of the girls have gone already. Scooted right out of here, first thing this morning . . . And how about your plans, Connie? Still the same—to leave this afternoon and take the train to St. Louis and go live with your father?"

"Sort of the same, I guess," said Connie. "Except he's not gonna stay in St. Louis long. He got a job in Beverly Hills, California, beginning a few weeks from now playing at a restaurant or something . . . He wants me to go there with him."

"Beverly Hills," said Sister M——— "That's right near Hollywood, isn't it?"

"I think so," said Connie.

"Well now," said the nun, "that will be nice and convenient for you when you decide you're ready to become a movie star." She smiled a little, in that way of hers. "You still want to become a singer and a movie star someday, don't you Concetta? Or have you changed your mind?"

"I don't know anymore," said Connie.

"Connie Stevens," said the nun, "—that's what you said you're going to call yourself, wasn't it? After the name your father uses?"

"I don't know anymore," said Connie.

"Well," said the nun, "*I* know. I know you're going to make it, too, Concetta. And the way you've made us all so happy these past two years, singing for us, acting in our plays, that's the way you're going to make the whole world happy someday . . . And," she said, "believe me, even though I won't be seeing any of your big pictures, I'll know when you make them. And I'll be rooting for you, praying for you. . . ."

She swallowed something that seemed to get caught in her throat.

End of an era

Then she said, "All right now, Concetta, enough of this talking. Get on with you, now, right in there, in the bathroom, and dry your hair out and change your clothes. And quick, too. Before you really catch that cold and end up sneezing your way all the way to California. . . .

"Go on, now.

"Go on."

Connie obeyed, going into the bathroom, and changing.

And it wasn't until she was finished, till she came back out into her room, that she realized that the nun was not there.

Then she saw the note on her desk.

It was a short note, very short, and it was signed by Sister M———.

"Dear Concetta," it read, "I do not like good-byes. I never have. So please allow me to bid you bon voyage in this manner. Be good. Be successful. Love our Lord always. And remember that I shall always be thinking of you."

There was a P.S. to the note, too.

"Please, too," it read, "think about what I said about your mother not coming to your graduation last night. Remember, you did not ask her, and maybe that was all she was waiting for, an invitation. Could I not be right, Concetta?"

Connie nodded.

"Yes, Sister," she found herself saying, as she stared down at the note. "Yes, you're right."

She looked up then. And she looked around the empty room.

"Sister?" she called out.

"Sister—aren't we ever gonna talk together again, you and me? . . . *Sister?*"

But, for the first time in two years now, there was no answer to her call.

And Connie, knowing that it was over, this part of her life, these two beautiful years, put down the note and walked over to the window and rested her hand against the pane.

It was still raining outside, she could see.

The rain was really slamming itself against the window.

It was making a design, too, a long and streaming design, like tears.

And, all of a sudden, Connie saw, there were tears coming down both sides of the window. **END**

Connie will co-star in PARRISH, *Warner Bros.*

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A Widow's Torment

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lauren made up her mind, packed her belongings, took her two children, Stevie, aged eight, and Leslie, a perky four, and moved to New York, far from the shop talk and shattered dreams of a Hollywood that no longer was home for her—not without Bogie.

When love has been good to two people, and love was more than good to Lauren and Bogie, it sometimes robs the survivor of the will to love again. But Lauren Bacall is made of stronger stuff. She has the guts to face her mirror and call a spade a spade.

"Our marriage was so good I find it difficult to live any other way."

In love, there are givers and there are takers. Lauren is a giver. Bogie was a taker, a man who had lost at marriage three times by trying for the impossible: a bachelor's freedom within the cast-iron conventions of marriage.

But with Lauren, he learned to give. Then all too soon he was gone. And Lauren had to learn to give all over again.

Reincarnation of Bogie

New York was the spirit and the soul that helped Lauren to forget and to find a man, a man who in his own Bogart fashion, helped Lauren to smile again.

Jason Robards, Jr. is a sensitive, sometimes violent stage actor, who is to the teeth a reincarnation of Bogie. But Jason prefers to live on as Jason, not as the spirit of a dead man. Jason will not play Bogie, though their physical resemblance is not to be denied.

"Jason did *Petrified Forest* on the Equity Library Theatre stage some years back, and he did the role Bogie played on screen, and it was frightening the resemblance the two rebels had," a director opined.

Lauren noticed the resemblance immediately, but Jason, who became her close friend in short order, fought to keep his own identity, fought to free himself of the ghost-like role that Lauren was projecting him into.

On a recent night, they entered the Baq Room, an intimate West Side spot where an uninhibited song stylist named Janice Mars sang lover's blues like blues were meant to be sung. Sitting in the room were the perpetual newlyweds, Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood.

"Hi Betty," Bob warmly greeted Lauren.

Natalie smiled at their long time favorite, Lauren Bacall, who to her good friends is always Betty. Jason calmly surveyed the room. Janice Mars was about to do another number.

"Hey, Jase, join me," she called.

Jason winked at Lauren, she smiled back in the off-handed way that only she can, and Jason was off to the races in a wheel-and-deal manner reminiscent of Bogie, yet completely his own effortless and unapproachable Robards' way of laughing at life.

Jason, in his slow gin baritone, belted out an old Irish ditty that was blues in the Dublin style. Janice Mars, playing it straight faced, chimed in behind Jason, and Lauren—she just smiled her warm-hearted approval at a man who had taught her how to smile again.

"Hey, honey, join us," Jason tossed in an aside to Lauren.

The crowd, not knowing to what extent he would take their prodding, gently insisted she bail Jason out with a singing voice.

And, there, in the smoke of a dimly lit back room, with the bluish light playing across their happy faces, a happiness long gone seemed to be reborn, as Lauren and Jason sang in a broken-bottle pair of voices that would have made Bogie laugh a thousand times over.

"They look great," laughed Bob Wagner. "It's good to see her smile again."

"It's like old times," Natalie added. Lauren Bacall's smile that night was a smile long overdue. And the man who put the smile on her face is a man who has successfully come through a school of hard knocks.

Jason Robards, Jr. like Betty Bacall, has known moments of great sorrow. His idol, Jason Robards, Sr., was a talented stage star who went blind at the height of his career. The boy Jason worshipped his father and the thought that his idol, now blind and weary, would never be on a stage again saddened him beyond all sadness.

"My dad was a great actor," Jason said, "and it was sad to see him die inside each day."

Finally, after years of darkness, the miracle came to pass. Jason Robards, Sr. got his sight back, and to Jason, Jr. it was as if the heavens had opened to them.

Jason had a tough ride himself. After Navy service, during which a ship he was on was torpedoed, he came back to a theater that was not overly anxious to welcome home any more actors.

But he plugged, and after his Equity Library Theater stint in *Petrified Forest*, he did a number of live television shows in which his work was noticed. Finally, his big break came on Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

The raves were all his, and he followed *Journey* with *The Disenchanted*, playing the sodden drunk that Scott Fitzgerald, the legendary writer of the '20's, seemed to have become in his last days.

But Jason's marriage was not working out too well. There were fights. Separations. And a growing apartness.

His energy seemed to be channeled into areas that can only be harmful to a creative talent. His drinking bouts became almost as legendary as Bogie's. Then . . .

He met Lauren.

Lauren, having moved into the stately Dakota apartments on Central Park West, and having stepped into the New York social whirl, found little time on her hands, but still there was a great void in her life. She could not find a man to replace Bogie. Then . . .

She met Jason.

She recalled the day when she was only nineteen and the worldly-wise Bogie had swept her off her feet and married her.

"I wasn't exactly what you'd call a woman of the world."

But when she met Jason, she had had a taste of the world of glamour, and had known the thrill of international adulation. But . . .

The same feeling that had hit her with Bogie when she was a fresh-faced unknown of 19, hit her again.

She has found many happy moments in the company of the completely uninhibited Jason Robards. In New York, a party is not really a party until Jason hits it. Then, he swings into high gear, taking over the singing, dancing, and merry making. A party brightens with his appearance, and so does Lauren, for Jason has that hell-for-leather attitude toward life that her beloved Bogie had.

Lauren has met the challenge of loneliness and appears to have come out of her self-imposed shell.

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Only Frank Sinatra, of her many pursuers, came anywhere near catching Lauren. But Lauren says now, "The less said about Mister Sinatra, the better!"

Frank, a doting father to his own children, was not exactly the best choice for Lauren and Bogie's children. And, with Lauren, her children come first.

"Right now," she said, "the children are the most important thing in my life."

And, she knows all too well the sacred image held of Bogie by young Stephen.

"Stephen remembers his father so well, and I want him always to think of what a kind, wonderful man he was." Then, Lauren added a 'but.'

"But, I don't want to talk about him every day because I don't want to create any insurmountable obstacles for them (meaning her children) when I remarry."

Jason Robards is a proud man and he will make it on his own. With Bogie's Lauren. With Bogie's friends and hers. And, with Stephen and Leslie.

Lauren Bacall is a lot of woman. She's proved it time and again, especially during the desperately trying period in which she was the only one who knew Bogie was dying. For ten months, she played it straight as if nothing were happening. And, Bogie, realizing the end was near, and watching her keep her heart from showing on her sleeve, said:

"She's my wife. So she stays home. Maybe that's the way you tell the ladies from the broads in this town."

Now, she seeks happiness. And, as she says it in the candid way that has become her trademark:

"I feel that the greatest compliment I can pay Bogie is to get married. Because our marriage was so good I find it difficult to live any other way."

She leaves her heart open. And, for Jason Robards that opening is perhaps the lead he needs to make his move.

Jason, delighted when Lauren opened in *Good-bye Charlie* on Broadway, boosted her to the skies to all his close friends. Then, not to be outdone, he starred in *Toys in the Attic* to rave notices, and no one could have been happier than Lauren over his success.

They toasted each other with champagne, and the bubbling smiles that crossed their happy faces were more than just the effects of sparkling champagne.

Theirs is not one of those dimly-lit, out-of-the-way restaurant type friendships. They appear in such spots as the Brasserie, a restaurant frequented by many and as bright as a Christmas tree. Even the most cynical beings wish them the best.

"Jason's his own man. And Betty knows it. He doesn't need to do Bogie to make everything seem right. And, if he had to, he'd change his physical resemblance to Bogie, just to make it on his own."

Anyone who knows Jason knows this.

The actor who said it had known Jason through the hard times, but he also knew and liked Lauren. He was hoping the comparisons between Bogie and Jason wouldn't be any stumbling block to the new happiness Lauren and Jason seem to have found.

One of the funniest, though cherished, taunts that Bogie ever tossed out was when he said:

"I had to marry her. She chased me until I had my back to the wall. I did what any gentleman would do—I gave in."

Lauren has always laughed at the old line.

It was a private joke between Betty and her Bogie. Now, she has left the way open for a fiercely independent man to laugh at the same line, a line Bogie coined, but held no copyright on. A line that any gentleman would be wise to think over. For, as Jason knows, when a man's got his back against the wall, giving in can be more fun. Especially if he gives in to Lauren.

END

The Good Wife

(*Continued from page 39*)

Jeanne had to forget all hopes for resuming her career as a model. Besides, she soon had her own Dino, Ricci and Gina to raise.

Many times, when the stepchildren were going through the usual adolescent rebellion, she wondered if they were thinking, "You're not my real mother; you're only my stepmother!" But she held her temper, mustered all her patience and offered all her love in handling each little crisis in a big family.

There were times when Dean found married life oppressive and stormed out, only to return and promise to try a little harder the next time. Things got better after he split with Jerry Lewis, and he said then, "Now I can give more time to family life."

All seven kids, plus Dean, Jeanne and three servants, live happily in a big 11-room Beverly Hills House. While Dean goes out to work, Jeanne runs the house and keeps the kids in line, and still has enough energy left to do occasional partying with Dean. For him, she is a patient, tolerant, understanding wife. But perhaps more important, at home she plays her greatest role, a loving stepmother, and does it well.

Gloria Stewart

James Stewart was 41 when he finally married, in 1949.

As Hollywood's most eligible bachelor for a long time, he had dated many stars from Marlene Dietrich to Olivia de Havilland. But he kept avoiding marriage.

"I couldn't stand having anybody around me all the time," he explained. But his years in the U. S. Air Force changed him, and when he returned to Hollywood, he was more of an extrovert. At the Gary Coopers' house, he met and fell in love with Gloria McLean Hatrick, a divorcee with two children. They married and two years later, their twin daughters were born.

Jimmy's marriage has worked because he wouldn't compromise. He wouldn't marry on impulse. He held off the aggressive Hollywood actresses; he resisted the glamour girls looking for a star husband. He waited, and kept looking, until he found the Right Girl.

Of course, he had to make a lot of adjustments. He had to adjust to a couple of lively stepchildren, to having his own children late in life, to being surrounded by noisy, happy kids in the house, to having a wife and new responsibilities, not easy for a long-time bachelor.

He was fortunate in finding Gloria, a well-poised, beautiful socialite who knew Hollywood too well to want to become an actress. She runs their big house efficiently, giving the kind of formal parties he likes, such as their recent party for the King of Nepal. With her encouragement, he has come out of his shell enough to become active in civic and school organizations and the Boy Scouts.

"I like family life," he says. Gloria sighs, "He's the ideal man: patient, kind, thoughtful."

Jimmy gambled in the firm belief there was only One Girl for him and she was worth waiting for . . . and winning.

Janet Curtis

When Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis it was her third marriage. She didn't know it then, but it was destined to be her toughest . . . and happiest.

On the surface, at the beginning, things looked good. Janet got better roles; Tony moved up at Universal studios; they started saving money, and they were working out their cultural, religious and personality differences. Then, suddenly, the pressures of Hollywood got Tony down, and he became depressed, distressed, emotionally ill, and had to go to a psychoanalyst for help.

In this crisis, when the man of the family is down, Janet knew instinctively her role. She stayed home, started raising babies, became more the wife and less the actress. She stopped taking picture offers that required going on location away from Tony. She encouraged Tony in his new self probings, his budding intellectualism. She gave him a deeper love and a greater understanding as he wandered down the dark, tortured paths of analysis, tearing at the roots of childhood memories and reliving past agonies.

She summoned all her patience to tolerate Tony's mercurial moods of anger, self-reproach, frustration. She stood fast by her man, as all loving women have done through the ages when their man was threatened.

Instead of competing with him—as many actresses do with their actor husbands—she submerged herself so that Tony was undisputed boss and big star of the family. She watched happily as he developed confidence, got top roles, earned huge salaries, took his place among Hollywood's articulate young leaders.

Their marriage worked because she did not hesitate to continue loving her mate through sickness, as well as in health, as they had promised each other solemnly in the marriage vows.

Lydia Heston

Chuck Heston fell in love with Lydia Clarke when they were speech majors at Northwestern University. Two years later, in 1944, just before he went into the Army for three years, they married.

When he returned, they started the heartbreaking job of looking for acting jobs. Sometimes they acted in the same play, sometimes they didn't. In 1950, they won the Theatre World Awards as "most promising actor and actress of the year."

Their marriage worked during their lean years because, as Chuck said then, "We both want the same things—each other, and work in the theater." The test came when Chuck's career started to move. Lydia could have competed with him, trying to keep up the pace. Instead, she reacted as a wife instead of as an actress, and she deliberately slowed down her own career, to help Chuck. She sought modeling work, so they could survive while Chuck pursued new acting jobs. They lived in a one-room cold-water flat "overlooking a garbage can."

Lydia said, "Two people can work and still live together happily provided they are both interested in each other's work." She took occasional acting jobs, at Chuck's urging, but when their first baby, Fraser, arrived, she went into semi-retirement.

Because Chuck has been on location so much and because the baby arrived when he was abroad, he and Lydia have endured many and long separations. Too, she has virtually given up her own career. Yet theirs is a happy marriage. Chuck seems calm, considerate, loving, and insists, "A successful marriage is the art of the possible; I never argue with my wife." She admits the constant traveling and their three homes make life exciting.

If she had tried to race him, careerwise, she might have wrecked their marriage. By deliberately falling behind, she won the marital race.

Roselle Como

"I've always wanted to be on your show," the gorgeous girl said when the studio crew wandered away and left her momentarily alone with Perry Como.

"You're a fine singer," Perry said. She smiled, as she sized him up appreciatively. He was over 40, his black hair was graying, he had a wife and three kids. But he was still handsome, a power in TV, and rich. "After the show," she whispered, "Why don't you come over to my place and unwind? . . . We'll relax."

If Roselle Como had known of this conversation, she wouldn't have worried—she trusted her husband.

"Sorry," said Perry. "Can't . . . I've already promised Father Bob and my brother-in-law Dee to go for spaghetti . . . then we got to hurry home . . . tomorrow's Sunday . . . early mass."

After the show, Perry did just what he said he'd do. The next morning he and Roselle, and Terry and David, went to church. Their eldest, Ronnie, would have gone, too; but he was away at Notre Dame.

When Perry and Roselle eloped in 1933, he was a touring band vocalist who periodically went back to barbering when things got bad. When he finally made the big time in New York, he and Roselle agreed they didn't want to be a show-business couple living in a glamorous fishbowl. So their marriage worked because they accepted a discipline, backed by a strong religious faith. They moved to the suburbs, permitted very few show-business cronies to come to their home, avoided night clubs and premieres, and tried to lead a "normal life"—going to church, playing tennis and golf, barbecuing meals, singing in the kitchen while strumming a mandolin, sitting around and watching TV, playing with the kids in the yard.

"The best things in life are your God, your home, your family. These things were mine when I was making $15 a week as a barber. They are still the only things that count for me."

Shirley Parker

In these days, when Togetherness is supposed to be the core of a good marriage, Shirley MacLaine has built her marriage on Apartness.

In six years of marriage to Steve Parker, they have been apart most of the time. She works in Hollywood; he makes movies in Tokyo. It all started when he went to the Orient four years ago to make good on his own and thus head off being called "Mr. Shirley MacLaine." Shirley remained in Hollywood and even had their baby alone—she drove to the hospital unescorted when the time came.

When Steve's away, she goes alone to the Sinatra-Martin "clan" parties, leaving herself open to malicious gossip. Yet her marriage works, and her radiant spirits indicate she's a happy wife. In a man-trapping community, where a wife doesn't trust her husband as far as she can throw a Martini glass, she often does not see her husband for months at a time. Yet she doesn't seem to worry; she doesn't seem to care what people think of her marriage.

She's admitted that Steve is so different. "His views are so opposite," and "the only thing we have in common is that we both like to be alone at times." But they love each other fiercely, and they phone each other an hour at a time, two or three times a week, and they write daily.

This curious relationship is being held by distance rather than closeness, and by the hope that today's sacrifice is tomorrow's happiness. Shirley tolerates the separations because they enable Steve to establish himself as a producer, and then he'll be more comfortable being a star's husband. Soon, she says, they'll be together all the time—six months in Hollywood, six months in Tokyo.

Dorothy Mitchum

Bob Mitchum met Dorothy Spence at 16 and married her at 27, when he was an odd-jobs man, restlessly trying to find the right occupation.

She has put up with him through failure and success. And surely sometimes she must have wondered if success is better for their marriage, because Bob's being a star has made it impossible for him to Live It Up unnoticed. Bob, naturally unconventional and rebellious, makes headlines with his brawls and frank talk.

Bob has admittedly been in and out of jails for vagrancy as a kid; his fifty days in jail on a marijuana charge made the front pages; his involvement with booze and broads is well known. He is hardly the type of husband women yearn for openly. Yet his marriage has held fast. He and Dorothy have raised three fine kids; he is devoted to them, and he is a loving husband to Dorothy in his own fashion.

She understands her husband—and isn't that what every wife should try to do? She expects from him only what she knows he can give. Her realistic approach has saved this marriage for 20 years. She has built an exciting family life around his shortcomings as well as his loving qualities—instead of trying to push for a safe, colorless husband whose main virtue is keeping out of trouble.

Shirley Boone

Pat Boone dated Shirley Foley ten months before he got up enough nerve to kiss her.

They steady-dated two years, when suddenly Shirley's family had to move to another city. The only way they could stay together was to marry. But their families thought they were too young. Nobody had faith in two 19-year-olds marrying, especially when the boy was still going to college and had no money.

But Pat and Shirley had faith in their love and common sense, so they eloped with the help of a sympathetic minister, who gave them their first gift, a Bible.

Pat did the impossible by finishing college while building a sensational career, and Shirley proved she could run the little family on $40 a week as well as $40,000 a week. When fame came along, Pat resisted the usual temptation to become a playboy or a showoff. Instead, he stayed close to the "square" virtues of faithfulness, churchgoing, giving to charity, working for religious and moral causes. He and Shirley periodically repeat their marriage vows, to remind themselves that "you never get anything good out of breaking a promise to God."

Their marriage has worked because they had good family backgrounds, they grew through adolescence together and matured together, they worked side by side, they struggled together, they weren't afraid of problems, they prayed together. And with Pat, Shirley knew she would take any chance.

END



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Eddie Named Father of Liza

(*Continued from page 33*)

out a little silver comb and started to comb Liza's hair—right there at that big party with the big white cake on the table with all the other pretty things. Mama made Liza feel like the party was for her.

Then Liza saw Eddie kissing Mama and the three of them were in a huddle of love. They laughed and it made Liza so happy. She reached out her arms for Eddie and clung to his neck with sheer joy.

He said lovely things to her in a tender voice—not like that other mock-stern voice she couldn't quite remember. That older voice that was there, and then suddenly, wasn't there anymore.

This was the man who put her on top of a pillow in a bicycle basket and took her for fun rides when they were on a vacation in England. This was the man who swung her way up in the air, calling her "baby doll," "sweet princess" and "pumpkin." This was the man who held her tiny hand so very gently in his. The man who sang at the top of his voice just for her.

Mama had said once, "Daddy has gum."

And Liza had trotted over to his knee, put her fragile little hand on it and asked, "Daddy, gum, please, gum, Daddy."

And Daddy just sat there, eyes riveted on Mama—both of them breathless. Then Daddy said, "Here's the gum for Daddy's girl," and hugged her so tight it hurt.

That could have been the moment that Eddie Fisher decided to adopt Elizabeth and Mike Todd's daughter as his own.

It could have been later when they lived in New York. It could have been one night when Eddie came home tired and found a child waiting with eagerness for his hug and kiss. It could have been one morning when a little person that looked just like a bunny walked into the bedroom and said, "Daddy, wake up, play with me."

Or it might very well have been the day Daddy held her up in front of the big picture of Carrie Frances and Todd. Daddy told her who they were. Then he played a game with her and asked her who the sweet faces were. And Liza knew. Liza said, "That's Carrie Frances and that's Todd." And Daddy said, "That's right, Liza, those are Daddy's babies."

And his voice sounded awful funny.

Then Liza said, "Liza is Daddy's baby, too," in a worried little voice and Daddy squeezed her close—knowing her need for reassurance that she had a daddy too.

After that, Mama and Daddy used to have long talks about Liza. Mama and Daddy had talked to Michael and Christopher and they understood why Eddie was Liza's Daddy.

They never called Eddie "Daddy"—only Liza could. And how she loved her Daddy.

Then Daddy told her one day that her name was Liza Todd Fisher. And she repeated it, Liza Todd Fisher. She knew something special was happening because Mama and Daddy were so happy. And there was a nice man there from California who said it was all official. He said very solemnly, like a lawyer would, "What a charming pixie you are, Liza Todd Fisher," and suddenly her Daddy was bowing from the waist and asking her to dance with him even though there was no music on the record-player.

His arms were guiding her so firmly she didn't even lose her footing once. She felt safe in her Daddy's arms even if she could not comprehend the complexities of Life that had wrought happiness for her out of tragedy.

When she is grown, Elizabeth and Eddie will tell Liza about the father she never knew. And Liza will know that she too has given happiness to her adopted Daddy who had to bear silently the pain of separation from his own babies. **END**

Liz stars in 20th-Fox's CLEOPATRA *United Artists'* TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *and Liz and Eddie are both in MGM's* BUTTERFIELD 8.

May Britt's Own Story

(*Continued from page 21*)

being performed and I shall be forbidden to work: should this happen, I should go back to Europe to work, where these race discriminations do not exist or are not so deeply felt.

Some other people foresee that, marrying Sammy, the demand for my services as actress on the cinematographic market will suffer a heavy loss and I will find work with more and more increasing difficulty. And also this is a risk that I feel like running.

It is true that I am fond of my work, but it is true as well that I would give it up for Sammy's love: because I love him more than any other thing in the world.

And Father says that had I been an American girl, perhaps my point of view would have been quite different. But I have been brought up in a family and in a country where a complete race tolerance exists and where the color of the skin does not represent a barrier.

Perhaps it is due to this that I was not afraid of the judgment of my family about the decision I had taken. In fact my father came to London where Sammy had accompanied me: they made their mutual acquaintance and they took a liking to each other. They understood each other and joked as if they were two old friends.

Sammy is for me a very good boy: honest, open-hearted, sincere, dynamic, always ready to make fun of everything and everybody, including himself.

In America and in Europe, when his performance begins and the searchlights brighten up his face, the public remains as if they were hypnotized. And they laugh during the 90 minutes of his performance, are moved, enjoy themselves. It is just as if he had a radar, suitable for getting the spectators' moods every evening and just as if he commanded all their reactions.

This is the sixth sense that only great actors have and Sammy, who is a dancer, singer, mime, actor, juggler, possesses it in the real complete sense of the word.

I think that when people see Sammy work they find him beautiful and nice, because behind his grimaces, his burst of laughters, his imitations, his plays, there is the man who has understood the secret to overcoming the obstacle of the race barrier, to start from nothing and reach the stars, to be a star in the most absolute sense of the word, in spite of his origins and of the narrow mind of many people.

The Americans have nicknamed him "the running man," because he is always in a hurry, he is always busy, always active, always in a mood for joking, for amusing other people.

His biographer says that all his life has been a continual defiance aiming to prove to other people and to himself that his skin does not mean "inferiority" at all.

Instead, I am of the opinion that Sammy has always felt tremendously lonely, since he was a boy, a poor boy in Harlem (some more than 30 years ago) till when he obtained the first great successes with Sinatra and Mickey Rooney in 1951.

The more famous and successful he has been, the more lonely he has felt. Sammy's performances are almost never over later than two o'clock in the night, but he usually never goes to bed before eight o'clock in the morning.

Two lonely people

After the stage, the rejoicings, the jokes, his friends' uproars, for him the moment comes, with dawn, to go to bed and it is then that he feels lonely more than any other moment. Sometimes he says to his friends or to his audience in a loud voice: "Let us take a taxi and let us make merry at home." Everybody thinks that this may be a witty remark to conclude the night, but most times it is a friendly invitation that few people or nobody understand.

On one of these occasions I was near Sammy and for one moment I hoped that the invitation would be addressed only to me, because I felt terribly lonely—like he was, and I could not disclose my feelings with anyone. I too needed much love.

So we began by walking about the largest and the most charming city in the world, getting to the general markets already in excitement, meeting men washing the streets, sleepy workers going to their work, poor people, who after having slept in the park, resuming their begging life.

Talking, keeping silent, walking, enjoying ourselves to follow this or that nice scene, this or that character, we began feeling that we were quite happy together, that both of us were a complete unique thing, that we were no longer so lonely and sad. Contrary to what happens for most human beings, our love began at daybreak, with the first sunbeam.

Now I know that when we go back to the United States, anything may happen. Sammy will do his best not to rouse hatred of violent men, who intend creating some clamorous incident around us. Sammy is a quiet boy, who has never hurt anyone and who wants to live in peace, loving his fellow creatures.

The incident, which took place in London, where some violent people tried to provoke him to anger, has tranquillized me in this sense. They had gathered in small groups in front of the place where he was working, carrying placards with outrageous writings against him and against me. Sammy did not want to hide himself in order to avoid that hostile manifestation, entering through a small back door; he had not asked the police to dispel these demonstrants, because everyone is free to profess his own ideas politely and without any violence.

Therefore at the fixed time he went to his work, crossed the crowd of demonstrants and went to prepare his scene. It is understood that he, that evening, was not the happiest man in the world, because he did not expect to find so much intolerance even in London.

But, in fact, for every demonstrant who intended offending us, there were many other English people who have written to us, apologizing for their fellow country people who had ill-treated us. **END**

May's last film is MURDER, INC., *for 20th-Fox; Sammy's next is Warner Bros.'* OCEANS 11.

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Burt Lancaster portrays the opportunist ELMER GANTRY, *a revivalist who is all set to tackle saving souls in the big city.*

ELMER GANTRY

sin or be saved . . .

Burt Lancaster
Jean Simmons
Dean Jagger
Arthur Kennedy
Shirley Jones

■ One of the finest actors in Hollywood, Burt Lancaster, lets out the stops as Elmer Gantry. The result is a marvelous portrait of an opportunist who can jump on any bandwagon and turn it into the golden chariot of a conqueror. Lancaster's a salesman with a powerful gift of gab, a lively (if always temporary) interest in women, a thirst for alcohol, a tremendous desire to be liked and an almost total disbelief in his fellow man. What could fit his talents more than to preach the fear of God and eternal damnation to eager, lonely souls who want to be saved? Making a name for herself in the midwest is Evangelist Sister Sharon (Jean Simmons). Her saintliness inspires the constant, paternal care of Dean Jagger. And her growing popularity has added atheistic newspaperman, Arthur Kennedy, to her caravan. Earthly love, a desire for the buck and an infatuation with his own voice makes Lancaster her newest and most persuasive convert. Together they save enough souls to tackle the big city of Zenith. There, business and religion are not as separate as one might think, and the fire of religious passion burns in many directions, few of them heavenly. Based on a famous novel by Sinclair Lewis which was banned in many cities when it first appeared, this is a vibrant, if not exactly revelatory, study of corruption.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

SONS AND LOVERS

Mama's boy grows up

Trevor Howard
Dean Stockwell
Wendy Hiller
Mary Ure
Heather Sears

■ D. H. Lawrence's outstanding novel, which was autobiographical, here becomes a beautiful film. It opens in a Welsh mining town where a young man can dream but often can't keep his head above the ground (it's usually down into the coal mines for him!) Dean Stockwell has a talent for painting and a strong-willed mother (Wendy Hiller) who wants this favorite son of hers to make something of himself. His father (Trevor Howard), begrimed, embittered—and often drunk because of his wife's obvious contempt for him, favors another son who is soon killed in a cave-in. Dean paints, and dreams with the help of Heather Sears, a young neighbor who loves him but it is somewhat hampered by her puritannical upbringing (her mother watches her carefully and is always telling her how vile the flesh is). In flight from her, and from his own mother's possessiveness, Dean is attracted to feminist Mary Ure who is office manager of a small factory that makes ladies' corsets. (Dean has bypassed a rich man's offer to finance a painting education to get a job in the factory.) His romance with Mary, who is separated from her husband, propels him toward a knowledge of freedom. The illness of his mother is his final push into the adventurous, lonely world of adulthood. Essentially, this is the story of an unusually sensitive boy's

(Continued on page 80)

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THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY ARRIVED IN OCTOBER

■ When Jean Simmons was a seventeen-year-old starlet in Britain, there was such a shortage of clothing that everyone was issued a book of clothing coupons. For the ordinary person it was difficult enough to find clothes to wear; for the entertainers, it was a nightmare.

Jean had already appeared in several films, and achieved some favourable notices. But she knew that if she were to get anywhere big, she would have to be seen in the best places. And getting different clothes for all these appearances was quite a problem.

One October evening she received a call from her drama teacher and agent who had just been given a number of tickets for a very important film premiere and planned to take a group of her most talented artistes. Needless to say, each girl was supposed to look magnificent.

The clothing coupons were taken out, and there were just enough to buy a simple evening frock. At such short notice there wasn't time to get a gown made for her—and there just wasn't a huge range in the fashionable shops. Everything was supposed to be for utility wear, not for film premieres.

But Jean finally found a gown, pink, flecked with white, and it made her look very much the film star. . . .

As she was about to step from the taxi she had taken to the London theater, she saw some of her friends waiting for her. One of them was wearing exactly the same dress as her own. At that moment, another friend arrived—also wearing this pink-and-white dress.

Jean ordered the driver to turn 'round, and look out for a store where she could buy some trimmings to disguise her dress. But soon she was forced to realize that all the shops were closed—and it was too late to drive home and change into something else.

Then the driver spotted a shop still open. He drove near it. It was a stationer's shop—and Jean's heart fell. How could magazines, postcards, books or calendars help her?

But, perhaps . . . ?

The wizened old shop proprietor eyed her, and asked what she wanted. She told him the whole story—and he shook his head. He couldn't think of anything at all.

Suddenly he shouted that he had an idea, if she was willing to risk making a fool of herself. He'd received his stock of Christmas decorations that day, and if she could use anything like *tinsel*, he would get it for her. . . .

Ten minutes before the film started Jean Simmons arrived at the entrance to the cinema, looking happy and radiant. She stepped from the taxi-cab, and waved to her friends who stared at her in disbelief. Curious fans gazed at her and smiled—while photographers rushed towards her and started clicking away.

Next day pictures of seventeen-year-old Jean Simmons appeared in most of the morning papers, and in one the caption read *The Christmas Fairy Arrived in October*.

It was an appropriate caption too, because Jean Simmons disguised the pink-and-white dress with garlands of glittering tinsel, and gorgeously technicolored snowflakes!

new movies

(Continued from page 79)

growth, and of family ties that can strangle as well as provide, in their close moments poignant and unforgettable love.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

Robert Wagner
Natalie Wood
Susan Kohner
George Hamilton
Pearl Bailey

. . . eating their hearts out

■ Cannibals are notorious for eating people (after boiling them in a big pot). This movie's a potboiler, all right, in which the cannibals eat each other; that they don't all die of acute indigestion is one of the miracles of movie-making. The dinner starts in Texas where barefooted Natalie Wood has changed her name from Sarah to Salome on the theory that life holds more for her than what she finds in her father's house—a shanty filled with barefooted brothers and sisters. Robert Wagner, tortured son of a minister, hopes that life holds more too, but has no notion how to get whatever it is. For a starter, he gets Natalie pregnant; he would also like to marry her but she, fearful of being trapped, runs out on him. Lucky for her George Hamilton boards the same train she does. George, playboy son of a rich Texan, is trying his best to ruin Yale's reputation as an institution of higher learning. He proposes to Natalie and she hastily accepts him. Back home Wagner befriends Pearl Bailey, a famous singer who has decided to quit her career and die because her boyfriend jilted her. Before she kicks off, however, she discovers that Wagner is a great horn player and insists on taking him to New York. There he finds fame and Susan Kohner, George's playgirl sister, who writhes with boredom. To get even with Natalie, Wagner marries Susan. Get the picture? George loves Natalie and the child he thinks is his; Natalie loves nobody; Susan loves Wagner; Wagner hates Natalie; Pearl Bailey's dying. The pot boileth over in no time.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

IT STARTED IN NAPLES

Clark Gable
Sophia Loren
Vittorio De Sica
Marietta
Paolo Carlini

—and ended in love

■ When Clark Gable arrives in Naples he's as smug and businesslike as you'd expect a Philadelphia lawyer to be. He's not on vacation; he wants to settle the estate of his brother who deserted an American wife ten years before and died in Naples with a girlfriend. Much to Gable's cynical amusement, his brother left behind an eight-year-old son (Marietto) and a carton of firecrackers. Marietto smokes, drinks wine, ignores school, makes suckers out of tourists and is, all in all, one of the most delightful waifs in film history. He lives with his aunt, Sophia Loren, who, aside from dancing in a honky-tonk, has other, questionable, methods of survival. Gable would like to take Marietto back to America—or at least send him to school in Rome, but Sophia won't part with him. Acting on the advice of his lawyer (Vittorio De Sica) Gable tries to win his way with "sweetness and light." His romance with Sophia provides a colorful tour of tourist attractions in Naples and Capri, but it doesn't provide him with Marietto—not when Sophia discovers that Gable is about as marriage-minded as his late brother. The dialogue is clever and—in endearing Italian style—animated. The mood is as gay and carefree as a Neapolitan love song. It's a fun picture.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

THE SUNDOWNERS

Deborah Kerr
Robert Mitchum
Peter Ustinov
Glynis Johns
Michael Anderson, Jr.

top-notch saga

■ This movie is certainly of Academy-award winning caliber. It has a solid, unusual plot and, without straining, goes deeply into the human heart. Filmed in Australia, it is the story of a family whose head (Robert Mitchum) has a restless need to wander. Out of devotion, his wife (Deborah Kerr) has tried to forget her desire to settle on a farm. Instead, she and her fourteen-year-old son (Michael Anderson, Jr.) pitch in and help him on one sheep-herding drive after another (hence the term, sundowners—they pitch their tent wherever they are when the sun sets). The marriage is good; the love obvious, but as her boy grows—and she gets older—Deborah's tension about settling increases and she tries to maneuver Mitchum into earning enough money for a farm. Attracted by this family, a humorous, perennial bachelor (Peter Ustinov) becomes their mascot and aide. Mitchum goes to work as a sheep-shearer after a big drive, but even staying in one place for a few months is too confining for him. Ustinov keeps his interest alive by arranging a sheep-shearing contest. Losing that, but winning a beautiful racehorse while gambling in a local pub cheers Mitchum. He figures that with his son as rider they can win races all over Australia. However, he has also won enough money at gambling to buy a farm. Deborah finally has the chance to tie him down. Trying to tie Ustinov down is a lively, charming pub owner, Glynis Johns. Neither Mitchum nor Ustinov tie that easily. Go see this film—the countryside is beautiful, you'll learn a lot about sheep and, you can count on it, a good deal about men.—CINEMASCOPE, WARNERS.

INHERIT THE WIND

Spencer Tracy
Fredric March
Gene Kelly
Dick York
Florence Eldridge

the animal in man . . .

■ In a small American town where the Bible is taken as the literal truth a young biology teacher (Dick York) has the nerve to lecture on Darwin's theory of evolution to his class. Since his action violates the state law he's arrested. This incident would probably have been ignored if a big city newspaperman (Gene Kelly) hadn't played it up, and if a three-time Presidential candidate (Fredric March) hadn't announced his intention to prosecute the case. Through Kelly's efforts, one of the outstanding lawyers of the century (Spencer Tracy) agrees to defend York. The townspeople, outraged at the thought that man may be related to monkeys, don't welcome him kindly. York's own fiancée (Donna Anderson), daughter of the local minister, deserts him temporarily. But the main drama occurs in the courtroom where two brilliant performances (by March and Tracy) bring the issue of man's right to think and even to be wrong into the open. Knowing that this film was based on the famous Scopes' trial (whose participants were Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan) gives it added excitement and significance.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER

Kerwin Mathews
June Thorburn
Lee Patterson
Gregoire Aslan
Basil Sydney

magic classic

■ A special filming process whereby Gulliver can seem like a huge giant when all around him are as tiny as ants—and vice-versa, makes this film delightful. In other words this is *not* an animated cartoon, its characters are real people. Gulliver (Kerwin Mathews) wants money instead of livestock for his services as a doctor. Much against the wishes of his fiancée (June Thorburn) he goes to sea to make his fortune (she stows away on board). Unfortunately, a storm sweeps him off the ship. When he comes to, he's in the land of the Lilliputs. The king and his entire court can fit into the palm of his hand, but Gulliver is a kind giant who only wants to help them. Dipping his hat into the sea he catches enough fish for a year; uprooting "forests" he extends their farmlands which he furrows with his fingers; capturing their neighbors' fleet as if they were toys in a bathtub he leads them to victory in war. However, the Lilliputs turn against him and he makes his escape. Next time he wakes *he's* the ant surrounded by giants in a kingdom as backward as any in the Middle Ages. There he finds his fiancée living happily at court in a magnificent doll's house. But life isn't easy for "ants" who are smarter than giants, nor is it easy when a squirrel looms before them as large as a mountain. Another twist of fate and Gulliver and his girl are back to normal size in their own country. Was it a dream? It's really a story of every human being's feelings of omnipotence and insignificance, and a biting commentary on the puny, often stupid desires of mankind.—COLUMBIA.

13 GHOSTS

Rosemary De Camp
Charles Herbert
Jo Morrow
Martin Milner
Donald Woods

. . . and a handful of creeps

■ Donald Woods works in a museum. Too bad he can't live in it, because the finance company is always repossessing the furniture wherever he and his family *do* live. Thank goodness old Uncle Zorba dies and leaves him a mansion (complete with spooky housekeeper Margaret Hamilton). Would you believe it? The house is haunted. Thirteen ghosts (the management will provide you with lenses to see them) are constantly rattling around horrifying everyone. Sliding down the bannister one day, 10-year-old Charles Herbert finds a couple of $100 bills at his feet. You mean Uncle Zorba was rich, too? Zorba's lawyer (Martin Milner) apparently thinks so. At first Marty just seemed like an affable fellow enamoured of Woods' attractive young daughter, Jo Morrow. Now, I don't know. . . . —COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

PORTRAIT IN BLACK (U-I): Lana Turner is the wife of Lloyd Nolan, but would rather be the wife of Anthony Quinn. Well, Nolan's dying anyway, Quinn's a doctor—everything can be arranged! Nolan is dispatched with a long hypodermic needle and a teeny air bubble—the perfect crime. Only, it's not so perfect, 'cause Lana gets a letter congratulating her on the murder. Nervous-making, yes? The letter-writer suspects include Lana's step-daughter Sandra Dee, maid Anna May Wong, chauffeur Ray Walston, Nolan's lawyer Richard Basehart, and Sandra's boy-friend, John Saxon. More murder, more problems, before the letter writer is revealed. Go see!

PSYCHO (Paramount): Janet Leigh, an unlikely thief, *is* one, to the tune of forty thousand dollars. She's rushing to meet boyfriend John Gavin but stops to rest at a motel run by Tony Perkins and his mom. Tony's mom doesn't like girls, the motel is vacant and has a room full of stuffed birds, and, ultimately, Janet disappears. So does an investigator sent to find her. Gavin and Janet's sister (Vera Miles) pursue the investigation further. It's all a bit macabre.

MURDER, INC. (20th-Fox): This was a business that lived up to its name. Hoods named Lepke (David Stewart) and Reles (Peter Falk) are organization men. Stuart Whitman is a guy who owes Falk some money, and thus agrees to be his chauffeur for some "business transactions." Whitman's wife, May Britt, gets dragged into the mess, but it all gets cleaned up when new Assistant D.A. Henry Morgan comes along.

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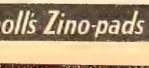
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Disgrace at Graceland

(Continued from page 29)

Elvis filled Vernon's life to overflowing as a son—but there is still that God-given need for a loving wife and a real home life which Elvis knew his father missed terribly. He knew it from the time his father met and began dating Dee in Germany. And Elvis knew it was serious when Dee came to Graceland for a visit when he and his father and grandmother returned home after his formal discharge from the Army.

Then on Elvis' two-week vacation at Graceland, before he was to return to Hollywood, it happened.

Elvis had met Dee Elliott in Germany and again when she came to visit at Graceland. Elvis liked her, and realized how much she meant to his father, but try as he would, he still could not think of this attractive young stranger as his mother.

In April, Vernon Presley had announced that he would marry Dee, that they would wait till Elvis was free to serve as best man, and then they would have the church wedding that his bride-to-be always dreamed of.

All this registered on Elvis, but something in him did not believe it.

When he finished his Hollywood chores, he was so anxious to get home that he overcame his fear of flying and took a jet to St. Louis, rented a car and sped on from there, his mind on nothing but two weeks of solid rest.

It did not occur to him that he was now free, that the moment he walked in the door plans of three months' standing would go into operation.

It did not occur to him until he looked at his father and realized that all the talk had meaning, that the marriage would take place, and that he could not go through with it.

"I'm sorry, Dad

Vernon Presley knew his son very well. It was hardly necessary for Elvis to say a word. "I'm sorry, Dad," was the best Elvis could do.

And Vernon Presley understood and said only, "It's all right, son. Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

The next day Vernon Presley drove to Huntsville where his bride-to-be and her three children were staying. There, Vernon and Dee took out a wedding license July 3, and were quietly married by Circuit Judge Harry L. Pennington that very night.

Meanwhile, in Memphis, Elvis was staying up late and sleeping all day to try to drive away the hurt and loneliness in his heart.

On July 4—a holiday he and his mother and father had always enjoyed together, he remembered back through the years of his happiness with his parents and could not restrain the tears. He slipped away from his friends, got on his motorcycle and drove to Forrest Hill Cemetery, where his mother, Gladys Presley, is buried. There he knelt and prayed.

He prayed that his father *really* understood that he wished him happiness and wished him love. He prayed that Dee Presley would understand that he wished her well as his father's wife, but could never accept her as his mother. He prayed fervently that Graceland, his mother's house, a house he thought of as almost holy would never be disgraced . . . That no one would misunderstand why he had not gone to the wedding.

And like so many prayers that come truly from the heart, Elvis' was answered, before it was spoken.

For Dee Presley had already opened *her* heart to Modern Screen.

It had occurred a week before Elvis came home, a week and a half before her wedding.

"I only hope," said Dee Elliott, "that when Elvis gets married he finds a girl who loves him as much as I love his father."

Dee had never talked to a reporter before (EDITOR'S NOTE: to this date Mrs. Presley has given *no* other interviews) and seemed anxious to tell the world of her love.

"After we told Elvis of our plans to marry," said Dee, "he took me out to the cemetery at Memphis to visit his mother's grave. When I saw him looking so sadly at his mother's grave it just made me cry. I wondered if I could ever be an adequate stepmother."

"I understand about being left alone without a mother. My own mother died when I was only four years old. The only thing I can remember is kissing her in her coffin.

"My father remarried and I grew up under the guidance of a very sympathetic stepmother. It took her a long time to win me. It will take me a while too."

How did it come about that the former wife of an Army sergeant, ex-trainee nurse and hotel hostess found herself caught up in a romance with Vernon Presley?

Actually, stated Dee, the story went back to an early fall morning in 1958 in Bad Nauheim, Germany, when she accepted an invitation to attend a morning coffee party given by Vernon Presley's mother.

At that time Mrs. Elliott was living with her husband, the sergeant, who was on assignment to Germany, and Vernon Presley had taken up quarters at Bad Nauheim while his son completed a tour of Army duty at Friedberg, a picturesque town not far from Bad Nauheim.

First meeting

Well, that was their first meeting, but this time there was no flash of lightning to indicate love at first sight. It was nothing like that. Mrs. Elliott's own restrained comment on their introduction: "When I met Vernon I liked him immediately."

Bad Nauheim is a fair-sized resort city, but the American Army colony is not so large now and there were other occasions when the two were thrown together.

Mrs. Elliott's first marriage had withered long before she met Vernon Presley, she said. "My husband and I had decided on a divorce sometime before, but we hadn't made any announcement to our friends," she said.

"We would have separated long before, but I had my three sons, aged 4, 6 and 7, to think of, and I didn't want them to be without one parent as I had been," she explained.

At any rate she and the sergeant decided to call it quits and she returned to America and filed for a divorce.

Her next meeting with Vernon came in the summer of 1959 when he returned to his luxurious home at Memphis for a two-month visit before returning to Germany. Mrs. Elliott, chaperoned by one of Elvis' aunts, was a welcome guest at Graceland during part of his stay in this country.

By the time this visit ended a real romance had bloomed and their life had been set on a course that would inevitably lead to the altar.

In the fall of 1959 they were together again, this time in Germany. Mrs. Elliott flew to Bad Nauheim and spent four months in Europe, much of it spent as a guest of Elvis' grandmother.

She was on hand at Washington tw months later when Elvis made his tri umphant return to America after hi Army duty in Germany.

Vernon, accompanied by his son, me Mrs. Elliott in the Capital, and it was a this point that the press spotted her an began to speculate in print about the pos sibility of marriage.

From then on Dee's life was transforme from the tranquility of a private existenc to the turmoil of dodging into shadows t escape the spotlight beamed on the Pres ley family.

She divided most of her time betwee Huntsville, Alabama, where her brother i employed at the Army's missile center and Graceland. At both points she wa chased by the curious public and the more curious press.

False reports

But her very reluctance to meet with the press and share the public spotlight led to many false reports being circulated about her, she says.

"They (the newspapers) have even got ten my religion wrong," she said. "They refer to me as a 'former member of the Church of Christ.' This is not true. I love the Church of Christ and I am still an active member.

"There were even reports that I love wild nightlife, and that's just pure nonsense. Both Vernon and I are teetotalers," she said.

"I didn't know any reason that Elvis shouldn't accept me. I love him just because he's Vernon's son. I can only pray that someday he will have learned to love me too."

And possibly Dee's prayer is being answered more quickly than even she had expected.

For soon after the wedding Elvis said, "The reason for me not going is nothing personal. If I went, it would be made into a big thing—like a personal appearance of mine. I *was* going, but I got to thinking. What I thought was, if they could be married without any clamor, it would be better for all of us.

"Daddy's getting married doesn't bother me one bit.

"Daddy was with my mother for 26 long years. He never left her side as far as I know. Now she has passed away and he is all alone.

"If he can find happiness in some way, I'm all for him. All of the time he was in Germany with me, he was a miserable unhappy, broken man.

"She (Mrs. Presley) seems to be a pretty nice, understanding type of person. She treats me with respect just as she does Daddy.

"She knows she could never be my mother. I only had one mother and that's it. There'll never be another. As long as she understands that, we won't have any trouble.

"Daddy has got some pretty horrible letters since this thing came out. But he is my father and he's all I've got left in the world. I'll never go against him or stand in his way.

"He stood by me all these years and sacrificed things he wanted so that I could have clothes and lunch money to go to school.

"I'll stand by him now—right or wrong."

And that ends the story.

On July 16 Vernon and Dee Presley announced their secret wedding, and the world registered shock that Elvis had stayed away.

But the world did not know that three thoughtful, loving, considerate people were doing their very best to bring happiness to each other. END

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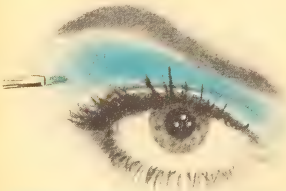


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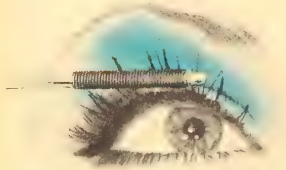
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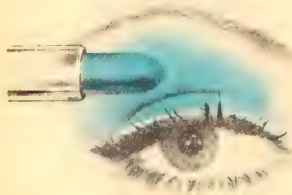
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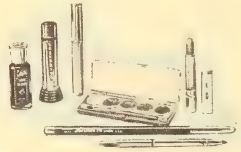


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■ If the girl's Marilyn Monroe and the boy's Yves Montand the picture doesn't need much of a plot. And not much of a plot is exactly what you get in this frothy comedy with music. Montand is a billionaire businessman who can have any girl in the world—and has had a majority of them. But he knows they love him for the diamond bracelets he distributes like popcorn. He has become such a notorious playboy that an off-Broadway group has written a play about him. Jumping into his Rolls-Royce he is taken to the scene of this crime where he finds Marilyn wearing practically nothing and knitting (it keeps her hands busy during rehearsal). He is so enamoured of her that when he's mistaken for an actor auditioning for the playboy role he goes along with the gag. He wants Marilyn to love him for himself. Since she appears to be in love with the show's singer (Frankie Vaughn) Montand has a job cut out for him. Desperate to make good in the part, he hires Milton Berle, Bing Crosby and Gene Kelly to give him private instructions in their respective arts. This works out very well because Montand has also bought 51% interest in the show. It's a slick movie, all right, and Marilyn's singing is delightful. You keep wishing Montand could have displayed more of his many talents and that a couple with this much fire had been given better fuel to burn. —CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH

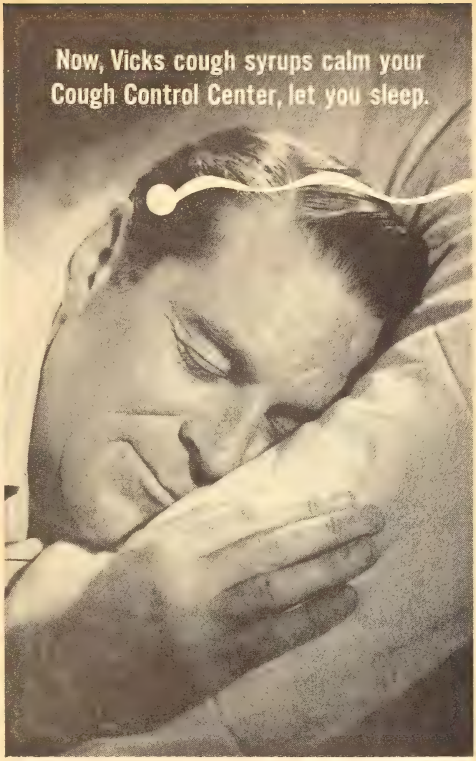
a boy of the slums

Burl Ives
Shelley Winters
James Darren
Jean Seberg
Ricardo Montalban

■ The young James Darren doesn't know what he's up against—his father died in the electric chair and his mother (Shelley Winters) works as a "B" girl in a cafe to support him. Nevertheless, Shelley has some good friends there on the seamy South Side of Chicago and, one Christmas Eve, they all decide to become Jimmy's godparents. You can't call any of these people solid citizens—a punch-drunk ex-fighter, a prostitute, a dope-addicted singer (Ella Fitzgerald), an alcoholic ex-judge (Burl Ives), etc., make up the "family." Happily enough they do him good and he becomes an outstanding piano student. Shelley worries because he gets into fights defending his late father's reputation. Jimmy doesn't tell her that he's defending *her* reputation. Finally hauled up before a judge Jimmy is surprised when a stranger (Ricardo Montalban) pays his fine. Ricardo has been romancing Shelley and, just lately, has introduced her to the use of drugs. Jimmy has just fallen in love with Jean Seberg, a girl from the other side of Chicago, and is about to audition for a music scholarship when he learns how Ricardo has victimized his mother. In a rage Jimmy breaks into Ricardo's florist shop (he peddles drugs in the backroom) and waves a pistol at him. Luckily, Jimmy's godparents are sober enough for the finale.—COLUMBIA.

(Continued on page 6)





New Vicks "Cough Silencer"

stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center . . . without narcotic codeine . . . lets you sleep all night!

Did you know that nagging coughs are actually controlled in the brain . . . at your Cough Control Center? Congestion and irritation in your throat and chest overexcite, aggravate this Control, make you cough.

Until recently, only medicines containing narcotics like codeine could reach this Cough Control Center. But, codeine can have sickening side effects. Can be habit-forming.

Now Vicks announces an amazing new cough silencer called Silentium, that works in your Cough Control Center . . . calms, quiets, *stops nagging coughs,* safely, surely . . . without narcotic codeine. Lets you sleep the whole night through!

Get Silentium in two Vicks cough syrups: **Improved Vicks Cough Syrup** with the wild cherry flavor children love; and for Silentium in extra-strength, new **Vicks Formula 44.** Buy both, stop nagging coughs!





How could a girl resist Martin Denny? He sweeps you away to a tropic paradise and the gay glamour of New York in a breathtaking evening...with his new EXOTIC SOUNDS VISIT BROADWAY album. Catch the way he weaves tropic sounds into "Hernando's Hideaway" and "Love for Sale." Exciting! You'll love his other albums too—like QUIET VILLAGE and SILVER SCREEN. But the man who really tickles me (makes me laugh, I mean) is Dave Barry. I have a ball with Dave and his new album LAUGHS FOR LOSERS... ten laugh-loaded routines like "The Unfair Sex" and "Dishonesty is the Best Policy" recorded from an actual Las Vegas night-club performance. Honey, you haven't *lived* till you've met Dave Barry! There's another funny man in my love life—Spike Jones. Just wait till you hear his latest Liberty album 60 YEARS OF MUSIC AMERICA HATES BEST. You'll laugh as I did when you hear some of his "zany" take-offs on tunes like "Three Little Fishies" and "Hut Sut Song." More surprises than a carload of crackerjack boxes and just as nutty! If you're a Spike fan like I am, you'll want his OMNIBUST album too. P.S. Like to put the man in *your* life in a romantic mood? Leave it to me. My new AROUND MIDNIGHT album has twelve tantalizing love songs like "Misty," "The Party's Over" and "Don't Smoke in Bed." For an encore try my other Liberty albums YOUR NUMBER PLEASE and JULIE IS HER NAME. Just write me for a complete catalog of all the new Liberty albums...Julie London, Liberty Records, Dept. MS-11, Los Angeles 28, California.







THE SOUND OF THE 60's

LIBERTY

EXOTIC SOUNDS VISIT BROADWAY—Martin Denny—LRP 3163/LST 7163 · 60 YEARS OF MUSIC AMERICA HATES BEST—Spike Jones—LRP 3154/LST 7154
LAUGHS FOR LOSERS—Dave Barry—LRP 3178, monaural only · AROUND MIDNIGHT—Julie London—LRP 3164/LST 7164

MIDNIGHT LACE

suspense in London

Doris Da
Rex Harriso
Roddy McDowal
John Gavi
Myrna Lo

▪ Marry an American and anything can hap pen, but suave financier Rex Harrison neve imagined that his wife (Doris Day) woul pounce on the idea that someone was tryin to kill her. What for? First she's walkin through the London fog and a threatenin voice floating out of it nearly scares her t death. Next a load of steel girders just misse falling on her head. Contractor John Gavin a husky bloke, hurls her out of the way When Doris notices that her housekeeper' son (Roddy McDowall) happily walks of with all his mother's wages there's more foo for thought. And when Roddy leaves, th phone rings—another threat. Rex informs he that London is full of practical jokers but h takes her to Scotland Yard anyway, wher Inspector John Williams decides she just like attention. She gets plenty—more phone calls split-second rescues from a stalled elevato and a wayward bus, more phone calls. I desperation Rex says he'll take her to Venice Who can harm you in a gondola? Who, in deed?—U.-I.

I AIM AT THE STARS

conquering outer space

Curt Jurgen
Victoria Shaw
Herbert Lon
Gia Scal
James Daly

▪ Does a scientist's desire to conquer outer space excuse him from the necessity of mak ing moral choices on this earth? That's a ques tion nobody wants to answer in this film Playing it safe the story concerns itself mainly with a boy whose infatuation for designing rockets never dies. The boy grows up into Wernher von Braun (Curt Jurgens) who while Hitler is marching through Europe, i busily perfecting the V-2 rocket in Germany Von Braun doesn't join the Nazi party at first he does so later in order to continue his work The fact that his work may reduce London to rubbish is somehow ignored by Jurgens whose only desire, he insists, is to reach the stars (His attitude, to be fair, even makes the Nazis suspicious.) When he and his co-worker finally surrender to the Americans, Major James Daly resents the special treatment given him. But Daly's resentment is explained away on a personal basis—that is, his wife and children were killed in a London air raid. The war over, von Braun goes on TV in America to warn the people about the im portance of winning the "space race." The President, himself, asks him to launch an American missile into orbit—which he does It is Explorer I. It's chilling to think that if the Russians had captured him he might have been on their "team" now. Victoria Shaw plays his childhood sweetheart, whom he marries. Gia Scala is one of his secretaries who was able, despite the German secret police, to do a little spy work on the side.—COLUMBIA

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

family drama

Dorothy McGuire
Robert Preston
Eve Arden
Angela Lansbury
Shirley Knight

▪ Family life in the '20's was not radically different from life in the '60's. Traveling salesman Robert Preston is the kind all customers love and all wives (*e.g.*, Dorothy McGuire) complain about. He's not home enough he doesn't make enough money, he's not a good enough father. Teen-ager Shirley Knight needs

clothes (she needs *something* to overcome her shyness with boys) and 10-year-old Robert Eyer needs masculine influence. A fight about one of Shirley's new dresses sends Preston, who has just lost his job, flying into Angela Lansbury's beauty shop (she's a sympathetic widow). Dorothy's unhappily married sister (Eve Arden) arrives with her unhappy husband (Frank Overton) to console her. Dorothy and Preston reconcile only to split again when she resists his affectionate advances. Meanwhile teen-ager Shirley is having problems of her own. She's finally found a beau (they met when he narrowly avoided running her down with his car) but he has a Jewish name and is asked to leave the country club where they've been dancing and smooching. This snub is enough to make him commit suicide. Preston has moved to a hotel and found a new job. Will Angela Lansbury get him—or will Dorothy McGuire bring him home alive?—WARNERS.

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO

early days of a great president

Ralph Bellamy
Greer Garson
Hume Cronyn
Ann Shoemaker
Jean Hagen

■ A hit on Broadway, *Sunrise At Campobello* retains all the qualities which made it an inspiring story of courage. It also retains the original star (Ralph Bellamy) as Franklin Delano Roosevelt. On a summer afternoon in 1921 the Roosevelts—Greer Garson plays Eleanor—and their five children are happily swimming and sailing near their summer lodge in Canada. That night FDR is stricken by polio. A clash soon develops between FDR's close friend (Hume Cronyn) and his domineering mother (Ann Shoemaker). Mother wants FDR to rest and retire at Hyde Park; Cronyn believes that a political career and dreams of achievement will speed his recovery. Eleanor, who is extremely shy, forces herself to enter public life in order to keep her husband informed. Meanwhile, he delves into business and spends much time building up his physical strength. A final clash with his mother about his future prompts him to rise from his wheelchair in a brave attempt to walk. In 1924 FDR is asked to give the nominating speech for Al Smith at the Democratic Convention. To do this he must be able to stand on his feet for half an hour and must take ten steps from his seat to the lectern. As his friend Cronyn informs him, they are the biggest ten steps he'll ever take in his life. Go see!—WARNERS.

HELL TO ETERNITY

island warfare

Jeffrey Hunter
David Janssen
Vic Damone
Patricia Owens
Richard Eyer

■ This movie is based on the life of a then eighteen-year-old Marine who captured nearly 2,000 Japanese single-handedly during World War II (it's remarkable what can happen if you speak the language). The young Guy Gabaldon (Richard Eyer) is a pugnacious kid born in the slums of Los Angeles. One day he steals some potatoes and the school athletic coach (George Shibata), a Japanese-American, escorts him home. It turns out that Richard's been living alone in abject poverty. Shibata takes him to his own home where Guy discovers the warmth and security of a happy family life. He learns to speak Japanese and grows up into a husky, sensitive specimen of a man (Jeffrey Hunter). When

(Continued on page 56)

JUST A'JUST.

by Exquisite Form® brassieres



I'm the magic tab that adjusts the bra to fit just you!



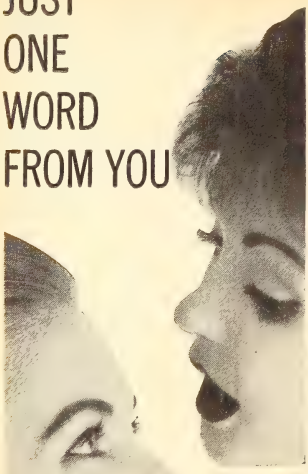
Your form wasn't meant to conform to a cup...the cup must conform to *you!* And I'm the magic tab that can pull the magic trick. Just pull me up...or down...for just the fullness and separation you *need*...just the comfort and attract-appeal you *want!* Imagine...custom fit at a ready-made price.

Available in Bandeau and Longline...black or white...embroidered cotton; nylon marquisette or nylon lace. Elastic of acetate, cotton and rubber. A, B, C and D cups. In bandeau, illus....$2.95 In longline from $5 to $7.50 (illus.) D cup slightly higher.

PHOTO BY GERALD HORIMAN

AVAILABLE WHEREVER FINE BRASSIERES ARE SOLD IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA

JUST ONE WORD FROM YOU



CAN SPELL FREEDOM FOR HER

The word is —Tampax! Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Read what girls *just like you* have said about recommending it to a friend:

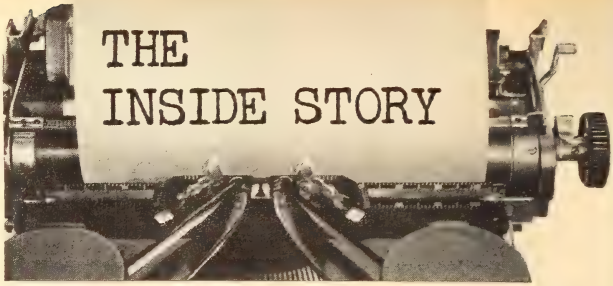
"Of course I'd tell a friend about Tampax —just as I'd tell a savage that electric light is better than an oil lamp."

"I tell my friends that using Tampax is like moving from the horse and buggy age to the automotive age."

"I'm just rabid on the subject. I can't stand to have a friend of mine in that cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness."

Do users think Tampax is a step ahead? They most certainly do! A step ahead in freedom, in comfort, in convenience! Tampax can't be seen or felt, once in place. Tampax prevents odor. Tampax is easy to insert with satin-smooth applicator, easy to dispose of, convenient to carry. And Tampax meets the needs of *every* girl with 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, available wherever such products are sold.

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q I read that *all* the **Crosby**s are so completely reconciled now that the entire clan, sons, grandsons, Bing, Kathy, etc., all get together for church on Sundays and then have a long weekly brunch at Bing's house each week. How did all this come about?
—G.F., New York City

A *Through the fertile imagination of a press-agent. Not a word of truth to it.*

Q Now that **Shelley Winters** and **Tony Franciosa** are divorcing, is Tony interested in another girl already?
—R.L., Riverside, California

A *Several.*

Q All the columns have **Marlon Brando** dating **Charles Boyer**'s daughter all over Paris. What does this mean?
—T.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

A *Just that someone goofed. Boyer only has a son.*

Q Is it true that **Hope Lange Murray** and **Don**'s new girl **Dolores Michaels** are set to appear in the same movie together? Isn't Don embarrassed?
—U.H., Portland, Maine

A *They are competing for the same role in* Dragon Tree. *Don's been out of town—and out of the situation.*

Q What ever happened to the **Tuesday Weld-Dick Beymer** romance?
—H.B., Canton, Ohio

A *As usual, Tuesday got bored with the whole thing.*

Q Is it serious between **Ina Balin** and **Roddy McDowall**?
—Y.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A *It's strictly for laughs.*

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor** went along with **Eddie** when he visited his children in California this summer? Did **Debbie** give her permission for this?
—M.B., Denver, Col.

A *No.*

Q They say **Sandra Dee** has fallen for a boy whom she met while she was in Rome filming *Romanoff and Juliet*. What are the possibilities of this romance lasting? Or do you think it will go the way of all Sandra's other romances?
—Z.R., London, England

A *It's gone.*

Q Do **Jean Simmons** and director Richard Brooks plan to get married right away now that she has a rush divorce from **Stewart Granger**?
—T.G., Portland, Ore.

A *You can get a rush divorce in Arizona, but not a rush remarriage. Jean will have to wait a year before becoming Mrs. Brooks.*

Q I heard a rumor that **Hayley Mills**, the fourteen-year-old star of *Pollyanna*, has a big crush on a famous older star and is dating him secretly. Who is it?
—T.F., Fort Lee, N.J.

A *Hayley has a crush on* **Elvis Presley**. *Their only "dates" are via a recording machine. She doesn't go out with boys of any age . . . yet.*

Q Is it true that **Bill Holden** is still such a big draw that his name on a marquee automatically means at least a million dollars profit for a movie?
—C.C., Chicago, Ill.

A The Key *(in which Bill starred with* **Sophia Loren** *a couple of years back) was more than a million dollar loss. It depends entirely on the story.*

Q What's the story behind the **Lee Remick-Yves Montand** feud?
—T.G., Syracuse, N.Y.

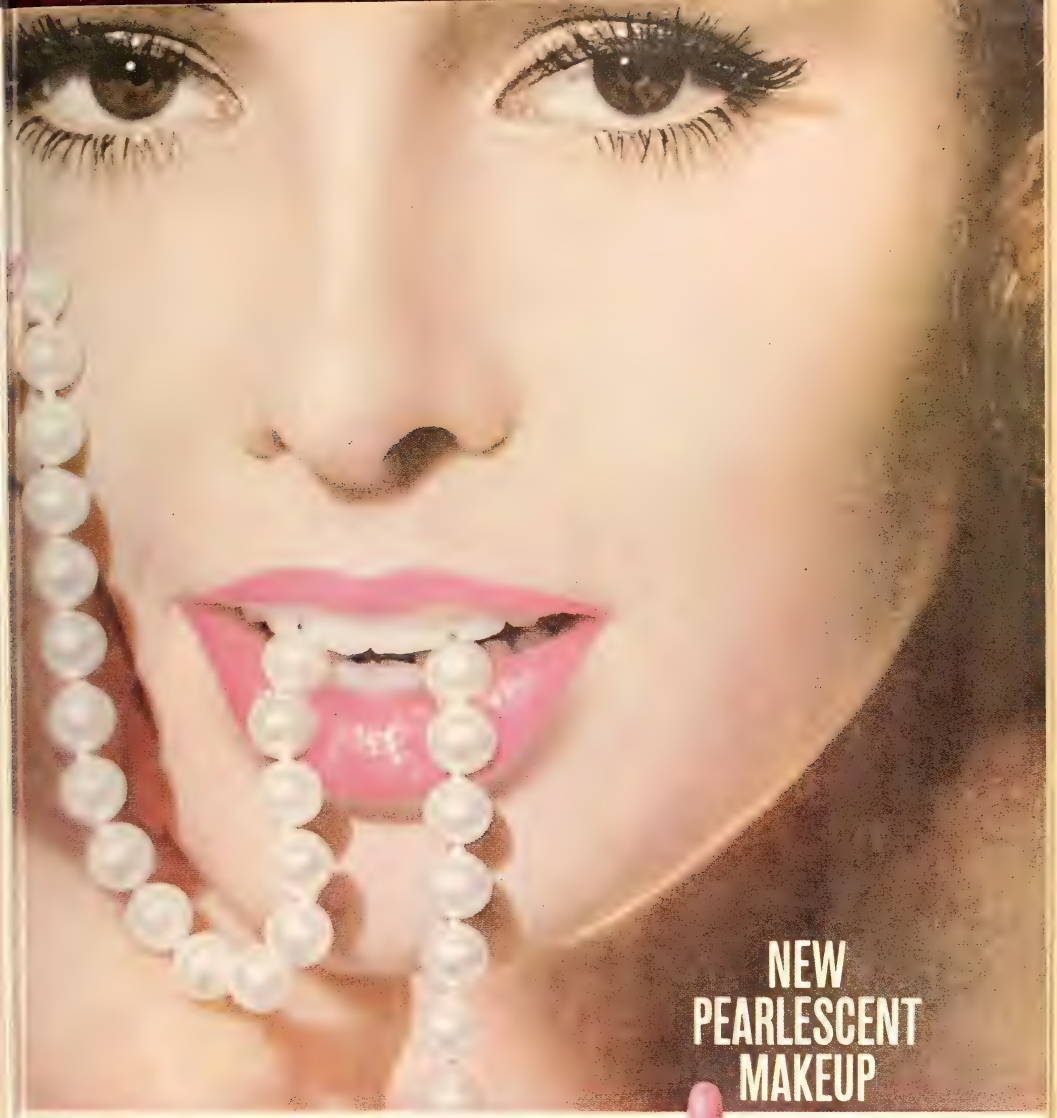
A *Yves isn't feuding with Lee—just with their studio—for giving her the best scenes in their new movie,* Sanctuary.

Q Now that **Esther Williams** has fallen for **Fernando Lamas** where does this leave **Jeff Chandler**?
—E.E., Santa Monica, Calif.

A *High and dry.*

Q I read a story in which **Diane Baker** is supposed to have told her studio that unless she is give meatier roles in more "classy" pictures she'd prefer to take a suspension. What's happened since?
—P.L., Lubbock, Texas

A *Diane's currently starring in* The Wizard of Baghdad.



Touches your complexion with moonlight
Sparkles your lips with iridescent color

A whole new concept—a makeup that lights up your complexion with the shimmering beauty of pearls. Puff on new glittering Pearlescent powder; *instantly* your complexion looks flawlessly caressed with moonlight. Touch on new creamy Pearlescent lipstick; your lips are *moist* with an iridescent sparkling beauty that he's bound to find more than a little disturbing. Find out for yourself—pearls are a girl's best friend!



5 glittering shades, compact makeup
Shown: new "Think Pink" lipstick—one of 7 moonstruck colors 79¢ each

Evening in Paris

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Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! It takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

Instant Whip* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

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MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Fun Party for George Burns and Bobby Darin

The Truth About Marilyn and Yves

Debbie Makes an Announcement



Glamorous Rosalind Russell (left) joined Louella and her escort Jimmy McHugh for George Burns' and Bobby Darin's Greek Theater gala opening.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

Esther and a New Beau?

The first rumor that **Esther Williams** had said farewell to her boyfriend of three years, **Jeff Chandler**, was surprising news since all Hollywood believed they were preparing to marry. In fact, Esther and Jeff hinted they were headed in that direction. Their romance started when they made a picture together in Rome and continued to be one of our most steady flames.

Then came word that Esther had fallen hard for another of her leading men. Just as in the case of Jeff, this leading man also was married. He was with her in her TV Spectacular, *Esther Williams at Cypress Gardens.* I speak of **Fernando Lamas**.

The gossip didn't seem possible until, out of the blue, redheaded **Arlene Dahl** sued Lamas for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. Then Esther and Fernando were seen together in quiet corners at smaller restaurants.

Whether this romance will continue no one can say, but as this is being written the Latin lover seems to have fallen hard for the movie mermaid.



Esther and Fernando: seen together lately in quiet restaurant corners.

Jean and Stewart Reach a Settlement

Although I had known for a couple of years that the marriage of **Jean Simmons** and **Stewart Granger** was in shambles, they persisted in denying it. Then, out of the blue, from London Jean announced that a divorce was contemplated—and about three weeks later she slipped quietly into Nogales, Arizona, her legal residence, and filed for a divorce.

Why all the long drawn-out shenanigans? In the beginning I think the British Stewart was determined that his lovely English bride of over nine years would not get a divorce with his approval. He seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown every time I called to check him over persistent reports that he and Jean were through.

This may have been partly due to the fact that Jean's screen career is soaring and Granger's has slipped in recent years. He was very unhappy about not working more.

Finances were another hurdle. They had bought jointly a 10,000-acre ranch in Arizona stocked with the finest cattle and the investment took a big chunk of Jean's earnings.

There was also the big difference in their ages, Granger being forty-one when he married the young teen-age actress in London.

These tensions mounted over the years and even the birth of their loved little daughter Tracy after six years of marriage did not bring the happiness they hoped for.

It seemed for a time as if this marriage had reached an impasse that might drag into years of Jean going her way and Stewart going his without benefit of real freedom—when suddenly a fine thing happened. MGM signed Stewart for three big pictures and the frustrations he had felt, and the bitterness, seemed to melt away in the glow of contentment he found in again being a busy and active man. A settlement was reached between him and Jean—and their friends hope there is contentment ahead for both of these Britishers, now American citizens.



Poor Taina Elg (left). One moment she was looking forward to a visit from Keith Larsen; the next she discovered he had just married actress Vera Miles (right).

Backstage Drama

The vivid redheaded star stood in the wings of the *Redhead* show at the Dallas State Fair waiting for her cue music that would bring her onto the stage. But first she paused to read again the telegram which had brought such a big smile to her face: ARRIVING OVER THE WEEK END. LOVE, KEITH.

Once again she quickly read the message which had made her so happy before shoving it into the hands of her dresser. Then **Taina Elg** whirled onto the stage to the sound of much applause.

Two hours later, sitting in her dressing room, removing her make-up, she switched on the small radio on her dressing table to a news broadcast.

"Flash from Hollywood," came the voice of the announcer, "**Keith Larsen**, TV star, and blonde actress **Vera Miles** were just married in Las Vegas in a surprise move that caught most of Hollywood off guard. The newlyweds will return immediately to the bride's home in Thousands Oaks in the San Fernando Valley where they will join Miss Miles' son by a previous marriage to **Gordon (Tarzan) Scott**, and two daughters by her marriage to Bob Miles."

As they say in the scripts—*Cut.* And that's about all there is to this strange little story except that when Taina returned to Hollywood someone connected with Keith's TV show *Aquanut*, who probably was unaware of the situation, offered her the lead in his next chapter!

Shrugging, she said, "Everyone will say that I refused it because of other reasons—but honestly the role wasn't up my street."



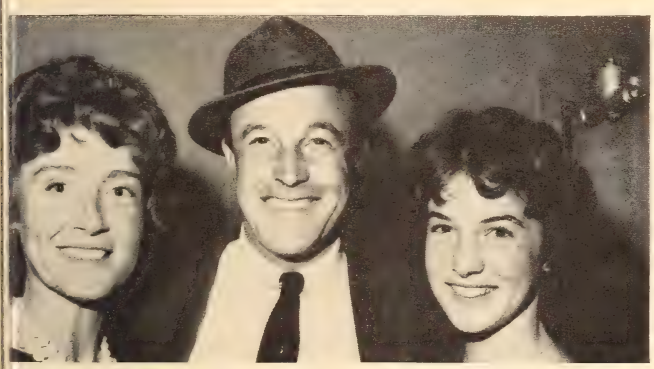
Although their marriage was long on the rocks, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger persisted in denying it.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Now her divorce from Stewart Granger is ehind her and their years of unhappiness are o longer denied, look for **Jean Simmons** o become the bride of director Richard Brooks. 'hey may not wait the full year required by rizona law although neither admits con- emplating a quickie marriage in a state ermitting immediate remarriage after a ivorce. . . .

Too bad, girls. One more eligible Hollywood achelor is out of circulation since **Gene Kelly** married his pretty dance assistant Jeannie Coyne in a surprise ceremony at 2:00 in the morning in Tonopah, Nevada. Gene had waited until his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry was visiting from her school in Switzerland so she could be present at his wedding. Jeannie and Gene (euphonious, aren't they?) have been dating quietly for some time. Their close friends suspected they were in love—but even so, the marriage came as a bit of a surprise. . . .

How time passes—much too swiftly. **Tommy Rettig**, the first little boy star of *Lassie*, now has a 7-pound, 13-ounce little boy of his own. Tommy and Darlene have named their first Thomas Eugene—and Tommy says, "Yes, as soon as he's old enough we're going to get him a dog!"



ene Kelly (center) with his two favorite girls—his recent bride, Jeannie oyne (left), and his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry, home from abroad.

ebbie Says he'll Marry Harry

When **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Eddie isher** were in Hollywood they saw none of eir friends. They attended no social events d Eddie told pals his sole reason for being Hollywood was to see his two children, rrie Frances and Todd.

When he visited them, **Debbie Reynolds**, e mother of these two beautiful children, ade it a point to be absent. She had no wish meet Eddie for whom she still holds some tterness although she never admits it, nor es she show it by word or deed.

Those who claim to know say that Debbie ll be mistress of the beautiful home that rry Karl, shoe manufacturer, has recently decorated for her. She dates no one else d she says he is very good to her parents d children.

He gifts her with beautiful furs and jewelry d she says no one has ever been as good to r as Karl. That, if anything, can win a oman's heart. She said they'll marry as on as his divorce is final.



She said it—they'll marry just as soon as Harry Karl's divorce is final.



Lucky Nat's ever-lovin' husband R. J. gifted her with a birthday surprise.

Birthday Party via Long Distance

If I had been there myself I couldn't have had a more vivid impression of **Natalie Wood**'s twenty-second birthday fiesta than I received long distance from New York from Nat herself.

"The most wonderful surprise was Bob's having my mother (Mrs. Marie Gurdin) plane in from Hollywood the afternoon of the party —and then he hid her until time to spring her at the party!

Then Natalie lapsed back into referring to her doting **Bob Wagner** as the usual "R.J." as she happily rattled on. "R.J. took over the wine cellar at Pierre's—just like they do for parties in Paris and all those kegs and bottles around sure puts everyone in a convivial mood —to understate it," Natalie laughed.

"If mother and the party weren't enough—old R.J. also broke out with a big diamond set in the middle of a heart for my birthday gift—am I lucky or not?"

Natalie continued to run up her 'phone bill as she went on with the details of the celebration. "Remember **Frank** (**Sinatra**) gave me my twenty-first birthday party last year at Romanoff's. He couldn't be in New York—but I can tell you he's just as thoughtful and original 3,000 miles away as he is on tap.

"He had twenty-two bouquets of flowers made up—and one was delivered every hour during the evening. Also, he hired 22 musicians who marched in playing and singing, *There's Nothing Like a Dame*. How about that?"

If you're asking me—it couldn't have happened to a more excited or appreciative girl, Natalie. Even if you have hit the big-time stardom in your New York picture *Splendor In The Grass* you still sound like the slightly slangy and down-to-earth girl you were when you left town.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

Bob Taylor's Stepdaughter Elopes

Another teen-ager making Hollywood headlines was Manuela Theiss, 17-year-old daughter of **Ursula Theiss** and stepdaughter of **Robert Taylor**. Without a word to her distraught parents, Manuela had eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, and married Lal Baum.

Ursula was too crushed to talk about it but Bob told me:

"We had thought this whole thing was over as far as Manuela was concerned. She had been dating Baum for some time against our wishes but lately it seemed to be over." I asked Bob what business the bridegroom is in.

He laughed, "He seems to work among the potted plants in a nursery most of the time. He told me he had an Actor's Guild card—but I never knew of his having an acting job."

I had heard that Ursula and Bob plann to have the marriage annuled as Manuela under age.

"Definitely *not*!" he retorted. "Ursula agre with me that Manuela took this step with eyes open—and if there is a lesson to learned—let her learn it.

"On the other hand, we have no intent of giving our permission for her to be rem ried to Baum in the United States.

"She just telephoned us from Mexico—t of her marriage—and we haven't heard a thing since—not even where she is."

By this time, I sincerely hope the situation happier for all concerned. Bob has been wonderful father to Ursula's children by previous marriage as well as to their own t beautiful youngsters and I know he wa to act as wisely as though Manuela was own.



The "older set" also graced the "young set" party—here, Tony and Janet.



Mark Damon and Joan Benny loved this swank party for the Ford girls.



Merle Oberon and hubby Bruno Pagliai hosted a delightful party, as always.



Maria Cooper, helpful assistant hos ess, greeted stag Gardner McKa

Swank Young Set Event

The visit of the young Detroit heiresses, Anne and Charlotte Ford, charming daughters of the Henry Fords, inspired the party hosted by **Merle Oberon** and Bruno Pagliai at which Maria Cooper (**Gary Cooper**'s young beauty) acted as assistant hostess.

All of Merle's parties are delightful. Even though her home is famed for its paintings and *objets d'art* and her silver and crystal service is exquisite, she makes a point of seeing that her affairs are not stuffy or formal.

Dancing was the order of the evening at which the young Ford girls met many of their Hollywood contemporaries—and the music put everyone in a toe-tapping mood from the start.

Hollywood's young "aristocrat," **Susan Kohner** came (surprisingly) with **John Saxon** but whispered to me not to make a "note" of it as **George Hamilton**, her extra-special fella, was working.

Mark Damon spun by with Joan Benny Rudolph, **Jack Benny**'s daughter, and his date. The very handsome **Gardner McKay** stagged it—much to the delight of many of the belles.

Fabian had been invited—but couldn't attend, much to his regret, due to a persistent sore throat. "But I shall be represented b my fourteen-year-old brother," Fabian told m over the telephone before I left for Merle's.

I took particular notice of the fact that bot of the **Nelson** boys, **David** and **Ricky**, d voted themselves to Anne Ford, one of th prettiest and most intelligent young girls have ever met.

Tony Curtis, who kept insisting he wa one of the few "veteran" actors invited, cappe the evening for laughs when, hearing the Goo Humor wagon passing by, dashed out an bought 100 chocolate-covered ice cream bar for all the guests. The "older" set also include **Janet Leigh**, of course, the Gary Coopers **Ernie Kovacs** and **Yves Montand**.



Arthur Miller (left) advises his friend Simone Signoret, wife Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand not to be perturbed by the shocking lies about divorce.

"Arthur Miller to Divorce Marilyn Monroe Naming Yves Montand"

. . . this, **Yves** himself told me at **Merle Oberon**'s party, was the shocking headline printed in a Paris newspaper!

He was, and *is*, seething about this "libel" which he says has brought on intense embarrassment between four fine friends. "My wife **Simone** (**Signoret**), Arthur, **Marilyn** and I have been fast friends ever since I appeared in one of Arthur's plays in Paris," the fascinating but very distressed French charmer told me.

"Although Simone knew this to be the worst untruth, she is in Paris completing her new film, and the headline has been so humiliating to her. We have talked almost daily over the telephone. Marilyn is unhappy, I am furious—it has been such a headache. Only Arthur is unperturbed because he is an unperturbable man when confronted by a lie."

Yves believes the gossip that he and Marilyn were "infatuated," to give it an understatement, began with the sexy photographs they posed for to exploit *Let's Make Love*.

"It's hitting below the belt to print things that have no semblance of truth," said the hot-under-the-collar Montand—and I'll admit I agree with him in this case. I usually stick up for my newspaper confreres—but that headline was pretty strong stuff.



Terry Moore (proudly displaying son to daddy Stuart Cramer) watched birth in a mirror.

Childbirth: Ultra-Modern Method

I've talked with new mothers soon after the birth of a baby. But I've never talked with one who had watched the whole thing in a mirror and who was on the telephone exactly one hour later as was a very excited and happy **Terry Moore** (Mrs. Stuart Cramer III).

"I've just gone through the most wonderful experience of my life," said Terry from her room in Good Samaritan Hospital to which she had just been returned from being delivered of a 6-pound, 13-ounce boy who had chosen to arrive three weeks ahead of schedule.

"I watched the entire delivery in a mirror," went on the excited redheaded movie star. "I had prepared myself by reading *Childbirth Without Fear* and taking all the exercises recommended. I feel just great and so happy. Everything they promised in the book is true!"

All I could do is just shake my head with wonderment over these new mothers. Just the night previous I had seen Terry and Stuart at **Ginny Simms**' cocktail party. They had told me they were going on to the theater to see **Vivien Leigh** in *Duel of Angels*.

At 2:30 the following morning, Terry awakened her husband and at 9:30 young Mr. Cramer arrived.

"I just hope that any young wife who is afraid of childbirth hears about my experience and prepares herself for this miracle by being well and happy and interested during the birth of her baby," said the astounding Terry.

Then someone grabbed the telephone and told me the new mother should really get some rest.

I should think so!



I nominate for **STARDOM**

—Capucine

She's no "cutie" or "doll" or baby beatnik. On the contrary the five-feet seven-inch former model who hails from France is more in the tradition of a Garbo, a Dietrich, or the former great beauties of the screen. In this wave of obviously over-sexed and over-exposed glamour girls, she's a welcome relief.

The one-name beauty moves through the delightful *Song Without End*, the classic music treat with **Dirk Bogarde** portraying Franz Liszt, like a series of animated exquisite posters. Then, surprisingly, she went from this lovely period piece into the lead opposite rugged **John Wayne** in *North To Alaska* with equal effectiveness.

Off screen, she maintains consciously or unconsciously a feeling of mystery and excitement of the same variety she projects before the cameras. Yet she has a quiet and appealing sense of humor.

Born Germaine Lefebvre in Toulon, France, she changed her name to the single Capucine after she started to click big as a leading model in Paris. Asked why, she laughed, "I'm a name dropper!"

She lives so quietly since she was discovered by the Famous Players Agency and brought to Hollywood from New York, where she had transplanted her success as a model, that she's practically never seen at the nightclubs or premieres. But already she is a charmer in movietown's more social circles.

She is crazy about children and dogs in the order named. She brings her toy poodle, France, on the set of *North To Alaska* and formed an immediate and surprising friendship with **Fabian** (also in the movie) because "he loves my dog, too."

To the public eye her ash-blonde hair is always immaculately groomed and her grey-blue eyes carefully made up. "But when I am alone and relaxing," she admits with that surprising humor, "I am really a *mess*. Most models are—it's such a relief from always being dressed up."

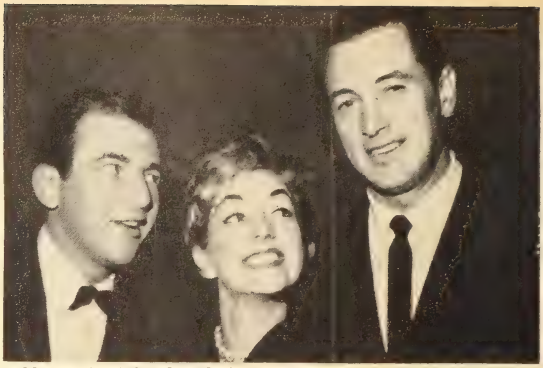
LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Ronnie Burns made no bones about it: Carol Everne is his very best girl!



Pamela (Mrs. James) Mason is so proud of her grownup-looking Portland.



Bobby Darin (left) thought it was pretty funny when Pat McCallum (center) told him how Rock ate all his fried chicken—and hers.



Anne and Kirk Douglas had a gay time at George and Gracie's party.



Their old friend Mary Livingston (right) contributed good ideas that made the Burns and Allen party the fun party of the month.

The Fun Party of the Month

Guess you could call it the Hollywood version of the old-fashioned hayride. I've never seen so many stars having such a gay carefree time as they did riding three luxury buses from **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**' house in Beverly to the outdoor Greek Theater prior to George and **Bobby Darin**'s opening.

Gracie and George and **Mary** and **Jack Benny** got the idea of transporting their large group of pals via bus—and believe me they did it up with all the trimmings. Each bus was equipped with a bar and some very healthy "snacks" plus those delicious box lunches ready and waiting.

Rock Hudson, beaming like a kid, and with Pat McCallum in tow (what goes here—more and more Rock seems to have settled on Pat as his favorite date?) sat in the front seats behind the driver. Rock ate not only his own cold fried chicken—but all of Pat's as well.

Ronnie Burns made no bones about being with his favorite date and called Carol Everne "my best girl" when he introduced us.

The **Kirk Douglas**es were so happy that Anne's mother, Mrs. Pauline Michael, visiting from Paris, had the opportunity of enjoying such a different kind of American party.

Those dignified ladies of stage, screen an TV—**Greer Garson** and **Rosalind Rus sell** acted like teen-agers during the entir ride—and then reverted to glamorous movi queens when they got off the bus and wer deluged by all the fans at the Greek Theate

Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer lamente that their eight-month-old son Mark wasn "quite" old enough to be brought along—bu they just happened to have some pictures c him!

Portland Mason, looking all of eighteer "chaperoned" her parents, Pamela and **Jame Mason**, and among others having a fine ol time were **Carol Channing** and **Barbar Rush**. Big night—lots of fun.

I dreamed I was



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

WANTED

in my Maidenform bra

Name: Star Flower* **Reward:** Just wearing it!

Distinguishing characteristics: Circular stitched cups in pretty petal pattern. Twin elastic bands beneath cups. Upper bands adjust to make bra fit like custom-made. Lower bands make bra breathe with wearer.

Physical description: White broadcloth. A, B, C cups. 2.50.

Last seen: In stores everywhere. Looking *ravishing*.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1960 MAIDENFORM, INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



A cautious Kim is being very careful before she leaps into marriage with Dick Quine.



John Vivyan, one reader opines, is our next star.



Newlyweds Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell persist in "hiding. . . ."



Elvis and Juliet Prows just a press agent's drea

LETTER BOX

What's the matter with ***Kim Novak*** *that she is afraid to marry the man she admits she loves—Richard Quine? Don't you think she needs psychiatric counsel about her love life?* asks VIRGINIA F. WEIDMANN, SPOKANE. Not necessarily. Kim's just being very careful before she leaps, which is much better in my book than marrying and divorcing, divorcing and marrying. . . .

Wish you would plug the career of ***John (Mr. Lucky) Vivyan*** *as ardently as you did for TV's* ***David Janssen***, hints JON BEERS, FT. WORTH. *It's my opinion that the next great male star of the screen is waiting his break in the movies standing in the wings of TV.* The P.S. on your letter reveals that you are a girl with the unusual name of Jon. I thought your enthusiasm sounded quite feminine, my Texas friend. . . .

Sixteen-year-old KATHRYN CARTER, MILWAUKEE, writes: *It's all right to say that tall girls are in vogue and that* ***Capucine*** *and* ***Suzy Parker*** *among other newcomers like* ***Julie Newmar*** *are the new 'glamazons' of the movies—but take it from me, it's tough to be a girl towering 5-feet, 11-inches, over most of your dates!* There was much more to your semi-comic, semi-sad letter, Kathryn—but don't go into a spin because of your height. Stand up straight and look the world in the eye—you may eventually find yourself looking straight into the eyes of a six-foot male who will be proud of you. . . .

Just one question, postcards WILLIE MAE VAN NESS, DETROIT: *What has happened to* ***Millie Perkins***? She's still very much around—still under contract to 20th Century-Fox and as this is written, about to go into a new picture. Don't ask me why she and **Dean Stockwell** persist in living and acting like they are on the lam from the FBI. . . .

DODIE WEAVER (no relation to the celebrity) who hails from ALBANY, has been making her own private poll of the stars who are "polite" enough to answer "nice" fan letters: ***Tuesday Weld*** *is the best. She actually answers questions I have asked her and seems interested in my problems.* (This isn't the first fan praise I have heard about Tuesday.) The *absolute worst is* ***Susan Hayward*** *who has not only ignored my letters for two years—but those of five other fans I know.* Don't forget that when Susan isn't actually working in Hollywood she's now a happy housewife living in Georgia and may miss much of her mail. . . .

You'll never make me believe that ***Elvis Presley*** *fell for* ***Juliet Prowse***, snaps "TINY" of TALLAHASSEE. *It was just a press agent's dream for their picture.* If you read what I wrote in this department last mon you'll know that I more or less agree with yo Tiny. . . .

Nice to hear from a mature fan such OLIVER WILLIAMS (says he is fifty-two, a mov fan and proud of it) who writes: *Just saw t wonderful and beautiful* SONG WITHOUT E *and was transported into another world music, sight and sound. There is nothing wro with the movies that motion pictures such this will not cure.* I agree with everything y say, Mr. W.—and thank you for writing such intelligent letter about a really fine picture it was almost like a professional review. .

Am I the only one who thinks that ***Fabian*** *career might take a more dignified turn if h used his full two names—Fabian Forte? Ha there ever been a big star with just one nam* asks GINNY GREER, TAMPA. Well, —**Cantif flas** comes quickly to mind. And both **Gret Garbo** and **Rudolph Valentino** becam world famous by just their last names. Beside who wants Fabian overly "dignified?"

Thats' all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

NORTHAM WARREN NEW YORK



GOWN BY ROSALIE MACRINI

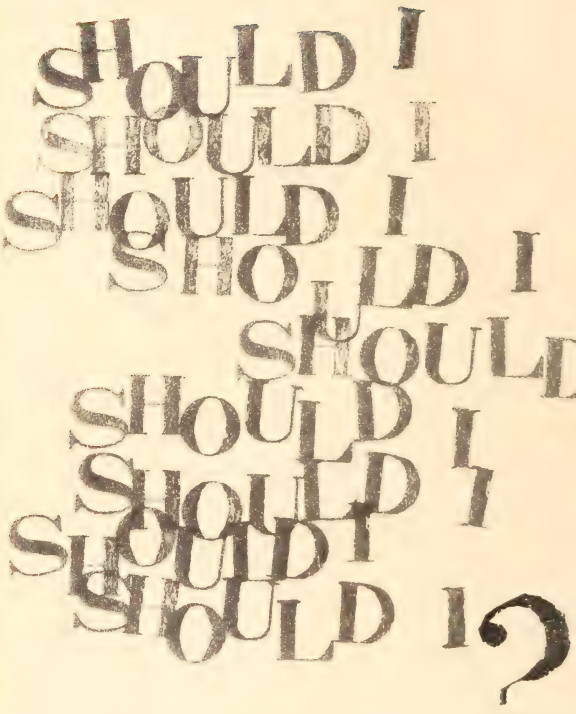
A touch of smoke
a hint of fire...

Vintage hues by CUTEX

From Mediterranean hillsides, the warm, mellow tones of ripening grapes . . . the flash and fire of a fair Italian contessa. Cutex captures both the colors and the mood in its thrilling new "Vintage Hues" for your lips and nails. Wear Cutex "Tawny Port" for a smoldering bronzy look. Wear "Ruby Grape" when you need a red that's rich and luscious. It's a vintage year for color . . . and Cutex brings you the choicest reds of all!

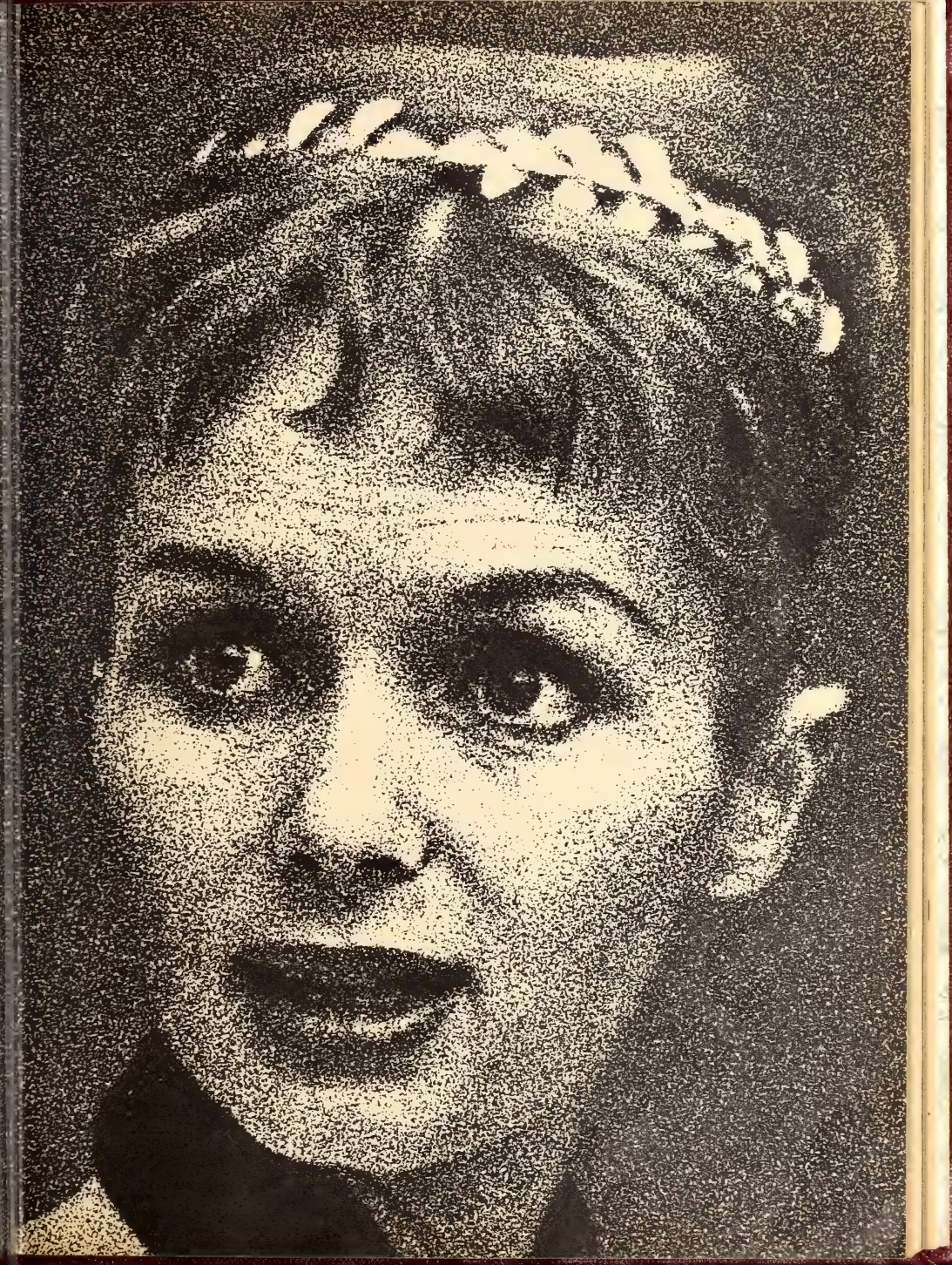


Tawny Port and Ruby Grape . . .



This question whirls and burns in Debbie's troubled mind. Should I? *Eddie wants me to marry. Should I?* She must find an answer to the plea of her ex-husband, the father of her children. On Eddie's last visit to Debbie, a visit which he thought might very well be his last as the "only father" to Todd and Carrie, Eddie had a serious talk with Debbie. For on November 6th Harry Karl's divorce becomes final, he will be free to marry

(*Continued on page 75*)





Everyone knew the papers were referring to Yves Montand and Marilyn Monroe. Every day there were new digs, new insinuations. But today Marilyn could take it no longer. She sat in the living room of Bungalow 7 of the Beverly Hills Hotel, clutching the newspaper, the nails of her right hand still clawing into the column item she'd just read: *What blonde box-office queen, whose husband is away, is acting very cozy with what leading man, whose wife is away?*

"Again," she thought. "Why don't they leave us *alone?*"

After a while, she flung the paper to the floor. She got up and she walked to the phone. "Mr. Montand," she said into the receiver, her voice tight, tense. "Yves Montand.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE MAN WHO ALMOST DESTROYED MARILYN MONROE'S MARRIAGE




TUBORG





Yves Montand,cont.

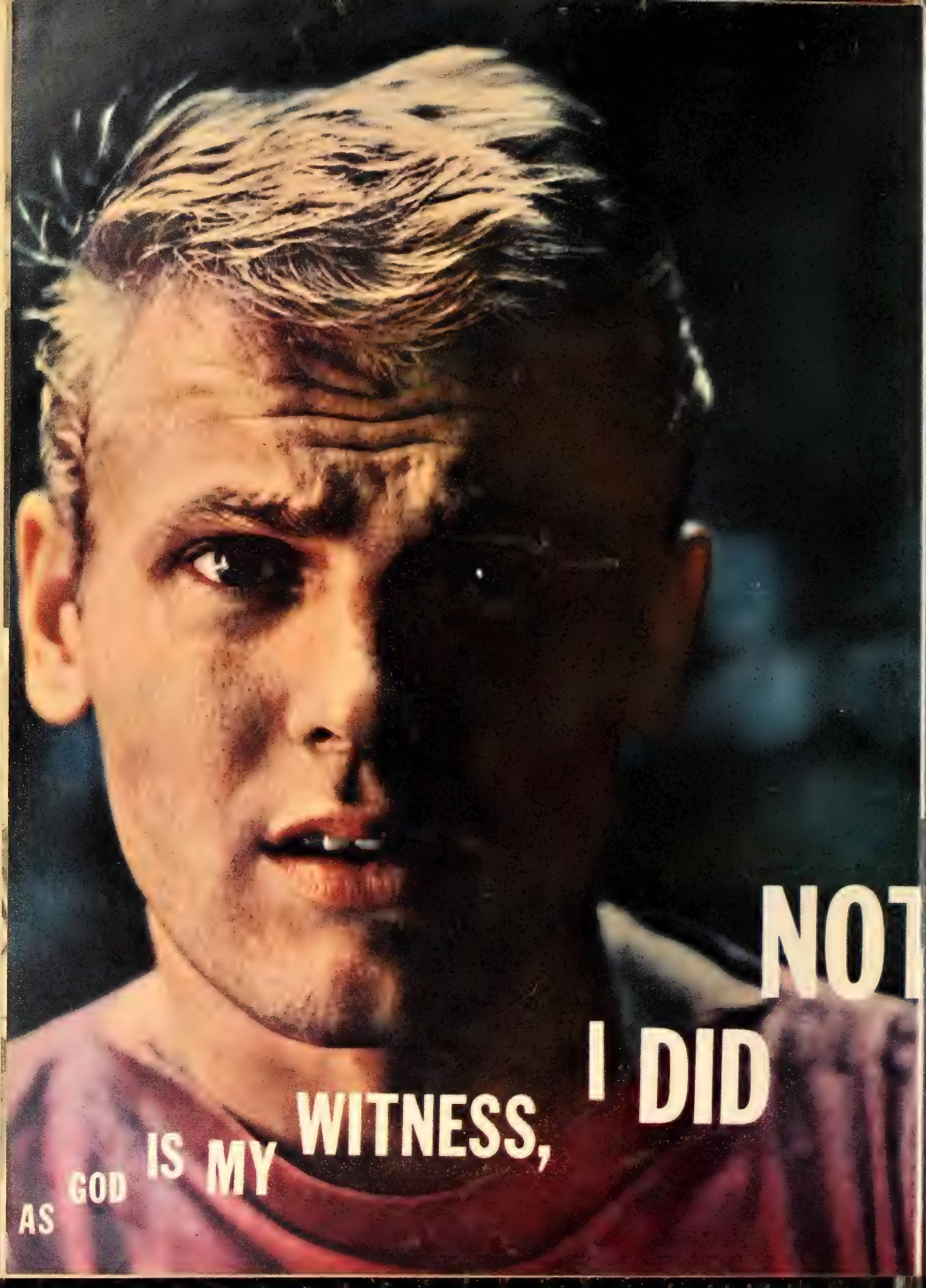


Reunited in Paris after the hubbub about Marilyn, Yves Montand and wife Simone Signoret sat tensely in airport cafe, walked thoughtfully by the Seine as Yves explained over and over, "I love only you." In their own home at last, Simone believed her man, flew into his arms. Later to the world she said simply: "I had faith in my husband. I waited. He returned."

He is staying in Bungalow Nine." She waited impatiently while the operator tried to connect the call. "Sorry, Mrs. Miller," she heard the operator say after a few moments. "Mr. Montand does not seem to be in." "But he must be,"

(*Continued on page 60*)




AS GOD IS MY WITNESS, I DID NOT

A terrible accusation has been leveled against Tab Hunter. The editors of Modern Screen are proud that Tab has chosen our pages in which to answer his accusers.

I DIDN'T BEAT MY DOG!



by Tab Hunter

■ "I didn't beat my dog. I've never beaten *any* dog or horse or animal in my entire life.

"As God is my witness, this is so.

"For the past two months—ever since the manager of the building across the way from me called the police and accused me of cruel and inhuman treatment of my two-year-old Weimaraner, Fritz, I've been broken-hearted.

"I didn't have to defend myself or deny these charges to my friends or to the people who knew me.

"They know my love for animals. And they have been just as upset as I have because they know there is no truth to these accusations. (*Continued on page 78*)

WE PAID $300,000
FOR THE FREEDOM
TO LOVE EACH OTHER

DEBORAH KERR AND PETER VIERTEL

■ Love sometimes carries an impossibly high price. Sometimes it's stolen and cherished in the darkness. Other times it's paid for with fortunes or with debts.

Two years ago Deborah Kerr celebrated her twelfth anniversary as Mrs. Anthony Bartley. Had she pictured herself as an unhappy wife? Never. When a friend once asked her about herself and her life, Deborah replied, "I've been lucky. I have what every woman needs. My children, a devoted husband and my work."

She spoke the truth, as she knew it then. Her life as Mrs. Anthony Bartley was quiet, sedate, contented. Her home in Hollywood with its spacious gardens and sweeping view of the Pacific Ocean, rang with the cheerful sound of her daughters' voices. "I live for Melanie's and Francesca's happiness," she told friends again and again.

No one suspected a marital unrest, least of all Deborah herself.

Although, there was one clue.

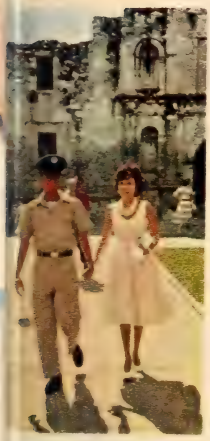
On the door of her studio dressing room, she had installed a "mood barometer." The barometer, designed in the graceful curves of the Baroque era, had a dial which was adjustable to Deborah's changing (*Continued on page 73*)



A SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY











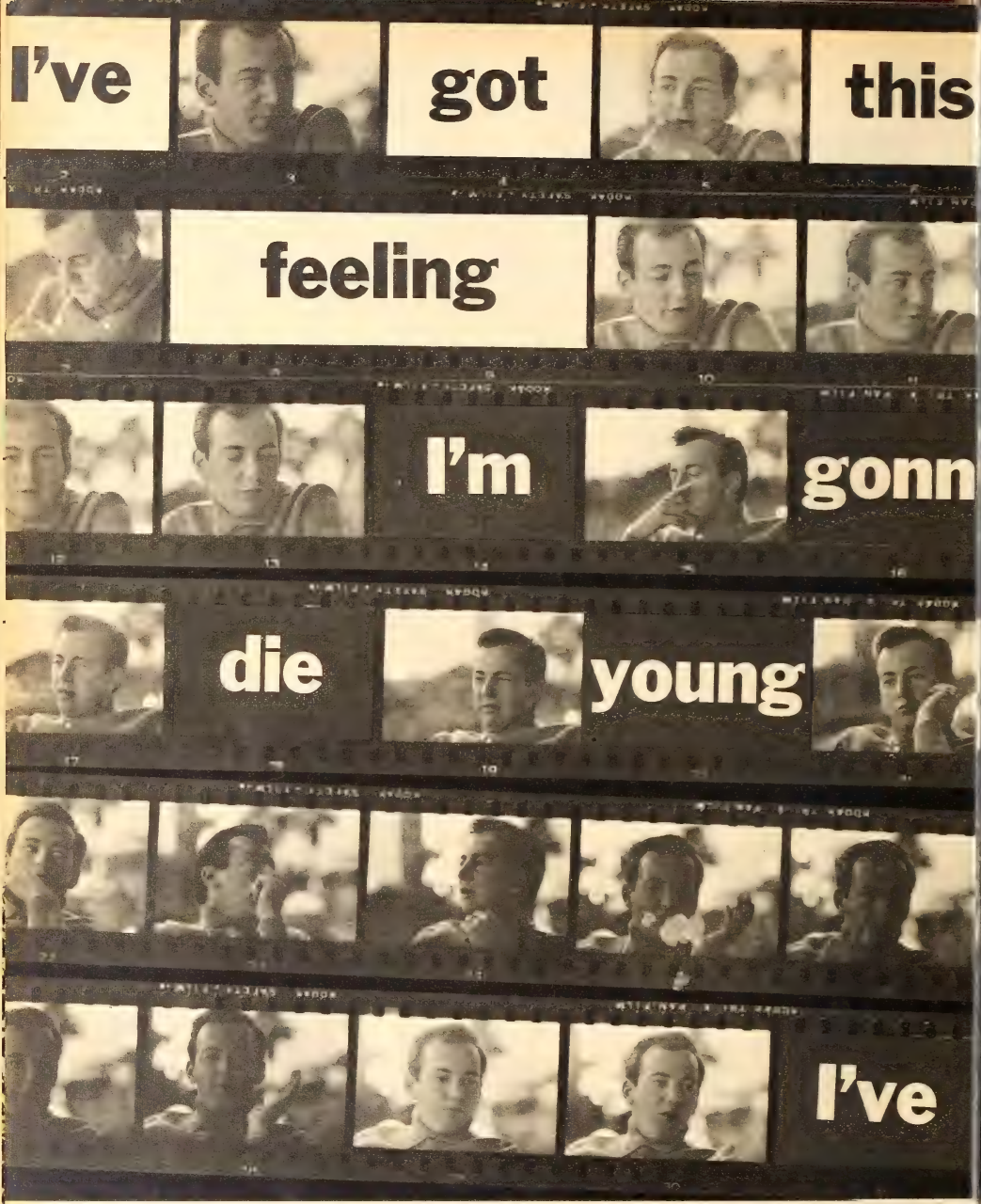


■ For days now Tommy Sands had been in a fog. The non-coms would issue orders and sometimes he'd have to ask a buddy to tell him what they had said. Words, moments, impressions all blended together because his mind throbbed with one hundred thoughts about Nancy.

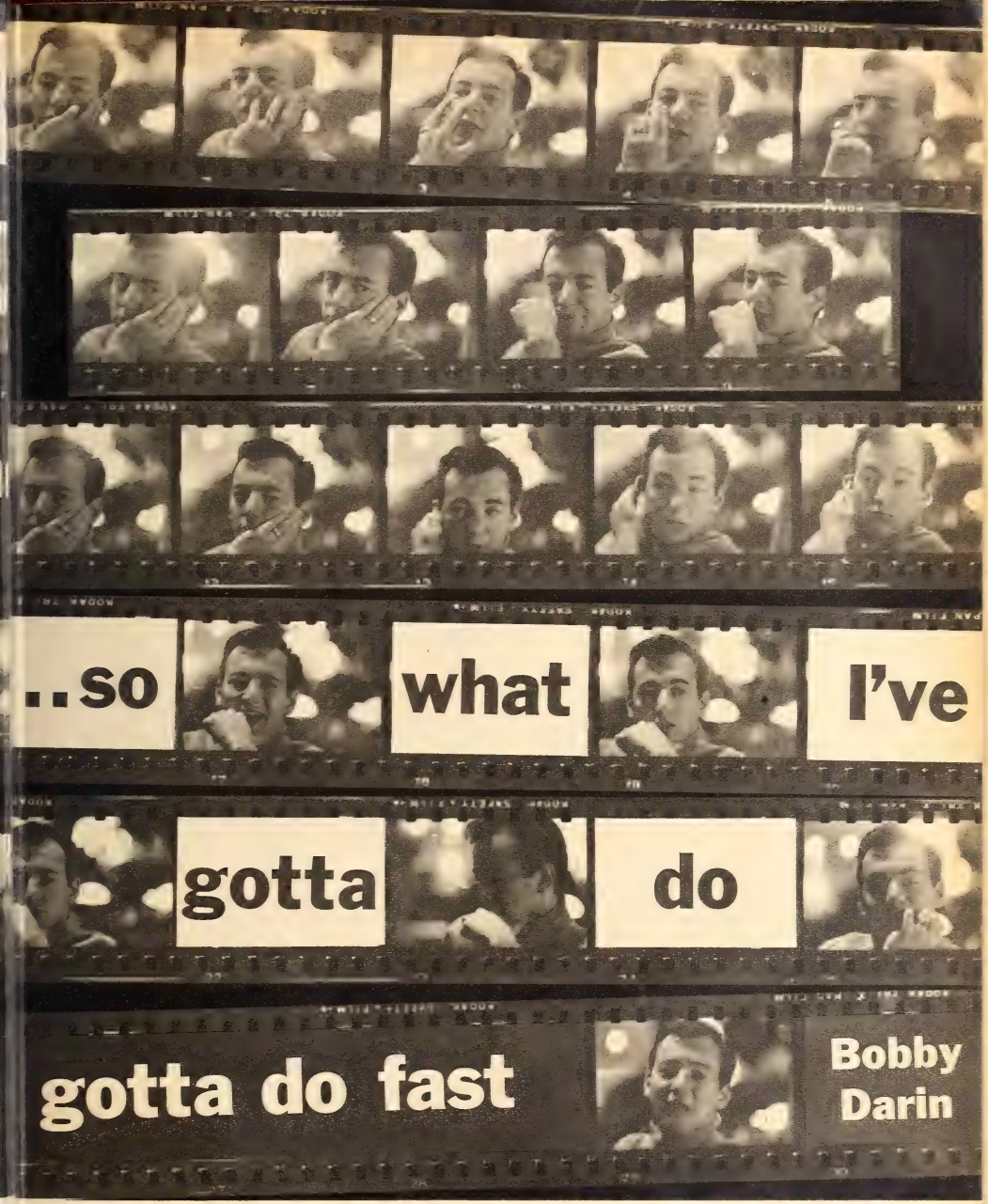
For two weeks they hadn't spoken on the telephone, and it was as if his whole world was on the verge of collapse. He was on maneuvers on a lonely dusty (*Continued on page 80*)







■ "Bobby Darin
listen to me, anc
don't forget what
I'm saying. Com



ete rest. No phone
ls, no interviews,
nothing. Just quiet.
derstand?" The doctor raised his eyebrows and peered down at the young man, stretched out on the bed. The young man's face was very pale, but he managed a cocky half-smile. "Okay, Doc, okay. Anything you say, Doc. Anything you

(Cont. on page 81)



ODERN SCREEN'S FIRST CINDERELLA STORY*

I was left out . . . a mess!  Evenings were spent with TV. But I met a Fairy  Godmother. Now I get stares, whistles and  dates! I feel like Cinderella— I am Cinderella!

(*it could happen to you)


"Fairy Godmother," said I, "it would take real magic to make me a princess." Said she, "that's just what I'm using."

"Your hair needs a vigorous brushing and a good shampoo to give it life . . . a new red-tint rinse to add highlights."

"Try the blue-green eye shadow . . . a deeper tone liner and mascara. Then groom the brows with a tiny brush and use a curler to turn long straight lashes upward."

"Try a new medicated formula in the creams, lotions and foundations to improve your oily skin and those blemishes."

"Carefully shape your lips staying within their natural outline. Then add the magic of the new high-bright red-red lipsticks."

"And for that square jaw-line, use *white* make-up stick . . . blend two or three inches down from the ears toward the chin before final powdering."



The Cinderella styling takes shape.

If anyone had ever told me that I could be beautiful—and no one ever did—I'd have said they were crazy. But the girl you saw on page 34 is me, the mousy me you see opposite as I used to be. Honestly, I never dreamed that anything so unbelievable could have happened to me, and I can only try to tell you how it feels to be a Cinderella who found a fairy godmother.

I'm 19, and sort of a mother's helper for the Myers family to earn my way through college. They're lovely people, sophisticated in that New York way of editors, artists, writers and the other exciting people who make up their wonderful world, which I love to watch, but a world I never dared aspire to. I was so terribly shy and self-conscious that I just (*Continued on next page*)



But I doubt no more. Any girl can be beautiful. Goodby



I loved the lilac tones of this wool jersey dress with its own jacket. Jr. sizes 5–15. The costume, $19.98.



A perfect "little" dress, also wool jersey in lichen green. Note those deep sleeves! Jr. Sizes 5–15, $12.98.

...nely nights, I'm off to the ball.



Me, going into Sardi's restaurant . . . the dress, middled with rayon satin, is a honey-toned wool flannel . . . matching jacket. Costume, sizes 5–15, $10.98.



I feel just like a princess!



Lucky me! Paul asked for another date—this one at the St. Moritz.



In Celebrities' Corner at Sardi's getting the royal treatment. This is a few minutes before I met Paul Anka. The dress was a big hit!

couldn't bear to talk to any of their friends when they'd come to the house. As a matter of fact I couldn't talk casually even with the *girls* on campus, let alone the men! But I was at home with the Myers children, and when I was with them I was happy . . . very happy. I would tell them the saddest stories about the saddest girl who was all alone in the world: she had no friends, no one to love her; she was ugly and pitiful; she had no pretty clothes, no beautiful jewels; she worked hard, studied and sometimes had time to read books, exciting ones about people she would never know. How the children loved those stories, and, of course, I was the heroine of every one!

One afternoon some guests arrived and, as usual, I quickly rushed to the garden with the children so that I wouldn't have to say even "Hello" to any of them. Suddenly, as I was telling one of my tales, I was aware of someone sitting near me. I looked up and there was a (*Continued on page 72*)

Find the fashions on these pages at Sears Fashion Stores throughout the country.



THE MIRACLI

What were the real medicines that turned tragedy to triumph fo



AT BUERGENSTOCK

■ To visit the beautiful resort of Buergenstock on its high mountain in Switzerland, you would never think of it as a setting for heartbreak or despair. Gaze at the miles and miles of fluttering scarlet and purple wild flowers, breathe the pure, invigorating air, bask in the smiling friendship of its kind villagers, and you are convinced this is a paradise, a heaven (*Continued on page 68*)

udrey Hepburn, the girl who feared she was too fragile to have a baby.





"Oh

Hear this

Lamb of God,

Sinner"

—My name is Brenda Lee and I want to tell you about the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me in my whole life. It wasn't when my recordings *Sweet Nuthin's* and *I'm Sorry* made the *Hot 100* lists in *Billboard* and *Cashbox* magazines, although this was probably the second greatest, for a fifteen-year-old girl.

The greatest thrill I've ever had came when I was saved. Saved from sin and the curse of the devil. Saved because I finally mustered up enough courage to march down the aisle of our First Baptist Church back home. Saved because I became a Child of God after all the terrible things I'd done.

Before I was saved there seemed to be a devil in my soul. I knew what I was doing was sinning, but I couldn't help it and I almost didn't care. My biggest sin was against my pop.

He was a handsome man with coal black hair, deep-set burning eyes and a ruddy complexion.

His name was Rube, and he (*Continued on page 79*)

I REFUSE TO GROW OLD

The French people spare no one
when it comes to caustic comment, not even
Ingrid Bergman who, since her
marriage last year to producer Lars Schmidt, resides
in a rambling stone villa in the country town
of Choisel, outside of Paris.
"Who does she think she is?" one of France's top
screen actresses blurted the afternoon
Ingrid appeared at a theatrical
cocktail party held by her friends in Paris to celebrate
Ingrid's Emmy Award for her remarkable
performance in the TV production of
The Turn of the Screw.
"It's after six," the French actress continued,
"a time when everyone who's anyone
gets dressed to the hilt. Only our honored guest bounces
in looking for all the (*Continued on next page*)


A SPECIAL
CONDENSATION
of the
Exciting,
Controversial
New
Biography
of
INGRID
BERGMAN

I REFUSE TO GROW OLD

world like a parlor maid. Not a touch of make-up. Her hair's pulled back and tied in a spinster's knot, and there's a milk-fed expression on her face. She comes in wearing that hideous duffel coat that's designed for a child, and look at all the men. They're gasping. They think she's the living end."

What the French actress said was true. Ingrid bowled the men over. Every man in the smoky cocktail salon preened when Ingrid entered the room. She smiled, chatted with them. Finally, one of the flashily-dressed women, a diplomat's wife, walked up to her.

"Miss Bergman," she said, "your coat? May we help you with it?"

Ingrid, for a moment, looked perplexed. "Oh," she said. "I'd forgotten."

The diplomat's wife clapped her hands, her long manicured fingers glittering with jewels, and summoned a servant who took Ingrid's brown suede, sheepskin-lined duffel coat to the cloakroom.

The popular French actress picked up the thread of her sassy conversation with her ladyfriend. "Now where on earth do you suppose she picked up that stupid coat?"

"What does it matter?" her (*Continued on page 65*)

"each morning I feel reborn



I Was One of Rock Hudson's On-Location Girls

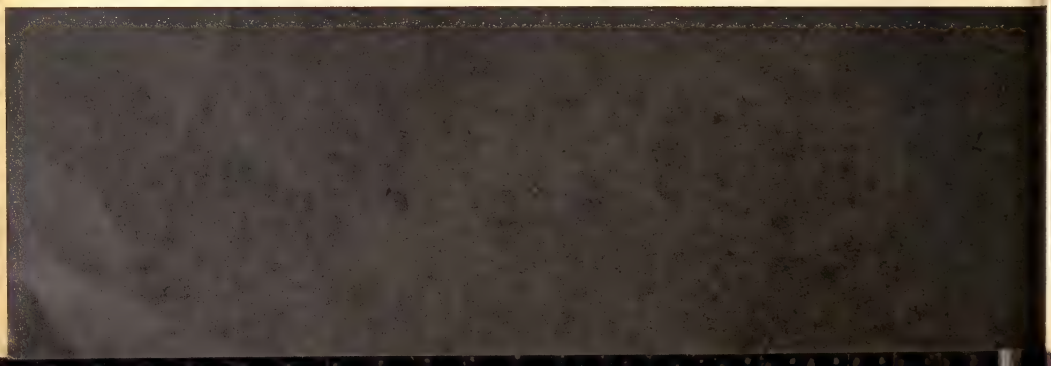
■ Rock and Erika met one Sunday recently in Acapulco. Erika, there for the week end, relaxing, had just completed touring Mexico with a Spanish-speaking road-show company of *The Redhead*. The twenty-three-year-old Erika spoke perfect Spanish, even

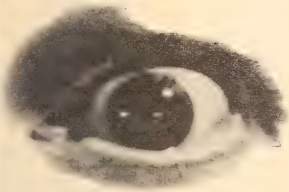


though she was an American citizen. She'd lived in Mexico for thirteen years, alone now, after her Danish father (from whom she'd gotten her slight European accent) and American mother went back to the States. Rock was relaxing, too; he'd just finished all location work on his latest picture and would leave, that evening, for Mexico City and two additional weeks of interior shooting. News of his being in Acapulco was plastered all over the papers that Sunday

(*Continued on page 69*)

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT
IN RECOGNITION OF MODERN SCREEN'S INFLUENCE
AS THE WORLD'S LEADING FILM PUBLICATION
AND IN RESPONSE TO THE INTELLIGENT CONCERN OF
ITS READERS ON THE SUBJECT OF NEW "ADULT" MOVIES
THE MOTION PICTURE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
REPRESENTING THE NINE MAJOR U.S. STUDIOS
HAS SELECTED THIS MAGAZINE IN WHICH TO PRESENT
FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE
THE CASE AGAINST CENSORSHIP
PLUS A PRINTING IN FULL OF THE INDUSTRY'S PRIVATE
CODE ON SIN AND SEX





By Taylor M. Mills
Director of Public Relations—Motion Picture Association of America

The August issue of MODERN SCREEN carried an article entitled *For Adults Only.* It brought forth a flood of mail from readers, many of whom agreed with the theme of the article—that movies today present too much adult entertainment, and that perhaps some form of "adult" classification should be adopted by the motion picture industry to advise movie patrons concerning films treating mature subjects.

We appreciate this opportunity to present our viewpoint on these subjects and to reply to some of your very thoughtful letters you wrote in response to this article. The editors of MODERN SCREEN were good enough to share them with us.

The article discussed ten films which the editors implied were too adult for those of tender years. The films mentioned were: *Who Was That Lady?, Blue Denim, Because They're Young, A Summer Place, Home from the Hill, Pillow Talk, Happy Anniversary, The Best of Everything, Suddenly Last Summer* and *The Fugitive Kind.*

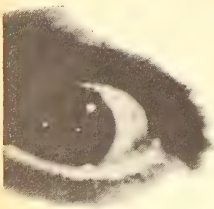
Though the majority of letters received agreed with the publication's views, more than a few readers contributed some interesting personal comments. In connection with the film, *Who Was That Lady?,* one young film fan said: "What was so terribly 'sordid' about that film? In the movie Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh played the parts of a young married couple—just as they are in real life. Everyone who saw the film realized this. And if I can be frank for a moment," she added, "what is wrong about a married couple being shown together in a bed?" (Incidentally the bed scenes shown in the two photographs in the article did not appear in the picture as released.)

Blue Denim also was listed in the article as a shocking film—especially for teen-agers. A fifteen-year-old girl from Portland, Maine, wrote: "The advertisements gave a good idea of what the movie was about. The action, dialogue and story-line were all handled carefully and with good taste. I personally feel that all teen-agers should have seen this movie."

Another young writer from Illinois told the editor: "I thoroughly disagree with your opinion that these movies are ruining teen-agers. Every-one of the movies mentioned, and I have seen most of them, pointed out to teen-agers the problems that result from being over-emotional about their feelings and desires. All of the movies mentioned taught a lesson to teens. I feel they are presented in such a fashion as to teach a moral." This young lady sounds like a thoughtful and mature person for nineteen years of age.

If the plea from those who wrote to the editor asking for more wholesome family entertainment is an honest and sincere one, the question arises as to why the public, supposedly hungry for such films, does not give better support to these subjects at the local theaters. Many a fine picture suitable for the entire family has failed to succeed at the box-office. Frequently these have been expensive color films that have been widely advertised and yet never earned their production cost, not to mention any profit for the producing company. So despite the fact that many of the letters received by the editors appeal for more fine family films, moviegoers seem to flock to pictures based on powerful, dramatic subjects portraying true-to-life stories. One cannot expect any film company to continue to produce family films, if these pictures do not gain support at the box-office.

The year 1960 has seen more family-type pictures released than have been noted for some time. How many have you seen? Over the Christmas holidays you had: *Journey to the Center of the Earth, The Last Angry Man, 1001 Arabian Nights* (the feature-length *Mr. Magoo* cartoon) and Disney's dramatic Alpine story, *Third Man on the Mountain.* The Easter season saw *Dog of Flanders, Scent of Mystery, The Snow Queen, When Comedy Was King* and *Please Don't Eat the Daisies.* This past summer there were a host of fine family films to choose from, including: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Hound Dog Man, Kidnapped, Toby Tyler* and *Pollyanna.* And certainly no one could object (*Continued on next page*)



The Case Against Censorship, continued

on moral grounds to *Ben-Hur, The Story of Ruth, Hercules Unchained, Sergeant Rutledge, A Visit to a Small Planet, Conspiracy of Hearts,* or *Bells Are Ringing.*

Yes, there have been many fine, wholesome films that offer many wonderful hours of family fun.

(Family films for 1960 are listed on the next page.)

It seems unfair that any writer should condemn the entire output of the movie industry by using a handful of films as examples. Many of the titles mentioned as examples of "adult" films were spectacularly successful at the box-office. Obviously the majority of movie fans enjoy seeing films with mature themes.

There have been great sociological changes in our society since the end of World War II. The theater, books and magazines, and even our daily newspapers treat subjects that twenty years ago were considered hush-hush and taboo. The motion picture has been well behind other mass media in their approach to mature themes.

When skillfully treated, almost any subject can be presented without offense. Provocative books like *From Here to Eternity, Peyton Place* and *Suddenly Last Summer* have been brought to the screen under the Production Code as effective dramatic films. They have been well received by theater patrons. The industry, in presenting this material on the screen with consideration and in good taste, is meeting a definite demand for well-handled adult themes.

The article also broached the subject of classifying films—in other words labeling certain films as adult entertainment. Again, a majority of you, in response to MODERN SCREEN's article, favored some sort of classification. However, a number of young people felt this wouldn't work at all—that any such classification of films would merely incite the curious teen-ager to attend those films labeled *Adult.*

Classification is used in a number of foreign countries, but not always with complete success. In England the "X" or "Adults Only" rating has resulted in the production of a number of *very* daring films. As long as a film was going to be classified "For Adults Only" some producers decided to go all out with little or no restraint.

Classification of films by any government body is another form of censorship and is *not* the American way of solving anything. We in the United States have always fought to maintain our freedom of expression and freedom of choice. We like to examine the facts and make up our own minds.

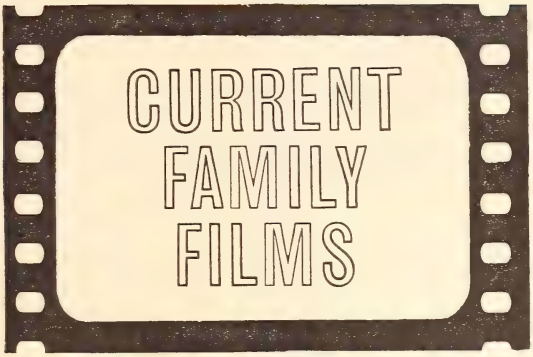
As far as young children are concerned, it is not only the right, but it is the responsibility of parents to make their own decisions in selecting motion picture entertainment for their children.

There are many sources of information about film content and audience suitability available. Newspapers usually review films and describe their content. Many magazines carry a listing of current films and some rate the films for various age groups. The Film Estimate Board of National Organizations (FEBNO), made up of representatives of eleven national women's organizations, publish a monthly *Green Sheet* which reviews and rates films for adults, adults-and-mature-young-people, family-and-children-under-twelve-years. The *Green Sheet* may be found on library and church bulletin boards. The Legion of Decency of the Catholic Church releases regular ratings of films for the members of their faith. Certainly any parent who is interested can find information about films. You can always consult the theater manager before sending your children.

The motion picture industry—through the Motion Picture Association of America—operates a voluntary code of self-regulation called the Production Code. Every film carrying the Production Code Seal has been carefully reviewed from the first script—right down to the final release print. The Code is based on sound morals common to all peoples and all religions. The Code Seal has never been given to an immoral film. [EDITOR'S NOTE: You will find the code reprinted in full on page 54. We suggest you decide for yourself whether Hollywood has lived up to it.]

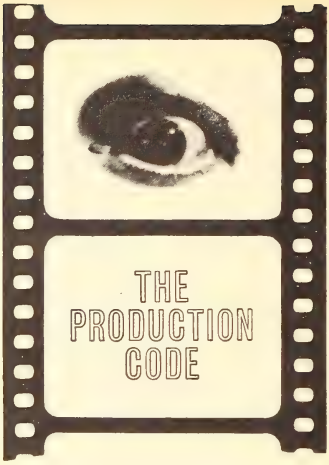
As Production Code Administrator, Geoffrey M. Shurlock, said recently before a Congressional Committee in Washington, "In the long run it is not the subject matter but the treatment that counts. And it is with treatment that the Code operation is fundamentally concerned. Hollywood film producers have proved themselves skillful and trustworthy enough to take outstanding, if sometimes sensational material and, applying the Code machinery, develop inherent drama and engrossing character delineations, to come up with entertainment that is mature, morally acceptable and of world-wide appeal."

We have appreciated the interest so many of you have shown by writing your feelings about MODERN SCREEN's article on "adult movies."



A DOG OF FLANDERS
BOBBIKINS
JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH
MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE
SWAN LAKE
KILLERS OF KILIMANJARO
PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES
SCENT OF MYSTERY
TOBY TYLER
WHEN COMEDY WAS KING
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
THE BOY AND THE PIRATES
CIRCUS STARS
POLLYANNA
RAYMIE
MY DOG BUDDIE
STOP, LOOK AND LAUGH
TWELVE TO THE MOON
CHARTROOSE CABOOSE
DINOSAURUS
JUNGLE CAT
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE
THE LOST WORLD
THE SIGN OF ZORRO

THE BELLBOY
THE LAST ANGRY MAN
1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS
THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN
KIDNAPPED
SNOW QUEEN
BEN-HUR
THE STORY OF RUTH
HERCULES UNCHAINED
SERGEANT RUTLEDGE
A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS
BELLS ARE RINGING
SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
SPARTACUS
CIMARRON
THE ALAMO
I AIM AT THE STARS
SONG WITHOUT END
101 DALMATIANS
THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER
CINDERFELLA
THE TIME MACHINE



GENERAL PRINCIPLES:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law—divine, natural or human—shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

PARTICULAR APPLICATIONS:

I. CRIME:

1. Crime shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice, or to inspire others with a desire for imitation.
2. Methods of crime shall not be explicitly presented or detailed in a manner calculated to glamorize crime or inspire imitation.
3. Action showing the taking of human life is to be held to the minimum. Its frequent presentation tends to lessen regard for the sacredness of life.
4. Suicide, as a solution of problems occurring in the development of screen drama, is to be discouraged unless absolutely necessary for the development of the plot, and shall never be justified, or glorified, or used specifically to defeat the ends of justice.
5. Excessive flaunting of weapons by criminals shall not be permitted.
6. There shall be no scenes of law-enforcing officers dying at the hands of criminals, unless such scenes are absolutely necessary to the plot.
7. Pictures dealing with criminal activities in which minors participate, or to which minors are related, shall not be approved if they tend to incite demoralizing imitation on the part of the youth.
8. Murder:
   (a) The technique of murder must not be presented in a way that will inspire imitation.
   (b) Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.
   (c) Revenge in modern times shall not be justified.
   (d) Mercy killings shall never be made to seem right or permissible.
9. Drug addiction or the illicit traffic in addiction-producing drugs shall not be shown if the portrayal:
   (a) Tends in any manner to encourage, stimulate or justify the use of such drugs; or
   (b) Stresses, visually or by dialogue, their temporarily attractive effects; or
   (c) Suggests that the drug habit may be quickly or easily broken; or
   (d) Shows details of drug procurement or of the taking of drugs in any manner; or
   (e) Emphasizes the profits of the drug traffic; or
   (f) Involves children who are shown knowingly to use or traffic in drugs
10. Stories on the kidnapping or illegal abduction of children are acceptable under the Code only (1) when the subject is handled with restraint and discretion and avoids details, of gruesomeness and undue horror, and (2) the child is returned unharmed.

II. BRUTALITY:

Excessive and inhumane acts of cruelty and brutality shall not be presented. This includes all detailed and protracted presentation of physical violence, torture and abuse.

III. SEX:

The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. No film shall infer that casual or promiscuous sex relationships are the accepted or common thing.

1. Adultery and illicit sex, sometimes necessary plot material, shall not be explicitly treated, nor shall they be justified or made to seem right and permissible.
2. Scenes of passion:
   (a) These should not be introduced except where they are definitely essential to the plot.
   (b) Lustful and open-mouth kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive posture and gestures are not to be shown.
   (c) In general, passion should be treated in such manner as not to stimulate the baser emotions.
3. Seduction or rape:
   (a) These should never be more than suggested, and then only when essential to the plot. They should never be shown explicitly.
   (b) They are never acceptable subject matter for comedy.
   (c) They should never be made to seem right and permissible.
4. The subject of abortion shall be discouraged, shall never be more than suggested, and when referred to shall be condemned. It must never be treated lightly or made the subject of comedy. Abortion shall never be shown explicitly or by inference, and a story must not indicate that an abortion has been performed. The word "abortion" shall not be used.
5. The methods and techniques of prostitution and white slavery shall never be presented in detail, nor shall the subjects be presented unless shown in contrast to right standards of behavior. Brothels in any clear identification as such may not be shown.
6. Sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden.
7. Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not acceptable subject matter for theatrical motion pictures.
8. Children's sex organs are never to be exposed. This provision shall not apply to infants.

IV. VULGARITY:

Vulgar expressions and double meanings having the same effect are forbidden. The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste and a proper regard for the sensibilities of the audience.

V. OBSCENITY:

1. Dances suggesting or representing sexual actions or emphasizing indecent movements are to be regarded as obscene.
2. Obscenity in words, gesture, reference, song, joke or by suggestion, even when likely to be understood by only part of the audience, is forbidden.

VI. BLASPHEMY AND PROFANITY:

1. Blasphemy is forbidden. Reference to the Deity, God, Lord, Jesus, Christ, shall not be irreverent.
2. Profanity is forbidden. The words "hell" and "damn," while sometimes dramatically valid, will if used without moderation be considered offensive by many members of the audience. Their

use shall be governed by the discretion and prudent advice of the Code Administration.

VII. COSTUMES:

1. Complete nudity, in fact or in silhouette, is never permitted, nor shall there be any licentious notice by characters in the film of suggested nudity.
2. Indecent or undue exposure is forbidden.
   (a) The foregoing shall not be interpreted to exclude actual scenes photographed in a foreign land of the natives of that land, showing native life, provided:
      (1) Such scenes are included in a documentary film or travelogue depicting exclusively such land, its customs and civilization; and
      (2) Such scenes are not in themselves intrinsically objectionable.

VIII. RELIGION:

1. No film or episode shall throw ridicule on any religious faith.
2. Ministers of religion, or persons posing as such, shall not be portrayed as comic characters or as villains so as to cast disrespect on religion.
3. Ceremonies of any definite religion shall be carefully and respectfully handled.

IX. SPECIAL SUBJECTS:

The following subjects must be treated with discretion and restraint and within the careful limits of good taste:

1. Bedroom scenes.
2. Hangings and electrocutions.
3. Liquor and drinking.
4. Surgical operations and childbirth.
5. Third degree methods.

X. NATIONAL FEELINGS:

1. The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful.
2. The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of all nations shall be represented fairly.
3. No picture shall be produced that tends to incite bigotry or hatred among peoples of differing races, religions or national origins. The use of such offensive words as Chink, Dago, Frog, Greaser, Hunkie, Kike, Nigger, Spig, Wop, Yid, should be avoided.

XI. TITLES:

The following titles shall not be used:

1. Titles which are salacious, indecent, obscene, profane or vulgar.
2. Titles which violate any other clause of this Code.

XII. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS:

In the production of motion pictures involving animals the producer shall consult with the authorized representative of the American Humane Association, and invite him to be present during the staging of such animal action. There shall be no use of any contrivance or apparatus for tripping or otherwise treating animals in any unacceptably harsh manner.

? DO YOU AGREE THAT THE MOVIES YOU'VE BEEN SEEING LIVE UP TO THIS CODE

ELVIS *and charity*

In our August issue we ran a story entitled, "Have I Failed as a True Christian?" We chose this story because we wanted to show how stars can be misunderstood, how one misstep can, sometimes, forever erase a man's good reputation. As an example, we reprinted a letter from a reader about an encounter she had with Elvis Presley, in which he turned down her request that he appear at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis. The mail response to this story was enormous. Most of the letters defended Elvis vigorously and completely, and we were very glad to know that the loyalty of Elvis' devoted fans and friends was too deep to be affected by one not-too-pleasant incident. To bring the story to a real conclusion, we want to share with you the following letter, which so perfectly describes our own feelings about Elvis Presley.

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Crippled Children's Hospital School

2009 LAMAR AVENUE
BR 2-2281 TELEPHONES BR 2-2620
MEMPHIS 14, TENNESSEE

July 27, 1960

Mr. David Myers, Editor Modern Screen
c/o Dell Publishing Company, Inc.
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. Myers:

An article, "Have I failed as a True Christian?" referring to Elvis Presley in your August issue of Modern Screen, has come to our attention.

The ladies Board of Managers of Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, and the people of Memphis feel most strongly that Elvis Presley has been more than generous with his time and has graciously supported all charity work in Memphis. He has made numerous contributions to this Hospital and has been most cooperative whenever he has been called upon.

All the entertainers who come to Memphis have been exceptionally wonderful about visiting our Hospital and we are most grateful for their giving of their talents to entertain and provide happiness for our children.

We would like to request that you publish this letter so that friends and fans of Elvis would know that his generosity is sincerely appreciated.

Very truly yours,

CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL
Mrs William L. Taylor

Mrs. W. L. Taylor
Member of Board of Managers

cc: Mr. Elvis Presley
Memphis, Tenn.

new movies

(*Continued from page 7*)

the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor he is torn by conflict. He doesn't want to fight against people like his family and he is enraged by the fact that his adopted mother and father are considered dangerous and sent to a relocation camp. However, when his Japanese-American brothers join the Army Jeff signs up with the Marines where he becomes the close buddy of David Janssen and Vic Damone. Jeff's an expert shot but he prefers to talk the enemy into surrendering until one of his buddies is brutally killed. Then Jeff goes berserk and runs all over Saipan bent on slaughter. Later, a calmer Jeff matches wits against General Sessue Hayakawa and succeeds in delivering, unarmed, every Japanese on the island to his superior officer. There are scenes of violence in this movie which one can only accept as the truth about war, but there are other scenes (particularly of a drinking and strip-tease party) that are in amazingly bad taste.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY

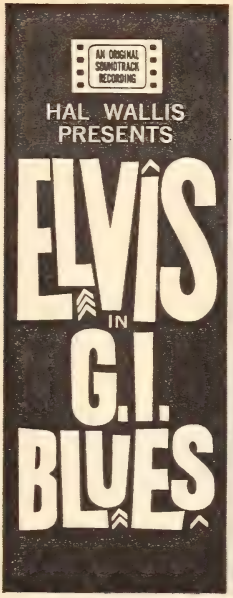
love against death

Lilli Palmer
Willy Birgel
Ellen Schwiers
Carlos Thompson
Robert Lindner

■ Although her famous doctor husband (Willy Birgel) has been trying to keep the news from her, Lilli Palmer knows that her days are numbered. She's suffering from a rare and fatal disease. Determined to enjoy whatever time is left to her she wanders alone and restlessly over Europe and eventually finds a little island in the Mediterranean whose scenery is beautified by Carlos Thompson. Thompson promptly steals her bracelet and signs her up for some sightseeing trips with him as guide. He then informs his girlfriend (Ellen Schwiers), a passionate gyspy type, that he and she will grow rich on Lilli's sentimental heart. Naturally, Thompson has no intention of falling in love with Lilli, an accident that makes him regard his past with a certain shame. Their romance is so therapeutic that Lilli feels completely healthy and plans to stay on the island with him forever. Well, love has been said to move mountains—can it cure fatal diseases, too?—TECHNICOLOR, U.-I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

ELMER GANTRY (United Artists): In *Elmer Gantry*, Jean Simmons plays Revivalist Sister Sharon. Her saintliness and zeal attract a number of different people for a number of different reasons: Dean Jagger gives her constant paternal care, atheistic newsman Arthur Kennedy is drawn in spite of himself—and last, though surely not least, is Burt Lancaster (or, Elmer Gantry). Gantry, a preacher-cum-adman type has the gift of gab, a powerful alcoholic thirst, and an equally powerful appetite for the opposite sex. Based on Sinclair Lewis' novel, the story of Gantry is a fascinating study in corruption. A "must" film!
SONS AND LOVERS (20th-Fox): This is essentially the story of a sensitive boy's growing-up—and of the family ties, both welcome and unwelcome. Dean Stockwell (the boy) is a painter: he has a strong-willed mother (Wendy Hiller), an embittered, often drunk coal-miner father (Trevor Howard) and a dream of escape from his background. The women who help or hinder his dream are Mary Ure and Heather Sears. Here is a graphic tale of the strange, lonely giant step into the alien world of adulthood.
ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS (MGM): All of these fine young cannibals (Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner, George Hamilton and Susan Kohner) gobble each other up in short order (no pun intended). Lives that begin in dirty Texas shanties end in dramatic and rich cosmopolitan surroundings. The sophisticated atmosphere is also inhabited by singer Pearl Bailey. The complications are numerous and really should be seen in this film of love and life among the young.



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Paramount Presents

ELVIS PRESLEY

IN

G. I. BLUES

A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

Co-starring

JULIET PROWSE

Directed By
Norman Taurog





Tonight Is So Right for Love
What's She Really Like
Frankfort Special
Wooden Heart



G. I. Blues
Pocketful of Rainbows
Shoppin' Around
Big Boots
Didja' Ever
Blue Suede Shoes
Doin' the Best I Can

I'd been around.
I thought I could handle my own emotions,
but I was wrong...
so wrong!

MY FIRST PICKUP



by Frankie Avalon
(as told to George Christy)

■ I dropped a dime in the wall juke-box, and I sat back in the empty booth and listened to Little Anthony and the Imperials take off with *Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop*. I was lonely. Sure, it was exciting making a movie in Texas with John Wayne, but I hardly knew anyone in the town. Every day (*Continued on page 59*)

I was up at the crack of dawn to go in front of the cameras, and when evening came I was beat. I'd have dinner at the Fort Clark Ranch where we were staying in Brackettville (somehow it reminded me of Schofield Barracks in the flicker of *From Here to Eternity*). Then I'd play a little ping pong with Sonny Troz, my guitarist who was "standing in" for me, finally go to my room and play my trumpet or listen to records before I fell asleep.

But this was Saturday, our last day off, and I had driven to San Antonio with Sonny. He wanted to buy some ranch clothes at a fancy men's store, and I just wanted to take it easy so I ducked into a soda shop for a pineapple milkshake. I wore the white ten-gallon hat John Wayne gave me because it shadowed my face and this way people wouldn't recognize me.

SITTING THERE in the soda shop booth though, I was wondering about the girls back home, what they were doing, and I was wishing I had a date.

Suddenly, in the booth in front of me, I saw a girl's head pop up quickly, look at me, then drop down like a jack-in-the-box. I put another dime in the juke box and I heard her voice say, "Hey, play that song again. I like it!"

I punched the number for *Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop,* and I got up and walked over to the booth where the girl's voice came from.

She looked me in the eye for a second; then she looked away. "You . . . you're Frankie Avalon," she said, her voice shivery with excitement. "I'm . . . I'm a big fan of yours," she told me and I found myself looking at her pretty wavy auburn hair and her soft brown eyes. She wore eyeglasses but, to tell the truth, I didn't really notice them. There was something about her face that I liked. It glowed.

"Mind if I sit down?" I asked.

She nodded her head.

"Gee, Frankie," she said, looking at me, "I'd . . . I'd really love your autograph because nobody will believe I saw you. I wanted to scream when I recognized you. I don't know how I controlled myself."

I reached for a paper napkin from the metal container. "If you have a pen I'll sign the napkin for you."

"Darn," she said. "I don't."

"Well," says I, "I'll ask the soda jerk."

"Oh no, don't. He'll notice who you are and then there'll be a riot! I could tell you wanted to play it cool because of the way you were wearing your big hat."

I liked her, not only the way her pink cheeks glowed but the way she talked.

"That's a wild sweater," I said, looking at the striped white sweater that brought out the pink in her cheeks.

"It's my Frankie Avalon sweater," she said. "I bought it because it reminds me of the sweaters you wear!"

I didn't know what to say. She seemed to say such nice things—and to mean them. I was bowled over.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Vir—" she started to say. But she caught herself and said, "Why? You'll never remember it. You meet so many girls every day in the year."

"But I want to know," I insisted.

"Why don't you call me KoKo?" she said. "From the song—*Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop!*"

"Okay," says I. "It's KoKo then, if that's what you want."

I ASKED HER if she'd show me around. I wanted to see a little of San Antonio.

Her eyes lit up. Then, in an instant change of mood, she seemed downhearted; "I can't. I'm supposed to meet someone."

"Oh."

"He's a good friend, a classmate."

"What year are you in school?"



Obviously, the lady doesn't know

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"Senior!" she said proudly. "But we've got too much homework. It's killing me."

"Are you meeting your friend here?"

"Yeah," she said.

"Well, maybe I better go!"

"Don't forget," she reminded me. "The autograph!"

"But I don't have a pen or a pencil and you don't want me to ask the soda jerk."

She paused, then announced, "I'll go up and borrow one."

She returned with a ballpoint and I signed the napkin: *To KoKo, the first rose I met in San Antonio. Best o' luck—Frankie Avalon.*

"Thanks," she said. "I'll treasure this." She looked at the white napkin reverently. I was touched because I could tell the autograph meant a lot to her.

"What . . . what are you doing later, KoKo?" I ventured.

"I don't know," she answered. "I'm waiting for my friend. I don't know what he wants to do."

I swallowed, then I asked the $64,000 question. "Is he your steady?"

She smiled.

Her eyes sparkled.

But she didn't answer me.

"Well, I'm going to leave now. Nice meeting you."

She looked into my eyes and there was a sweet wistful expression on her face that melted me.

I wanted to reach out and touch her wavy brown hair but I knew I shouldn't and I held myself back.

"So long, pardner," I muttered.

"So long, Frankie," she said, and the way she said Frankie it was as if she was singing lyrics to a song. It was beautiful.

I LOOKED AROUND the busy street, wondering what to do, where to go. The Texas sun was out and the San Antonio skyline was bright. But I was blue because I was alone again. KoKo was cute, and I wished she didn't have any plans. But it just wasn't my luck.

I began walking down the street, glancing into the gleaming shopwindows, and I heard someone rushing behind me.

I turned.

It was KoKo.

"Hi," she said softly, the ribbed wool sweater looking even prettier in the sun light. "I was thinking about what you said. I'm expecting to see my friend now, but I thought . . . if you were free later . . . well, I'd meet you."

"But won't your boyfriend be upset?"

"Let me worry about that."

"I was going to walk around town, that's all."

"Why don't we meet in an hour back at the snack shack?" she suggested.

"Only if you don't get into any trouble with your guy," I emphasized.

"Don't worry."

"Tell the truth. Tell him you met someone that's a stranger and that he's asked you to show him the town."

She smiled, then nodded. "See you soon, huh?" she cooed and her brown eyes seemed to be smiling, too. . . .

WE MET and she told me her boyfriend was having trouble with his car and that he had to take it to the garage for a check-up. "Anyway," she explained, "he's not my 100% steady. We sort of go together but I wish everybody didn't take the word 'steady' so seriously. We like each other a lot, but we're not going to stop seeing other people. It's not fair when you're young. Don't you agree?"

"I'm with you," I told her.

We took a bus and she began to point out the sights of the city to me: department stores, hotels, the city jail. She told me a couple of jokes, some daffynitions I got a kick out of. A tennis racket was a bunch of holes strung together and a dime was a buck after taxes.

"When do you have to be home for supper?" I asked her as we got off the bus.

"I'm . . . I'm going to call and tell Mom I'm going to be late."

"Do you think you can have something to eat with Sonny and me?"

She looked directly into my eyes, and I shivered all over. "Maybe," she said.

She came back from the pay phone in the corner drug store and said her mom would let her stay out. We picked up Sonny at the men's store, and KoKo and he got along fine.

We ate in a noisy cafeteria: hamburger steak and chocolate cake and milk.

Then we went for a spin in the company car Sonny and I had, a blue and white '59 Chevy, and we sang *Be My Guest* and *Just Ask Your Heart* and *Mack the Knife.* KoKo sat between us in the front seat, and, boy, did it feel great to be with a girl.

"I was wondering," KoKo began, her voice soft and inquiring, "if I called Joey —he's the friend I was telling you about— we all might have a little party. Wouldn't that be fun? Joey plays the piano and a friend of his plays the drum, and you play trumpet, Frankie, and Sonny plays guitar. We could have a jam session. Be great, wouldn't it? We'd all just love it, Frankie."

I didn't want to disappoint her, but I had to say it. "We don't have our instruments here."

KoKo, her bright brown eyes flashing, pooh-poohed my comment. "We could borrow some, couldn't we?"

We spent the next hour searching for a music shop that was open, and finally we found one. The old, hunched, white-haired proprietor was Italian, and I exchanged a couple of words with him in Italian and he flipped.

WE RENTED a guitar and trumpet. KoKo promised she'd return them both on Monday. When we left, KoKo said, "He's a nice man, but you know, Frankie, he didn't recognize who you are!"

"What's wrong with that?" I asked.

"I just thought maybe you'd feel funny. Doesn't every star like to be recognized?"

"Depends . . ."

We drove to Joey's place and made some mighty wild music. KoKo shimmied and clapped.

She took turns dancing with each of us. We bopped, rock 'n' rolled, calypsoed. Then, Joey's parents came home from the movies and we said hello to them.

Sonny and I had a long drive ahead, almost one hundred and thirty miles, so we decided we had better get started. KoKo was holding Joey's hand as we said goodbye, and I kept wishing I had the nerve to ask her for her telephone number.

I just couldn't ask. It didn't seem right. Sonny and I got into the Chevy and we started the drive back. When we got to the Fort Clark Ranch, the lights were all out. It was past midnight, and Sonny and I went to our rooms to fall asleep. I was exhausted. But I couldn't stop thinking of KoKo. The more I thought of her, the more special I thought she was. Because now, as I thought back, I realized she wasn't pretty. Yet she made herself seem pretty with her vitality and the way she flirted with her bright brown eyes.

Just in the space of one afternoon and evening KoKo came into a part of my heart. It's sad to think I might never see her again. I keep wishing I had asked her for her telephone number, but I couldn't. It just didn't seem fair to Joey. But if anyone out San Antonio way knows KoKo please tell her thanks for the good time and also tell her that should she and Joey ever call it quits I'd sure love a date. I'd take the next flight for Texas! **END**

Frankie's in United Artists' THE ALAMO.

The Man Who Almost Destroyed Marilyn Monroe's Marriage

(*Continued from page 25*)

Marilyn said. "He really must be in—"

"Sorry," the operator said again.

Marilyn placed down the receiver. And she turned and she ran to the door of her bungalow, and then outside, and into the lovely little garden there, and across it . . . running, faster and faster, until she came to Bungalow Nine.

She rapped on the door.

"Yves," she called out.

She rapped again, harder.

"Yves," she called, "*please* be in. . . ."

"What is the matter?"

He was behind her.

She turned.

"Yves," she asked, "where've you been?"

"I went to the main building," he said, opening his door, "to buy some cigarettes . . . What's the matter?"

SHE DIDN'T ANSWER him at first. She rushed into the bungalow, to the middle of the room.

"What, Marilyn?" he asked again, closing the door behind him.

"I had to talk to someone," she said, finally. "I had to talk to you . . . Do you see what they keep writing about us in the papers?"

"Bah," he said, "they must write something. Especially about two people who work in the same picture together. Isn't that the custom here? . . . And besides," he said, "Simone in France, and Arthur in Ireland, *they* know it is not true."

"But do they?" Marilyn asked. "*Do* they?" She brought a trembling hand up to her face. She rubbed it hard against her cheek.

Yves smiled. "Simone knows me very well indeed. Some types, maybe they play with love and with marriage. But Simone, she knows those types. She took one look at me years ago and said to herself, 'I can handle him,' and she was right. When she reads foolish stories in the newspaper she laughs. Do you think she knows me *too* well?"

"No, no," said Marilyn. "You can't know anyone too well."

"You don't really think Arthur believes this nonsense?" said Yves waving in disgust at the newspaper.

Marilyn turned her back to Yves and stood a moment in thought. "I've seen," she said slowly, "wonderful people, understanding people destroyed by rumor, and cruelty and gossip. It could happen to us too, Yves. Just because we talk to each other . . . just because, well, just because I'm here, alone with you now.

"Oh how I hate them, some of those writers," she said. "With their lies. Their

bitterness . . . Oh, how I hate them all."

"I know," said Yves, lightly, "something you would not hate right now . . . A drink?"

"Oh how I *hate* them," Marilyn said.

Yves shrugged. "Today you hate them, yes," he said. "But tomorrow, you will see, tomorrow you will forgive them."

"No," Marilyn said. "No, no, not me. Not for what they're trying to do."

"Yes, you'll see," he said. "You especially, Marilyn. For hatred, it is not for you. Just like for me, it is not for me. I think we are the same way. About such a thing as hatred."

He paused for a moment.

"HATRED," he said then. "I thought once that I would never stop hating . . . It was a long time back. During the war. In France . . . Shall I tell you about it?"

Marilyn didn't answer.

"It was hatred for the Germans I had then," said Yves, going on, anyway. "'The pigs from the East,' as we would call them. Hatred because they killed our people and conquered our country and laughed at us, the French, their old enemy, their new slave.

"I remember the last day of the war, how I hated them," he said. "I was in Paris that day. I was at the Etoile, with many other people. We were cheering. We thought they were gone, finally, the Germans. But they were not. Not all of them. Because all of a sudden from the windows of some of the buildings around us the Germans, those who stayed behind, they began to open fire on the crowd. And I see women standing near me fall, and men, and little children. Fall. Fall dead.

"Soon after, I join some of the soldiers who arrive now to get rid of these last Germans. I help them, walking with them, a captain and five or six of his men. At this time the streets are practically empty. I am walking up the Champs-Elysee now. We are near the Normandie Theater, I remember, when we see him—a young boy, blond, a Nazi—standing in the doorway of a building. He is alone. He seem to have no gun. He look frightened. The captain I am with says to the Nazi, 'Hey, pig, come here.' Then, while the captain holds his gun on him, he asks me to touch the Nazi, all up and down, to see whether *he* has a gun.

"So I begin to touch him. And, you know, I find that now I am shy to touch him. Because suddenly he becomes not a Nazi to me, but a human being. One half hour before he is probably with the others, killing everybody, I know. But now that I know the war is over nearly, now that I stand here face to face with another human being, I feel that the passion is gone. And with it the hatred. The terrible hatred that makes us fight one another all the time, and have to kill, insult, hurt. . . ."

He stopped.

Marilyn had brought her hand down from her face.

He smiled.

"How about it," he said, "now maybe you will stay and have a drink with me . . . Look," he said, walking over to a small bar, pointing to a lone bottle on top of the bar, "I have not so much whiskey—but enough. And in here, this thing, there is ice. And I will make us both a good whiskey on the stones."

"On the rocks," Marilyn said.

"Eh?" asked Yves.

"On the *rocks*, we say," said Marilyn, "—not 'the stones.'"

She couldn't help it; she began to laugh.

"Ahhhhh," said Yves, as she did. "That is better. To see you laugh like this. Much better than to see you with your face long, like a horse . . . like *this*."

He made a face.

And Marilyn laughed some more.

"Come," Yves said, suddenly, laying down the glass he'd just begun to lift, "if it's laughing you need, I have something to show you that will make you laugh for real. Here. In the kitchen. Come."

MARILYN FOLLOWED him into the other room.

She watched him as he placed his hand on the refrigerator door, and then as he turned to face her.

He kissed the air and then he opened the refrigerator door.

"I make myself *this*," he said, pointing to a dish.

Marilyn looked.

"What *is* that?" she asked.

"An omelet," Yves said, "with onions."

"And you put it in the refrigerator first?"

"Of course," Yves said. "This is picnic-style omelet. The way I used to have it when I was a boy. On the special day. The Sunday in the summer. The day when my papa would take what little money he had and bring us, all the family, in the trolley car, to the beach. And there, first, we would swim and play in the water. And then, at twelve o'clock, to the dot, we would all run to where my *maman* was sitting, holding the bag in which she had packed the cold omelet. And we would eat. There on the beach. With the blue, blue water next to us. And the yachts going by. And the sun smiling on us. And us, with our wonderful omelet and our bottle of wine . . . just like the biggest millionaires on earth we felt we were."

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cious," said Marilyn smiling at his story.

"It *is* lovely and delicious," said Yves. "Now, how about you? You will stay with me and share some of the omelet?"

Marilyn shook her head. "I don't know—" she started to say.

"Well, *I* know," Yves said. "You will stay with me for picnic-dinner tonight. And you will say, 'Yes, I am happy, Yves, to stay for the kind invitation.' And then you will work, like the woman should, and put the dishes on the table while me, I start to cut the bread."

He looked at Marilyn, teasingly.

"Am I understood?" he asked. "Am I—"

But he stopped suddenly.

"That is," he said, and not teasingly now, it seemed, "—that is, if you don't mind, Marilyn, to share with me such a simple dish as this, an omelet with onions."

Marilyn smiled.

"Yves," she said, "there were many times in my life when I had much less to eat."

YVES SMILED BACK. "*Moi aussi,*" he said. "Me, too . . . you know," he said, "I think that when I was young it was food, or the absence of it, that gave me my whole style of singing. That's funny, isn't it? But it is true . . . You see, the very first time I ever went to an audition, it was at a cabaret, in Marseilles. And it was at lunchtime. And there was nobody in the cabaret that afternoon but me and the owner—and his lunch. *Hola,* I have never in my life seen such a lunch as he was eating, that owner. I stared at it, I remember, like it was not real; the soup, the fish, the meat, the salad, the cheese, the *everything* that he was eating. I stared so hard, in fact, that I did not begin to sing at first. And the owner, annoyed, said, 'Well, sing if you're going to sing.' So I began. To sing. But all the while I am still staring at the food and getting hungrier and hungrier. And, you know, as I am getting hungrier, my voice, it starts to get better. So better, in fact, that I am hired right away. And ever since that day, before I sing, I never eat too much now. It's as if I am remembering that hungry day. And remembering what a blessing it was that it brought me, being hungry . . . That's funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Marilyn, softly.

"And what are you thinking," Yves asked, "with your face so thoughtful like that all of a sudden?"

"About food, too, and once when I didn't have any," said Marilyn.

"A droll story," asked Yves, "like mine?"

"No, not really," said Marilyn. ". . . It was the first time in my life I was ever actually going hungry. I mean, as a kid there'd never been much food, in most of the homes I lived in, the orphanages. But, at least, came mealtime and there was always something, something to stick in your mouth, and to swallow . . . But this time, it was years later, I was here, in Hollywood, just beginning. I was in hock for everything I owned. And there was absolutely no money for food. So I spent one day not eating. And another. And part of a third. And on that third afternoon the phone rang and this man called me.

"He was an old man. He was a big wheel with one of the publicity outfits. He was an obnoxious person, always calling me, always after me. And always I'd say no to him.

"But this day when he called me and asked me to go out to dinner with him, I said yes. I was *that* hungry.

"Oh, you should have seen me, Yves, when we got to the restaurant that night. I didn't even bother looking at the menu. The waiter came over to the table and said, 'What will the young lady have?'—he said this to the old man—and *I* answered and I said, 'The young lady will have shrimp cocktail and thick soup and the biggest and thickest steak you've got.'

"The old man thought this was very funny. He laughed and he laughed. I laughed, too. Till they brought me the shrimp. Till I started to eat it, and I had my fork up to my mouth, like this—but I could see him sitting there, the old man, from the corner of my eye. And I was so ashamed of myself suddenly for having come with him, for having said yes, that I couldn't eat. I couldn't eat. I couldn't eat anything that night. Not a thing. Not until I made him take me home and I got back into my apartment and, all alone then, opened my purse and took out a little package of saltines I'd filched from the table and gobbled them down. . . ."

She looked down.

"Well," said Yves, "I can only say that I hope you can eat with *me* tonight, that *I* do not have the same effect on you that this obnoxious gentleman had."

Marilyn looked back up.

"*You,* Yves?" she asked. "*You?* You are just the opposite of that kind of man. You—"

She looked at him, long, into his deep brown eyes.

"You—" she started to say again.

Her face flushed then, suddenly.

And, suddenly, nervously, she turned and began to walk toward the door.

"Marilyn, where are you going?" Yves asked.

She stopped at the door. "I'm sorry," she said. "I feel upset again. I don't know why. I get like this sometimes. . . ." She took a deep breath. "Besides," she said then, "you said you'd make me a drink. On the stones—remember? And you didn't . . . I'd like that drink, if you don't mind," she said.

"And later we will eat?" asked Yves.

"Yes," said Marilyn. "Later. In a little while. . . ."

SHE SAT on a large easy chair, next to a small table, while Yves fixed the drinks.

He handed one to her, kept one for himself, and then he sat, too, across from her.

For a minute or two, an awkward silence overcame them both, awkward for two people who'd had so much to say to one another only a few minutes before.

And then Yves, in an attempt to say something, said, "You know, Marilyn, just before you came, there was a young writer here, from a magazine. He came to interview me."

"He did?" asked Marilyn, taking a quick sip from her glass.

"He asked me many questions," Yves went on. "But, you know, I don't think he liked my answers."

"Why not?" Marilyn said. "What did you tell him?"

"Well," said Yves, "he says to me at one point: 'You are French, Mr. Montand. So please tell me all about your bachelorhood and all the women, eh?' And he winks at me. 'Well,' I say to him, 'despite what you might think of me, and all Frenchmen, but especially *me,* I worked hard at my job when I am a bachelor. And when you work the way I did, doing the one-man show all the time, in the music hall, that is a lot of work and you move around a lot and you don't have much time for the women.'" Yves smiled. "Poor writer," he said. "He was so disappointed."

"And?" Marilyn asked. "What else did he ask?"

"And he says to me another time," Yves said, "—he says, 'Tell me, Mr. Montand, about some of the sad incidents in your life which you remember best.' And I say to him, 'I won't; I refuse to remember them.' So then, he say, 'Tell me about some of the beautiful moments.' So I think of one. I tell him about one time, in France, when I am working on a picture, *Salaire de le Peur.* And how after the picture is finished the crew chips in and buys me a present. It is not the watch. Or the wallet. Or the usual thing. But it is—how do they say it here—the Erector Set. 'You see,' I say to the writer, 'the crew had overheard me once tell somebody that as a boy I never had any toy, that one thing I'd wanted so much was the Erector Set. So now they buy one for me. And it is one of the happiest moments of my life.' . . . And after I get through telling this story to the writer, you know what he say, Marilyn?" Again he smiled. "He say to me, 'Mr. Montand, is that the best you can do?'"

"Yves," Marilyn asked, "—what did you tell him about me?"

"About you?"

"They always ask. 'What's she like?' They've asked everybody else I've ever worked with . . . If they haven't asked *you* yet, they will."

SHE PAUSED for a moment, and took another sip from her glass.

"What will you tell them, Yves," she said then, "—when they do ask?"

"About Marilyn Monroe," he said, not pausing, "I will tell them that she is a courageous woman. For her is torture this job, I will say, and she does it with the most conscientious and courage she can. Yes, maybe she come late on the set a lot of the time, I will say; you boys are always writing about that with a chuckle, about the big star who always keep everybody waiting. But that is not because she is Marilyn Monroe she does this, I will say, but because she is frightened and it takes her time to get over this fear and to get ready to work.

"And when she *does* work, I will say," he went on, "that she is an amazing creature to watch. She has a wonderful thing—an extraordinary instinct for acting. She never does anything ridiculous. Others, me, we make a mistake in rehearsing, or with the camera on us, and we are ridiculous, we are suddenly out of the role we are playing and people, they can only laugh at us. But if Marilyn forget something, or do something wrong, she is not ridiculous. This is a talent very few creatures have in the theater, the pictures. This is a *real* talent.

"*Also,*" he said then, "I will say that she is not only rich in beauty, this girl. But that she is rich in her heart. She is a good person. And she does good things. I will think of her that night, long ago, when she sat with the obnoxious gentleman, and how she could not eat. I will think of her the day, with nobody knowing it, she *thought,* when she sent a big check to the widow of one of the electrical men who died while we were making our picture together. I will think of these things and I will say that she is a good person. That also she makes me feel very good just to be with her. That—I am very, very fond of her. . . .

"Now," he said—he began to smile, suddenly—"when they ask *you,* Marilyn, about *me* . . . and I have enough of the ego to hope that they will . . . what will you say?"

Marilyn looked down into her glass.

"The truth," she whispered.

"That is?" asked Yves.

"That you are the finest actor I have ever worked with," Marilyn said. "That you are wonderful to be with. That you are very attractive. That you have the face of a peasant, and of a king, in one . . . That you are a *man.*"

Again there was an awkward silence.

"Your ice is melting?" asked Yves, after a while.

"Yes," said Marilyn, looking up. "I'd like another drink if you don't mind."

Yves rose and reached for her glass. Their hands touched as he did. Marilyn drew hers back, with a start. . . .

SHE LOOKED AWAY, to her right. She found herself looking at a photograph, in a frame, of what was obviously a chateau, in France.

"Is this where you live, with Simone?" she asked.

"Yes," said Yves, from the other side of the room now. "That's our place in Normandy. It was built in the seventeenth century. It is beautiful, no?"

"How'd you meet Simone?" she asked.

"Did you ever hear," asked Yves, "of a place in France, named St. Paul de Vence?"

Marilyn shook her head.

"Well," said Yves, "that is one of the most beautiful of all places on the Riviera. And it was there, in 1949, I met Simone.

"It was on a small terrace of an old, old inn where we met. I was there that day with people I know, Picasso, other artists and entertainers. And then someone enters, a beautiful girl. It is Simone Signoret, the actress, the top star. We are introduced. But she goes away after she say hello to me and she talks to some other young man. Then, after a while, I see her again. She is not with the young man anymore, but she is over in a corner of the terrace feeding a little *colombe*, a dove.

"So I walk over to her and I say, 'You are very tender with the birds.' And she say, 'Shhhhh, you will make him fly away.' And that is our second conversation together . . . Till later, at lunch. We sit next to one another. And we begin to talk. And we talk about so many things, all that afternoon, and half into the evening. . . ."

"Did you love her—Simone," asked Marilyn, then, "from the beginning?"

Yves nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Why? What was there about her—" Marilyn asked.

"Because she was a good woman, I could see," said Yves. "With the same good qualities you have. Very warm. And feminine. Very soft . . . And because she could put up with my qualities, many of them not so good. My temperament. My getting mad at things easily. My blowing the top when something does not go my way."

He smiled.

"OF COURSE," he said, "I don't say that Simone, she was perfect, without fault. Like with the make-up she used to wear. Oo boy, you know, she used to wear two pounds of it on her face; *two* pounds. I swear you. And how this used to annoy me. I would say, 'Simone, you are not a clown, why do you wear so much junk?' And she would say, 'Oh yes, you don't like this; all right, next time I will not put on so much.' But next time, it never came. So one night, just after we were married, I see her with all this junk on her eyes, her mouth, her cheeks. And I can't stand it, no more. So I take her by the hand, into the bathroom, and I take a towel and I wipe her face clean. And Simone, you know what she say? She say nothing. And after that she never wear anything again on her face except a little shadow here—" he pointed to his eyes—"and a little rouge on the mouth."

He paused.

"She is the kind of woman—" he started then. "Do you know, Marilyn, what she do for me, a few months ago? It is the time of the Academy Award, remember?

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?



Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

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Simone is nominated. Maybe she will win an Oscar, and maybe she won't. But is she nervous for herself? No. Not Simone. She is nervous for *me*. Because me, I am to appear on the same show that night. I am to sing and dance. In front of eighty million people watching the TV . . . But me, while I have been starting to make the picture with you, I have not practiced the dancing for months. When I rehearse, the first time, everything goes wrong. I drop my cane. I drop my hat. I trip over my feet. So Simone sees what is happening with me and for three days and nights before the show she rehearses my act with me. For hour, and hour, and hour. Right up until it's time to go to the theater she stands with me, here, in this room, throwing me my hat and cane, dancing with me, making me calm, saying I will be great, so not to worry. *Her* night. And she is thinking only about . . . Now that is a wonderful woman, I think. Don't you think, Marilyn?"

She nodded.

"You must miss her very much," she said.

"Yes," said Yves, "I do . . . Just like right now you must miss your Arthur . . . You know, Marilyn," he said, "I am sure I don't have to tell you this—but your Arthur, he love you very much. Oh, he *love* you all right . . . I tell you, Marilyn. I was sitting on the set with him one day. You were doing a scene. You were very good, and I say something very much compliment to Arthur about you. And him, instead of saying anything, he just continue to look at you, to watch you. And I think to myself that this is really the good emotion, the best emotion; because when you are the most happy, and proud, just as when you are in the biggest pain, then you say nothing, no?"

Again, Marilyn nodded.

"Do you want another drink?" Yves asked, noticing that she had already finished her second.

"No," she said.

"Do you mind to talk with me a little more?" Yves asked.

"No . . I want to talk to you," Marilyn said.

"Then," Yves said, "answer me a question, as I have answered yours . . . How did you and Arthur first meet?"

"On the lot one day," said Marilyn, "at Fox."

"That's all?" Yves asked.

"I was walking with another actor, on our way to the commissary. It was nine years ago. I was working in my second picture. I was walking, and I saw him."

"SO YOU MET and you got married," Yves laughed.

"No," said Marilyn. "We met. And I began to talk to Arthur, right away, about his plays. I'd read them all. I didn't want him to think I was just another Hollywood blonde."

"He did not ask you to marry him right there?" Yves laughed, again.

"Arthur was married at the time," Marilyn said. "He had a wife and two children, living in Brooklyn. I could tell it wasn't a good marriage. Maybe it had been. But it wasn't any more. But, still, there was a wife and children, and—"

"And?"

"So after a while, Arthur went away. And I thought I'd never see him again. I felt very sad about this, but I tried to cover up my sadness by going out a lot. I went with many men. Finally, I met one I thought I could love. We got married. But it wasn't a good marriage. We tried. But it wasn't good."

"And?"

"We got divorced. And I, I decided to change my whole way of life. I left Hollywood. I went to New York to study. Acting. And while I was there, at a party one night, I met Arthur again."

"He was still married?"

"Still. But now it was really going badly between him and his wife. So we began to see one another, quite a bit. More and more. And then, four years ago, in June, in Connecticut, we got married."

"You were very much in love?"

Marilyn looked to her right, at the photograph of the chateau on the table.

"For the first time in my life, I felt."

"You had loved him from the beginning," Yves asked, "from that first time you had met?"

Marilyn nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Why?" Yves asked.

"I remember," Marilyn said, "as I stood talking to him, as I looked up into his face, I could see that it was a sensitive and compassionate face. I'd never had much compassion from anyone in my life. I guess I figured I would find it in Arthur."

She thought for a moment.

"And," she said, still looking at the chateau, "I trusted his face . . . Does that sound silly?"

"No," Yves said.

"I really trusted it. In my life, too, before this, I'd never been able to trust people much. They were always either kicking me out of places, or trying to drag me into something. And then, suddenly, looking into Arthur's face, I saw something there that I *knew* I could trust."

"Trust," Yves said. "That is very important in a love, is it not?"

"Yes," Marilyn whispered.

"And in a person."

"Yes."

"And in a marriage."

MARILYN LOOKED AWAY from the photograph and over at Yves again, looking at him through the darkness that had fallen on the room, gradually.

She stared again into his eyes.

And then she said, "Trust . . . Yes, in a marriage, trust is very important. On both sides. Trust."

She sat there, very still, very quietly, for a while. And then she smiled.

"What are you thinking?" Yves asked.

Marilyn said nothing.

"I tell you one thing, what I am thinking," said Yves. "—That it is good for us to talk like this once in a while. About the husband away, the wife away. To remember to each other the things about them that we love. Things we take for the granted sometime. Things the miles of separation make us forget just a little sometimes. . . ."

"Now you tell me, Marilyn," he said. "What are you thinking?"

"How strange," she said then, "—how strange and mixed-up a girl can get to be, to feel, sometimes. For a while. For a month or a week, a day or an hour, a minute sometimes . . . That's what I'm thinking."

"I don't understand," said Yves.

Marilyn shook her head. "It's better sometimes," she said, "that a man doesn't understand everything a woman says."

She continued to smile.

And Yves began to smile, too.

"What else are you thinking—now?"

Marilyn opened her eyes.

"Right now," she said, her voice vital suddenly, happy suddenly, "I'm thinking about the first night we all met together—you and me, and Arthur and Simone."

"When you made the spaghetti?"

"Yes," Marilyn said. "How you both came over and we sat on the floor. And talked. And ate. And laughed . . . How we liked each other so much. All of us."

"That was a good time, that night," Yves said.

"I want to do it again," Marilyn said. "When Arthur comes back. When Simone comes back."

"We will," Yves said.

"And I'll make spaghetti again," said Marilyn. "I'll go all the way. You'll think I was born in Rome by the time you're all finished eating . . . I'll make an antipasto, too, and meatballs and real garlicky bread. And there'll be spumoni, of course. And apples and that gorgonzola cheese. And—"

"Hey," Yves said. "Stop that. You are making me too hungry."

"And—" Marilyn started to go on.

"Hey," Yves said again. "That's enough now . . . Besides, *our* meal, in the refrigerator. Maybe it's getting too cold now."

Marilyn threw up her hands. "Let's go eat then," she said.

"Yes," said Yves. He pointed at her. "And then *you, you* go off with you to sleep after we've eaten. And me, I go to sleep, too. We have a big scene to do tomorrow, remember? The scene in which I spink you."

"It's 'spank,'" said Marilyn.

"No matter," Yves said. "If you don't let me eat and get some sleep tonight, I'll give you whatever-it-is *good* tomorrow, on the set, so you will not forget it."

They got up from their chairs.

And Yves pulled the switch on a lamp close by where he stood.

The room filled, suddenly, with new light.

Marilyn walked towards him, and she took his hand.

"You're a very good friend, Yves," she said.

"I hope, too," he said, "that I am still a good omelet maker."

Marilyn still held his hand as they walked, laughing, to the kitchen. END

Marilyn and Yves co-star in LET'S MAKE LOVE *for 20th-Fox. Marilyn's next is* THE MISFITS: *Yves' is* TIME ON HER HANDS—*both films for United Artists.*

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I Refuse to Grow Old

(Continued from page 46)

friend replied. "The men don't care. Here we are, dressed to beat the band, and in she struts looking like she's just finished cleaning her living room, and every man in the place hops to her side."

"I'd like to know her secret," the actress confided.

"Who wouldn't?" her friend frankly replied.

And so the gossip goes, year in and year out. What is Ingrid Bergman's secret? This woman who has three marriages behind her, who became the disgrace of the world by flaunting an illicit love affair in the public's face, who has four children (one fully grown-up and married), who thinks nothing of appearing at a party without make-up—what is it about her that charms men the world over?

Her movies, in spite of strong religious pressures to ban them because of her love affair with Italian director Roberto Rossellini, gross millions of dollars. Her romantic appeal, like Cary Grant's, grows instead of dwindling at the box-office. Even teen-agers, who know little of the many great roles she's portrayed, list Ingrid as their favorite film actress regardless of the fact that she appears in less than a film a year.

What is it, then, this mystery that makes for such exciting Bergman magic? Elusive and difficult to pin down, it nonetheless begins to reveal itself if one examines the high points in her life story.

AN ONLY CHILD, Ingrid was born in Sweden of humble parents on the 29th of August at the time of the First World War. One year later, 1916, she was posing for her photographer father by snuggling and cooing in her mother's arms and lap. When she was two, her mother died, and in another year's time her father passed away from heartbreak. An elderly Aunt Ellen cared for her, but in a while Aunt Ellen died. Saddened and torn by her early orphaned status, Ingrid went to live with an Uncle Otto whose five children tormented her for being "all arms and legs, so awkward."

She lived in agony in her uncle's strange household where the teasing never stopped. She was ashamed of her gangly, towering height. The boys laughed at her, told her she'd never marry. Finally, with what little money Justus Bergman left to his daughter, she was sent to the Lyceum School for Girls where she, again, was picked fun at.

One day when a gym teacher was sick with influenza, Ingrid's gym class was called off. And the students sat around the gymnasium wondering what to do.

"I'll . . . I'll act out a story for you," the retiring Ingrid ventured. Secretly and passionately, within her heart, she wanted to be friends with all of the girls at school. She wanted their teasing to stop.

But the girls laughed aloud at Ingrid's proposal.

Ingrid looked at their ridiculing eyes, clenched her fists together and walked directly to the bandstand at the far end of the gymnasium.

Muttering to herself that she'd prove she could entertain them, Ingrid stood on the stage and stared at her audience of mocking contemporaries. But nothing came to her mind. Ingrid couldn't remember any of the plays or the books she had read. Still, she was determined to show the class she could please them.

Closing her eyes, she asked God to help her, and began making up the tale of a lonely girl who was impatiently waiting, praying, for a man to come, a man with a soft voice and a heartful of love and a princely white steed, a man who would take her away in his arms, away from the dreary loneliness, away from all the scary strangers.

The girls sat spellbound, enraptured. For many hours afterward Ingrid was to amuse and entertain her fellow-students with her make-believe stories.

In due time, however, she was faced with the imminence of her graduation from the Lyceum School. There was the problem of her life thereafter. What should she do?

WHAT LITTLE LEGACY her father had left her had gone to those first few years of schooling. There was no money for further education. Ingrid's only hope, and an almost impossible one at that, was a scholarship at the state-owned Royal Dramatic Theater School. Over two dozen judges chose a handful of scholarship winners.

She entered the scholarship competition. After her delivery of the speech of the deranged boy from Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, the judges sat silent, immobile, without expressing so much as a "thank you."

She was positive she had failed.

Two days later she was notified she was chosen. She had so affected the judges with her performance they were stunned and speechless, unable to applaud or congratulate her. And two months after she was chosen, she met the man who was to lift her out of her pitiful loneliness. Instead of the dashing white charger, however, his attraction turned out to be spotless white uniform of a dentist. To the teen-aged Ingrid, the uniform symbolized solidity, security.

At eighteen she began going with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, ten years her senior. For an orphan girl who had been teased and tormented by boys and girls most of her life, Dr. Lindstrom's kind attention, thoughtfulness and soft-spoken manner were like a soothing balm to a whimpering heart.

It wasn't love at first sight. But their friendship grew. And long before the night when they decided to marry, Ingrid hoped that a man like Peter who displayed a strong interest in her work and in her personal life, a man who had both his feet on the ground, would guide her out of her fog of loneliness and lead her to the world of bliss and happiness her love-starved heart craved.

They married on July 10, 1937, in a Lutheran church in Sweden. A year later, a daughter, Pia, was born. At the time of Pia's birth, Ingrid's film, *Intermezzo*, was the rage of Europe. Hollywood producer David O. Selznick's representative, Kay Brown, suggested Selznick make an English version of it. But the shrewd Mr. Selznick, after seeing a print of the Swedish film, not only bought the story but snagged its star into a contract as well.

"I'm flattered to go to Hollywood, darling," Ingrid told her husband. "I'd like to work in American movies, but I don't want to leave you and Pia. The baby needs me, and you have so much to do with your work that you need me to look after you."

"Don't worry," Peter comforted her. "You won't be there forever. Just for a while, and then you'll come back to us." She went to him and embraced him for his understanding, but, deep within her heart, she trembled because she sensed Peter didn't need her, could get along without her.

IN HOLLYWOOD, at the swanky party Selznick gave to introduce her to the Hollywood elite—Cary Grant, Katharine

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Hepburn, Greer Garson, Livvy de Havilland, Gary Cooper and all of Hollywood's top directors, Ingrid sat in a corner by herself all through the long evening, tongue-tied, bewildered by the polish and slickness of the Hollywood stars. The world-renowned director, Ernst Lubitsch, shook his head over Selznick's folly. "She's nothing but a big peasant," he lamented.

Selznick asked her to change her name, but Ingrid refused. She wanted to keep it in honor of her father. But she agreed to work on improving her English. She wrote Peter that it was difficult living without him. She needed his manliness to guide her. "I can't wait," she wrote him, "to finish the film and return to your love."

She returned to Pia and Peter as war began to ravage central Europe. Selznick's English version of *Intermezzo* was released in America, and it was a huge success. Both press and public acclaimed Ingrid Bergman's "star" quality and talent. Selznick cabled her to return to Hollywood, and Peter beseeched her, "Take Pia and go. Don't worry about me. I'll join you before long. But get out before the war reaches us here."

Another separation. More loneliness. Ingrid starred in *Gaslight, Casablanca, For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Success followed success.

Finally Peter came to America to continue his studies for an M.D. at the University of Rochester. Ingrid couldn't bear to have him so far away, to be so desperately alone in Hollywood, without an escort in a showplace where everyone has an escort. She begged him to transfer to Stanford University at Palo Alto near San Francisco. He agreed, and she flew to him every week end.

"My darling," she told him, "the work you're doing is so much more important than my work. And I want to be near you to help you." She tried to assuage her guilty feelings of separation, of rejection by Peter, by rationalizing and downgrading her acting ability.

But Peter didn't give a care for Hollywood, and he chose to withdraw from the spotlight around his wife. She was the star. She should bask in the limelight. And suddenly his was no longer the strong shoulder Ingrid needed to lean on with her woes. He took a position behind her, in shadow, while film after film of Ingrid's broke box-office records—*Notorious* with Cary Grant, *The Bells of St. Mary's* with Bing Crosby.

TODAY, PERHAPS, it's easy to say that Ingrid should have given up her career when her stardom forced Peter into the shadowy background. But Peter's willingness at the beginning of their marriage to have her leave their home in Sweden frightened her. One day her publicist, Joseph Henry Steele, asked her if she had her choice between her work and her home—would she give up her career?

"Never!" Ingrid snapped, clamping her teeth in harsh retaliation.

How could she throw all her success to the winds now? Within herself Ingrid had built up a fever pitch of excitement. Everyone loved her, and this mass love gave her more of the confidence she needed. The lonely orphan girl from Stockholm was the world's darling! But the man in her dreams, the man who rode the beautiful white charger, the man who could save her from anything—where was he?

Her love for Peter had died. They were more like cousins once removed now. One autumn evening in 1946, two years before she was to meet the man who could disgrace her name, she turned to Peter Lindstrom, as they sat by the glowing fire in the living room of their Hillhaven Lodge.

"Peter," she said, unflinchingly, "I want a divorce."

Peter's mouth dropped. His penetrating eyes searched hers; his brow wrinkled in puzzlement.

"No," she continued, "it's not another man or anything like that. It's just that we've grown so much apart we have little in common and why should we deceive ourselves? I'll always love you, but our love is no longer what it was. We should both be free to love again."

Peter didn't answer her. She brought up the subject again; he ignored it. In a few months she accepted the leading role in Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine,* which was being readied for Broadway. She hoped the separation would help them. Several evenings before the play opened Peter flew to her, sending her a cable that he was LONESOME FOR MY GIRL—and signing it, YOUR P.

Moved to tears by his wire, she waited breathlessly for his arrival, and they went night-clubbing the night he arrived. Columnists had begun to hint at the break-up of their marriage, but Ingrid and Peter's "night on the town" wiped away all suspicions.

After her play opened, Peter returned to his medical work in California. Ingrid became very involved with the theatrical cliques in New York.

Still, the separation didn't help patch up the differences of their marriage. It made Ingrid realize all the more that the two of them could no longer be happy—forever.

When she returned from New York, she couldn't stop raving about a certain movie she had seen. It was the most-talked-about film in New York: *Paisan* directed by the young Italian genius, Roberto Rossellini.

"How exciting it would be to make a picture with a director like that!" she told her husband Peter who urged her to write him.

"But he'll probably misunderstand and think I'm interested in *him,*" Ingrid countered.

PETER CHIDED HER for "dark thoughts." Finally, she listened to Peter, sat at her desk and began:

Dear Mr. Rossellini,

I saw your films, "Open City" and "Paisan," and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well, who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "ti amo," I am ready to come and make a film with you. Best regards,

Ingrid Bergman

Rossellini wired back that her letter arrived on his birthday; it was the most precious gift he received. Negotiations began for Ingrid to make the movie with Rossellini after she filmed, *Under Capricorn,* for Alfred Hitchcock in London.

They were to meet on a Sunday at the George V Hotel in Paris. Dr. Lindstrom was to negotiate Ingrid's end of the business deal, and there were to be producers and business representatives present.

The meeting was very business-like. A financial agreement was reached. Peter flew back to California. Ingrid returned to London.

But she couldn't forget Rossellini, the smiling, chubby-faced artist who seemed uneasy among the businessmen. His manners were impeccable, and after he kissed her hand she shook with nervousness, awed over being introduced to a genius.

He seemed nervous, too. And the two of them couldn't stop looking at one another, trying to sense each other's character through their sidelong stares.

When Rossellini didn't raise the film money in Italy (as had been agreed upon), Peter and Ingrid invited him to move into their small California guesthouse to work on the plans for the movie while Peter tried to raise the capital.

Ingrid and Roberto couldn't resist seeing each other every day, talking "art" in the melodious language of French, discussing music and all the other subjects they had in common. They took long walks together exploring the wild life.

She had found him: her hero. The idol she dreamed about. Instead of a white horse, he had a movie camera. Roberto returned to Italy in February. In March, Ingrid followed him to begin filming *Stromboli.* And at Rome's airport the midnight of her arrival, Roberto waited for her and embraced her, kissing her on both cheeks as he whispered, "Je t'aime."

Within a week's time, Ingrid couldn't contain herself. Ecstasy shuddered in her heart. She was torn between love and marriage. But she had to tell Peter:

It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. But how can I help or change it? I know this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle (the name they had selected for their next child), *our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand alone and I am unable to help you. Poor little papa, but also poor little Mama.*

(signed) *Mama*

Ingrid applied for a Mexican divorce. While waiting for it, she gave birth to Roberto's son on February 7, 1950, at the Villa Margherita Clinic. Cables and letters arrived from people the world over, bearing vile obscenities and outrageous threats about her illicit love affair with Roberto and their child which they named Renato Roberto.

Ingrid, contrary to what people rumored, did not forget her daughter, Pia. She spoke to her constantly via transatlantic telephone; and before Ingrid gave birth, she wrote Pia a ten-page letter. Ingrid asked her closest Hollywood friends to contact Pia before the birth and to stay with her while the headlines screamed the news of the child born out of wedlock.

THREE MONTHS AFTER Ingrid gave birth, she and Roberto were married by proxy. Sweden refused to recognize her Mexican divorce. Italy wouldn't permit a civil ceremony unless Sweden agreed to the divorce. Consequently a judge married them in Mexico while they knelt in a sidestreet Roman chapel, praying for guidance and forgiveness.

The press, from all corners of the earth, clobbered them. The American public after lavishing endless adulation, rejected her for her sin. Ingrid was a bad woman, a disgrace to their image of the happy homemaker.

Her film with Roberto turned out to be a colossal flop; the world was thrilled. This was justice; this was the penalty she must pay. Frightened by the overpowering hatred she encountered everywhere, Ingrid worked with Roberto in seclusion on plans for forthcoming films while she looked after the baby.

Meanwhile, Peter Lindstrom married Dr. Agnes Ronanek of Pittsburgh. Ingrid gave birth to twins, Ingrid and Isabella. After Peter's marriage, Ingrid wrote to a friend, during the filming of her fifth failure with Roberto:

Isn't it wonderful news about Peter's wedding! I am so happy for him. Maybe he won't have so much time to hate me any more. I received a very sweet letter from Pia for my birthday. She said she has sent me a gift.

Beset with agonizing financial head-

aches, her fortune squandered on Roberto's films, Ingrid found herself worrying about having enough money to buy the babies' new shoes. She confided to friends that the "style of her work with Roberto was unsatisfactory." Angelo Solmi, Italy's famed movie critic, suggested Ingrid and Roberto "retire into dignified silence."

Years passed. Ingrid's accomplishments were nil. Finally she admitted to her American agents that she would consider making a non-Rossellini film.

Hollywood had no stories for her.

In Paris she was offered the leading role of the sexually rejected wife in the French stage version of *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*. She turned it down. "It's not me," she said. "People would laugh." But she agreed to play the role of the schoolmaster's wife who gives her love to a troubled student in *Tea and Sympathy*.

Roberto censured her for accepting the role—"pure trash" he called it. All the same, he jumped at the chance to make some documentaries in India later that year while Ingrid studied French for the production of *Tëa and Sympathy*. Meanwhile, Ingrid accepted an offer from Jean Renoir to star in a movie to be photographed in Paris.

During the shooting of *Paris Does Strange Things*, her American agents flew to Ingrid and asked her to accept the starring role in 20th Century Fox's million-dollar film, *Anastasia*.

She asked Roberto's advice. He labeled the movie "junk." Roberto was depressed. Rainy weather had delayed his work in India. The following May, Roberto left for India, and Ingrid agreed to star in *Anastasia* against his wishes.

Her acting in *Anastasia* was acclaimed by all the American critics. They voted her to receive the coveted Film Critics Best Actress Award. She replied from Paris that she would fly to New York to accept it.

Author Ernest Hemingway, visiting Paris at the time, told Ingrid, "Why don't you let me fly with you to New York? If anyone's mean to you, I'll fight them."

"No, thanks," Ingrid laughed. "With all that I've been through now, I think I can take care of myself."

SHE NOT ONLY WON the Film Critics award; she received the Academy Award for her performance in *Anastasia*. And Cary Grant, in accepting the award for her, said, "Dear Ingrid, if you can hear me via radio, all your friends here send you congratulations, love, admiration and every affectionate thought."

Two months later Roberto Rossellini telephoned Ingrid from Bombay. "There's going to be a scandal," he announced furtively, "but don't believe a word of it. It's all blackmail. Nothing but blackmail!"

The news of Roberto's passionate love affair with dark-eyed, twenty-seven-year-old Sonali Das Gupta broke in front-page newspaper headlines around the world. Sonali was pregnant, the reporters insisted. Ingrid vehemently defended her husband. "All of this Hindu hoopla," she told a reporter, "is made-up stuff."

That month, her agent, Kay Brown, flew to Paris to ask Ingrid to read the script of *Indiscreet* which Cary Grant wanted to star in. Ingrid liked the story and signed a contract. Miss Brown had planned to transact business with Ingrid in Paris, also to tend to other details with a Swedish producer, Lars Schmidt.

"Since you and Lars," she told Ingrid, "are the two nicest Swedes I know, I want both of you to know each other."

At Kay Brown's dinner party, Ingrid met Lars. He was tall, handsome, blond. There was no immediate attraction between them, other than he was wonderful company, unaffected, easy to listen to—and so calm, after the fiery temperament she learned to put up with from Roberto.

When Roberto returned from India, Sonali Das Gupta followed him. The scandal was true. Ingrid met him at the airport, pretended nothing had happened. By the end of the month, they both flew to Rome to conclude a legal separation.

Roberto filed for an annulment, and early that March, Lars invited Ingrid to visit Sweden with him. After her holiday in Sweden, she flew to London to begin work on *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*.

Lars phoned her daily. He wanted to protect her from the mess in the Roman courts over the custody of her children with Roberto. He was the Rock of Gibraltar at a time when Roberto's scandal tore Ingrid's heart. There were no heroics about Lars; he was without a white charger. He was a simple man, someone she respected, a man with a deep understanding of her spirit. Perhaps, a white charger, after all, was a childish dream.

With Lars' concern and affection, Ingrid battled the Italian courts for custody of Robertino, Ingrid and Isabella.

And on December 21, 1958, she gave in to the pleas of her heart and married Lars Schmidt at Caxton Hall in London. The only invited guest was Cary Grant, a friend who had stood beside her through thick and thin. . . .

WHEN CARY MET HER, some months later, in Paris, Ingrid was waiting for him at the bustling train depot in her station wagon.

"Cary, Cary," she spoke his name as if she were singing a song. "I've never been happier." They drove along the narrow country road to her villa in Choisel. "I'm no longer afraid. I used to be. And I always got into trouble. I know now that when I look at myself in the mirror, I'm not the kind of person who can put on the brakes when it comes to living. I have to love. And I'm not afraid of it.

"God has been good to me. He has given me Lars. He feeds my life and understands me. That's the most difficult part of living. Understanding. That's where we always fumble and stumble."

They talked of Ingrid's children, their acceptance of Lars. And then Ingrid said, "The surest knowledge I have has come from my errors. I've learned a woman must be honest to herself, to her heart. I have no regrets. That is my secret. I would do everything all over again, because I'm not afraid. People say I'm too old to find happiness now. Well, when I hear that I always think of Sacha Guitry's comment: 'People may forgive success—but never happiness.'"

She sat behind the steering wheel, guiding the large car carefully along the winding dusty road. She wore no make-up; her shining blonde hair fell loosely to her shoulders. She wore an old white shirt and rumpled blue jeans. She was barefoot.

"Ingrid," Cary Grant said, looking at her, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

She looked at him for a second. Her eyes smiled and winked. Then she laughed. "Cary, Cary," she said, "I'm a mess. Just look at me! But I'm happy and I'm in love. . . ."

"How do you do it, Ingrid? How do you keep so young? You're like a . . . beautiful and wonderful child."

Shrugging her shoulders, she turned the car into the flower-bordered driveway of the medieval stone villa at Choisel. "I guess," she said, "in spite of all that's happened to me, I simply refused to grow old!" **END**

Ingrid stars in United Artists' TIME ON HER HANDS.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in November, your birthstone is a Topaz and your flower is a Chrysanthemum; and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

November 1—**Jo Morrow**
Betsy Palmer
Jeff Richards

November 2—**Burt Lancaster**

November 4—**Cameron Mitchell**
Gig Young

November 5—**Vivien Leigh**
Joel McCrea

November 7—**Dean Jagger**

November 9—**Dorothy Dandridge**
Russell Johnson

November 10—**Richard Burton**

November 11—**Susan Kohner**
Pat O'Brien
Robert Ryan

November 12 **Ina Balin**
Grace Kelly

November 13—**Jean Seberg**

November 15—**Joanna Barnes**
Lloyd Bridges
John Kerr

November 17—**Rock Hudson**

November 21—**Ralph Meeker**

November 22—**Mickey Callan**
Geraldine Page

November 23—**Victor Jory**
Boris Karloff

November 25—**Kathryn Grant**
Jeffrey Hunter
Ricardo Montalban

November 26—**Barry Coe**

November 28—**Gloria Grahame**
Hope Lange

November 30 **Virginia Mayo**
Dick Clark
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.



Roy Rogers
November 5



Katharine Hepburn
November 11



Dick Powell
November 14



Clifton Webb
November 19

The Miracle at Buergenstock

(*Continued from page 41*)

on earth. But for two people, a man and a woman in a mountaintop chalet in Buergenstock, wracked with anxiety, nervousness and fear, this was not always so.

Only a few years ago, when Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer decided to settle in Buergenstock, they dreamed of having the happiest household in the whole of Europe. But their hopeful dream turned into a harrowing nightmare.

Why?

Because of their great desire to create a child of their own. Even before their marriage in a chapel in Switzerland, Audrey told Mel, "I love my work, my darling, but it's an avocation next to you. You are my life, you and the wonderful family we want to have."

AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, they lived in a chain of rented homes in England, France, Italy, Mexico, the United States. Homeless vagabonds, they traveled with their wedding china and silver so that something might have a personal touch in the various strange homes they lived in. Finally, when they chose the fairytale chalet in Switzerland with its ivy-covered walls and green shuttered windows, the time they had waited for so anxiously through their years of marriage and traveling had arrived. They had a home, roots of their own, and it was the moment they dreamed of: to begin their family.

All the while, though, Audrey had been a wonderful stepmother to Mel's four teenage children from his two previous marriages: Pepa, Mela, Christopher and Mark. Audrey referred to them as "our" children, sent them gifts from her world travels, held parties in their honor whenever they were together.

But Audrey yearned for the day when she could say, "This . . . this is *my* child!" And when the doctor at the famed Lucerne clinic told her one day, two years ago, that she was with child, her heart thundered with happiness and she rushed to the chalet where she made paté sandwiches and tea as she awaited Mel to tell him their glorious news.

To celebrate their good fortune, they treated themselves to whirlwind week ends in Rome, Paris, London. Mel told their friends, "We want this baby so much. Not only because it's an expression of our love, but for another reason, too. Audrey had a very unhappy childhood in Holland and Belgium during the war when the Nazi killers moved in and machine-gunned her relatives. She grew up under cover, forever in the terrifying shadow of fear. And she wants a child of her own that she can raise with joy and happiness in its heart, without the awful fear that scarred hers."

"We can't wait," Audrey announced to her circle of friends and acquaintances. "If it's a girl, we're thinking of naming her Kathleen. If it's a boy, I'm sentimental about my brother's name—which is Ian."

Then, that spring, after a staggering promotional tour in behalf of her award-winning film, *The Nun's Story,* Audrey and Mel returned to their hideaway house to await the birth of their baby.

Within weeks the harsh hammerblows of tragedy struck. Exhausted, achingly weary from her tour, Audrey collapsed and suffered a miscarriage. For days she sobbed incessantly, unable to control her shattered nerves over the heartbreaking news. Their mountaintop villa, once gay with Audrey and Mel's happiness, was quiet, somber, a scene of mourning.

ONE DAY as Mel and Audrey were walking silently through a field of wildflowers, Mel turned to his wife and began, falteringly, "We're heartbroken, my love . . . both of us. We've been immersed in grief for too many days now. Let me take you away from all this. Let's go on a trip to India where we can study Yoga and forget our sadness for a while."

"I . . . I don't want to leave," she confided. "I've wanted a home for so long, and now we have it. I want to stay."

"But, darling," he told her, "there are so many wordless memories here, memories of dreams we shared for our little one. If we go away, just for a while, we'll come back with lighter hearts."

She didn't want to leave the quiet of Buergenstock which soothed her torn heart. But she never liked to refuse her husband any of his wishes.

"Better yet," Mel suggested, "why don't we go to Hollywood and see a screening of your new film, *The Unforgiven.* Then we can make up our minds about what we'd like to do. We can fly to India, if we want, or we can return here."

"Whatever you want," she agreed softly. He was her lord and master, and she hated to interfere with his desires.

In less than a week they were flying to California, away from the restless memories of their unborn child.

In Hollywood Audrey remained depressed, moody, haunted by the devastating fear that she was too fragile, too delicate to carry a child.

She brooded morning, noon and night.

One morning as Audrey finickily nibbed at her breakfast of whole wheat toast and boiled eggs, Mel suggested she visit a devoted doctor friend in Los Angeles.

"But I'm so tired of hospitals and doctors with their long faces," Audrey answered.

"Why don't you call Sister Luke? She'll be the one who'll know what you can do to build up your body. She nursed you so lovingly all through your spinal injury when you fell off the horse."

"I love Sister Luke," Audrey said, sighing, recalling the hours of enjoyment she shared with the Sister whom she portrayed on the screen in *The Nun's Story.* "But Sister Luke is not a doctor. She's only a bedside nurse. She's the first to admit it."

"Then," Mel smiled, "you agree with me that you should see a doctor . . . ? I want us to have a child, my darling. And the only person who can help us is someone who—"

She promised to arrange an appointment before he finished his sentence.

The doctor, a gynecologist recommended to her by Sister Luke, turned out to be a fairy godfather. An aging man, with pince-nez perched midway on his nose, he was determined to help Audrey.

After a series of tests, he summoned her for the consultation.

"You lost your child," he began, his blue eyes bobbing brightly behind the pince-nez, "because of a lack of hormone activity within your body."

Audrey gasped, frightened, wondering if this meant the end of all her dreams.

"This is not an uncommon failing," he continued, "with mothers-to-be who are carrying a child for the first time. What we must do is step up your hormone production with injections. If you will listen to me and rest—and this means that you must stop working completely during your pregnancy—there's no reason in the world why you can't have a baby."

It took a moment for his words to reach her heart. She wanted to leap out of the hard wooden chair and kiss the kindly old man on both cheeks.

"Doctor," she managed to say, her voice quavering, "you've just made me one of the happiest women in the world."

THE INJECTIONS BEGAN, and after several months' time the doctor asked her to come in for the final examination that would reveal the good news.

When he voiced her wishes, Audrey quietly prayed, and consequently she didn't hear his last words: ". . . You must remain here, napping every afternoon, not straining yourself in the slightest. The least strain will endanger the life you are carrying in your body."

"I can't wait to tell my husband," she said. "We're leaving tomorrow for Rome where he's to make a movie."

"You can't leave. I won't allow you to travel."

"But I must," she insisted.

"It's out of the question," the doctor snapped. "Why, the traveling alone could destroy your child."

She panicked, rushed home to tell Mel.

"Why don't we both go and talk to the doctor?" Mel offered.

"Yes," Audrey cried. "And you must tell him how miserable I'll be without you!"

At the doctor's office, the discussion raged for over an hour. "I will only allow you to go," the doctor finally told Audrey, "if you will promise to go directly to your home in the mountains and stay there. Your husband can visit you week ends while he's in Rome for the movie. Then, after his movie is finished, he can be by your side. Your villa sounds like a perfect place for rest. I shall give you extra injections for your journey. We're taking a chance, of course, but we will all say a prayer and ask God to be good to you."

The flight to Switzerland was easy, peaceful. At the chalet Audrey rested quietly, forgetting all the shadowy ghosts of memories that had once haunted her there. She walked leisurely in the mornings through the fields of wild wind flowers accompanied by her Yorkshire terrier, Famous. When the New York drama critics cabled her that they had chosen her the outstanding actress of 1959 for her performance in *The Nun's Story,* inviting her to come to New York to accept the award, she wrote them that she was honored but that she could not leave her home where she was under doctor's orders to await the birth of her baby. When she was nominated for the coveted Academy Awards, again Audrey refused the invitation to appear, knowing she must safeguard the health of the child stirring within her.

Finally, this summer, the long nine months came to their end. And on the morning of July 17th she awakened at dawn and asked Mel to drive her to the Lucerne Maternity Clinic. "I think it's now, the time for the baby," she told him, her lovely brown eyes radiant with happiness.

Mel drove her slowly over the country roads to the clinic where Rita Hayworth gave birth to her Princess Yasmin, where Ingrid Bergman had her Roberto, and where, late that afternoon, Audrey Hepburn gave birth to her first child, a nine-pound boy named Sean Ferrer, under the supervision of Swiss obstetrician, Dr. Carlo Gianella.

Now, Audrey's and Mel's chalet, once a house of heartbreak, rings with the gurglings of healthy Sean and bursts with a joy and thanksgiving that may make it . . . the happiest home in Europe. **END**

Audrey stars in THE CHILDREN'S HOUR *for United Artists. Mel will next appear in Paramount's* BLOOD AND ROSES.

Rock Hudson's On-Location Girl

(*Continued from page 49*)

morning. And Erika, when she read the news at breakfast, swooned.

"I've got to meet him," she said. "I've *got* to."

"How?" the girlfriend she was rooming with laughed.

"I don't know exactly," said Erika, "but I'll figure a way." She picked up her cup of coffee and swallowed. "I know!" she said, suddenly. "He's staying at the Presidente. He'll probably be at the beach this morning. Well, I'll be there too—"

"—And," the girlfriend said, "he'll see you, come up to you and take you in his arms."

"He'll *see* me, at least," said Erika. "Because I'll be wearing the tightest bathing suit I've got. My white one."

"My," said her friend, "you're getting very brazen all of a sudden."

"Once in a while," Erika said, "a girl has to be . . . And," she added, "that wasn't nice what you just said, about him taking me in his arms. You make it all sound foolish, as if I'm a dreamer. All I want to do is talk to him, look at him, to be able to remember I stood near him for a few minutes. . . . You know how I've always felt about him."

Her friend laughed again. "I'm sorry," she said.

"That's all right," Erika said.

Then she picked up a piece of toast, took a bite, and began to re-read the announcement in the paper.

She shook her head.

"He's *here*," she said, unbelievingly.

SHE STARED, UNBELIEVINGLY, when she saw him.

There he was, Rock Hudson, standing on the beach, standing right there, near the water. And there *she* was, standing on that same beach, no more than twenty yards away from him.

"Well," a voice inside her asked, "he doesn't seem to be looking this way. Are you going over to him?"

"I don't know," Erika answered herself.

"You'd better hurry if you are," said the voice.

"I'm so nervous," Erika said.

"You'd better take a look around you then," said the voice.

Erika looked. And she saw them, a couple of dozen other girls, of all sizes and shapes, some prettier than the five-footten, blue-eyed, blonde Erika, some not so pretty, but all of them looking over at Rock, and with that same ga-ga look in all their eyes.

"Hurry, Erika"—the voice spoke up again—"or else these girls, they might have the same idea you had."

She found herself walking over towards him a moment later.

She found herself standing beside him.

"Mr. Hudson," she said—he turned to look at her—"You are a very good-looking man and you should not be walking about the beach teasing all the girls like this."

She gulped.

"And," she said, "you must not go telling reporters that your eyes are the same color as brown shoe polish. . . . You have very beautiful eyes. They are more like the color of fine *caoba*."

"What's that?" her surprised victim asked.

"Mahogany," Erika said.

She gulped again.

"Well," she said then, as she began to turn and walk away, "I just wanted you to know. . . . Good-bye."

"Hey," Rock called after her.

She turned back around to face him.

"Yes?"

"Is that *all* you've got to say to me?"

Erika shrugged. "I think so."

Rock walked over towards her. He couldn't help smiling.

"May I ask please," said Erika, "what is so funny?"

"It's just," Rock said, "that girls have come up to me with many an opener. But none of them ever said what you just did."

Erika looked abashed. "It was the only thing that came to my head," she said. "I'm sorry if it disturbed you."

"Not at all," Rock said. "Once a girl came up to me, took a look at me and started to bawl. Now *that* disturbed me." He smiled again. "But you," he said, "you didn't disturb me a bit."

He looked up at the sun for a moment. It was a scorcher.

"How about it?" he said then. "Take a swim with me? Out to that raft? . . . Okay?"

Erika opened her mouth to say something.

Nothing happened.

"Okay," said Rock, taking her hand. "Come on, let's go. . . ."

THEY SAT ON THE RAFT, very silently those first few minutes, Rock looking at Erika, Erika looking away from him.

Then, finally, she brought her eyes around to his.

"You know," she said, "I am and have always been a great admirer of yours."

"No kidding," Rock said.

"Yes . . . seriously," she said. "I have seen every picture in which you ever appeared, with the exception of *Taza, Son of Cochise*, made in 1954. I was sick in bed at the time. But I *will* see it one day . . . And, also, I know everything there is to know about you, since I've read every word that has ever been written on your life."

"Well, now—"

"Yes, I do," said Erika. "I know what you like to eat, what colors you prefer, the kind of house you live in. I know what your greatest embarrassments were, your greatest disappointments, your greatest moments of pride. I know *everything* about you—even though I can't believe some of those things I read."

"Like?" Rock asked.

"No," said Erika, "I don't like those things at all."

"Like *for instance*, I mean," Rock said.

"Oh," said Erika. "Well . . . I read once that when you first arrived in Hollywood you couldn't walk down stairs without tumbling and you had a squeaky voice. . . . Now that isn't true, is it?"

"Sort of," said Rock, squeaking his voice.

Erika nearly laughed.

"And once," she said, "I read that the first scene you ever made in your first picture had to be done over thirty-eight times because you made so many mistakes . . . Is *that* true?"

"No," said Rock. He made a face. "It was thirty-nine times."

Erika did laugh now.

"Tell me," said Rock then, "haven't you ever read anything *good* about me?"

"Oh yes," she said. "You have a dog named Tucker you love with all your heart."

"Yep, that's true," Rock said.

"And you are a wonderful son to your mother. I read there is no better son in Hollywood than you are."



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"Well, I—" Rock started to say.

"And I read," she went on, "that although you are reserved with most people, that you are really very very kind to your true friends, of which you have five—one being an actor, one an actress, one an artist, one a piano teacher and one a liquor salesman." She took a deep breath. "Correct?"

"Yes," said Rock. "Except," he said, "I'd just kind of like to make that list a little longer now. . . . Say six friends?"

"Oh?" Erika asked. "And who would that be?"

"You," said Rock.

She looked down suddenly.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She told him.

"Do you live here, in Acapulco?" he asked.

"No," she said, "I live in Mexico City."

"What kind of work do you do?" Rock asked.

She told him.

"Did anyone ever tell you," he asked, "that you are an extremely pretty girl?"

"Some of the photographers, when I go to pose for pictures," Erika said. "They tell me sometimes."

"Do they ever ask you out for dinner, these photographers?"

"Sometimes," Erika said.

"And do you go with them?"

Erika said nothing.

"Once in a while?"

Still she said nothing.

"Will you come to dinner with me?"

She looked back up at him.

"With y-you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Rock. "—When do you go back to Mexico City?"

"This afternoon."

"I go back tonight," Rock said. "Why don't we make it tomorrow then. Okay? You and me, and a moon like a big yellow tortilla shining overhead."

Erika stood suddenly. "Oh please," she said, "—but this is very cruel."

"Huh?" Rock asked.

"It's not nice, Mr. Hudson, in case you don't know, to tease a girl this way," she said. "To tell lies that you will take her to dinner, to make her begin to think things that will never be."

She shook her head, rushed to the end of the raft and dove into the water.

"Hey," Rock called. "What's your address?"

Erika looked up over the side of the raft.

"Thirtieth-of-September Street," she said.

"And your phone number?"

"No," she said, "I shouldn't have given you the street. And now I won't give you the phone."

"Well," Rock grinned, "I'm sure it's in the book. . . . See you, Miss Carlsson. . . . So long."

"Ohhhhhh," Erika moaned, "don't, Mr. Hudson. Please don't make jokes. Don't spoil everything for me I have ever thought about you. *Please.*"

And she made a quick turn then, and off she swam.

ROCK SAT ON THE PLANE that night, doodling with a pencil on the back of his ticket folder.

"Erika," he doodled. "E-R-I-K-A."

"Who's that?" the fellow seated next to him, an assistant director on the picture, asked.

"A gal," Rock said. "A very unusual gal."

He told the director the story of their meeting that morning.

"She sounds unusual, all right," said the director.

"No, I mean . . . there's a quality about this girl . . ." Rock said. "She's very naive, and very smart, both at the same time. She's open; she says what comes to her head. She's not like those other dames I keep meeting, who flirt too much, or laugh too much, or booze it up too much and start telling the sad stories of their lives and who look hurt when you don't cry and drink along with them."

"To tell you the truth," said the director, dryly, "this Erika whateverhernameis sounds like just another Grade-A movie fan to me."

"Yeah," said Rock, "except there *is* something different about her."

"You going to phone?" asked the director.

"Sure," said Rock.

"Boy," the director said, "will she be surprised. . . ."

ERIKA CARLSSON was flabbergasted. She'd gotten the call from him that afternoon, Monday, and she was finished dressing now, waiting. She couldn't believe he'd really come, though. True, that had been his voice on the phone. "Seven o'clock pronto," he'd said. But still, she wouldn't believe he'd *really* come . . . And if he did, she wondered, that picture of him in the fancy frame on the little table near the piano—should she put it away? Would it look too silly there, she wondered, his own picture, looking back at him square in the eye; and would he think of her as a ten-year-old type, having his picture sitting up there in the living room like that? . . . No, she thought then, *why* should she put it away? That photo had sat on that table for three years now, and it would continue to sit there. Yes, she made up her mind, it would stay. . . . The doorbell rang suddenly. She heard his voice. "Hello in there," he called. "Oh my goodness," she whispered. She patted her hair. She adjusted the strap of her dress. She began to walk towards the door. Midway she stopped, turned, ran back to the little table near the piano and shoved the picture into a drawer. Then, once again, she walked towards the door. She opened it. He stood there, grinning. He held flowers. He'd really come. "Hi," he said.

"It's just like in the movies," Erika wanted to bust out and say.

So she did.

THEY WENT OUT that night and they had a fine time. Rock saw right off that what he liked best about Erika was what he'd figured; she *wasn't* like the other girls he'd known these past couple of years. She didn't talk about careers—his, or hers. She didn't ask about Doris Day, and Kirk Douglas, and Jane Wyman, "and what are they really like, all these people you've worked with?" Best of all, she didn't wait for that moment that invariably came, that quiet moment towards the end of the evening, when that one big question most always came: "I know it must be hard for you to talk about it . . . but how has it affected you, your divorce, I mean; how have you felt these two years since you and your wife broke up? Have you been lonely—terribly, terribly lonely?" . . . Instead, Rock noticed, the things Erika talked about were things that happened to interest them both. Music. Art. Books. The sea. People. What kind of thing makes people tick. . . . He liked this about her. He liked this fine. . .

The next morning, Tuesday, he picked Erika up and drove her out to the studio. She watched him shoot a scene. When it was over, and as he led her to lunch, Rock asked, "What did you think of all this?"

"The watching-you part was fine," Erika said. "But the repetition, the same things over and over again, to me it's a big bore."

Rock roared with laughter.

"Shouldn't I have said that?" Erika asked.

"Never change," said Rock. . . .

They went to dinner again that night, and the following night, and the night after that.

On the Friday, since Rock had no work-call that day, they got into a car and drove out to the Jardines Flotante, the floating Gardens, where they spent the day sitting in one of those gardenia-bedecked gondolas, holding hands, sniffing in the perfume around them, talking some more, and some more.

On the Saturday, on a sudden urge, Rock bought two plane tickets to Acapulco, where they spent the afternoon on the beach where they'd met, the night dancing.

On Sunday afternoon, back in Mexico City, they went to the bullfights.

And it was in fact after the fights, and as they were leaving the arena, when Rock told Erika about the conference he had to attend, called that morning for late that afternoon.

"On a Sunday?" Erika asked.

"When a picture's on location," Rock said, "they're liable to call 'em at three in the morning. . . . Come on," he said then. "I'll get you a cab, you can go home and change. And then tonight," he said, "tonight, Erika, do you know what I'd like to do?"

"What?" she asked, as they continued walking.

"Something very special," Rock said.

"But we're always doing something special," Erika said.

"I mean special for you," said Rock. "Other nights I'm the one who's been suggesting places to go, things to do. Tonight I want you to take your pick."

Erika was silent for a few moments.

"Well?" Rock asked.

"Well," Erika said, finally, "what I would like very much to do—" She shook her head. "No," she said, "it's really not at all proper in this country . . . And I don't even know if it's proper in yours."

"What's that?" Rock asked.

"I was thinking," said Erika, "that maybe you might come to my apartment for dinner. I would like to cook for you, you see, and—"

Rock interrupted her. "It's a date," he said. "And"—he took her hand, he winked—"if it's any good, I may just come again. I've got another week here, and I'm getting darned tired of eating in restaurants all the time . . . So"—he smiled—"for your own sake, Erika, you'd better not make it too good."

"I'll try," she smiled back.

IF EVER A GIRL has tried hard not to make a good meal for her man, her name was not Erika Carlsson. For those two hours between the time she got home and the time Rock was to come, she puttered around her kitchen like half a dozen Waldorf chefs in one. Rock liked a big fruit cocktail to start? She made a big fruit cocktail. Rock liked scallopine with

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mushroom sauce? She made that. He liked au gratin potatoes and carrots with just a little sugar glazing? To his order. Red wine, not too light? Lucky there was a bottle. Caramel custard for dessert? Yes sir; she beat those eggs and up it came.

Finished with all this, she set the table, jumped into a shower, set her hair, and got dressed.

She was just finished dressing when the doorbell rang.

She ran to the door.

She opened it.

"Hi," she said, smiling.

"Hi." Rock didn't smile.

"A few minutes earlier," Erika started to say, "and you would have found me with my hair—"

She stopped.

"Rock," she asked, "—is something wrong?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, about tonight. . . . I won't be able to stay for more than just a couple of minutes, Erika."

"Something at the conference?" she asked.

Rock nodded. "They decided we're to go to Aguas Calientes and re-shoot some scenes. The whole company."

"For tomorrow only?" Erika asked.

"For the rest of the week," said Rock.

"Oh. . . . And then?" Erika asked.

"And then," Rock said, "we go to Hollywood to finish interiors, instead of finishing them here. . . . And then, that's it. The picture's wrapped up and I'm off to Spain to start another one."

Carroll Baker: Regardless of what anyone else might say, I am my own severest critic.

Sidney Skolsky, in the New York Post

"I see," Erika said. "I see. . . ." She smiled again, tentatively this time. "But tonight," she said, "won't you be able to stay at least a little while? I've made your favorite kind of scallopine, Rock," she said. "And there's wine, red, but not too light. And there's—"

"Erika," Rock said, "—the car's downstairs, right now, waiting for me. I went from the conference to my hotel room to pack. My stuff's in the car downstairs. We've got to take off right away . . ." He looked away from her for a moment and to a corner of the room, at the fancy-set table there. "Did you go through much trouble, Erika?" he asked.

"No," she lied.

"I was looking forward to it," he said, "—tonight, the rest of the week."

"I was, too," she said, not lying this time.

For a while, neither of them said anything. And then Rock reached into his pocket for a package.

"This is for you, Erika," he said, handing it to her. "Open it, go ahead.

"I wanted to get you something," he said, as she did. "I saw this in a window. The place was closed. I figured the owner might live upstairs, though. So I banged on the door." He laughed a little. "I banged so hard, he must have thought it was a fire . . . So he came down . . . And I was able to get you this."

Erika had opened the package by this time. "Oh Rock," she said, "it's beautiful. It's much too beautiful."

"May I put it on you?" he asked.

She nodded.

He took it, this gold and pearl necklace he'd bought her, and he put it around her neck.

He brought his hands down to her shoulders then.

"I'm sorry that it all had to happen this way," he said, very softly.

"Me too," Erika said.

"We had a lot of fun," he said.

"We did," said Erika.

"I—" he said, "I haven't enjoyed being with anybody, *anybody*, as much as I've enjoyed being with you this past week. Not for a long time, Erika. Not for a very very long time."

She looked at him, and her feelings showed.

"Will you write to me?" he asked.

"Where?"

"I'll send you my address, in Spain, as soon as I know it."

"Of course," she whispered. "Of course I will write."

"And will you cook me a dinner again?" he asked then.

"When?"

"I'll be back sometime," he said.

Erika said nothing.

"I *will*," he said.

A car horn tooted downstairs.

They listened for a moment, as if to see whether it would toot again.

It did.

Rock brought his hands down from her shoulders, down around her waist now.

"Good-bye, Erika," he said.

"Good-bye," she said.

He kissed her.

The car horn tooted another time.

Rock held Erika close.

He didn't move.

"You . . . you had better go," she said, after a while.

"Had I?" he asked.

"Yes," she said—she forced a little laugh—"or else," she said, "they'll come up here with guns, like in a cowboy picture, and *take* you away. The way they did to you in *Winchester '73*, which was made in 1950."

"It was?" Rock asked.

"Yes," Erika said.

"Well—" he said, and kissed her again.

"Rock, you'd better—"

He kissed her once more.

And then, suddenly, he turned and left.

SHE STARED at the door for a moment, a long moment.

And then she went to the little table near the piano, opened the drawer, removed the picture frame inside and placed it back on the table.

She looked at it, this photograph of Rock.

She wondered how long it would be before he came back.

She wondered if he would *ever* come back.

She closed her eyes.

She began to remember that scene on the raft, that very first morning.

"How about it?" he'd said. "Will you come and have dinner with me?"

"Don't be cruel," she'd said.

"I'm not kidding," he'd said.

"Please, Mr. Hudson," she'd said, "—don't make jokes."

She remembered the following night then, the doorbell ringing, him standing at the door.

"Hi," he'd said.

"You came," she'd thought.

"You *came*.

"You *came*."

She opened her eyes.

She looked at the picture once more.

She began to nod.

"Yes," she found herself whispering, "—maybe you will come back to me, Rock. Maybe you will. . . . And if you do," she whispered, "I'll be waiting for you—"

She brought her hand up now to touch the necklace he had given her.

She tried very hard not to cry . . . **END**

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Cinderella

(*Continued from page 39*)

woman whom I don't recall having seen before. She smiled and begged my pardon . . . said she was "enchanted" watching me and the youngsters, and could she hear the end of the story? I said, "It's always the same—that's the way they like it best: she becomes beautiful, falls in love with a rich, handsome man and all that kind of thing . . . really, it's just Cinderella stuff." Somehow, I wasn't self-conscious until she introduced herself as the new beauty and fashion editor of MODERN SCREEN. For one hideous moment, it was as if a mirror were there reflecting me as I am at my dreadful worst, in the eyes of someone who is everything I'm not!

"I'm Frances Hodges," she said. "You must be Jerry?" No voice came so I just nodded. She continued to look at me, and then she spoke again, "You know, you have the loveliest eyes, Jerry. I am thinking . . . what a great story you could be if you would let me make you over. I'd love to show you what to do to make the most of the qualities you have."

Me? Attractive? And then she went on.

"I could show you how to make your whole face quite beautiful, just with those eyes, and then, I'd love to do something special and becoming to your hair which should be shining and prettier than it is . . it's a very nice color, really, but I'd love to bring up the red I think I see." My drab, lifeless hair . . . could it ever be anything else? I hide behind it!

"You mean you'd dye it?" I asked in a panic. "You wouldn't cut it, would you?"

"No, you don't need dye . . . but I could do something with a tinted rinse . . . you'd see what I mean, and I'd like to cut it just a bit to make it more manageable, easier to take to a new styling."

IMAGINE! Here was I actually talking about me. Then I just spilled over . . . in a rush everything gushed out, all the things I hate about me, my terrible figure that's undersized and lumpy, my skin that's sallow and blemished, and on and on. It was simply wonderful to talk, to tell someone other than the children how it feels to be plain and unpopular. Could she make me over? Would she? Please, God, let her ask me again!

"Jerry, I have a proposition . . . how would you like to be 'Cinderella' for us? I'll bet I can make you into a brand-new girl—look like one and feel like one. Are you game? And, if you like the results, will you write what happened?" Oh! yes, yes, yes . . . would I ever! Just tell me when and where!

That's the way this story started . . . the rest is here with the pictures to prove that there are "miracles." I'm thrilled to be telling you of that one fabulous day, my most unforgettable one. And, at this writing, I want to assure you, just as Fran (we're now great friends!) reassured me, that everything they showed me how to do, I now do for myself. You can, too!

On that day, I was up early to get to MODERN SCREEN's offices by 8:30 to meet Miss Hodges. With her were Barbara and Justin Kerr, a team of photographers who were so kind and understanding. They snapped many "before" pictures . . . me, just as I was. I had plenty of moments when I wished I were far, far away . . . any place but in front of a camera. When we finished, we went into Miss Hodges' office where there were loads of darling things hanging on a rack. Still skeptical, I approached that "fitting" (as they call it) timidly, but as each outfit was tried on, and fitted so wonderfully and looked so terrific, I could begin to see what Miss Hodges meant when she said I needed to learn to dress to bring out my best points. I'm 4'11", which I've always resented, but to find that so many things were perfect, I realized that I'd been a dope . . . I'd never shopped for the right size. I'm an almost perfect size 7, I found, except for those lumpy hips which disappeared under a new panty girdle which they fitted on me. Anyway, the only alterations were skirt lengths . . . this year just barely covering the kneecap to be smart. We went so fast that I hardly had time to be afraid, and everyone that came in said such nice things. I even asked if I could help hem up the skirts!

By 9:30 I was finished, we were packed and ready to dash. The first stop was Albert Carter's Salon on 58th Street. Going over in the cab Fran chatted about new hairdos and ideas she had for me. She kept using the word "young," and I realized that she really meant I looked much older than my nineteen years. I don't think at that minute I was quite ready to leave the "hiding place" I'd always had in my hair, but Miss Hodges said again that there would be no dying or cutting, and besides I couldn't jump out of the taxi! She also told me that whatever style we finally decided on would be the one that I, or *anyone* for that matter, could easily adapt or copy at home . . . True! I can.

FOR A GIRL who'd never had "the works," I began to like all of this attention I was getting. One girl did the shampoo, (how delicious to have your scalp scrubbed) another stood by advising on the new color-rinse, which did scare me a little. In between times, Justin would snap a picture or two, and Miss Hodges conferred with Mr. Carter and Ray, the stylist who was to "do" me. They all talked with their hands, peered and analyzed until I felt about like a bug on a pin, but secretly, I was beginning to enjoy it. Only yesterday I'd have died at the stares of all the other ladies in and out of dryers.

I guess Ray knew exactly what he wanted to do, because when he started he combed and rolled with the deftest of hands. All it seemed to me was a maze of curlers, those wire tube ones which I've found are very easy to use myself. But I was getting excited, I'll admit, at having a style created especially for me. More pictures, under the dryer, and out . . . back to Ray. And then . . . as he brushed and combed and patted, suddenly it was happening! I could see it with my very own eyes that my hair was beautiful! I began to fizz from the inside, and I kept saying, "I can't believe it! I can't believe it's me!" I felt just gorgeous, just like a real princess and said so, too, and everyone around seemed about as excited as I.

I literally floated out of that salon, past Mr. Carter, Ray and all the admiring ladies. I heard one of them say, "She must be a starlet," and I grew an inch, I do believe. Somehow, the Yellow Taxi was a pumpkin coach that took us on to the Kerrs' studio. They had lunch brought in but I was too bubbly to care about the hamburger, usually my favorite food. Champagne would have matched my mood that moment.

Then came the rest of the magic. The dressing room had one of those mirrors surrounded by light bulbs (just like a movie star's) over a table covered with jars and bottles, and things set up all for me. In that next half-hour I got the lesson of a lifetime in the art and skill of making up. What I know now about my skin and face! It must have been a magic mirror because I had looked and looked at myself before, but Fran seemed to know exactly what to do.

Earlier, at the hairdresser's, we had discussed the state of my face. My skin is oily and I had had blemishes most of the time. While I was under the dryer, I was introduced to a wonderful new medicated cream, and later a medicated lotion, both of which seemed to work even in a short morning. So, before the make-up, Fran applied the lotion again, soothing and refreshing, and then she used a medicated foundation cream in a tint just a shade darker than my skin which she calls "ivory" (it sounds so much better than "sallow"!). Then she did a trick with a white make-up stick, running a few strokes of it along my squarish jaw line from just below my ears down about three inches. This, it seems, fools the camera a bit, tends to soften any hard lines. She used a dab more on each of those fullish spots under my eyebrows which seem to disappear in the pictures. Fran said this is good for evening make-up and I've tried it . . . it's marvelous! (Yes, I've even had dates lately!).

MY BROWS needed a bit of shaping and cleaning up, and I loved the little soft brush made especially for eyebrow grooming . . . it gives such a natural look, and seems to add shine. For years, I've wanted to try eye shadow and liner, and never dared because I didn't know how, so I was careful to watch that operation carefully and use it often now! Barbara and Fran said my eyes are the greatest and I'm going to believe them. So when they put on the eye liner, I really began to sparkle. I seemed to feel flirty and by the time they'd added the mascara I was practicing side-long glances. Justin stuck his head in the door, and I flirted at him, and when he said my lashes were fringy and wonderful "like Liz Taylor's" I did a real flip! Then came the lipstick, a gorgeous new shade of satin red. I have to admit it—I felt like a doll—a real doll.

And now for the acid test . . . me as a model! What an experience! I loved that one terrific day of it, but I don't think I'd care to do it forever. Justin was like a director talking to me, teasing me, making me laugh, and, you know, I got the hang of posing in no time. It is something like acting . . . as a matter of fact with make-up on and behind lights I suddenly was alone and quite free to play at being someone else. It was fun to begin to understand what makes actors act. Barbara helped along the way, and both she and Fran were my ladies' maids to help the quick changes. Along about four o'clock Justin suddenly jumped in the air shouting, "I'm having a ball! This girl's great!" That, and the "starlet" line set me up forever.

At 5:00, when we'd all about had it, Fran, who had rushed around all day herself said, "How about going over to Sardi's . . . we could get something to eat and maybe get a good picture of that last date dress." So, off we trooped, me looking just gorgeous and my friends just looking exhausted. The doorman literally swept the door open for me with a deep bow, and there I was, in Sardi's, for the first time.

The Captain ushered us upstairs to the famous Celebrities' Corner, and I heard several whispers such as, "Who is she?" Then, while I was trying to act as if this was the sort of thing I did every evening, and practicing my new sidelong flirts, the waiter came over with a bottle of champagne and with it a note . . . and this you may never believe, but you must! . . . the note said, *Hello, beautiful—may I join you?" Signed, Paul Anka.* I looked across the room, saw him and did something I could never have done before . . . I nodded my head and silently said, "Please do—" I knew in my heart, I'd never be afraid again.

But that was just the end of a day and

the beginning of a brand new me. When I got home and walked in the door, you should have seen the looks on everyone's face—sheer disbelief! And I just felt so good and so bubbling I could scarcely stand it, myself! I wasn't "Jerry" any longer . . . I suddenly was Evelyn, and Evelyn I've continued to be. Maybe you don't think this any miracle . . . maybe you're thinking that any girl could do as much for herself, and I know you're right—any girl can do it—but there aren't enough fairy godmothers to go around. But for lucky, lucky me, it *was* . . . and the *real* miracle is not that I'm more attractive to look at . . . it's that I'm more attractive to be *with*. I have loads of good friends now . . . I'm no longer alone.

P.S. I have several wonderful new stories for the children which they like just as much or maybe better!

Editor's note: Well, that is Evelyn's story, and those of you who are "too little" and who feel insignificant and left out, can surely find something to help you. That is our hope. Next month, we will tell you Suzy's story . . . Suzy is just the opposite. She is one of those "too tall" and "too fat" girls—wait till you see what we've accomplished with her! See you around here next month. My best to all of you!

Fran Hodges

We Paid $300,000

(Continued from page 28)

moods. She would set the dial morning and afternoon so that her friends and fellow workers would know what to expect. The moods she had chosen for her dial were: very loving, tender, affectionate, bossy, sulky, nervous, malicious, dangerous. And for several years she was alternately "sulky" or "nervous" within the cramped confines of her dressing room. Or so she marked her "mood barometer." On the set, though, she was her usual charming and friendly self, talking with everyone and she was held in high esteem by all her co-workers, as "the English lady who's never uppity."

When she arrived in Vienna that May of 1958 to film *The Journey* with Yul Brynner, she had just completed three movies in a row—with no vacation in between. She had rushed from the last day's shooting of *An Affair to Remember* to France for *Bonjour Tristesse*, then hurried back to the United States for *Separate Tables*.

Without one day of rest she arrived, pale and bone-thin from exhaustion, in Vienna. Her co-star, Yul Brynner, took her to dinner at the Imperial Hotel and asked her to the opera that evening, but she turned him down. "I'm so weary," she confessed, "that I can hardly think. I better get a good night's sleep so that I'll have my wits about me tomorrow."

Yul, who's very sensitive and perceptive about women, remarked, "Deborah, is something bothering you?"

"No," she answered curtly. "I'm just tired." Then she asked to be excused.

But, for Yul, it was very easy to put two and two together. Deborah Kerr, a married woman for a dozen years, was the breadwinner of her family; and, yet, during the past five years she probably felt more like an old maid than a wife. Her husband was a slippery shadow in the Hollywood limelight. Deborah attended parties and premieres alone and unescorted. She joined groups of friends. But as a wife she was lonely. Is there a woman in the world who wears a gold wedding band on the third finger of her left hand who actually enjoys "stepping out" by herself? Although Deborah's work demanded it, her husband Tony refused to take her to the Academy Award dinners and the press galas. The Hollywood colony looked upon her as a lost, sad soul, in spite of the fact that she made statement after statement that her marriage was a happy one.

IN VIENNA THAT MAY the lilacs bloomed in the dooryards, and chestnut trees blossomed with buds of rosepink and milk-white. Every morning on the set Deborah was greeted by screenwriter Peter Viertel who gave her the rewrites of her scenes. Often he told her how beautifully she was portraying her difficult role.

She had met Peter at Hollywood get-togethers; they were casual acquaintances. She had heard of Peter's warm and wonderful mother, Salka, who was Greta Garbo's dearest friend, and she asked Peter about her. As Peter talked, she found herself admiring the strength in his face: his blazing eyes, bushy black eyebrows, square jaw. They chatted about everything from Hollywood hypocrisy to the lovely rhododendrons in her backyard. Wherever she went on the set, he looked after her, bringing her a tray of tea and Viennese pastry, surprising her with a bunch of beautiful violets he'd picked from the roadside.

Mike Kellin, whose current screen role is in "Wackiest Ship In The Army," was discussing the peculiarities of film executives. Whenever Kellin was scheduled to leave Hollywood, his agent would phone each studio head and say: "Y'know? Mike Kellin is leaving town" . . . As a result, said the actor, "They got panicky—even producers who never even heard of me—and four times I was yanked off planes to be signed to a movie deal."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

One day, as they were walking from the studio, he stopped suddenly. "May I tell you what I feel?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered. "You should be honest with friends."

"You . . . you are as beautiful as the spring in Vienna," he said softly.

It took a moment for his words to penetrate, to reach the target of her heart. She looked into his piercing eyes and she began to cry.

Then he whispered, "Even when you cry, you're beautiful. I . . . love you."

His strong arms embraced her, crushing her, and she looked into his dark eyes as his lips came closer to hers. Tears streamed down her cheeks. The flowering chestnut trees blurred all around her.

"I'm so . . . confused," she managed.

"I'm not," he answered.

He kissed her gently then, and she froze. She looked at him, scared and petrified. "What . . . what have you done?" she blurted. "I'm a married woman!" She stifled a sob and ran to her hotel room where she sat by the window, unable to stop her tears. She gazed at the deepening Vienna dusk, wondering why she had allowed Peter to hold and kiss her in the shade of the chestnut tree on the public

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country road. Had she gone mad?

Her telephone rang. Pulling herself together, she went to answer it. She hoped it was her husband. How many days had passed now since her arrival in Vienna, and he had yet to call.

It was Peter on the phone, asking her to be his guest at dinner. "There's a cafe on a side street where we'll be alone."

"I can't," she fibbed. "I must study my lines."

"One drink, then," he suggested. "Just have one drink with me."

She refused.

"I want to see you so much," he said. "I love you, Deborah."

Taking a long deep breath, she said, "Peter, we must stop seeing each other. You're married, and I'm married, and I don't think all this is right."

"Deborah," he whispered, "you're wrong. I know somehow we need each other."

She said good night to him. But she couldn't fall asleep. She tossed for hours, wondering why she allowed Peter to embrace her, why she had responded to his kiss. Was . . . was she hungry for love?

UNTIL THAT EVENING, Deborah believed that her relationship with her husband, Tony Bartley, was faultless, more or less what every woman expected of marriage. Now, suddenly, after Peter's nearness and his kiss, the beat of her heart quickened: there were murmurings of awakened emotions she had long forgotten. Could it be the springtime in Vienna . . . or was it Peter who was making her feel alive again?

After another week she knew it was Peter.

It was Peter who gave her sprigs of lily-of-the-valley or a handful of violets every morning, saying, "They looked so beautiful in the morning sun that I wanted you to have them." It was Peter who cared enough to talk with her on the set about her children, her future. It was Peter who gifted her with a yellow-gold ring with a ruby heart (how many years since Tony had ever given her a present?).

Finally, unable to hold back the longing in her heart, she gave in to his invitation to dinner. And each evening they ate schnitzel or goulash at the quaint outdoor cafes and listened to the strolling sidewalk balalaika players. They visited the Stadstoper—the State Opera House; the Auersberg Winter Gardens, the Kunst-Historisches Museum with its many Breughel paintings. At the Hofburg where the Austrian crown jewels were on display, Peter said, after pointing to a crown of fiery rubies, "That's how everlasting my love is for you—like the fire in those jewels."

How could she help herself? She hadn't planned to fall in love. She didn't want to fall in love. But Peter's love awakened her dormant heart. Her marriage, she finally confessed to Peter, was prosaic, dull.

At the end of the filming, she flew home to Hollywood. She refused to deceive Tony. She told him everything; how she had met someone for whom she cared.

The word leaked out to their friends and to columnists, and Deborah's romance with Peter Viertel made headlines in Europe and America. She was ashamed and crushed, afraid that her children would suffer. "More than anything else," she told Tony, "I want to protect them. I want us to think everything through so that they won't be hurt."

But Tony had stopped listening to Deborah. He had decided to launch the offensive with their separation. Deborah was stunned when he suddenly took their two daughters to Europe and had them made wards of the British court. Naive and embarrassed over the publicity of her romance, she didn't know how to tangle with the painful thorn of divorce.

In the British newspapers, Tony accused Peter of having stolen the affection of his wife, and he demanded $300,000. Deborah couldn't believe it. Finally she called him on the transatlantic telephone, and he repeated his demands. The British press then took her to task for destroying her happy home. All the British journalists defended Tony since he was an ex-war hero.

PETER'S WIFE, Virginia, filed for divorce, asking for $12,000 in yearly alimony The divorce was granted. Months later, Virginia fell asleep smoking in bed. Her nightgown caught fire. Suffering from horrible first-degree burns, she died within a matter of days.

Deborah was shaken by Virginia's tragic death. But she knew she couldn't stop loving Peter, in spite of all the anguish and embarrassment. For weeks she talked with marriage counselors, lawyers, advisers, all of whom helped her decide that she would pay Tony Bartley $300,000 for the freedom to love the man who gave her spirit strength and happiness.

After Deborah agreed to pay Tony the gargantuan divorce settlement, the scandals came out about Tony, how he wasn't the ideal husband she'd pictured him to be, how he had enjoyed a "private" life all his own while he was married to Deborah, squiring pretty girls to dinner and out-of-the-way hangouts. But it was all too late. Deborah had signed the divorce agreement. She was to pay Tony for the right to her freedom. And Tony took every cent. . . .

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Peter then began building a stone bungalow at Klosters, Switzerland, after Deborah's divorce was granted on the 15th of July, 1959. The decree specified she was to wait a year before marrying. And all through that year, Deborah and Peter were separated by Deborah's work. They flew to each other as often as they could. Finally, when the British court allowed Deborah custody of her daughters on week ends, she and Melanie and Francesca flew every Friday evening to Klosters from London, where Deborah was filming *The Grass Is Greener* with Cary Grant. Deborah got to know and adore Peter's daughter, Christina, and Peter got to know and love Deborah's daughters.

Of course, every time Deborah and Peter met they talked of their wedding. The date they chose was a Saturday, July 23, 1960. The 22nd of July was Deborah's final day of shooting in London.

She arrived that Friday evening before her wedding at Kloten, the Zurich airport, where she was met by Peter. They were welcomed later at the Chesa Grischuna cafe by warm friends: Yul and Doris Brynner, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, Anatole Litvak, Irwin Shaw, Elsa Schiaparelli. They enjoyed a candlelight supper with wine while Swiss violinists played lilting European lovesongs.

The following morning, the day of the wedding, turned out to be gray and drizzly. Dozens of reporters arrived. But by 10:00 that morning Deborah was in a panic. Her wedding dress had not arrived. The ceremony was due at 11:30.

Peter's young secretary, Ann Hutton, raced to the post office in her sports car. The dress was to have arrived air-mail special-delivery from the famed salon of Givenchy in Paris.

But the postmaster shook his head, "No, there is no package for Miss Kerr."

Ann drove back to tell Deborah. "Maybe I'd better go with you," Deborah said. "He must have it there, somewhere."

Ann zoomed to the village post office where the postmaster shrugged his shoulders. "No, Miss Kerr," he nodded, "there is no package for you. You can see for yourself."

DEBORAH QUICKLY LOOKED through the clutter of parcels waiting to be picked up by village residents. There was a blue denim wrapped trunk from the House of Givenchy. "This is it!" she shouted with joy. "My wedding dress."

"But the label says it's for Mr. Viertel," the postmaster pointed out. "I can't let you have this without his written permission."

Again, Ann drove off. She found Peter who signed the postmaster's release form. Deborah rushed then to the Chesa Grischuna, changed hurriedly into her embroidered peppermint-pink wedding dress, the peppermint-pink picture hat, her matching embroidered court shoes.

The rain continued. In the meanwhile, spectators surrounded the main street and the Gemeindehaus (City Hall). Within the hallowed halls of the Gemeindehaus, another crisis occurred. The official wedding documents were not back from Chur, the capital of Graubunden, and Mr. Hans Joos, the alderman who planned to marry them, announced, "Without the papers I will not perform the ceremony."

Hundreds of spectators with umbrellas mobbed the street now. The festively-dressed guests arrived in dark limousines in the gray, chilly drizzle. When Deborah arrived at Gemeindehaus with her daughters and Irwin Shaw who was standing in for her as a witness, the crowd sighed over her beauty, and the dark raincloud lifted. And, suddenly as if by a miracle, the sun shone through with a brilliant burst of light.

At exactly eleven twenty-eight, the wedding documents arrived by special messenger.

Hans Joos called the gathering to order. Peter, in a dark blue suit, waited with his daughter, Christina. Deborah walked to him and took his hand. Christina, bowing, gave Deborah a wedding bouquet of pink carnations. In a moment, as the sunshine gilded the medieval stained glass windows of the Gemeindehaus, Hans Joos began the ageless ceremony that pronounced Deborah Kerr and Peter Viertel man and wife.

Cameras clicked. Rice laced the air. Deborah and Peter kissed, and as they walked to the front door of the Gemeindehaus, Peter kissed her again, whispering, "My darling, I will love you forever."

Her heart nearly bursting with ecstasy, Deborah thanked God for the new richness in her life with Peter by her side. **END**

You can see Deborah in PARAMOUNT'S THE SUNDOWNERS.

Should I?

(*Continued from page* 20)

Debbie, and Debbie will have made her decision.

Eddie cares deeply what her decision will be. He cares deeply about the man who will replace him as the day-to-day father of his children. Were Debbie a bitter person, she might say to herself that Eddie chose to leave her and her children, and therefore has not the right to even an opinion about who and whether or not she will marry. But Debbie is not a bitter person; Eddie is still the natural father of her children, and Debbie is listening carefully to his feelings on her marriage-to-be.

Eddie is worried. He has confessed this worry to those who are close to him. *He is worried that Debbie may decide not to marry.* He more than any other human being knows how deeply Debbie was hurt by her marriage with him; he knows that she has good cause to be frightened of marriage, and that when the fateful moment of decision arrives next month, she may say no to a husband for herself and a father for her children. With all the concern he can express, Eddie wants Debbie to understand that she must not fear marriage—that, on the contrary, what she must fear is the profound emptiness for herself and her children so long as there is no father there to make their house a real home.

SOON, EDDIE KNOWS, the children will be in school—there will be questions from playmates like, "Who's your daddy?" There will be school parties and report cards to sign, and a hundred and one little times when Daddy should be there. He, Eddie, cannot be there, and he hopes and prays that someone else will be.

Perhaps he has no right to interfere with his opinions of Debbie's suitors; but, right or wrong, he does not want his children to go through the confusion of a broken home another time. And so, in his heart of hearts, he wants to convince Debbie not only to marry again but to marry the man who will be mature enough to be a solid and selfless father. He knows most of Debbie's suitors personally: Leon Tyler, Glenn Ford, Walter Troutman, Bob Neal, Michael Dante, Jorge Guinle, Bob Peterson, Carleton Carpenter, Jerry Wunderlich, and Harry Karl. And as a father, concerned with the security and happiness of his children, he has confided to intimates that he approves of Harry Karl, and hopes she will marry him. Harry Karl—the man who, despite his wealth, loves most to take Carrie and Todd to Disneyland and buy them popsicles, or sit home at night helping them build little doll houses on the rug, helping them all feel again that they are a *family.* If Debbie marries Harry a great and terrible burden will be lifted from Eddie's heart.

But, there is another man whose feelings Debbie is also listening to now—a man who has known Debbie even longer than Eddie, and who in many ways has been even closer to her. A man who through thick and thin, through his own hopes and disappointments has always been there waiting to guide Debbie. This man is Leon Tyler, and as deeply as Eddie hopes Debbie will marry, Leon hopes she will wait. As deeply as Eddie feels Harry Karl will be a wonderful husband and father, Leon feels that by marrying Harry Debbie will destroy the essence of the human being she really is. No one knows the real Debbie Reynolds better than Leon Tyler. No one in the world is more entitled to speak now or forever hold his peace if he can show any just cause why Debbie and Harry should not be married.

For a long time during the period when Debbie and Leon had attended Burbank High, they were sweethearts. At the time, Debbie was an independent youngster who wouldn't go steady with any boy, but went more steadily with Leon than with anyone else.

He worshipped her. She was a tiny bundle of energy, and he loved the way she clowned around. His mother, Mrs. Maud Sperl, and Debbie's mother, Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, were neighbors in Burbank and close friends. They were both hearty, capable women who went to church together, had the same type of family background and thought alike.

Debbie'd already been signed to a movie contract, but she was earning only $65 a week, and no one thought she was going to be a great star. Leon had acting ambitions, too, and because he was a talented dancer, the kids thought he would be the one to make it in pictures.

If Leon had become a star, he and Debbie might be married today. And happily so. But though Leon loved Debbie, he didn't really propose. He saw Debbie's star rising and rising, and he knew that he could never be content to become Mr. Debbie Reynolds. One evening, as they were sitting in Debbie's back yard in Burbank, they made a pact: "If neither of us falls in love and marries before 29, we'll marry each other."

THE LOVE LEON FELT for Debbie was so great that he could rejoice in her happiness and suffer with her when she was unhappy. He could share every mood, every emotion of Debbie's. It is an enduring love from which the heat had vanished—but there are marriage counsellors who say that this is the greatest love of all. And with it goes the deepest of understandings.

Debbie has always turned to Leon. He's been by her side through everything that happened through the years, through the good and the bad.

He was with her six years ago when she had a party in Burbank, and she was clowning around when a slight, dark-haired young man walked in. When the party was over, Debbie came over to Leon, the clown expression gone from her face. Looking very thoughtful, she said, "Did you see that boy?"

"You mean the singer—you mean Eddie Fisher?"

"Yes. Well, I like him. A lot. I think I'm in love with him. I'm going to marry him."

After she married Eddie, Leon often went along with the two of them on dates. When things began to go badly between Eddie and Debbie, he saw the strain Debbie was going through. And he suffered untold agonies himself, seeing the girl he'd always loved going through her own private hell.

When the world did its best to get her to talk about how Liz had broken up her marriage, she wouldn't talk to the world; she wouldn't talk to reporters, but she'd call Leon at all hours of the night, when she was unable to sleep. To Leon she poured out her heart. She knew that he was her most sympathetic friend. And if this selfless friend wishes sometimes that he could have been more than a friend to her, he puts the thought behind him.

"The movies are a funny business," he said. "Debbie got there first, and I didn't want to be a Mr. Reynolds."

Now Leon—still in love with Debbie—watches unhappily as she goes out on dates with Harry Karl. Not because he's jealous. Long ago he gave up any idea, any hope of ever marrying Debbie him-



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self. But he's seen her go through hell once in her marriage to Eddie Fisher. And he wonders if marrying Harry will prove as serious a mistake.

Leon confided, "Harry's not really like Debbie—not like the Debbie I know, anyway. He hasn't her warmth; he doesn't understand her kind of clowning around. I'm afraid if she marries him, he may try to change her . . . and if he does, he'll destroy the warm, wonderful girl I know. And Debbie doesn't take matters of the heart lightly. She fought hard to keep from becoming bitter after Eddie left her. If she marries Harry, she'll fight equally hard to make a go of that marriage.

"I hope she doesn't rush into marriage with Harry. There are so many warning signs on the horizon."

Debbie is a completely different person with Leon than she is with Harry. Not long ago, Debbie was talking to Leon and suggested, "Let's dress up as beatniks and have some laughs." He was as enthusiastic about the idea as she was—it was crazy enough to suit both of them. They rented the beatnik costumes and then paraded down Beverly Boulevard, drawing stares. Debbie grinned like a gamin. Then she had another idea. "Let's surprise Harry. I want to see the expression on his face."

They got a lift to the swank Beverly Hills Hotel where Harry now lives. The doorman, not recognizing Debbie, wouldn't let them in. They slipped in through a side entrance. A bellboy tried to get them to leave, but Debbie insisted upon calling Harry Karl on the house telephone.

DISGUISING HER VOICE, Debbie said, "This is Mrs. Herman Schultz, a friend of Debbie Reynolds. Debbie told me to call you. She says you're the living end—real cool—and she wants you to come down and meet another cat and me. So why don't you get on your bicycle and roll down?"

Harry came down. He looked at Debbie and Leon, and a horrified light of recognition dawned in his eyes. "What's the idea of doing this, honey?" he asked Debbie.

"Oh, Harry, I think this is fun. Real funsville. Why don't you take Leon and me into the swankiest cocktail room in the hotel. We'll knock their eyes out."

Harry looked as if he wanted to crawl underground.

"He was in a state," Leon recalled. "He just didn't dig Debbie's pixie sense of humor. Debbie and I, however, took each other's hands and walked in. We were hysterical with laughter. I'm afraid Harry was just plain hysterical. We stayed in that cocktail room, attracting lots of talk and lots of stares, until Harry, hot under the collar, insisted that we all leave. But Debbie and I had a ball. Harry begged her to change those crazy clothes and behave herself. She said, 'Okay, Harry. I'll see you later.' "

When Leon drove her home, she said she was going to shower, put on an evening dress and go with Harry to Romanoff's. She looked a little wistful as she said it. Or was it just Leon's imagination?

"Why should Harry try to talk her into marrying him, if he feels he can't accept her as she is? Debbie is a blithe spirit, a pixie. Why does he say he's in love with her if he wants to make her into a Beverly Hills society matron? On the other hand, I adore Debbie for exactly what she is. And I always have. She relaxes when she's with me."

After a steady diet of Harry, Debbie seems almost compelled to go out on a date with Leon "to relax."

Why does she feel this necessity?

With Harry, Debbie goes to the finest restaurants and night clubs, dresses up, wearing her minks and the fabulous jewels Harry gave her.

But with Leon, it's altogether different.

One night, only a short while ago, she and Leon made a date. "What are you going to wear, Leon?" she asked him.

"A blue sweater, maybe red Bermudas."

She showed up wearing an almost identical costume—big, bulky blue sweater and red Bermudas. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. She looked like a cute teenager—the pre-glamorous, pre-Harry Karl Debbie.

"Let's have laughs," she said. She and Leon doubledated with another couple—an old Burbank school friend, Ray Stevens, and his wife, Carole. They went bowling. Debbie was a riot, clowning all over the place. Her eyes danced. She took off her shoes. She was like a kid. Then they went to some little "dives" around Sunland and in the Valley.

"She was a three-ring circus," said Leon wistfully. "In the bowling alley she hoisted a big ball, then pretended it was too heavy for her, and as she tossed it, she fell down the alley with the ball. Debbie was her old self, clowning, laughing, her pony-tail flying. It made me feel as if she was eighteen and I nineteen again, and I thought back to the days when we had solemnly looked at expensive lots and laughed at the idea of either of us ever having enough money to afford anything like that.

"When I started to drive Debbie home, her face was glowing."

THEN, AS SHE WAS LEAVING for her big, beautiful home, facing a formal date with Harry the next evening, Debbie shivered slightly. She looked up at Leon tenderly and said, "I had such a wonderful time tonight. I'd almost forgotten what it was to have fun like this any more. I loved it. This is the kind of fun I enjoy. I've had the best time tonight I've had in two years. Thank you, Leon dear."

And then she walked into her beautiful home. The next night she was the glamorous Debbie Harry Karl knows and loves.

But Leon says, "Can Harry really understand this girl? Or will he try to remake her—and break her? It would be tragic if he did. For Debbie has a priceless gift of fun and laughter."

Why does Debbie continue to see Harry? Why, perhaps, will she marry him, when there is so much in her bubbling personality that is alien to his nature?

Leon thinks she wants a man to respect and look up to, emotionally, financially and socially. "I think she's rationalizing. Harry seems to fill the bill on those things Debbie thinks she needs. She's had one bad experience in marriage. She was so badly hurt, now she wants protection and dignity. She thinks Harry will give her that protection. She doesn't need his money—Debbie will make millions through her own talent. But there is an aura of power around Harry. People bow to him—the maitre d's to whom he gives big tips, his hundreds of employees, the people in Hollywood cafe society to whom he is a big spender. I think Debbie's beglamoured and confused.

"I'd rather see her wait for a while until she's sure. I think she's lonely. Perhaps that's why she likes to go with Harry. It's always one party after another, or traveling to Palm Springs or Las Vegas, or to night clubs. When she's with Harry, they're always with other people or doing something—moving, moving, moving, so that Debbie doesn't even know what Harry is like deep inside."

At one time—shortly after her breakup with Eddie—Harry seemed to be the answer to Debbie's needs. At first there were lots of men who wanted to date her. She found out that many of them were leeches—out for the publicity they could get from dating a big-name star.

Once at this time, she took Leon's hand in hers and said earnestly, "I have many acquaintances, but I can count my friends on the fingers of one hand."

Debbie feels that Harry likes her for herself. He doesn't need her money. She feels he doesn't need her fame, and isn't attracted by it (although many people in Hollywood disagree with her about that).

Once, one of her old friends in Burbank warned her, "Harry doesn't have any sense of humor."

SHE QUICKLY DEFENDED HIM. "He has a dry sense of humor. Maybe it's not like ours. He's a different kind of man—but he has a worldly humor.'

When any Burbank friends warn her about Harry's weak points, she rushes to his defense.

"He does so many things for Debbie. How can she help but be impressed?" says Leon. "He comes to the house, loaded with gifts for her children. More than anything else, this strikes home with Debbie."

Once, someone who loves Debbie and feels Harry is wrong for her said, "Debbie, if he's so fond of children, what about his own? Although he pays a hefty sum for the support of his three young children (as decreed by the courts) he seldom comes to see them!"

At this, Debbie flared up and defended Harry all the more, insisting that he loves his children, and does his best to see them whenever possible—and that it isn't always possible.

On Sunday mornings, Leon is often at Debbie's house, romping with her children. He doesn't come loaded down with as many expensive gifts, but the children's faces light up when they see him. They adore him. Leon has a special way with children; he teaches youngsters in a Valley school and he knows how to get down on the floor with little Carrie and Toddy and play with them.

Many of Debbie's Burbank friends hope that she doesn't marry Harry. "He doesn't really understand her or us," they say. "When Debbie lets loose and clowns, sometimes he acts startled, as if he can't quite get with it. At a party she gave recently, she invited Harry, some of her movie friends, her family and the Burbank crowd. She and Leon did a rock-and roll-dance together and they were a riot. She was the bouncing, clowning Debbie we used to know before her heart was broken by Eddie. Everyone was laughing.



This is a picture of Leon Tyler and Debbie, taken when they were teenagers. They have remained true and steadfast friends.

having a good time. Except Harry, who kept to himself and had very little to say. He seemed stiff and repressed at the party.

"He's not really Debbie's type. In her own way, she likes to have a good time. She has a good time when she's with Leon. But her way is not really Harry's way."

"Leon's ways are Debbie's ways," says Leon's mother. "My son is a brilliant, kind boy, a graduate of Los Angeles State College. He teaches school and also helps out in his father's ten-pump gas station. He worships Debbie. Always has. He and Debbie always loved each other. He used to tell her, 'Some day I'll make so much money I'll be able to buy you anything you want.' Debbie would laugh and reply, 'I don't want a lot of money. I want to be happy.'

"She was born to be happy—that girl. But somehow she didn't quite make it with Eddie. And with Harry, what is she going to have—lots of money or lots of laughs? She doesn't seem to laugh much when she's with him."

DEBBIE ISN'T IMPRESSED only by the money Harry showers on her, the jewels he gives her. Next to her love for her children comes her love for her family. Harry Karl is very good to Debbie's folks. She feels this denotes strength and kindness in him.

When Debbie's brother Bill married a few months ago, Harry paid all the expenses for his honeymoon at Squaw Valley, where the winter Olympics were being held. Not only did this take money—but it took power and influence, too, for everyone and his brother had tried to get reservations at Squaw Valley at that time. But Harry got them. Debbie was wide-eyed.

Although Harry tries hard to be nice to Debbie's folks, they don't really click. 'Like oil and water," exclaims one of the Burbank neighbors. "They have different sets of values."

Several months ago, Debbie was asked to ride at the head of a parade in Burbank. She agreed. She's crazy about Burbank, and Burbank is crazy about her. The town is only 30 miles away from Hollywood, but it might as well be 3,000 miles. It's small town—with small houses, hard-working, God-fearing people who like to go to church, who listen to Billy Graham, who have fun visiting each other and going on community picnics.

"Debbie was Burbank's very own when she rode in the parade, her children in her lap. Harry, wanting to be nice to Debbie's family, offered to take her parents to the parade. When Harry pulled up in his big, black Rolls Royce, driven by a chauffeur, Mrs. Reynolds nearly died of embarrassment. She didn't want to ride in a chauffeur-driven limousine and have her neighbors think she was putting on airs. But she couldn't hurt Harry's feelings by telling him how preposterous it seemed to her to be driven around in a chauffeur-driven limousine in the heart of Burbank. The way of life in Burbank is simple—and a chauffeured car is pretentious. Debbie's mother never has been pretentious. She was so embarrassed she slipped way down in the car when they got to where the crowd was, hoping her neighbors wouldn't see her.

"Perhaps someone should have explained to Harry that flashing wealth around isn't the way to make a hit in Burbank. But if he hasn't found all this out for himself, who is going to tell him?"

ALTHOUGH LEON USED TO accompany Debbie when she was with Eddie, he doesn't do it with Debbie and Harry. Harry is not too pleased with Debbie's continuing friendship with Leon. Harry would like to be the only man in Debbie's life. Sometimes, when Harry was anxious to see her, Debbie would toss her head and say, "I'm going out with Leon." Once when she had been out with Leon, she found, on arriving home, that Harry had been calling her every half hour.

Yet Debbie seems to feel the need, every now and then, of getting away from Harry—of being with Leon, of mingling with her Burbank friends, of being the clownish and happy "Miss Burbank." She hostessed a party at the Moulin Rouge for her friend, Camille Williams. That evening Debbie didn't try to mix oil and water—the Harry Karl crowd and the Burbank crowd. Leon was there, and several of her Burbank friends. Harry Karl was not. Leon, who used to be a professional dancer, and Debbie danced a lot. Debbie murmured to him, "This is like the times we used to dance up a storm at the Palladium . . . remember. . . ."

No wonder Harry is frequently uneasy about her friendship with Leon. "It's just friendship," Debbie assures him. And it is. But it is a deep, deep friendship—and Harry dreads the gulf it places between him and Debbie. He knows that the girl Leon knows is very different from his girl—and yet both inhabit the same body.

Perhaps Leon sums up this strange triangle better than anyone can. "There's a very special thing between Debbie and me. Not long ago, I was bedridden, as the result of an old injury flaring up again—it was originally caused by an auto accident. When I became ill, Debbie was in Palm Springs. She wanted to fly in to visit me at St. Joseph's Hospital. I told her not to come, but she came anyway. It was wonderful to see her.

"Some time previously she had invited me to a party she was planning to have in her home in Holmby Hills. When I spoke to Debbie on the phone before she flew in, I told her that I didn't think I'd be able to make the party.

"When Debbie came to see me, she cheered me up, as only Debbie can. I don't know whether it was Debbie's visit that did it or the miracles of modern wonder drugs, but by the time the date arrived for the party, I was well enough to go.

"It was a big, beautiful party. I enjoyed it, but still weak from my recent illness, I tired easily, and started to leave early.

"When she saw me leaving, Debbie left the group of people she was with and said, 'Oh, Leon, don't leave yet. We've hardly had a chance to visit.' Ignoring the other guests, she sat down on the couch. She said, in the sweet, sincere way she has, 'Leon, if you need any money for doctor bills or hospital bills, as an old friend, I want to help. I mean it. I don't want anything to happen to you.'

"And I don't want anything to happen to Debbie, either. I mean I don't ever want anyone or anything to hurt her.

"I'm not in the same category with Debbie any more. A lot of our dreams had to go out the window when she became a big star. But there is still something very wonderful that exists between us. And in my heart I can only ask Debbie, in the name of that wonderful bond that there has always been between us, not to marry without thinking it over very carefully. Debbie, don't marry anyone who doesn't love the sprite that you are. For you have always been a blithe spirit—and if Harry or anyone else tries to change you, a lot of laughter and gaiety will go out of the world.

"Think it over, Debbie.". . . END

Watch for Debbie in THE RAT RACE *and* THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, *both for Paramount.*

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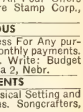
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I Did Not Beat My Dog

(*Continued from page 27*)

"When the situation happened, I was advised to keep quiet and 'let it pass' because how can anyone fight charges like these. It's like answering the question, 'When did you stop beating your wife?'

"And frankly I did not know how to defend myself against something of which I was entirely innocent.

"There's a ruling in the U.S. Constitution that a person is innocent until he is proven guilty.

"But in the minds of many animal lovers throughout the country—who read the *initial* accounts of this story in the papers—I'm guilty—period.

"After the police came to my house, the newspaper printed a 'so-called statement' from me in which I was quoted as admitting that I *was* cruel to my dog and offered 'to give him away if that will help matters.'

"But I have never made such a statement. I'd sooner cut off my right arm and give that away than to part with Fritz.

"At first I was only heartsick and bewildered by what happened. I'm still heartsick but now that the shock has worn off a little, I'm also fighting mad.

"And I'm not fighting for my 'good name,' nor for my career.

"I'm fighting for the public faith—which I know has been badly shaken. Unjustifiably shaken.

"I KNOW THIS because of the many letters I have received.

"Cruel letters, many unsigned, which give me no chance to answer.

"I've received letters which weren't addressed at all. Just the headlines of the story, pasted on the back of a three-cent post-card.

"I don't hate these people for writing such letters.

"I think perhaps I would be equally irate if I had read a story of a similar nature about someone else. Anyone who loves animals would.

"But I do think I would have waited for more evidence—more proof that the charges were irrevocably true—before I would have condemned the individual involved.

"And that's the only consideration I ask for.

"That the truth be heard. And the reasons for the accusations understood."

Tab was at the breaking point as he said this. The last few weeks had been torment for him.

"I love Fritz. I love all animals. I've taken my share of kidding for being so gone on animals.

"In fact I even bought my house in an unfashionable—'for a movie star'—district of Glendale because it had plenty of grounds in which a dog could roam—without being in any traffic hazard, and because the stables were located nearby.

"I couldn't care less that I was miles away from the studios—or from the fashionable Bel Air party circuit.

"I bought the house soon after I got Fritz. Dogs were not permitted in the building I was living in at the time. And I wanted a dog.

"I've loved pups since I was a baby but we never could afford to have one of our own. 'Three mouths are enough to feed,' Mother would say. 'We simply can't bring in a fourth.'

"I begged for a little pup. Very little, 'who wouldn't eat much,' but the answer was always the same. We couldn't afford it.

"Then I found an undernourished little dachshund wandering in the streets and pleaded with mother to let me take care of him until its owner was found. I was afraid he'd die of the cold and starvation just on his own. He had no tag, no identification and for weeks we made every effort to find his owner. But he was never claimed and finally, mother told me we'd have to send him to the pound.

"I remember crying bitterly and promising that I would share my meals with him and do anything to support him and take care of him.

"I think I threatened to run away from home—if he went to the pound. Mother eventually gave in—and in doing so told me something I have never forgotten:

" 'Take good care of him, Art, and give him love. We have God to look to—but animals have only us to look to.' "

TAB ALWAYS REMEMBERED this advice. And the relationship between him and his dog Fritz has been like something out of a book. We have spoken to his friends, his neighbors, his veterinarian, his trainer and others who have seen the two together, to learn of this relationship.

Two years ago come December, a friend of his, connected with the Artesia Stock farms, phoned him and asked if he was still interested in owning a dog.

"You're so right I am," Tab replied. "What's on your mind?"

"A beautiful pup," Millie replied. "A Weimaraner. Pedigreed. The whole thing. He belongs to two friends of mine who are getting a divorce. Both are moving into apartments—and both are too emotionally upset to keep a high-strung breed of dog. They asked me to see if I could find him a home. I thought of you first off."

"When can I see him?"

"When do you want to?"

"Tonight."

Tab took one look at the pup—and knew this was the dog he had wanted.

"I'll call him Fritz, after my first pup," he told Millie.

"You have no choice in the matter," she replied. "His name is on the papers."

"I don't *care* what's on the papers," Tab said stubbornly. "His name is going to be Fritz."

"Why don't you look at the papers?"

He did—and learned his pup *was* Fritz. El Greco Fritz.

He took him home that night.

And the next day started looking for an apartment or house where dogs were permitted.

Since he was bucking a "no pets allowed" problem where he was living, he decided to move into his agent Dick Clayton's house over the Christmas holidays. This would enable Fritz to have plenty of room in which to romp and also help out Dick who was looking for a guardian for his German Shepherd, Sam, while he was out of town for the holidays.

On Christmas Eve, while Tab was dressing for a party, the two dogs were playing in the garden. Sam jumped over a hedge and Fritz went after him, but being just a puppy, stumbled.

Whimpering, he limped into the house and held his forepaw up to his master.

Tab picked up the puppy and carried it gently to his car.

His party was forgotten.

His date was forgotten.

For two hours he drove through Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley searching for a vet who was home.

Finally he found one—and stayed in surgery with the doctor while the injured paw was being taken care of.

AND AT MIDNIGHT—when the chimes in the Valley heralded Christmas, Tab lifted the cup of coffee he was drinking to keep awake, and toasted his small companion:

"Merry Christmas, Fritz."

After that—dog and man were almost inseparable.

Wherever Tab went, Fritz came along, if humanly possible.

On Sunday mornings, he'd say to his pup: "The stables, Fritz. We're going to the horses today." And the pup would grab Tab's lunge line and jump into the front of the pick-up truck to await his master. Once at the stables, Fritz would romp about the horses. When they got bathed, he would yowl until he too was given *his* bath.

There were certain places, however, to which Fritz could not come along.

Last winter, Tab went to the Orient on a buying trip for his new shop, The Far East, and left Fritz in the excellent care of the Happy Glen Dog Training School in Agoura.

On his way home he stopped off in Hawaii for a week's vacation.

The first night there, he called Dick to see if there were any urgent matters in Hollywood requiring his immediate attention and if everything was going smoothly in his absence.

"No trouble, businesswise," Dick told him, "but I'm terribly worried about Fritz."

Tab panicked.

"What's wrong with Fritz? Is he ill?"

"Not really ill—yet," Dick replied. "More like heart-sick. He's been moping around, will hardly touch his food and refuses to take water. He's completely dehydrated. We think he feels you have gone off and deserted him forever."

"I'll take the first available plane back. I'll wire you when I'm arriving. Can you meet me at the airport?"

"Will do."

When he got off the plane, Tab didn't bother to go to his house, but drove instead directly to the kennels.

When he saw Fritz he hardly recognized him. His eyes were glazed and his coat dull.

Mr. Frederick von Huly who owns the school has one of the best reputations in the country, but he told Tab, "There was just nothing I could do. In all my years of handling animals I rarely have seen a pup so homesick."

Tab took Fritz home immediately, stopping only briefly at a local super-market to pick up some of his favorite foods.

Once at home he set out two large bowls for Fritz—one of food and one of water.

Fritz nibbled at the meat—but despite Tab's coaxing still wouldn't take water.

So Tab dipped his hand in the bowl, and placed his wet fingers on Fritz's tongue. He kept repeating this until the bowl was half empty, and kept this up for the next few days until Fritz, secure in having his master back with him, ventured to the water bowl alone.

Shortly after his return to the Orient, Tab hired a wonderful Mexican housekeeper named Ninfa, to look after his home and particularly Fritz, whenever he had to be away for short periods of time.

"There never has been an hour," says Tab, "when Ninfa hasn't kept Fritz's water bowl full, nor taken the best care of him too. And Fritz has always had complete freedom of action within the fence that runs around my property."

Considering his deep affection for this animal, how did the manager of the apartment building across the way dare to lodge a cruelty complaint against him, and con-

vince tenants of the building to sign the petition that resulted in the city attorney of Glendale taking legal action?

TAB WILL NOT TALK about those people—for many reasons. But we talked to a former resident of the building who is extremely bitter over what he calls "the awful persecution of this guy."

"Let's face it," the man said. "These people have been making it rough for Tab practically from the day he moved in. I guess he was the first movie star they had ever lived close to, and they figured it would be chumsville. You know, having him in for drinks—or going over to his place. And when he wouldn't play their way, they decided to 'let him have it.'

"Whenever there were parties in our building and things got a little dull, the big game for the evening was 'target practice,' and Tab's yard was the target: for beer cans and barbecue coals—and anything else that was 'throwable.' I ran into Tab the morning he was cleaning his yard out after one such party, and he was visibly upset. 'Why are they doing this?' he asked. 'I haven't done anything to them.'

"'Ignore it,' I told him. 'If they see it doesn't get your goat, they'll stop.'

"But they didn't stop. After a big party Tab's yard was often the local receptacle for beer cans and whiskey bottles, and when they couldn't get to him that way they started working on Fritz by taunting him with a stick through the fencing.

"One morning as I was driving to work, I saw Tab catch them at this, and heard him threaten to call the police if he ever caught anyone teasing his dog again.

"I moved out of the building shortly before all the trouble started, so I can't say what really started the fireworks. But in my opinion, it was just another spiteful gesture. Because in all the time I lived there I never saw Fritz treated with anything *but* love and affection."

Tab's closest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Avery, confirm this: "My wife and I have known Tab ever since he moved next door," Mr. Avery said, "and we both feel very badly about his dog situation. Tab is a good neighbor and he treats his dog with great care. In fact I rarely have seen anyone who has more affection with animals."

Mr. Avery knows this from experience. A few weeks ago his own German Shepherd Fraulein wandered away from the house. Tab was entertaining at the time but when Mr. Avery told him the dog was missing he left his guests, got into his car, and searched the neighborhood for more than an hour until he found the adventurous pup.

Before a charge can be made, however, there must be some catalyst, no matter how minute, to set it off.

And we asked Tab to tell us exactly what happened on that Thursday afternoon last summer.

"I had been home all day," Tab explained, "working on a script for my new TV series, and when I went out for a swim I spotted Fritz digging up the garden.

"He had done this before many times and I would shout at him, 'No dig, Fritz, *no dig,* and he would lower his eyes and slink away. Whenever I had to discipline Fritz, I'd simply walk away from him and ignore him for hours. In that way he knew he had done something naughty. In most cases this form of punishment worked—but it was very difficult to train him *not* to dig up the garden. I consulted a top dog trainer who advised me to take Fritz's paws, put them in the ground he had uprooted, and spank them, while saying in a loud stern voice, 'No dig, *no dig.*'

"And that's exactly what I did that Thursday afternoon. This is a common procedure in dog training and I was in no way being cruel to—or mistreating Fritz.

"However, Fritz does not like being spanked, shouted at or ignored. He's like a child who has done some mischief and doesn't want to be punished. So when I put his paws into the hole and spanked them, he began to howl. And when I ignored him afterward, he kept howling.

"Honestly, that's all there was to it.

"I didn't give the incident another thought until the police came by later that evening and told me a complaint had been lodged.

"As I said before, I didn't speak to any member of the press—and I have no idea who gave out that statement attributed to me in which I was quoted as admitting the charges, but as I *did* say in my only previous statement about this matter—and I repeat it again: 'No accusation which could be made against me could wound me personally as deeply as this which involves cruelty to an animal I love. I'm confident that a thorough investigation of the facts will result in my complete vindication.'

"But whatever happens—Fritz stays with me. And nothing or no one will change that." **END**

Watch for Tab in THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY.

Hear This Sinner

(Continued from page 43)

was a construction worker. My mom, Grace, was—and still is—a housewife. Everyone says Mom and I look a little alike with our dark brown eyes and auburn hair. I'm four-feet, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I grew up in Atlanta, Georgia, where Pop worked—and where he died, God rest his soul.

I used to fight with him something terrible, the raging kind of fights that would go on for hours and hours and never seem to stop. My temper would hit high C, and I often thought I was losing my mind.

Pop loved watching boxing and wrestling on television. I despised it. I couldn't stand to see grown-up men mauling and mangling each other. Shivers would creep up and down my spine. I liked the radio. I'd listen to it and imitate the different singers who were singing hit songs. But Pop wouldn't allow me to play it—ever!—while he was watching television.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, it was the same old story. Pop'd come home from work and we'd all sit down to supper (I have two sisters, Linda who's older and Robyn who's younger—although she wasn't born then, and a brother, Randall, who's ten). Pop would go into the front room and turn the TV on, and he demanded complete quiet while he looked at all the fights. I'd turn on the radio very low in the kitchen while we washed and dried the dishes, but Pop had radar ears. He'd hear the radio and come in and snap at me, "I don't want any of this noise, hear? When I watch a fight, I give it all my attention and I won't have these fool songs distracting me."

Mom'd interrupt and say, "Have a heart, Rube. Just a little music isn't going to disturb you. Little Brenda's so music-minded I like for her to listen to some songs before she goes to bed."

But he'd flick the dial on the radio and say, "Nuthin' doing, I'm boss at this house, after four o'clock and what I say—goes!"

At first, I was afraid to speak up. Pop's voice was so booming, and when he got mad you could see the blood vessels swell in his neck. But my mom was right. I was a bug about music. When I was four I sang in a talent show at my sister Linda's school in Conyers, Georgia. I sang *Slowpoke* and won the first prize trophy. People asked me afterward if I was scared to go out on the stage and sing, and I said, "No, was I supposed to be?"

Singing never scared me. I loved it too much. But I never expected anyone to give me a prize for doing something I enjoyed with all my heart. And the only way I knew to pick up tunes and to learn lyrics was to listen to the radio after school. But Pop wouldn't allow me so I started to give him a little lip, I'm ashamed to admit.

"How can I enter another contest if I can't listen to some music?"

"Don't give me any sass, Brenda," he'd say.

"That's no sass," I'd answer. "That's an honest question."

"It's sass!"

"It isn't."

And the fight was on. He'd holler and turn blood red in his face and tell me I was aggravating him deliberately, and that there was a devil in my soul prodding me with a pitchfork. I hollered back and then my mom would get me a crack and tell me to stop yapping like a fool. I'd moan some more, and my mom would slap me again, and I'd either burst into tears and run out of the house or stick out my tongue and go lock myself in my room.

IN MY ROOM I'd tremble all over, and I would wonder if it was wrong to like music and if singing was a bad business.

Maybe I ought to try to forget music and become interested in something else. For a stretch I tried tomboyin' (chasing mean dogs and flying kites). Then I tried my hand at making fudge which always turned out to be pure slop. Then I decided to be a ghost, and I'd go whooing through empty houses, but that turned out to be the biggest bore of all. I never met a single, honest-to-gosh ghost, and I could never get any of my pals to go with me because they'd shake all over as soon as I mentioned that I was of the frame of mind to go ghostin'.

So I went back to my first love, singing, and I would turn on the radio sneakily, and my pop would hear it and he'd run into the kitchen and rage until his blood vessels stood out like peppermint sticks on his neck. If I sassed him, my mom would whip me, and if I didn't I'd go to bed mad as a hawk.

"You don't care about anybody else," I snapped once.

"Well, nobody cares about me," he snapped back.

"We do care," I said. "You're our father."

"As if that makes any difference!"

I felt funny after that, and for a while I didn't listen to the radio. I was song-starved for weeks, except when I'd visit neighbors and listen for a little bit.

One day my Aunt Rene, who was as nuts about music as I was, wrote in to a local TV station, and she asked if I could appear on the program, *TV Wranglers.* I dressed up in a purple ranch shirt, a buckskin skirt with fringe, cowboy boots and a hat, and I sang cowboy style. I was nine, and I had a ball. Well, the TV station called and I sang every Saturday on *TV Wranglers* for three years.

At that time father died. He passed away on the job from a concussion of the brain. And the next thing I knew we were all standing up front in our First Baptist church while the preacher prayed for daddy's soul, and suddenly we were walk-

ing to the graveyard behind the church while the choir sang *Abide With Me* so sweetly my heart almost broke. They lowered my daddy's wooden coffin into the ground, and I started to bawl like a baby.

"He'll never, never forgive me," I screamed. "He'll never forgive all the sass and trouble I gave him!"

And my Aunt Rene said, "Pray, child, pray. Pray for his soul to go to heaven."

I prayed, but I could never forget all the hard times I gave my pop. All the nights we yelled and hollered because I wanted the radio playing while he watched his favorite wrestling and boxing matches on TV. Sometimes, I got up in the middle of the night, all nervous and sweaty, because my father's face appeared in the darkness, and I'd say, "Pop, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for any trouble I caused you." But he wouldn't say a thing, and my heart would thunder and I'd cry.

I PRAYED every Sunday at our First Baptist church, and every time I'd hear our choir sing a sad hymn I'd think of Daddy and all the terrible trouble I caused him. One winter night, after we had moved to Nashville, my mom and sisters and my brother and I went to church. It was so cold that the moon looked like a hunk of ice, and when we stepped inside the church, I'll never forget what happened. A child was singing, *Jesus Is the One*. She sang it so sweetly that tears came to my eyes. And up at the altar the preacher was asking the congregation if we had ever asked ourselves, searched into our souls to find out, if we were really and truly Children of God.

"A Child of God," the preacher said, "is baptized clean and pure in the name of the Father and the Son."

The little choir child sang another hymn, and the preacher told us how this five-year-old already had had the urge to be baptized, to be cleansed and born anew.

"Does anyone here wish his soul saved, his soul cleansed, his soul baptized in the name of Jesus Christ Our Lord?"

I'd heard our Baptist preacher in Georgia give the "altar call" before, but I was never moved. I always looked to see who felt sinful enough to march down the aisle. Well, all of a sudden, from out of some dark corner in my heart, a voice, faraway and holy, cried, "Go . . . go forth, sinner. Step forward and be saved."

I didn't know what to do. I looked at my mother who had her eyes closed as she sang a hymn. I closed my eyes and sang, but the voice in my heart wouldn't stop. *Go forward. Be saved. Now!*

I had sinned against my father. I knew that. I had defied the Ten Commandments. I had not obeyed him.

The voice prodded at me like a prickly thorn, and I started to shake, knowing my time had come. Then, the strangest thing happened. As soon as I stepped forward and started to walk down the church aisle to the preacher, the most glorious feeling came over me. It was as if trumpets were sounding in heaven and calling me to hold hands with the angels. I knew then God wanted me to be baptized. And I walked forward with pride and confidence and with the most thrilling feeling in my heart that I've ever had.

"I want to confess all my sins," I told the preacher when I reached the altar.

And the preacher looked up and cried, "O Lamb of God, hear this sinner!"

I knelt before him, and I listened to him pray, and I prayed with him while the heavenly sound of trumpets called and I saw the shining, beautiful face of our Good Lord, Jesus, smile upon me.

I couldn't wait then for the day of my baptism.

On that day I wore a white dress, and I walked into the river up to my waist, and the preacher stood in the water beside me. "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," he said, "I baptize thee, Brenda Lee, a Child of God." And he touched my head gently and immersed me into the water.

I came out of the water, soaking wet, and I opened my eyes to the most beautiful sight I'd seen. The sun shone on everything, and the hills around the river were emerald green. And I thanked the Lamb of God silently for giving me "the call" to baptism and true Christianity. I thanked Him for saving me. . . .

HOW DID THIS HELP ME? If you believe in God, it's enough to know that He returns your love. And while He may not shower you with gifts, if you pray and have faith He'll ultimately take your hand and guide you.

He gave me strength. I made personal appearances in out-of-the-way places, never expecting anyone to hear about them. But Red Foley came once, unexpectedly, and he signed me to sing with him for six months. After that, I was signed by Steve Allen and Perry Como to appear on their shows. Then I recorded *Sweet Nuthin's* and it collected dust for months. Everyone at the recording company complained it was a dud. I prayed. I didn't lose faith. And one day, my manager, Dub Albritton, told me that we had made the *Hot 100* chart in *Billboard*.

After *Sweet Nuthin's* climbed to the top, I recorded *I'm Sorry*, and an album called *Brenda Lee*. And before you could say boo, *I'm Sorry* topped the *Hot 100* lists, and, after that, the album became a best-seller.

Every morning and every evening I thank our Good Lord for His blessings, for all the happiness He's given me, and I ask Him if I can help Him in any way to have other sinners see the light. **END**

A Soldier's Love Story

(*Continued from page 31*)

stretch in Texas. Nancy wrote to him every day, and he read her letters a dozen times before he fell asleep in the canvas tent he shared with Jock, his kibitzing buddy.

"You've really got it bad," Jock told him one night after chow.

"What?"

"You're hooked, man. Hooked! You're walking around like you were in a daze, and if you don't get married soon you're going to pass out from nervous exhaustion."

Tommy never talked about Nancy to Jock. Somehow, she didn't belong in this harsh world of curt commands and clanking mess kits. She was the dream he dreamed day and night of a world beyond this rigorous life of soldiering. He wondered how men, during the war, were able to spend so many months and years away from their dear ones.

NOW, THIS WEEKEND, he was to see Nancy. She was driving to San Antonio since his commanding officer had promised the airmen week end passes if the maneuvers went well. He hadn't seen Nancy for months, since his leave last summer, and he wondered what it would be like, seeing her, after so long a separation.

Would things be the same? Maybe, he shuddered, she had changed her mind about everything. Maybe she didn't want to get married. Maybe she had found someone else. Maybe things were different.

He was right. Things were different.

She pulled up to the tan clapboard orderly room that cloudy Saturday afternoon, and when the C. Q. announced his name over the squawk-box, he bolted from his barracks and ran to her. He let out a yell and reached out and embraced her, and the two of them kissed. Holding her tight in his arms, Tommy whispered, "Nanny, oh Nanny, I've missed you. You'll never know how much."

Nancy was tongue-tied. She didn't speak. She looked up at him in his neatly pressed airman's uniform.

"Hey," he suddenly cried out, "you want to see something new?" There was a flash of excitement in his eyes. "Take a look. Feast your peepers on Mr. Choptops himself!" And Tommy removed his blue airman's cap and winked an eye as he bowed his head to show Nancy his GI crewcut. Her eyes lit up and she smiled, and she reached out to touch his short, furry hair.

"Tommy," she said shyly, "I ought to check in at my motel."

"Okay, honey," he answered softly. "Let me sign out first."

The slate-gray sky rumbled and it started to rain. Tommy hurried into the orderly room. After he returned, he said, "You know, I ought to introduce you to Jock, but I guess that can wait. I've never talked to him about us, but I can tell he wants to meet you. He swears I'm gone, real gone, over you. And you know he's right!"

Nancy gave Tommy the key to the car. She sat opposite him on the front seat. He started the motor and pressed the accelerator. "It's just a mile away," Tommy said. "We'll be there in no time."

AT THE MOTEL, Nancy checked in and the clerk wouldn't let her go to her cabin without asking her a dozen questions about her father. Tommy ultimately interrupted. "Maybe you all can talk later because right now I'm famished and I'd like to get some chow."

The clerk took Nancy's suitcases to her cabin, and Tommy waited in the lamplighted lobby. *Something's the matter*, he told himself. *Something isn't right. Why was Nancy acting so distant, so strange? In all her letters she had vowed her love for him, and now why was she acting as if they'd just met . . . ?*

They drove in the chilly autumn drizzle as dusk veiled the dry countryside. "Honest," Tommy said, "I'm not hungry. I only said that to get the clerk off his third-degree kick about your dad."

"But you must be a little hungry so let's stop."

"No, baby, I'm not."

They drove on in the darkness, the headlights of the car shining on the rain-spattered highway. At an intersection, Tommy turned and the car jostled along a bumpy country road. Tall black trees seemed to sigh from the rain, roadside gulleys gurgled. At the top of the small hill, Tommy pulled the car to the side of the road, braked it and turned off the ignition.

He cleared his throat, and they sat beside each other. Their eyes looked at one another, and for a moment Tommy thought he would go out of his mind. What was the matter with Nancy?

He closed his eyes and drew an uneasy breath, and in that next minute he felt her warm fingers clutching his hand, holding

it tight. He swallowed. Then she laid her head gently on his shoulder.

"Tommy," he heard her whisper as the raindrops thrummed against the windshield.

"Yes, Nanny."

"I'm . . . I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

Her fingers clasped his hand tighter. "I've been counting the hours when we'd be together again. I've prayed for this day for so many months. And now I'm scared."

He turned his head and his lips grazed against her downy cheek. "Is . . . something the matter?" he ventured. "Has anything changed . . . between us?"

She paused and she licked her lips. "Tommy," she sighed. "You've changed!"

"*I've* changed?" he gulped. "And all the while I've been wondering if you've changed. . . ."

"You're different," she insisted. "And I'm frightened."

He didn't know what to say. She had taken him by surprise.

"I'm afraid," she continued, "of our love."

"Wh-a-a-t?" he countered, his voice rising sharply. "Why are you afraid of—"

SHE INTERRUPTED. "Tommy, maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but you have changed. You're no longer the boy I fell in love with. I saw that today when you came out of the barracks. You're . . . a man! Your face has lost all its babyishness, and you look so rugged that you probably could fly to the ends of the world . . . and fight . . and win! I was so worried when you went into the Air Force because I thought the tough training would be so hard on you. I wanted you to be pampered. I hated the Air Force for taking you away from me. I wanted to see you every day and talk and laugh and be near you. I wanted to spoil you with my love and all the attention I could give you because you've had such a terrible, lonely life. I wanted to make up for it with all the tenderness and thoughtfulness . . ."

"There's . . still . . . time," Tommy whispered.

"But I was wrong," Nancy said. "I see it now. I was wrong because I wouldn't have let you become a man. And every boy has to become a man one day. That's the way God wills it. Just as every girl must become a woman. I'll tell you now why I'm afraid. I'm afraid, Tommy, because I never knew how deep our love was until this afternoon. When I saw you I got dizzy. I couldn't talk. My throat felt as though it were stuffed with cotton, and my heart pounded so. I never knew that it was possible for one human being to love another so much. And maybe that's why I'm so scared. I've never felt anything so deep in my heart before."

"I love you," he told her.

She rubbed her head against his neck. "It's funny," she spoke so softly now her voice was like a faint sigh, "but I begrudged the Air Force all the time it was taking out of our lives, and now I realize that it's given us both a chance to grow . . . for the better. But, Tommy, I'm scared. I just never knew that love could be so powerful."

"Don't be scared, my love," Tommy said softly, soothingly, "Just keep loving me, and I'll keep loving you . . ." And their lips met in the darkness while the night winds rustled through the rain. . .

After he dropped Nancy off at the dark and quiet motel, he drove her car to his barracks. The earth smelled clean like a fresh spice, and the breezes brushed like light silk against his cheek. Tommy undressed and dropped into his cot, and he began to think of tomorrow when he and Nancy were going to study the furniture booklets she had brought with her, visit the Alamo, take a tour through the Air Force museum, go for a boat ride, be with each other again.

He couldn't wait for this night to end so he could be with her again.

But she was right. They had changed.

The separation, hard as it was to accept at first, had given them something after all. And, as he lay there in the darkness with the rain rattling against the roof, he wondered if this was true of every man and his sweetheart, if perhaps true love deepened and strengthened after a parting, if this wasn't—possibly—the crowning touch to every soldier's love story. **END**

I'm Gonna Die Young

(*Continued from page 33*)

say. "You're the boss." And he winked at him.

The doctor sighed and shook his head sadly. "If I had my way," he said firmly, "you wouldn't be going back on that stage tomorrow night." He jerked his head in the direction of the door. "You wouldn't be doing any shows or singing, or anything but resting for a good three weeks. But I know I can't hold you to that. So the most I can say is take it easy. Just slow down. You know the score. You were lucky this time, but next time. . ." The doctor broke off abruptly.

"Don't worry, Doc. Don't worry," the young man wise-cracked. "I'll be around to sing at your funeral!"

The doctor didn't smile. "I hope so," he said gravely. "I hope so." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

Bobby Darin lay quietly as the door closed shut. He lay there and listened to his own breathing. Then he held his breath and he could almost hear it—the haunting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, the frightening whisper that said his heart wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt and slowly, in little prickles, he began to break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs weren't new. He'd been living with them for a long time, ever since the four horrible attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when he was a kid. They'd occurred between the ages of four and eight. He didn't remember too much about those years, the lost years. They telescoped now into one big blur of pain. The fever, a form of arthritis, had attacked his joints, inflaming them, making them swell and making them so tender that if he moved the slightest bit, searing pains would shoot through him, so violently that he felt as if he was being torn apart. Finally, the siege had let up and he could get out of bed and start to lead a somewhat normal life. But it hadn't let him escape entirely. It would always have a hold on him: it had irreparably damaged his heart valves, the ones that opened and closed to let the life-giving blood flow from one chamber of his heart to the rest of his body. It had scarred the valves in three places so that they didn't work right; they let some of the blood slip back into the heart chamber instead of all being forced into the arteries and veins.

If *too much blood* leaked back, well, that could be the end. But right now, it wasn't real bad, the doctors had told him, when he went in for the frequent periodic check-ups that every heart condition victim must have. Right now, everything would be okay, if he took it easy, if he didn't let himself get run down.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, when he'd first come down with the fever, medical men knew very little about what caused it. Today, it was still a mystery, but now they had a few more clues: there seemed to be a connection between the fever and certain harmful "bugs" in your system—either streptococcus or staphylococcus bacteria; they knew that if you got run down, these bugs could easily take over; they knew that a sore throat, or even a common cold could leave a former rheumatic fever sufferer wide open to a new attack, even though it might be years since he'd been stricken.

So they warned him to be careful. They prescribed daily dosages of penicillin to ward off infection, but he was allergic to penicillin, so he took sulfa pills. He had to double the sulfa dosage, or take some antibiotic before something as simple as a tooth extraction, just in case there should be an open wound in his mouth—fertile ground for the strep bugs. Most of all, he had to get a lot of rest, not overwork himself, not let his body weaken and become prey to the infection which could bring on another attack. Because you never knew what would happen if the fever struck again. It might not affect his heart—but then again, it might. It just might hurt it beyond repair. . .

And now he was lying in bed with a case of glandular fever. The disease itself wasn't serious; it was just nature's warning to take it easy, the danger signal that he wasn't as strong as he should be, that he couldn't fight off the harmful germs. It was precisely the internal condition that his doctors were trying to avoid.

Here he was lying in bed in his suite in Hotel Fourteen, the annex to New York's plush Copacabana nightclub, where he was headliner; lying there helplessly, while the management told the audience that Mr. Darin had suddenly taken sick and he wouldn't be doing the second show tonight. No, it wasn't serious—Mr. Darin was just terribly overworked and his doctors had forbidden him to finish the evening. Oh yes, Mr. Darin would be fine by tomorrow and the shows would go on as scheduled.

The inevitable buzz that always follows such an announcement would sweep through the crowd—the sighs of disappointment, and the grumbles of annoyance. He knew that many of the people who had paid good money to come and see him would leave angrily, muttering to themselves and to each other. "Just who does he think he is anyway? Another Sinatra? That he can just take a vacation whenever he doesn't feel like singing?" Because they didn't know. They couldn't know the real reason.

And maybe they'd come back tomorrow, when he was on stage and they'd watch him and whisper resentfully to each other that he looked fine, and that he was probably "just playin' possum" the night before. Because make-up and a little acting talent can hide almost anything. And they wouldn't know that he'd be there, realizing full well that he should be in bed, giving his all, singing his heart out, while the fear nagged inside him, the secret fear that maybe this would be the last show in a long, long while. If the germs got the better of him. If they really dug in and laid him low. . .

HE CLOSED HIS EYES and he saw the

whole scene again, how it had all happened earlier tonight. He hadn't been feeling too well all day—sort of tired and a little groggy. He'd tried to catnap during the afternoon, but something was always interfering with his rest: phone calls, interviews, a hasty conference with his conductor and accompanist when someone had misplaced some music and mild hysteria had set in. . . . And then he had gone on stage and in the middle of his fourth number, he'd suddenly felt very dizzy. After that song he'd taken a drink of water, and walked around the stage, making jokes and light talk off the top of his head, hoping that the nausea would pass. But it didn't. The audience started to blur before his eyes; his arms and legs felt like lead weights, his head began to throb and pound and he could feel the sweat pouring down his face, streaking the make-up and trickling into his collar. But he'd finished the show and taken a quick bow. Then he'd staggered back stage, breathing heavily and clutching at his collar.

His manager had taken one look at him, felt his forehead, and gasped, "My God, Bobby, you're burning up!" He'd ignored Bobby's half-hearted quip, "Well, you can't say I didn't go out in a blaze of glory," shooed him right up to the suite, and called the doctor. Two doctors had come immediately and examined him as he lay limply on the bed, alternately sweating and shivering. They'd diagnosed it as glandular fever, a virus that was going around town at the time, given him a double dosage of sulfa and ordered him to *rest*. Period.

He smiled a little bitterly. *The Copa*—that shining beacon to which every aspiring young entertainer fixes his sights. *The Copa*—symbol of "having arrived" in show business. Yes, he had finally made the big time, the Copa—and what was he doing? Lying flat on his back with a virus, and the stern warning that it *could* lead to complications . . .

It was only a little over a year since *he'd* been one of the aspirants, another face in the crowd of eager hopefuls, of talented, but not yet arrived performers, just another name people said "might amount to something one day."

A lot had happened to him in that year and a half. He got his break, he made it in a big way. And they began to hail him as the entertainment sensation of his generation. Even the staid, conservative New York *Times* had swallowed its usual disdain for young pop music talent long enough to glowingly report in February of 1960: . . . *On records, the most striking insistence of the renaissance of showmanship can be found in the work of Bobby Darin, not only because he is a young singer with all the assurance, projection and casual craftsmanship of an old pro, but what is more remarkable, because he first gained his popularity in the rock 'n' roll scramble.*

They said it couldn't be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Yet most people talked about his sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the recounting of a miracle, or shrugged off his success as an unprecedented "streak of luck. The kid musta been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?"

But the kid Bobby hadn't been born under a lucky star. The kid Bobby had made it on two things: an abundance of talent and the unwavering will to make the biggest splash ever in the show biz pool. And he had made it fast because he'd lie in bed at night and think he could actually hear, in the stillness of the room, that chilling heart murmur and with it the harsh reality that very possibly he didn't have as much time as most hopefuls do, that if he was going to make good, he'd have to do it quickly.

So, he plunged in and flailed away, grimly determined to reach his goal. And when he was well on the way, they censured him for being brash, pushy, conceited.

ONCE, A FEW MONTHS ago, when a reporter had reminded him of these criticisms, he had shrugged and replied with a characteristic candor: "I've got this feeling that I'm gonna die young and there's so little time, so what I've gotta do, I've gotta do fast." But he hadn't mentioned anything about his weak heart, and the reporter, not knowing the truth, had insinuated that any 24-year-old who talked this way must be off his rocker and that the criticisms leveled at Bobby Darin were probably well-founded.

Bobby winced when he read these and other comments, but still, he refused to talk about the real impetus behind his seemingly demoniacal drive. He shied away from it mainly because he didn't want pity, he didn't want people to like him because they felt sorry for him. He remembered too many years of that. Of lying in bed with pain and pity as his constant companions. And later, the years of poverty and more pity, when his fatherless family was on relief, when they practically had to beg to stay alive. He remembered all that and he didn't want any more of it; he wanted acceptance and respect, sure—but only if he had earned it by his talent as a performer and by what he had to offer as a normal, intelligent human being.

So, whenever an interviewer would sniff along the trail of the truth, he'd squelch the line of inquiry with a sharp defense, "Whaddya mean weak heart? Everybody dies of heart failure, y' know. Look, I don't ask for sympathy from anybody. Nobody, see? I'm in a position now to *give* sympathy. Not take it. I don't need sympathy. Not from anybody . . . I don't worry about dying. Who knows what death is? Do you know what death is? Well, all right . . . When He comes to take me away . . . When He calls . . then I'll go . . . Bye-bye . . . You gonna do it any different? Huh?

"You're still not satisfied? Okay. Look, when I was ten years old, they told my mother that I'd never live to be 14. They never told me. I'd have laughed in their faces. Now they say I may never live to be 30 and I laugh in their faces. So you see, there's no story. There's nothing to tell. . . ."

He could fool most outsiders with that flippant, I-don't-give-a-damn attitude, but he couldn't fool the few people who really knew and loved him. And most of all he couldn't fool himself. Not when he got out of breath after singing two numbers. Not when he often had to rest after climbing a steep flight of stairs.

Still, he'd try. When a worried friend would admonish him, "Bobby, you've got to take it easy. You're doing too much, too fast. At this pace you'll kill yourself," he'd shrug and carelessly retort, "When I go, Baby, it'll be with a bang." But a split second after the quip, an almost imperceptible shadow of fear would cloud his face, and he'd murmur soberly, before the friend could say a word, "I know, honey, I know. I've got to be more careful. I've got to be as careful as I know how."

WHAT HE WANTED most of all was a guarantee that there *would* be time, time for all the things he wanted to do. But he didn't think he'd ever get that guarantee, so he became the personification of a Young Man in A Hurry. He didn't know if there would be time later, so he had to prove he was top material now. Right away. He had to prove it not only in his career, but also as a man. In the career, he had to buck the handicap of having started out late—at the age of 21 in a field where most newcomers are often in their early teens. He had to make the transition from the idol-hungry, rarely talent-conscious, rock 'n' roll teen-age audience to the more sophisticated, somewhat selective, young adult nightclub crowd—and make it fast. It's a big gap between these two worlds, and his bridge was one of sheer guts. He simply turned his back on the teen-agers, the only real security he knew, and took the risk that he'd be accepted by the older crowd. He gambled on his talents—not so much as a singer, but as a performer who could magnetize post-teen women by weaving a spell of sex on the nightclub floor, by arousing them unabashedly and calculatingly with sensuous, subtle motions. It worked.

As a man, he had to face up to the fact that he wasn't the best-looking guy in the world. He leaped that hurdle by gaining an outstanding reputation as one of Hollywood's hottest new sexpots, a "big ten swinger," hit 'n' run lover, the slickest of the love 'em and leave 'em brigade, a guy who wanted fun without deep involvement, courtship without marriage, girls, but not wives. Women complained bitterly about him: he was forgetful, he was never on time, he didn't write, he flirted with other girls in their presence. And yet, they flocked to him as mice to the Pied Piper. they said he was, "a doll . . . amusing . . . entertaining . . . unpredictable . . ." They adored him.

Then he found what *he* wanted. Love, real love. Jo-Ann Campbell. No, it wasn't so much that he had found love—love had found him. Jo-Ann had loved him long and silently before she could break down his resistance to real happiness, before he could accept the wonder of the love they shared. And for a while life was so wonderful that even ambition-driven Bobby was satisfied at last. His career was nearing the top; he had the love of an understanding woman; he would soon have a wife, a home.

But then it began again, that needling fear that there wasn't too much time left, that if he stopped running for even a moment, someone with more time would get ahead of him, would block his way to the top.

So he did what he had to do. "What I've gotta do, I've gotta do fast," he told himself, and there wasn't time for love, for marriage, for a home. There wasn't much time at all, only enough to get to the top before it was too late. So he "postponed" his engagement to Jo-Ann Campbell. He would go off on tour, alone, it would give them time to "think." But he knew in his heart what the answer would be. . . .

Now he lay in bed in the shadowy room and listened to the steady swish, swish of traffic beneath his window, occasionally interrupted by the bleat of a car horn or the shrill voices of revelers who were making a late night of it. And he saw the form of the sulfa pill bottle on the night table: *the crutch*. He resisted the impulse to reach out, grab it and hurl it across the room to shatter on the opposite wall. He gripped the sides of the mattress hard with both hands and firmly vowed not to let himself get rundown like this again, to get off the treadmill and take it easy. But even as he made the resolution, he wondered if he ever would really slow down, if he ever *could*. And if he couldn't, what would happen . . . ?

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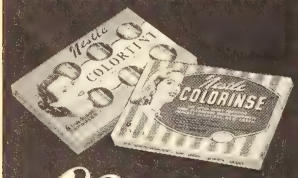
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modern screen

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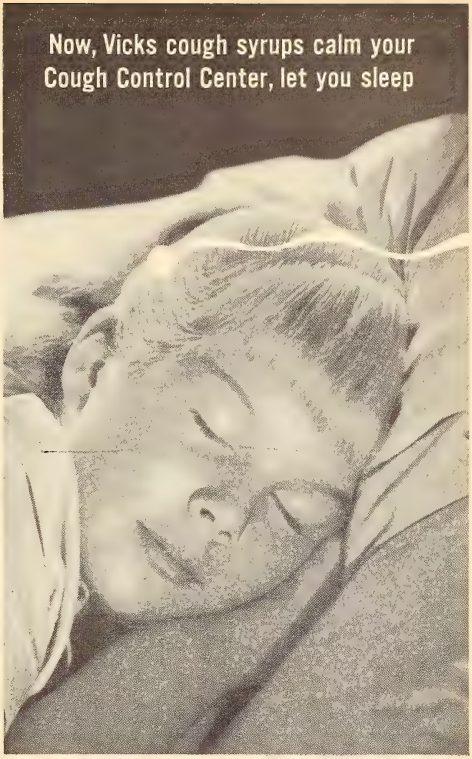
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New Vicks "Cough Silencer"

stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center . . . without narcotic codeine . . . lets you sleep all night!

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Extra-Strength Formula For Severe Coughs

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KIRK DOUGLAS

IT'S ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT

■ It happened while Kirk Douglas was living at Palm Springs and commuting to Hollywood. The studio rented a chauffeured automobile so their star could unwind each evening. But let Kirk tell it:

"It started out great, too, the first night. I was real tired, and I fell asleep on the back seat, curled up under a big blanket. What luxury!

"But suddenly I realized we had stopped. The car was still there (fortunately, since I was still in it), but the chauffeur had disappeared! I spotted him through the window, at a roadside restaurant, grabbing a sandwich and coffee while *he* thought I slept. I noticed a bar at the end of the building, and I was thirsty. I crawled out to have a quick beer.

"Only trouble was that I didn't make it quick enough! When I came out the door two minutes later, there went my departing car and chauffeur, hi-tailing it for Palm Springs! So back I went for another beer, thinking the guy would miss me in a short while and figure out the situation. But he didn't get the message till he pulled into my driveway—and no me!

"That started him on a 40-mile return trip to the restaurant, but meanwhile I had hitch-hiked a ride home. We finally got things straightened out, with chauffeur, car, and Kirk Douglas in the same place again, just in time for him to drive us (my wife Anne and me) to a party that night.

"Of course I told the whole story there, and wound up by asking how anyone could be so dumb as to drive off that way without checking to see if I was in the car. Later I wandered out to the kitchen for some extra ice cubes. Nearing the kitchen door, I heard my chauffeur's voice. He was visiting the maid, and regaling her with the same story I had told *my* friends about the mixup.

"Did I say the *same* story? My chauffeur ended it by asking the maid, 'Can you imagine a movie star being dumb enough not to let me know he got out of the car!'"



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 56.

Q I read that **Debbie Reynolds** has rented a house in the Bahamas for next winter? Does she intend this to be her honeymoon house?
—F.D., St. Louis, Mo.

A *Not unless her Mama and two children are going along on the honeymoon.*

Q Any truth to the rumor that **Gina Lollobrigida** and **Rock Hudson** are feuding on the *Come September* filming in Italy?
—I.K., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A *Yes.*

Q There is a report that **Elvis Presley** has taken Aly Khan's old home in Santa Monica to get some privacy *from* all his girl friends who know the location of the Hollywood hotel he stayed in. Is this so?
—R.R., Burbank, Calif.

A *No Privacy* with *his girl friends.*

Q Now that they are so busy on TV, do you think that **Barbara Stanwyck** and **June Allyson** will ever again work in movies?
—G.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A *They'd like to think so.*

Q Can you tell me why **Stewart Granger** is so terribly bitter over the divorce from **Jean Simmons**? Is it because of all the alimony he has to pay?
—F.D., Crowley, La.

A *No alimony problems involved. Friends say Stewart agreed to have Jean get complete custody of their little girl when Jean swore there was no other man involved. After the divorce she admitted her attraction to Richard Brooks.*

Q In your recent story by **May Britt** about herself and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** she stated by saying: "Sammy is Jewish and Negro—I'm Swedish, Protestant and white." Now there's a rumor that she intends to convert to Judaism for Sammy's sake. Is this so?
—W.T., Fairbanks, Ala.

A *Yes.*

Q Since **Liz Taylor** has paid all her doctor's expenses to come to London and Egypt while she is making *Cleopatra*—does this mean that at long last she is pregnant?
—F.F., Elizabeth, N.J.

A *Never a well girl, Liz wants her own physician nearby for all and any emergencies—including a possible pregnancy.*

Q Is it true that **Yves Montand** is getting all the roles that other Hollywood stars turn down because his asking price is so cheap? What is his asking price anyhow?
—R.R., Madison, Wis.

A *$300,000 per film now. Considerably less in his first two Hollywood films.*

Q Did **Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.** really threaten to walk out of Warners à-la-**Edd Byrnes**, **Clint Walker**, and **James Garner**, unless he got permission to do *By Love Possessed* with **Lana Turner**?
—F.F., Spokane, Wash.

A *Efrem used reverse psychology. Agreed to stay four years longer if he got permission. It worked.*

Q I've read conflicting reports: was **Gene Tierney** flooded with offers for TV and movies after she returned to Hollywood for a GE Theater . . . or did she get *no* offers at all, as another columnist stated?
—R.G., Wilmington, Del.

A *Two offers for TV roles at 20th—who hold her contract.*

Q The papers revealed that the new star **Capucine** was **Dirk Bogarde**'s house-guest in London for the premiere of *Song Without End*. Was this considered the right thing to do?
—C.S., Philadelphia, Pa.

A *Bogarde has a large house and a number of house-guests. He's also a pal of Capucine's fiancé. It couldn't have been more platonic.*

Q How come **Gary Crosby** and Barbara Stuart were able to marry in a religious ceremony when she had been married and divorced once before?
—K.J., Dayton, Ohio

A *Barbara got an annulment of her earlier marriage so that she'd be an acceptable member of the Crosby Clan.*

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



The Swiss Family Robinson, here led by father (John Mills) and mother (Dorothy McGuire), join in a prayer of hope and thanksgiving, after their shipwreck.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

John Mills
Dorothy McGuire
Sessue Hayakawa
James MacArthur
Kevin Corcoran

life on a desert island

■ This movie is based on a well-known novel by Johann Wyss. It's the story of a family bound for New Guinea and a life of pioneering when their sea voyage is interrupted by marauding pirates (led by Sessue Hayakawa). Sinking fast, the family build a tub-raft and head for the nearest island (the movie was filmed in the British West Indies so the scenery is lovely). The island is deserted but the father of the family (John Mills) is a fighter from way back; his wife (Dorothy McGuire) is his most ardent supporter and his sons provide brawn (James MacArthur) and ingenuity (Tommy Kirk). The kid of the family (Kevin Corcoran) immediately runs off into the jungle and comes back with a baby elephant. Mama likes comfort so the family astound her by building a split-level tree house where she can live more or less like a lady until help arrives. Naturally no one arrives but Sessue Hayakawa and he chooses a camp site on the other side of the island where he dumps two prisoners. One of them (teen-ager Janet Munro) is rescued by James and Tommy. Now war with the pirates seems inevitable. This doesn't dampen their spirits in the least. Most of the adventures in this movie seem more amusing than dangerous; essentially it celebrates the beauties of a "natural" life.—TECHNICOLOR, PANAVISION.

G.I. BLUES

Elvis Presley
Juliet Prowse
Leticia Roman
Robert Ivers
Sigrid Maier

—romance of a swinging baby-sitter (Elvis)

■ Elvis, naturally, is back, and if you want to know what he was doing those two years in the army, this is what he was doing (except for the romantic scenes, the baby-sitting scenes and the puppet show scenes which are fictional). In this movie he serves—as he did in life—in the U.S. 3rd Armored (Spearhead) Division in West Germany. Defense maneuvers, as pictured, are guaranteed authentic. Juliet Prowse's two modern dance numbers don't need any seal of approval. As for the story: one of Elvis' buddies is suddenly transferred to duty in Alaska and Elvis is drafted, by his remaining buddies, to test his romantic prowess with Juliet. Juliet is a café dancer. If Elvis manages to stay till dawn in her company his buddies will enrich him by $300. The complications are: Juliet is forewarned by Sergeant Arch Johnson—and Elvis, when he sees her up close, falls in love. How is he going to overcome that first bad impression so that he can marry the girl? While worrying the problem he introduces ten new songs and sings some of his old ones, too.—PARAMOUNT.

(Continued on page 6)

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-120, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is the turquoise and your flower is the narcissus; and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

December 1—**Mary Martin**
December 2—**Julie Harris**
December 4—**Deanna Durbin**
December 7—**Rod Cameron**
Eli Wallach
December 8—**Sammy Davis, Jr.**
James MacArthur
Dewey Martin
December 9—**Dina Merrill**
Lee J. Cobb
Broderick Crawford
December 10—**Dorothy Lamour**
Barbara Nichols
December 11—**Betsy Blair**
Gilbert Roland
December 12—**Connie Francis**
Frank Sinatra
December 13—**Van Heflin**
December 14—**Jack Benny**
December 15—**Jeff Chandler**
December 17—**Richard Long**
December 18—**Betty Grable**
Roger Smith
December 19—**Kirk Douglas**
December 20—**Dennis Morgan**
December 21—**Jane Fonda**
December 23—**Ruth Roman**
Harry Guardino
December 24—**Ava Gardner**
December 26—**Steve Allen**
December 27—**Marlene Dietrich**
December 28—**Lew Ayres**
December 30—**Jo Van Fleet**
Jack Lord
Russ Tamblyn
December 31—**Tim Considine**



Agnes Moorehead
December 6



Dan Dailey
December 14



Irene Dunne
December 20



Richard Widmark
December 26

new movies

(Continued from page 5)

SPARTACUS

Kirk Douglas
Laurence Olivier
Tony Curtis
Jean Simmons
Charles Laughton

spectacle in Rome

▪ Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) comes of a family of slaves and his fate is to be sold to Peter Ustinov, the wealthy head of a gladiator school at Capua. Enroute to Rome the aristocratic general Laurence Olivier stops at Capua and demands to be entertained. Ustinov orders two gladiators to come forth and fight to the death. One fighter is a giant Negro (Woody Strode), the other is Spartacus (Kirk Douglas). Jean Simmons (a slave given to Douglas to keep him happy) watches terrified as Woody proves the better fighter. But Woody refuses to kill his friend (which is the end of Woody; Olivier finishes *him* with a knife in the neck). Kirk Douglas is appalled by Woody's death, soon leads a slave revolt and escapes into open country with Jean, now his beloved. As a slave leader his army grows, piles up victories and causes a crisis in the Roman Senate. There, Charles Laughton, political leader of Rome, struggles with Laurence Olivier over their differing theories of how to subdue mobs and rule the people. A full scale war has begun against Rome and Olivier's slave (Tony Curtis) escapes to join Douglas' army. As he marches towards Rome, three armies, led by Olivier, converge on him and his 90,000 men. After a bloody slaughter, Douglas is defeated. Olivier wants to see his corpse personally but he has already become anonymous and takes his place among 6,000 prisoners. Jean and her newborn baby are taken into Olivier's house where she maintains a stand-offish attitude that enrages him. He can't understand how Douglas, without wealth or political power, could win not only the love of a beautiful woman but also the loyalty of a great army. When he eventually learns that Douglas is still alive he takes his revenge.—TECHNICOLOR, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG

William Holden
Nancy Kwan
Sylvia Syms
Michael Wilding
Laurence Naismith

East-West romance

▪ The world of Suzie Wong (Nancy Kwan) comes as quite a shock to artist William Holden. He's a free soul but not so free he can enjoy living in a house of "yum-yum" girls without feeling a certain embarrassment. Holden has arrived in Hong Kong with a little money and a big dream—he wants to see if he really *is* an artist. He is no sooner aboard a ferry that will take him to his des-



Jean Simmons, herself a slave, cradles the head of her lover, a slave called Spartacus (played by Kirk Douglas). This is one of the few lyric moments the two may share, since Spartacus' fate is to lead an army of slaves against oppression.

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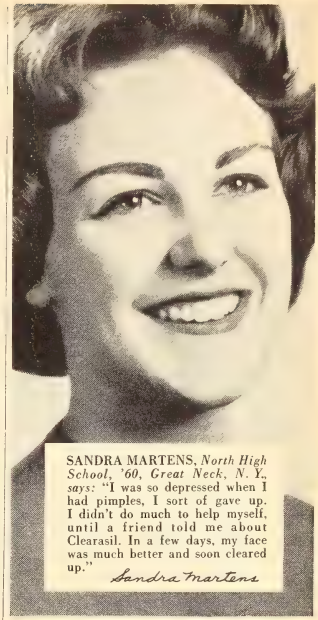
This offer is open to the first 5,000 who send in their requests.

tination than he rips a sketchbook out of his pocket and starts to draw. Into his view floats Suzie, a Chinese beauty of rare elegance. She objects to being sketched, it's beneath her station. She says her father is a rich man and she is now on her way to marrying the boy of his choice. Dashed, Holden puts away his pad. A few hours later he has installed himself in a second-rate hotel. The price is right, but the atmosphere is unusual. It turns out he's the only male tenant; everybody else is a "yum-yum" girl, including Suzie whom he sees on the arm of a sailor. Well, there are other girls in Hong Kong—nice English girls like Sylvia Syms who is the daughter of a banker. Then there's his career which he thinks he can further by having Suzie pose as a model. Having Suzie as a model entails having her ex-boyfriend (Michael Wilding) crying on his shoulder; also having Suzie as a model makes it hard for him to put her out of his room. Suzie keeps insisting she's a good girl who took up her trade because it's a respectable Oriental custom. Holden would like to believe her since he's falling in love with her. But, after all, she's Chinese and it never occurred to him that he'd marry a girl of her race. And she has a baby (which she didn't mention) and there's that lovely Sylvia. The exteriors were filmed in Hong Kong—a place that "sparkles," says the studio cast sheet, "with life and vitality; it is opulent and poverty-stricken, an orchid on a volcano; eye-filling, ear-splitting, nose-assailing,"—and all in Technicolor, on a wide screen.—PARAMOUNT.

THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS
Anthony Quinn
Yoko Tani
life among the Eskimos **Carlo Guistini**
Marco Guglielmi
Peter O'Toole

■ *The Savage Innocents* is an unintentionally brutal film. Its aim is to dramatize a little known segment of the world—life among the Polar Eskimos. In this sense it has the fascination of a documentary. Isolated, primitive, the Polar Eskimos' world is bounded by the igloo, dependent on the hunt, necessarily devoid of the humanizing aspects of easier societies. A nod of consent gets a man a wife, a rare visit from a friend prompts the husband to gladly offer his wife as a "laughing" companion. As Inuk, Anthony Quinn certainly gives a convincing performance. He's self-sufficient, strong but lonely and yearns for a wife. The arrival of two sisters and their old mother at a friend's igloo fills him with glee. He can't decide which one to marry. When the bachelor friend decisively mushes off with one of the girls Quinn thinks that's the girl he wants. Catching up to the bridal pair he realizes he's mistaken. The brutality of the film arises when the Eskimo world merges with the world of the white trader. Learning that the white man will pay with a gun for fox skins, Quinn stops hunting bear and walrus and accumulates hundreds of fox skins. With his wife he travels six months to reach the trading post. There he meets "civilized" Eskimos in western dress, is introduced to the drafts of a wooden shack, the raucous noise of a juke box, the debasing effects of alcohol, the sordid atmosphere that symbolizes the white man's world. There, too, he is spotted by a missionary of the most earnest and fatuous kind who visits Quinn and his wife in their igloo and attempts to convince them that they are sinners who must repent to be saved. Confused and angered by what he considers an insult (the missionary refuses to accept his wife as a "laughing" companion), Quinn accidentally kills the missionary and becomes an outlaw. Some fascinating scenery and probably accurate information about the

(*Continued on page 8*)



SANDRA MARTENS, *North High School, '60, Great Neck, N. Y., says:* "I was so depressed when I had pimples, I sort of gave up. I didn't do much to help myself, until a friend told me about Clearasil. In a few days, my face was much better and soon cleared up." *Sandra Martens*

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SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

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LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

PAULETTE GODDARD:



no snob, she!

The reporter was frantic.

He'd come from an out-of-town paper, especially to do an exclusive interview with Paulette Goddard. They'd had an elegant luncheon in a famous restaurant and he'd filled his notebook with copious notes on her charm, her glamour, on the exciting life she lived, on her fabled furs and jewels and works of art. Miss Goddard had been so co-operative. What a story he'd turn in!

What made the biggest impression was that along with her sophistication, her glamour, she seemed somehow down-to-earth. She had a quality that made her seem . . . well, "like everybody else." She'd probably answered most of the questions he'd asked, time and time before, but she never appeared bored.

Now as he sat down at the typewriter, in his hotel room, container of coffee at hand, ready to begin, he reached for his notes and knocked the coffee all over them. He grabbed them up, but too late—about half were unreadable. Well, he could do most of it from memory, she'd made such an impression on him, but those names: Those painters, those places all over the world where she'd traveled, those people from the international set who came to her parties. . . . How could he ever get *those* straight?

Yes, he'd just have to call her. He hated to bother her, but she'd been so nice, so sincere-seeming, and it was just a few—but very important —names he needed. Lucky he knew a newsman in town who kept a list of celebrities' unlisted telephones and addresses, or he'd really be stuck. Meanwhile, he'd better tell the maid about the coffee on the rug. . . .

The maid came in just as he was putting in his call to the big-city newspaper where his friend worked. She began straightening up the room as he said pleadingly into the phone, "He's out on an assignment? Look, could you do me a favor—I know he keeps a list of hard-to-get numbers and addresses of important people—this is an emergency and I just must reach Paulette Goddard. It practically means my job. That's right, Paulette Goddard. Yeah, I'll wait. . . ."

A few moments later he groaned, anguished, "You mean, there's nothing . . . you're sure? . . . Paulette Goddard? . . . you're *sure* there's no listing for her?"

He hung up and glared at his notes in despair.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. It was the maid. "Excuse me, but I couldn't help overhearin' you, and well, I figured why not look in the telephone book, like everybody else." She put the book in front of him and pointed. "Would this be what you're lookin' for?"

And there it was, right there in the book: Paulette Goddard, 320 E. 57. PLaza 9-4233.

Like he always said, nothing snobbish about Miss Goddard!

new movies

(Continued from page 7)

Eskimo can't erase the overall sense of depression this film instills.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

BUTTERFIELD 8

modern tragedy

Elizabeth Taylor
Laurence Harvey
Dina Merrill
Eddie Fisher
Mildred Dunnock

■ Dial "Butterfield 8" and you get Gloria (Elizabeth Taylor). If the phone didn't ring she'd go out of her mind. Fortunately, that's no problem. Elizabeth is beautiful—all men want her, all women hate her—especially Laurence Harvey's wife. But that's getting ahead of the story. Elizabeth is the way she is because her father died when she was eleven and her mother, with whom she lives, is too vague and weak to face reality. Elizabeth's one good friend is Steve (Eddie Fisher) whom she loves in a platonic way. That's fortunate, because Eddie has a girlfriend whom he eventually decides to marry. Meanwhile, there is Laurence Harvey. He was a law student who gave up his ambition to marry a rich girl (Dina Merrill) and be taken into the family's business. It has taken a lot out of him and he toys with the idea of getting a divorce. Luckily he doesn't do more than toy because Dina wouldn't give him a divorce. Harvey has noticed Elizabeth a lot in the nightclubs he and his friends frequent and finally he's introduced to her. They fall in love. Things progress more or less smoothly until Liz leaves his apartment with Dina's mink coat on her back and refuses to return it. Laurence is so angry he stops seeing her; Eddie has just gotten married. Mink coat or not, Elizabeth is very depressed—so she heads for Montreal. Laurence follows her, protesting his love and announcing that he'll get a divorce. Splendid. Only Elizabeth is turning over a new leaf; she doesn't want to spend the night with him. Disappointed, Laurence launches into a tirade and Elizabeth dashes out of his room and into the path of disaster. A strong screen-play by Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes. —METROCOLOR, MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

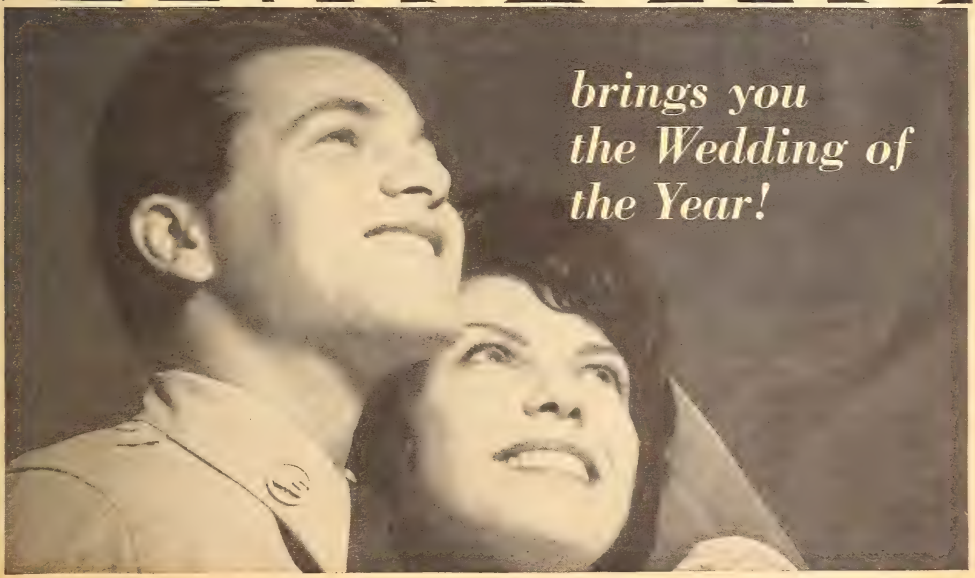
LET'S MAKE LOVE (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand are several of the ingredients that get whipped together in this frothy comedy. He is a somewhat bored I-can-have-any-girl-I-want billionaire (that's right, billionaire!), and she is a somewhat earnest off-Broadway actress; but, when once they meet, no one is bored. Montand accidentally gets hired for Marilyn's show, which just happens to be about him anyway, and he has to hire great showbusiness lights (Milton Berle, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby) to teach him of life behind the footlights. This is a slick movie and a fun one!

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH (Columbia): The big question in this movie is whether a boy from the seamy South Side of Chicago, with a "B" girl for a mother and a father who died in the electric chair, can make good. The boy is Jimmy Darren, the mother is Shelley Winters, and the motley, less-than-solid citizens who make up their "adopted" family are dope-addicted singer Ella Fitzgerald, alcoholic ex-judge Burl Ives, a prostitute and an ex-fighter. A good romance come to Jimmy (with Jean Seberg) and a bad one to Shelley (with Ricardo Montalban): from these two loves come many complications. The end is tense—a photo-finish between the good life and the bad for our hero.

MIDNIGHT LACE (U.I.): London is a cosmopolitan city, full of suspense (all that fog, y'know). But, it's positively spine-tingling for Doris Day who fearfully tells her suave financier husband (Rex Harrison) that someone is trying to kill her. Voices out of the fog warning her, elevators suddenly stalling, steel girders nearly falling on her—these are some of the dangers menacing Doris. John Gavin saves her from one fate worse than death, Roddy McDowall adds to the threat of another, and husband Rex promises to take her to Venice where she will be safe. I mean, who can harm you in a gondola? Who? Go see!

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



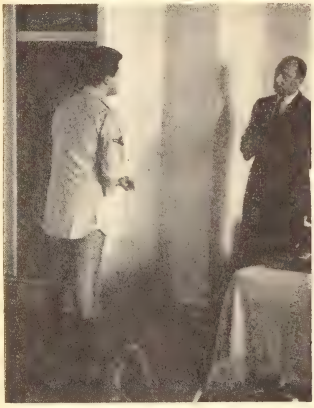
brings you the Wedding of the Year!

Nancy and Tommy: The Wedding of the Year!



After she'd seen the thrilling vision of her white lace gown, hanging in the bridal suite closet, an excited Nancy had to make a last minute call.

What do I mean 'Wedding of the Month?' The most romantic marriage of this or any other year took place when radiantly happy Nancy Sinatra, just twenty, married **Tommy Sands**, an older man of twenty-three in the Emerald Room of her dad's favorite spot, the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas.



A bemused Tommy nearly wore wrong pants, was saved by best man.

I was so sorry that work prevented my being among the thirty-five guests present, because I have watched this lovely girl grow up. But I didn't have a moment's doubt that she'd phone me right after the ceremony and give me all the details.

Nancy and Tommy's sudden decision that they were too much in love to wait for their original late winter wedding date had everybody hustling.

Private planes had to be chartered to fly the wedding party to Nevada. Don Loper had to rush Nancy's traditional white gown, which was made of white appliqued French lace, with a high boat neck, long sleeves and a bouffant skirt. At the Emerald Room, they had approximately six seconds to turn it into a wonderful garden abloom with roses, carnations, gladioli and chrysanthemums.

Jack Entratter, who owns the Sands, rushed around with the secret plans, and took over ordering the wedding cake, which was carefully left anonymous until I broke with the story that shattered all this secrecy to bits. In all this rush, even the bridegroom nearly went to the altar wearing the wrong trousers to his airman's uniform. He was only saved from this fate worse than court martial by his alert-eyed half-brother, Dr. Edward Deam.

Eddie, who was also Tommy's best man, spotted the error, got Tommy's correct pants, pressed them himself, and helped hurl Tommy into them about one minute before 4:00 P.M., when District Judge David Zenoff stepped forward to conduct the ceremony.

Nancy held her proud little head high as her father gave her away, and believe me, I never expected to see sentimental tears in Frank's eyes, but they tell me I would have seen them then.



A tender picture: Nancy's mother watches her veil being placed.

The lovely bride wore a white satin toque with a short illusion veil over her dark hair, and she wouldn't have been her dad's daughter if she hadn't managed to be original, even when she was following tradition. Proof is the "something old" she wore with her bridal outfit.

This was a pair of real lace panties, which were, of course, not visible. Nancy had cherished these since she was twelve, when she had received them as a Christmas present. Even at that pre-teen age, she knew they were too fragile and valuable to wear for any routine occasion. So for eight years she treasured them for her dream wedding, and when the dream came true, the pants got their chance.



A smiling Beth Petruch, Nancy's chum and maid of honor, wore pink.



Nancy Sinatra, Sr., and Tommy's mother happily hugged each other.

Tommy and Nancy gave Louella this photo scoop, the only shots taken of the actual ceremony. Aren't they lovely?





The most solemn moment—a man placing the ring on the finger of his beloved, the woman to love and honor above all others.

Nancy and Tommy stood tall, heads high, as they listened to the ceremony, sure and happy in their love for each other.

Frank's gentle smile reflects how proud he was to escort his young daughter. Later, his eyes filled with sentimental tears.



With this ring... I thee wed...

Young, beautiful and so much in love, for Tommy and Nancy, life is just beginning.



After her first dance with Tommy, Nancy danced with Frank as a fond daughter.



And then, bridal veil lifted, vows exchanged, Tommy kissed his bride.

Her "something borrowed" was her sister Tina's pearls. For "something blue" she wore a blue silk garter that her closest school chum, Beth Potruch, had given her. Beth was Nancy's maid of honor, wearing a pink chiffon, full skirted dress, also designed by Don Loper, with a matching toque. Beth carried a pink and white bouquet and all the members of the bridal party had pink and white matching corsages, while Nancy's bride's bouquet was entirely made up of the most magnificent white orchids.

In the immediate wedding party were all the family,—**Frank Sinatra** and Nancy, Senior, Frankie, Jr., and Tina, the family's private secretary, Gloria Lovell, and Jack and Mrs. Entratter. Tommy had his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sands, there, his half-brother and his wife, and Ted Wick, his personal manager. But if the ceremony was simple, the reception afterward was not.

The moment the doors of the Emerald Room in the Sands Hotel were opened, the crowd swarmed in. The champagne began to flow. In one corner, the orchestra of Jonah Jones started playing. In another, Morry King and his violins began individual serenades. Such baseball heroes as Joe DiMaggio and Leo Durocher crowded around young Nancy, congratulating her and Tommy, and being properly bedazzled by the priceless diamond earrings her father, Frank, has given her, and the exquisite pear shaped diamond on the platinum chain that Tommy had presented to his bride.

Nancy had given a wafer-thin evening watch to Tommy—but not without difficulties, and not without her father's assistance. The watch which Nancy eventually purchased was a duplicate of one Frank has, and which young Nancy has always admired. If you want to

know the truth of it, there's nothing about her father that Nancy doesn't dote on, and that goes double as far as Frank's love for her is concerned.

This may sound sentimental to you, but I can't help it. I honestly believe that some of Frank's love of his oldest daughter stems from his memory of the unspoiled time in his life when she was born.

He wasn't *the* Frank Sinatra then. He and his young bride, Nancy, were so in love. They were having a rough time, financially, but nothing mattered less to them then than money. They had occasional opulent weeks when Frank made a whole $25. They had other weeks when it was a good thing they were Italians and loved spaghetti, for which they couldn't even afford meat balls. Little Nancy was born during this happy time. By the time, Frank, Jr. came along, fame was rolling for Frankie. By the time Tina was born, the Sinatra marriage was all but over. Say what you want about Frank, he has always been a wonderful father to his children, all of whom he loves, but little Nancy is definitely the flawless apple of his eye.

Thus, when just before her wedding she confided to her father that she had unavailingly hunted all over Los Angeles for a watch like his for her bridegroom, Daddy went into action. It was after hours in the jewelry shops but a thing like that can't stop a devoted father named Sinatra. Frankie had them all opened up, or perhaps I ought to say love laughed at locksmiths. Anyhow, Tommy got his watch.

It was Frank, Sr. who expressed it best when Tommy took Nancy into his arms for their first dance together as Mr. and Mrs. Sands. "Stardust," murmured Frank, looking at their radiantly happy faces, and I'm sure he was proud of his daughter and his new son-in-law, when he noted how politely they were behaving, even at this most bemused moment of their young lives.

Because, once around the floor, Nancy and



The groom lightly brushed a tear of happiness from his wife's cheek.

Tommy, very correctly separated, and Tommy stepped across the room to dance with the mother of the bride and Nancy with the father of the groom. Then they switched again, Tommy dancing with his mother, Grace, and Nancy with her father. Then as they separated from those partners, the dramatic moment came.

Frank Sinatra stood there, facing his ex-wife, Nancy. It certainly can be no secret to him that she still loves him, and on this particular day, she looked very beautiful. She was wearing a gold satin dress, with a matching mink-collared jacket. Near her stood lively Tina Sinatra, wearing a yellow organza dress that was the prettiest. At her side was Frank, Jr. who is a double of his father and who seems to have inherited his musical talent to an extent that may well make him surpass the original.

There's no telling what Frank must have been thinking as he looked at Nancy, Senior. He's always told everyone how great a mother he thinks her. But I'm sure there were other, deeper emotions in that wandering heart of his, there at his daughter's wedding. Later that night in the Copa Room at the Sands he told the audience, "I'd like to take just two minutes to say I am one of the happiest men in the world today. My daughter, Nancy, married a wonderful fellow named Tommy Sands and I wish them all the happiness they both deserve so much."

He said nothing like that, however, as he danced at the reception with Nancy, Sr. What was touching to the observers was that they both smiled and talked so lightly, not like lost sweethearts but with the careful good manners of any lady and gentleman dancing together at any party. Besides, they have always remained good friends, and Frank is very generous with her.

It was Frank, with his characteristic smoothness who, somehow right then, threw the party open to everyone. **Gary Crosby** was there with his bride and he started dancing. In an instant, everyone was on the floor, dancing with whomever they chose and protocol was forgotten. People smiled at one another, repeating young Nancy's remarks about how she had to start furnishing Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Sands' apartment immediately after their one-day honeymoon.

That was all the time Tommy could get off until his separation from the Army in November, after which the blissful couple are going on a real honeymoon trip to the Orient.

Said Nancy, her eyes shining like star sapphires, "I have to learn to cook and to keep house. After all, I'm a married woman now. I'm Mrs. Tommy Sands. That's a lot to live up to."



The gorgeous tiered wedding cake was cut carefully by Tommy and Nancy, to insure future good luck.



Then . . . Nancy and Tommy were alone; time belonged only to them.



I nominate for STARDOM

Juliet Prowse

When **Barrie Chase**, **Fred Astaire**'s favorite dancing partner, walked out on *Can-Can* because she felt the role was too small for her, she couldn't foresee that two characters would be merged into one very strong one.

Neither could Twentieth Century-Fox foresee when they signed an unknown leggy girl named **Juliet Prowse** on the recommendation of Hermes Pan, the choreographer, that they were signing a girl headed for stardom and **Frank Sinatra**'s heart.

Juliet isn't a bit beautiful. By most standards, she's too tall. But in her 34-24-35 way, she has what it takes, by which I mean sex, humor and a joy of living that blazed right past the distinguished company of Frank, **Shirley MacLaine** and **Maurice Chevalier** in *Can-Can* and just about knocked **Elvis** out of his G. I. shoes in *G. I. Blues*.

Elvis was dating her, all during the making of his picture but make no mistake: her heart belongs to Frankie. Paramount, after seeing Juliet in it, is willing to pay a mint to buy her from Twentieth, but Twentieth is not listening.

Juliet Prowse is her real name and she was born twenty-three years ago of English parents in Bombay, India. She's danced ever since she was three, has always been a hit, has traveled all over the world but has always been too busy to marry, but she has a boy friend in Italy, Sergio Fadini about whom she is quite serious—or was, at least until she met an Italian in America, named Sinatra.

For her originality, her chic, her impudence, her ability as an actress, I nominate her for stardom and of a very high grade, too.

Rita's Daughters

Little Princess Yasmin, daughter of **Rita Hayworth** and the late Aly Khan, will be a very rich girl when she reaches the age of twenty-one. Aly adored his beautiful little daughter, and very touchingly in his will told his two sons to give her love and protection always.

Yasmin, who lives with her mother, is a whiz at playing golf. Her step-father, Jim Hill, the producer, tells me that she beats him at the game regularly. Rita adores golf and there is practically not a day goes by but that she is on the links.

Rebecca, Rita's daughter by **Orson Welles**, has taken off some of her baby fat and is growing tall and attractive. There is a great devotion between the half-sisters even if they are so completely unlike one another both in looks and temperament. Rita is a wonderful mother to both of them.



A whiz at golf, young Princess Yasmin's first love is still her pony.

Jean Is Dining Out...

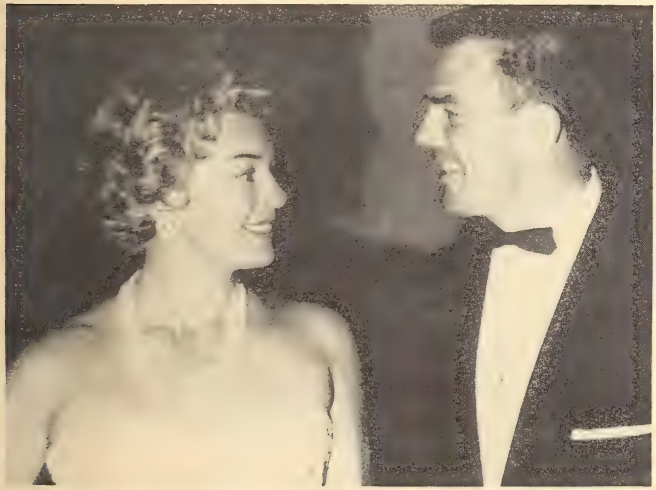
Whether or not it will be wedding bells for producer-director Richard Brooks and **Jean Simmons** when her divorce from **Stewart Granger** becomes final, I wouldn't be knowing. I do know that Jean took a somewhat unique method of letting Hollywood know how deep her interest was in Brooks, whom she met during the making of *Elmer Gantry*.

She phoned me and several other columnists and said, "I want you to know that I shall be dining tonight at "Au Petit Jean" with Richard Brooks and that after this I expect to go out with Mr. Brooks and other escorts."

Nobody has yet seen anything of these "other escorts" and I doubt that we will. Stewart Granger, by the by, is very bitter over the whole thing.



A newly-divorced Jean Simmons had a unique method of announcing that director Richard Brooks would be a rather constant future escort.



Lana Turner seems so happy these days because she's found Fred May; not only will he be a loving husband, but a good father for Cheryl, too.

Lana and the Right Man

I was very pleased that Fred May called me personally to tell me he was marrying **Lana Turner**. I do think that at long last Lana has found the right man, not only for herself but for Cheryl who definitely comes first in all of Lana's thoughts and plans these days.

It was Fred himself, who is such a nice, sincere man, who told me that before Lana would consent to marrying him she discussed the whole situation with her daughter. He confided to me that Lana had said that if Cheryl didn't approve of him as her step-father, everything would be off between them.

But Cheryl, who is being allowed to live with Lana now, and who is growing prettier every day, highly approved of Fred, and she is so right. Fred May is a man of real substance, not only in terms of his fine character but he is also rich and mature enough to appreciate the demands of Lana's career.

I'm certainly wishing all three of them happiness. Lana and Cheryl have had a very rough time but their troubles have only made them love one another with deeper understanding.

Winter Wedding Bells for Debbie

Debbie Reynolds will marry Harry Karl. She dates no one else and as she says herself she likes him better than any man she has ever met.

"Harry is a fine man," Debbie told me. "He makes me very happy. He's good to my children and he is wonderful to my mother and father and my brother. He has given me lovely presents but it isn't because of material things that I have come to be so fond of him.

"I have all the money I want to buy myself gowns and jewels. What is important to me is that I have a real home and someone who will love my children and I think Harry and I would be very happy."

Knowing Debbie, I know she'll do nothing about marriage till late this winter, when Harry's divorce from Mrs. Joan Cohn becomes final, but then you can start listening for wedding bells.



Wedding bells will sound for Debbie when Harry Karl is divorced.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



A youthful, lovely Greer Garson is proof that maturity doesn't hurt!





An older reader believes that fan-magazine neglect of such mature stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Shirley Booth damages the movie business.



And Spencer Tracy is another long established star who holds on to his fans.



Louella certainly doesn't dislike reader's favorite pop singer, Rod Lauren!

LETTER BOX

"Have just seen POLLYANNA *and enjoyed it so much, I felt I should sit down and write you. It was because of your article that I wanted to see it, and* POLLYANNA *did exactly what you said it would. It entertained, put a tear in your eye, a smile on your face, and a song in your heart. Why can't we have more films of this nature? It's just what the world needs today, instead of violence, depression, sex and murder.* Signed: F. EWING FOLSOM.

How right you are, F. Ewing Folsom.

MRS. ARTHUR WHITE of CASPER, WYOMING, writes: *I'd like to add my voice to the ever increasing chorus of protests about the lack of movie stars in* MODERN SCREEN. *I've been a reader since 1938, and how long has it been since* MODERN SCREEN *did a story on* ***Spencer Tracy***, ***Greer Garson***, ***Barbara Stanwyck***, ***Shirley Booth***, ***Katharine Hepburn***, ***Ann Sheridan***, ***Linda Darnell***, ***Bette Davis***, ***Fred MacMurray***, *or any of the mature actors and actresses? I know these people are not dead. Tell me, Louella, do I have a point, or am I just an old fogey living in the past? I sincerely believe that this program of neglecting the stars of Hollywood is seriously hurting the motion picture business.*

I guess you do have a point, MRS. White. We do try to write about both the older and the younger stars, since our readers seem to like all categories.

ELIZABETH JEAN BRADY of AUSTIN IOWA, snaps: *I would like to see you print something about* ***Steve Elliot***. *To me he is a top singer in show business. And why do you neglect* ***Rod Lauren***? *Why, why, why don't you tell us something about* ***Robert Fortier***, *who is starring in CBS's* THE FULL CIRCLE? *Is it because they are young, or do you dislike them?*

No, indeed, Miss Brady. I may be a little jealous, but I certainly don't like them.

What are ***Rock Hudson****'s favorite foods, colors, pastimes, and what kind of car does he drive?* asks MARGARET SANFILIPPO, of BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Then goes on to ask. *What is the truth behind the Lucy-Desi split-up?*

Dear, dear Margaret: I would have to fill the magazine if I answered all those questions, and I don't think Editor David Myers would like it. I'll try to answer your letter soon. . .

From MARY WESTON, of DETROIT, MICHIGAN, comes a very nice compliment. She writes, *I enjoy your column more than anyone else's, and 'I Nominate For Stardom' is one of my favorite features. What I like best is that you never take cracks at* ***Marilyn Monroe,*** *so will you please assure me that all that gossip about Marilyn and* ***Yves Montand*** *is not true?"*

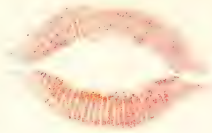
Read my interview in MODERN SCREEN with Montand (see page 24). Mary, and I'll tell you all. . . .

Louella O. Parsons

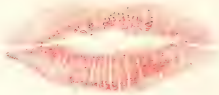


And what stirred up this lovely storm? SWEET MUSIC*, the bra with the *spoke-stitched* cups for fashion's newest "rounded look". A, B, C cups, 2.50. *Also* in the SWEET MUSIC family tree: SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *LACE* CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *ELASTIC*, A, B, C cups, 3.00.

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change



your lips

as smoothly



as you change



the subject



New Tussy 5-in-1 Lipstack

It looks like lipstick. It feels like lipstick. It is lipstick. But what a difference an A makes. Lipst*a*ck. Lipst*a*ck. *Tussy Lipstack* is more than five shy lipsticks nestled in a stack. It's the most blatant bit of encouragement that ever crossed a woman's lips—with the possible exception of *yes*. Mix cocktails with Contraband. Walk Youngtime Pink in the park. Take each color as it comes. Be brave. Be bold. Experiment. Mix. Blend. Have fun. Dream. Scheme. *Cream* all your lips with one Tussy Lipstack. Five out-and-out suggestions made proper with Perma-Dew, the softening secret only Tussy knows. Five lingering lipsticks in one lithe lipstack so you can change your lips as smoothly, as slyly—as deftly, as *endearingly* as you change the subject. All for a mere $1.75 plus tax at stores smart enough to know what's on a woman's mind and what should be on her lips. © 1960 TUSSY, 445 PARK AVE., N.Y.



THE CASE OF THELMA RYAN THE STARLET WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT

Years ago a slim, pretty young blonde went to Hollywood with dreams of stardom in her heart. Like most starlets, she dreamed of going into a darkened theater one day and seeing herself up there on the screen; and she dreamed of going to a magazine stand, picking up a copy of Modern Screen and seeing her own picture there, in full color! As it turned out, this slim little blonde named Thelma Ryan had to quickly abandon her dream. She just didn't make it as an actress. Oh well, she would marry, raise a family, and lead a normal life. But again Thelma Ryan was wrong: though she married and had two wonderful little girls, her life was hardly normal, for the man she married was a lawyer named Dick Nixon. Now, in the crazy way that destiny often works, Thelma Ryan's old abandoned dream of being a star in Modern Screen has come true. There she is (in full color, too) on the following page! A surprise for her, certainly, and probably a surprise for you too—but the kind of surprise you can expect more and more of in this magazine. For Modern Screen is not just another monthly collection of articles about top box-office-rated male and female "properties"—Modern Screen is a magazine of people, the magazine of people, real people, exciting people, people caught in the ocean of experience at high tide, stars not only of the screen but of life itself, stars like Mrs. Richard (Thelma Ryan) Nixon and Mrs. John (Jacqueline Bouvier) Kennedy, who open this issue of Modern Screen because right now, despite everything that's happening to Liz and Debbie and Marilyn, they happen to be the two most exciting and excited women in the whole wide world! Do you agree? Do you want more surprises like this in Modern Screen? Turn the pages, read the stories of Pat and Jackie, and then let us hear from you.

Sincerely,

David Myers

David Myers
Editor



the love story of PAT and DICK

■ Pat Ryan was seventeen, the daughter of a Nevada miner, when she went to Hollywood. She was full of hope and dreams. She stayed for a month. It was a disillusioning experience. She got one job, as a walk-on in a picture called *Becky Sharp*. She got twenty-five dollars for the job. But after that, there were no more jobs to be had. And one day, after a lifetime of dreaming, she decided to give up her "career" and become what she knew both her parents had always really wanted her to become. She would be a teacher.

She worked her way through college, as a librarian, a countergirl, a bookkeeper, a typist, an X-ray technician. And when, finally, she graduated, she got a job as commercial subjects teacher in the California town of Whittier, just outside Los Angeles. She became, quickly, this thin and pretty blonde, one of the most popular teachers at the school, and one of the most popular young ladies in town.

She dated lots, those who knew her recall. It seemed for sure at one time that she would marry a certain very good-looking merchant in town.

But then she met the young lawyer, and then her heart began to shift affections.

Not rapidly; not at all rapidly. Local gossip has it that while the lawyer was head over heels in love with Pat, she herself played it slowly, coyly, even teasingly at first.

"There's a story," she said recently, "that my husband, before we were married, would drive me to dates with other young men in Los Angeles and then would wait around to drive me home . . . That's true," she laughed, "but I think it's awful mean to report it."

One night, however, after about six months of indecisive going-together, Pat's pet collie died suddenly and when the young lawyer phoned to ask if he might take her out, she wept into the phone: "No, no, I don't want to see anybody ever again!" (*Continued on page 61*)



the love story of JACKIE and JOHN

■ It was a night in 1951. Jacqueline Bouvier was twenty-one. She lived in Washington, D. C., and worked as a reporter-photographer on the *Times-Herald*. She had the reputation of being one of the prettiest, quietest and best-dressed young women in the capital, and (because of her job, mostly) of always arriving late at parties. She arrived late, as usual, this night.

"I wish you'd hurried it up a bit, Jackie," her hostess said, taking her coat. "There was a young man I wanted you to meet. And now *you're* here and *he* has to leave."

"Who has to leave?" Jackie asked, politely, if not with much curiosity.

"*Him*," the hostess said, a flutter in her voice, as she indicated a tall, sandy-haired, good-looking young man who stood on crutches on the other side of the room.

Jackie recognized "him" immediately as Jack Kennedy—Congressman, candidate for the Senate, Purple Heart hero (he'd injured his spine, badly, in World War II).

"Come on," said the hostess to Jackie, taking her arm, "at least you two can get to say hello. . . ."

Jackie blushed as Jack looked her in the eye.

"I don't mean this as a line, Miss Bouvier," he said, beginning their first talk together, "—but haven't we met before?"

"Well, sort of," said Jackie. "That is, I covered a press conference you once gave. There were about fifty reporters. You shook hands with most of them. But you only got to nod at me."

"Bad luck for my side," said Jack, beginning to laugh. "I—" he started then.

But at that moment someone came over to him and whispered something.

"No," Jack said.

"Yeah," said the other party, pointing to his watch.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, turning back to Jackie. "I don't want to go, but I've got to."

"Of course," said Jackie. (*Continued on page 54*)

THE LOVE-SCANDAL OF THE DECADE

AND HERE IS THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH STRAIGHT FROM THE LIPS OF "THE OTHER MAN".....

In an exclusive interview for Modern Screen with Louella Parsons, Hollywood's greatest reporter, Yves Montand, for the first time anywhere, frankly tells all about his "love affair" with Marilyn Monroe

"I more than "like" Marilyn. I tell you this because I trust you, Madame. She is an enchanting child. And I won't say that if I had been free I wouldn't have fallen in love with her.

"But for eleven years I have been married to a wonderful, understanding woman. Simone and I have been very happy. There will be no divorce."

The speaker was Yves Montand, the fascinating Frenchman with the overabundance of sex appeal, the man for whom "all" women fall with a more resounding crash than for any male since Rudolph Valentino held sway with his animal-masculinity.

But it was not about "all" the women falling for Yves that had brought him to my house at the early hour of eleven o'clock in the morning on a sunlit day of early September. It was the avalanche of gossip about "one woman" supposedly falling for him–Marilyn Monroe, who else?

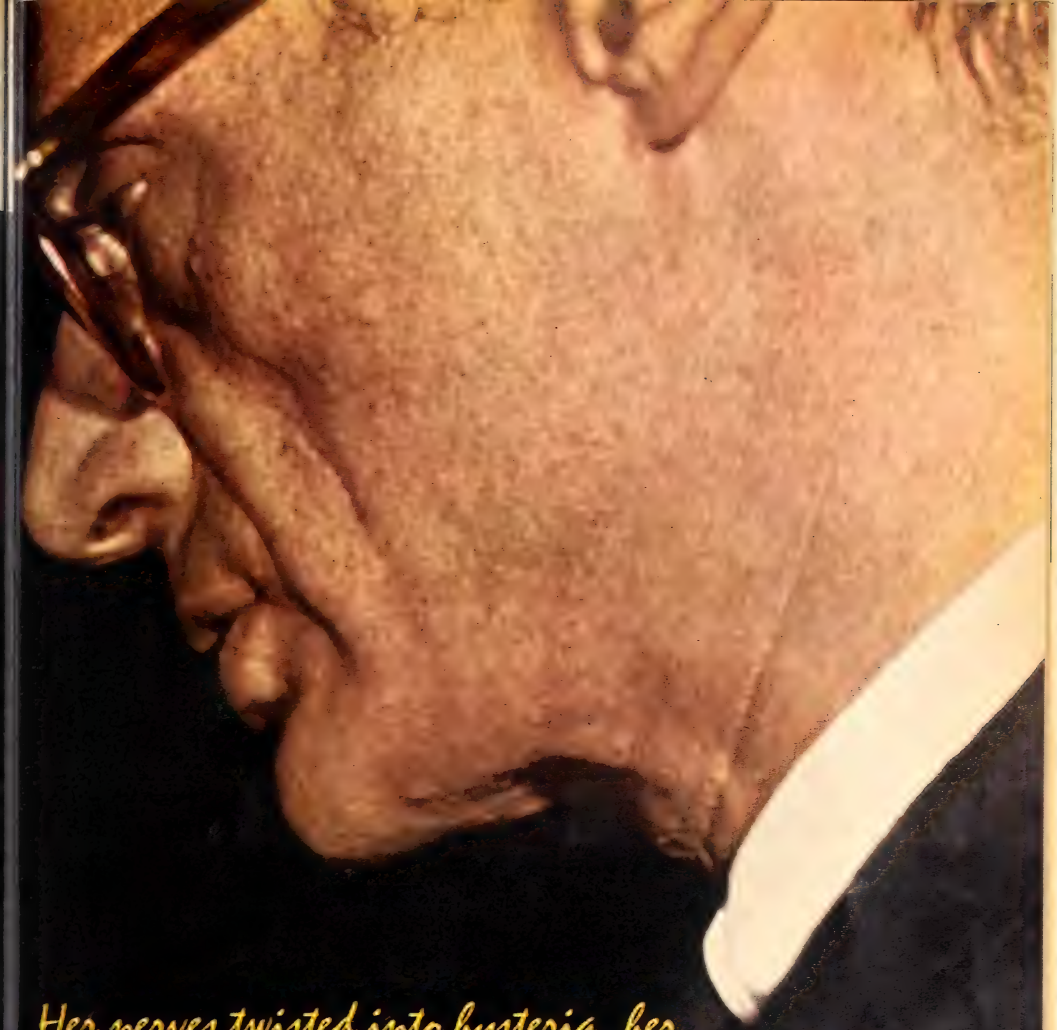
(Continued on next page)



HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST LOVE-SCANDAL (CONTINUED)

But even at this unlikely coffee-break hour, the devastating M. Montand was the complete charmer, his correct grooming of a business suit and evidence of a fresh shave, failing to disguise his attractive all-male virility. No wonder the women in (Continued on page 72)





Her nerves twisted into hysteria, her heart about to break, Marilyn faces her husband in the Westside Hospital, her eyes pleading with him to forgive and forget, her tormented mind wondering: "Can we go on as man and wife, as though nothing had happened?"

HAYLEY

She was twelve years old. And she had been awake all night pondering her future. Ever since she was a very little girl, friends of her daddy used to pick her up on their laps—and say: "And what are you going to be when *you* grow up?" Her answer was alway the same. "I'm going to be a *mother* when I grow up." "And that's all?" "That's all." But the night before she wondered whether that was *all* she wanted to be—really. For Hayley, the baby daughter of

(Continued on page 73)



a last minute

on the eve of

from Marie Mc

of Harry Karl

his children



letter to Debbie

her wedding ---

Donald, ex-wife

and mother of

Dear Debbie:-

I have heard that you are going to marry Harry Karl, and I want to wish you happiness on the eve of your marriage to my ex-husband.

I was married to Harry for twelve years. Harry has some fine qualities. But like most husbands, he has his shortcomings and needs a certain kind of understanding. I am sure no woman knows Harry as I do. I was married to him twice. Debbie, if you know just what I went through when I was his wife, I believe you'll learn how to handle him so that you won't have the heartaches I had. You yourself, Debbie, have gone through the unhappiness of one divorce and you deserve a happy marriage. That is why I am telling you the intimate story of my married life with Harry Karl.

I first met Harry about thirteen (Continued on page 57)

I WAS TOO POOR TO HAVE DREAMS

Blindly, David Janssen groped through his lifetime for a woman, a love and a friend

It was three years ago.

David Janssen was a bachelor then.

He was lonely. He was unhappy.

"Booze, broads and borrowing," he once said, "and not exactly in that order—that's the story of my young life."

He was only twenty-seven three years ago, but he'd been around Hollywood for such a long time by then that he knew all the answers, all the inside



DAVID JANSSEN
(continued)

"AS A CHILD,
LOST IN MY MOTHER'S DREAM,
I NEVER THOUGHT TO
ASK IF THERE WAS ANYTHING
IN LIFE I WANTED."





stories, all the shenanigans and counter-shenanigans. And you'd have thought he was an old man had you been able not to look at him but to read his mind instead.

Nobody out-and-out accused David Janssen of being a wise-guy; at least, not to his face. But he was considered cynical, to say the least. He had few, very few, friends. He found it hard to trust people. He found it hard to get to know them. He found it hard to talk to them.

He was on his way up as far as his career was concerned. He was the star of his own TV show. He was getting five-hundred to a thousand fan letters a week. Everybody was nuts about *Richard Diamond, Private Eye* and the guy who played him. Producers were dickering with his agent about good fat parts in several good fat movies.

And yet, somehow, David Janssen was unhappy.

What was missing?

A wife?

He'd discount this idea pronto. What was a wife, he figured, but a woman and what was a woman but a dame? And dames, Hollywood style, with (*Continued on page 64*)



This is a story of fear.

The worst fear a woman can know.

Fear for the lives of her children!

LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR →





Mid-Atlantic, aboard the Leonardo Da Vinci, Little Liza's birthday, a cake, laughter, peace. Somewhere in London... a sick mind...possibly homicidal, threatening the most horrible of all crimes...kidnap!





The children were excited. For one of them to have a birthday was usually reason enough to set them off. But to have a birthday in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, on this great huge spanking-new ship. . . .

"And then Luigi said—" Michael Jr., who was the spokesman for the group, started to say.

"Whoa," Eddie Fisher said, looking over from his deck chair. "Who's Luigi?"

"The chef man, down in the kitchen, in the big white hat," Michael said. "And Liza and Christopher and me went to see him a little while ago"—the others nodded—"and he said that he was going to make a big birthday cake for tonight. And—"

He cleared his throat.

"Mommy?" he asked.

LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR

continued

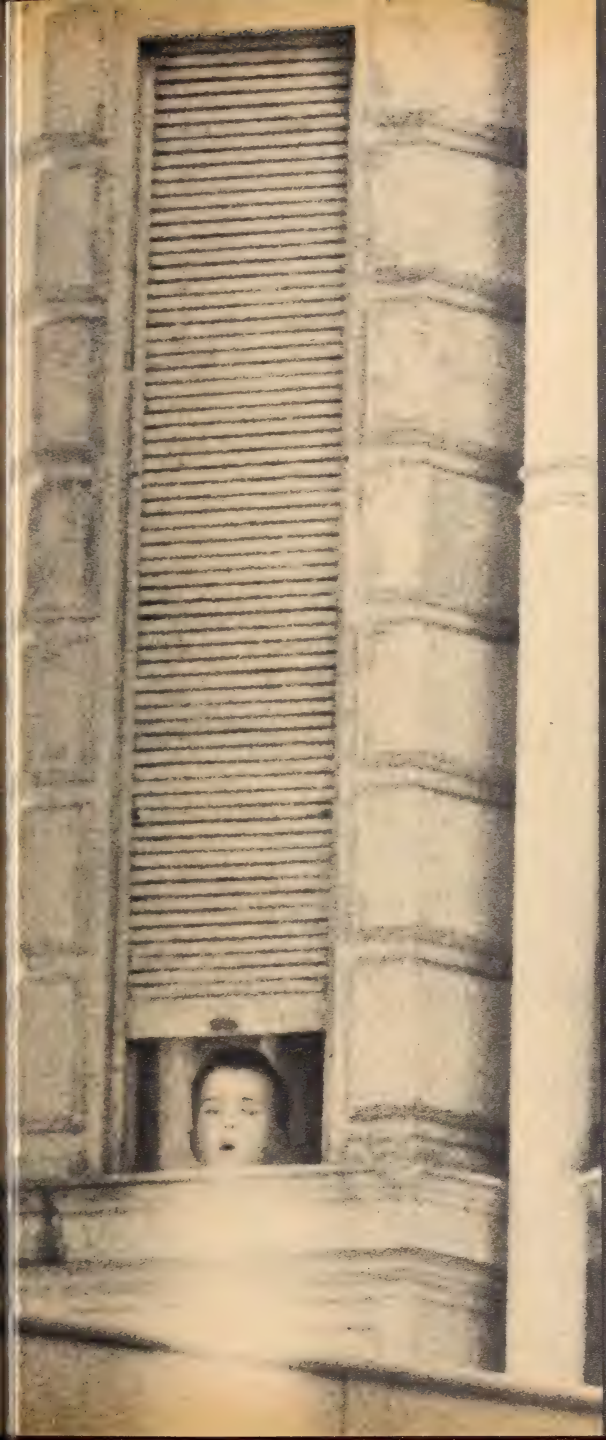


LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR continued

Could Liz forever walk in suspicion, avoid crowds, hide her children, teach them fear?







"Yes?" Liz Taylor asked.

"Eddie?"

"Yeah?"

"Miss Bee?"

"Yes, Michael?" asked Bee Smith, the nurse.

"The chef man," Michael went on, "he wanted to know if it would be all right for us to eat with you tonight. In the big dining room . . . He said since it was a birthday and I was big, he guessed it would be all right for me. But he said he wasn't so sure about Chris here, because he's only six. And about Liza, either, even though it's her birthday. Because she's only three!"

The three grown-ups looked at one another.

They pretended to be very serious about this whole thing.

"Will it be all right?" Michael asked then, tentatively, hopefully.

"It'll be all right," Liz said, finally, "—if you all have an extra long nap this afternoon."

"Oh boy," said the children, and they laughed and clapped hands, still laughing as they ran off now, to the other side of the sun deck.

As the grown-ups watched them.

Laughing, too. . . .

Eddie, after a while,

(Continued on page 67)

(Thanksgiving with Tony and Janet)



These are our HEARTACHES and



■ This is a Thanksgiving story about Tony, Janet and the kids. It's a different kind of Thanksgiving story.

It all took place one night and one day early this past October.

What, you ask, has October got to do with Thanksgiving?

Like we said, it's different, all right. . . .

It begins on a Friday night, at eleven o'clock, or thereabouts. The Curtises (minus Ginny, the nurse, who had a few days coming to her, and decided to take them now) had just arrived at their new weekend place in Palm Springs. Jamie, the baby, one-and-a-half, was already asleep in her crib. Tony and Janet were unusually beat. (*Continued on page 58*)



our BLESSINGS

Has it really happened? Has Fred May's love really erased Cheryl's nightmare past, Lana's empty future? Is there at last A HOME FOR TWO DESPERATE WOMEN?





■ Not many people driving along U.S. Highway 60 in Chino, California, recognized the family group riding along the bridle trail that skirts the road before it curls into the woods.

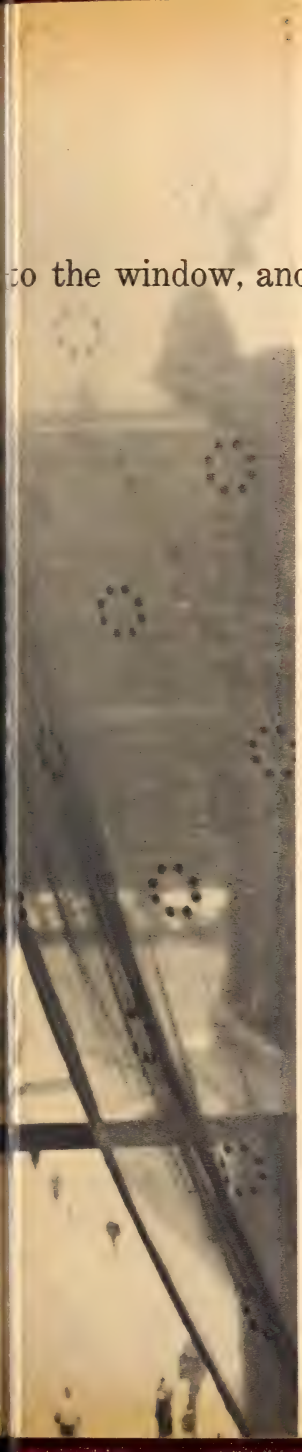
The teenage girl, her dark hair flying as she cantered smartly ahead, her legs long in the stirrups; the mother, young-looking and pretty, her skin tanned and healthy, only wisps of blonde hair showing from under the bandana tied

(*Continued on page 53*)



I watched this happy eighteen-year-old girl as she rose, went





to the window, and looked down at the world of average people, the world to which she could never return again . . . And I thought of the loneliness and heartache that would stalk her path from this moment on . . . Only to Sandra it has come earlier than to most of the beauties who blaze in the spotlight. Love, with its many (*Continued on next page*)

CONVERSATION WITH A GODDESS

by Louella Parsons

CONVERSATION WITH A GODDESS

continued

CRITICISM, INNUENDO, PAIN . . . THIS IS THE PRICE THE YOUNG GODDESS HAS ALREADY PAID FOR HER HEADLONG DASH INTO WOMANHOOD

(*continued*) disappointments and ecstasies has not yet touched her. But already there are the cries of:

She's ruining her health in foolish dieting to keep her figure. . . .

Extravagance! This girl, little more than a child, is spending every nickel she makes on glamour clothes and living like a movie star earning ten times her salary. . . .

Those are a hatful of charges against a youngster who just four years ago at the tender age of fourteen had arrived in Hollywood, well known as a child model in New York, and had clicked big in her screen debut in *Until They Sail.*

I loved Sandra as the "little girl" sister in this war drama starring Jean Simmons and I wrote glowingly of the baby-faced little blonde newcomer in my column.

The day the item appeared, I received a bowl of roses from Sandra with a charming hand-written note: "Your kind words made me so happy. A girl really isn't in movies until she's been mentioned in Louella Parsons' (*Continued on page 70*)



MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA STORY. THIS IS SUZY, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY THIS WAS SUZY ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND PRETTY IMPOSSIBLE WHEN SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWENTY AND BEAUTIFUL...A CARELESS GIRL WHO HAD LET HERSELF GO TO POT (151 POUNDS WORTH!)...LONG-STEMMED FIVE FEET, TEN) BUT NO BEAUTY. STRAGGLY HAIR PULLED BACK IN AN UN-CHIC KNOT DID LITTLE TO IMPROVE HER FACE. HUNCHED SHOULDERS, A WORRIED LOOK AND THE WRONG CLOTHES ALL DOING THEIR PART IN MAKING A SORRY SIGHT WHERE THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PRETTY GIRL. HERE WAS A GREAT CANDIDATE FOR MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA. HER STORY IS FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU.





"I've graduated to size twelve, terrific after having worn size sixteen for years, don't you think? Fran really laced into me for the kinds of things I wore and I'll admit now that they were pretty shapeless bags. Shorts and slacks I should never have worn but I did and was kidded unmercifully, so when I got into those slim velveteen pants (they're emerald green and that smash sash is royal purple rayon satin—whew!), I knew I had it made. And when I think of me in a ruffly shirt (this one is Dacron and washes like a breeze) I feel for the first time like an honest-to-goodness girl. This is the way I now like to look after work, especially when I'm entertaining at home . . . I seem to be doing so much of that these days—the new me, you know. Fran wised me up to a long-legged panty girdle for a slick look. . . . (I don't know why I didn't have sense enough long ago.)

"I wore the black velvet dress to a party given in my honor. It's a perfect holiday dress, just dressy enough. Fran said we were celebrating the debut of my waistline which is a mere twenty-five inches. I had been dying for something in fur, so the white bunny muff was a lot of fun for very little money. My date is Bob Grosz, a young executive on Madison Avenue and we see each other a lot. We were having a dreamy time . . . I could have danced all night and almost did! (Note: I broke my diet just a little but the food was so good. Back on Metrecal next day.)

"I'm absolutely thrilled to death with me now! And I want to thank Fran Hodges, my Fairy Godmother, for what she helped me do with myself. I don't think I could have lost those twenty pounds without her encouragement but I know now that I can finish the job of losing another five. Besides, I love my new hair and so do all my friends and I've had hundreds of compliments on my new clothes which really become me. (Oh! How I ever went around that old way!) But what still puzzles me is how she really changed the looks of my face . . . my eyes *are* wider apart, I could almost swear!

"I can laugh about it now but I was dying when that first haircut picture was taken! I was frightened to death when Bernard took that first slash. But Fran was so right in insist- *(continued on next page)*

Photography, Barbara and Justin Kerr. Cinderella hair do, Bernard of Stella Ming Salon. Blouse available at all Ward Stores.


happened
to me!
magic
really
works!





For the first time in my life I really feel like a girl!



ing that I have a new short styling. . . . This one is a cinch to take care of, easy as pie to roll up and to shape myself. I guess you can tell that I'm pretty pleased with what I look like today. I can't get used to the fact that it's me, big old Suzy . . . Miss Metrecal of 1960, Miss New Look of forever."

Hey, Suzy, stop a minute! You're running away with the story, and there is so much to tell our readers, things they will need to know so that they can do the same if they have similar problems. And I say, if our glass slipper fits, put it on!

I'm Fran Hodges, Modern Screen's staff Fairy Godmother. Suzy was sixteen when I met her on a trip to Chicago, about four years ago. She was in the shooting up stage, rather gangly as is expected of an adolescent, all arms and legs. She had a cute pixy face and a warm smiling personality . . . giving promise of a lovely young woman. You can imagine how stunned I was when she came to (*Continued on page 52*)







These fashions available at all Ward Stores everywhere.

Muff of white rabbit fur, $5.45 (plus 10% Federal Tax).

This page: very 'right' informal date dress of cotton velveteen, with full skirt, snug waist, banded in rayon satin, scoop neck and bracelet sleeves. Also available in jewel tones. $17.98, sizes 10-16.

Facing page: Cotton velveteen tapered pants with sash in contrasting colors. Shown here in emerald and available also in jewel tones. Sizes 10-16, $8.98. Ruffled dress shirt in DuPont's easy-care Dacron, white only, sizes 10-18, $4.98.

(*Continued from page 50*)

call on me here in New York in July looking as she does in the "before" pictures. She sensed my real shock and in a burst came those revealing words, "I hate myself!" . . . I knew she meant it. Well, she'd said it to the very one ready and able to do a bit of fairy godmothering for such a princess-potential.

"Suzy," I said, "I don't know how you got into this sorry state, but, if I were you, I'd get out of it and fast! There's no excuse for your not being a pretty girl, no excuse for such heft and certainly no reason for dressing so unbecomingly. Please, let me help you to help yourself."

"I'll do *anything*, Fran . . . honestly, anything to lose weight . . . then maybe I *can* start to do something about the rest of me. Please tell me what to do!"

"Well, Suzy, the first thing is to *want to do it* . . . you must *want* to lose those extra pounds so badly that you are ready to change your attitudes toward the eating habits that put them on. Then, the word is "diet," but dieting isn't worth a fig unless you're really ready to go on it, and when you are . . . why, just go!"

We discussed various special diets, and how to combat those compulsive urges to overeat, especially between meals (Suzy admitted to being a nibbler) but I truly didn't think I was hitting pay dirt. But the very next day I got an excited call from Suzy telling me that she had made up her mind—was going on *The Diet*. Her idea of facing up to the fact that she was overweight was to do it big and the diet that had captured her imagination was Mead Johnson's Metrecal 900 calorie diet, the quite wonderful product originally developed in powdered form, a formula carefully balanced for complete nutrition and appetite satisfaction. Each can includes the scientific amount of food—carbohydrates, fats, proteins, sugars, vitamins and minerals for sustained health, and what is really fun is that Metrecal comes in your choice of three delicious flavors—vanilla, chocolate and butterscotch—to preclude any monotony. Suzy simply put the contents of a can in a blender with the amount of water prescribed, shook it up thoroughly to the consistency of a milk shake (no ice cream, please!), or you could use an egg beater to the same effect.

I asked her if she, by any chance, had checked with her doctor. She had and gotten this reply, "Why haven't you done this before? Of course, you're O.K.—go ahead." So, on her own, Suzy had gone out to buy her first week's supply of Metrecal, and was on her way. What tickled me was the merry attitude that she suddenly found, and what could have been such a hungry bore turned into fun. When I asked her if she'd be Cinderella, she was *so* excited.

"Do you think I'll ever make it?" she asked, and to her great surprise (not mine) in about a week the miracle had started to happen, the relentless scales had started their downward trek, 151, 150, 149, 148 . . . such a marvelous feeling.

I know that some of you are questioning that 150 pounds is *not* too much for anyone that tall. Well, it is, according to the recent findings of the American Society of Actuaries. Suzy's five foot, nine inch height coupled with her rather small bone structure is better off carrying around *118* to *131* pounds! (If you'd like to know your best weight for your greatest health, note the offer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company whose booklet "How to Control Your Weight" is available to MODERN SCREEN's readers. Simply send in the coupon on Page 7 and receive your copy free.)

Before I turn her story back to Suzy, I want you to know that Mead Johnson, the creators of Metrecal, the easy way to new eating habits, has brought out their successful product in liquid form, which is surely the final simplification. It is now available in 8 oz. cans, each holding 225 calories of the food drink. Four of these cans are a day's supply . . . so carry along your mocha break (just add a half teaspoon of Instant Coffee to the Chocolate-flavored Metrecal), and your lunch (add a six-ounce can of tomato juice to the plain vanilla-flavored), and your four o'clock pick-up—just plain butterscotch. Maybe you have just a few extra pounds, or maybe you are really overweight, seriously so, but whatever your weight problem is, we do recommend that you take steps now to "get into shape" . . . you're bound to feel better and you'll look better. Do read what Suzy has to say:

"This was the most wonderful summer I've ever had . . . you've no idea how good it is to feel slim. I know it isn't really a miracle, though it was in a way . . . finding that I had enough will-power to stick to it. The best thing I found was that I could have extras and I ate plenty of lettuce and salad things. I always had sticks of celery, green pepper and carrots on hand (these are now a habit with me) and I had a real dinner every now and then. Now, I find I just eat less of everything and I have my Metrecal for breakfast and lunch five days a week.

"I was still unhappy with that shapeless hair of mine and that so-called French roll but I couldn't think of anything else to do with it, so off Fran and I went to Stella Ming's to meet Bernard who was to do my special hairdo which you've seen and heard about.

"Then, I learned about the new very pale make-up which is so great, and which is supposed to put all the accent on the eyes, with plenty of whoop-de-do going on! I always thought my eyes too close together and deep set. I know now this was the fault of my brows which were very heavy and grew too far over the bridge of my nose. With Fran telling me what to do, I did the tweezing and finally got them lined up with the inside corners of my eyes. That was the big job . . . evening the rest, both from the top and below, didn't take long and the effect was terrific. I learned to use a pencil (medium brown for me); short outward strokes so you don't get that painted-on look. I love the eyeliner for that extended look at the outer corners, and for the line just at the edge. It was tricky at first, but now I'm an old hand and get it perfect every time. I use a greyed blue shadow for daytime just on the lids, and for evening, I use a bright blue shadow and liner, and mascara which certainly makes my eyes look much bluer and I must say all this was a real eye-opener (pun intended!)

"I've learned, too, what to do about my mouth which seems to give a smallish effect. Mostly I'm supposed to smile oftener and that's fairly easy now, but I did learn the trick of outlining the upper lip to extend the corners just a fraction. I use a lip brush and a darker red tone for the outline, and fill in with a lighter tone. I like the effect and I wield a mighty good lip brush.

"But the best fun of all is having a new figure able to carry off some pretty clothes. I've discovered the midriff . . . I, who'd gone around for years in "shifts" thinking they'd hide my pounds. Now I am in love with my waistline, and I'm in love with every full or shaped skirt I can find now that *I know* the hips beneath are only 36 inches. I'm wearing skirts just as short as I'm told—just skimming my kneecap. You should hear the nice things they say about my "stems." And I can wear pants and the new culottes, and every cute fashion there is, and every wild and crazy color to match my new freed spirit. I feel so good!"

As Suzy's fairy godmother, I want you readers to know that she was a wonderful Cinderella . . . a real inspiration to me and to all of us around MODERN SCREEN. I saw her just yesterday, a radiantly beautiful girl, who confided she is going steady. I have an idea there'll be news of a definite sort by Christmas . . . I hope so, for she worked hard to help my wand make its magic!

Fran Hodges



Instructions for Cinderella Hairdo
Designed by Bernard, Stella Ming Salon

Cut hair to four or five inches in length (three inches at back hairline). Check natural part to start from rollers. Use medium rollers as sketched, and clips for back and cheek curls. Dry thoroughly, remove clips and rollers. Lift each curl, and from underside, tease hair in quick pushing motions with the comb from ends toward head. Now, brush hair back and down, smoothing surface. With comb adjust cheek curls, and lift individual strands in various directions for casual effect. Finish with spray to hold.

A Home for Two Desperate Women?

(*Continued from page 42*)

around her head, and the dark-haired man, firm-jawed and protective-looking, riding close by the two as though he loved and cherished them very much.

On a weekend away from the confines of El Retiro School were Cheryl Crane with her mother, Lana Turner, and Fred May, the man who, in marrying Lana, has undertaken to protect both Lana and her daughter.

Even Lana's friends were surprised recently when they learned that she and her long-time admirer had obtained a license to marry. They knew that Lana had been seeing Fred steadily, but they remembered that she had originally planned to marry him last March. Then, on the eve of her marriage to Fred, juvenile authorities suddenly placed Cheryl behind the high wall at El Retiro, a school for wayward girls.

That evening, Fred had come to see Lana. With tears in her eyes, Lana had told him, "Darling, I can't marry you now. Oh, I still love you—it's not that. But I can't ask you to take on my burdens with Cheryl. A bride should be happy. I can't be. I'm terribly worried about my child. She's going to take up all my time and thoughts. It wouldn't be fair to you. . . ."

Even though Fred had insisted that his love hadn't changed—in fact, he'd protested, it had increased, if anything, because of Lana's troubles—Lana wouldn't listen to his pleas that they get married.

Not many men would have the courage to stick by a woman who's had to go through the kind of hell Lana has had to face because of her daughter. Most men would have run thousands of miles to get away from a woman who had as great a problem as Lana.

Lana offered to release Fred. But he wouldn't leave her.

HE WAS HURT when she suggested he go. "What sort of man do you think I am?" he said. "Do you think I'd walk out of your life just when you and Cheryl need me most. I love you, honey!"

Lana smiled faintly and felt relieved, knowing that Fred wanted to share her burden with her. Nevertheless, she insisted that until everything was cleared up, she and Fred would not get married.

Lana was determined to remake her life. The court had held that she couldn't offer Cheryl a disciplined, wholesome home. Juvenile authorities evidently believed everything about Lana they'd read in the headlines. She made up her mind she'd stay out of the headlines and prove she was capable of being a good, serious-minded mother.

She and Fred went on together, the dark-haired, patient man and the beautiful woman who had known many men but never a man like this—who asked for so little and was willing to give so much. Fred was dependable. He'd built up a successful business, then retired at the age of thirty-eight to buy a ranch in Chino where he bred thoroughbred horses. He was a steadying influence in her life. A man as reliable as sunlight. And how she needed sunlight in a life suddenly full of shadows.

Through months of turmoil he was at her side. When newspapers and magazines blamed Lana's faulty upbringing of Cheryl for the girl's troubles, he furiously defended Lana.

"Honey," he'd tell her, "what do those people know? I know the kind of woman you are. When writers print that kind of hooey I wish I could knock their teeth in."

Lana smiled in spite of herself at the thought of Fred knocking anyone's teeth in. She had ceased to be attracted by violence. She had known a very violent man, and had paid in fear, trembling, and the menace to her daughter's future, for having been infatuated by such a man. In Fred she saw no violence or threat of violence—only good nature, kindness and understanding.

Actually, Fred had not been kidding when he said he wished he could knock down some of the columnists and writers who criticized Lana.

He proved that he meant what he had said one night at a party that was given at Romanoff's after the premiere of Lana's picture, *Portrait in Black*.

It was a gay party. Lana was in better spirits than she had been in months. Only a short while before she had returned from a visit with Cheryl at El Retiro, and had been cheered by the change in Cheryl's attitude. She and Cheryl had had a long talk, and the child looked more at peace, the rebellious thrust to her jaw gone.

"Darling," Lana had told her, "let's both think of and work for the day when you'll be free, and the authorities will let you leave this place and come and live with me. I'll do everything I can to bring that day closer. And you, too, Cheryl—obey the rules here, and work hard, because that's the only way we can win what we want."

Thinking about Cheryl and their future together, Lana smiled.

Suddenly, her smile turned to terror when Fred lifted a threatening fist in the act of delivering a blow at a Hollywood columnist who had stopped by to chat. Only the intercession of another guest kept Fred from delivering the blow. "How dare you," Fred had stormed at the columnist, "print an editorial criticizing Lana for her upbringing of Cheryl?"

Lana, heartsick, slumped in her chair, sobbing, back in a nightmare. In her mind's eye she saw black headlines like all the others that had blackened her reputation.

Poor Cheryl . . . She'd given Cheryl her word, only the other day, that she'd work hard for her release. This fracas would only make things worse for her child who lived behind a high wall.

To the newspapermen present she said in a frantic voice, "I don't want any more headlines. Please don't print this. Please."

The newspapermen replied, "Sorry, Lana, but this is news."

Lana, groping for something with which to wipe her eyes, reached for a napkin. She forgot her glamour, her beauty, at that moment. She sobbed to Fred, "Why did you do it?"

He looked numbly at her. "Because I love you, honey," he said. "I won't have anyone attacking your personal life."

If it hadn't been for the great love that Lana and Fred had for each other, that episode might have ended their love story.

Because in five minutes, the man she loved had almost undone the job Lana had been trying to achieve for months of giving the world the portrait of a woman who could and would stay out of scandalous headlines.

AFTER THE PARTY, in the quiet of her home, they talked together. She said to him, "Fred, we can't go on together if more episodes like tonight's are going to happen. I won't have anyone keep from me the one thing I'm trying to achieve—winning liberty and a good life for my daughter.

"If you're going to be hot-headed and slug people who malign me, we'll have to stop seeing each other. Too much is at stake. I love you, Fred, but. . . ."

"I understand," he told her. "I wanted to do everything I could to help you, but I guess losing my temper didn't accomplish anything. Honey, I promise you I won't ever lose my head again around you."

That evening Lana realized the greatness of Fred's love. He was a man with a man's deep wish to protect the woman he loved. His natural instinct was to punch in the nose anyone who criticized her. But she had made him realize she wasn't just any woman; she was a woman with a child lost in a jungle, a woman who had to bring her lost child safely home and who couldn't afford headlines.

Lana continued to see Fred, and every other Sunday she would leave her lovely home on top of a hill in Beverly Hills, get behind the wheel of her Cadillac and make the long, sad drive to El Retiro to see Cheryl. Between the hours of one and three, on alternate Sundays, Lana was allowed to visit with Cheryl. Mother and daughter would sit on a wooden bench under an olive tree and talk. The talks were accomplishing a great deal. Lana was getting closer to her daughter; Cheryl, warming to the great love and devotion of her mother—a love and devotion she had once doubted—softened. She grew less bitter, more amenable to the rules of the school. She would never run away, she promised Lana. She had no need to now. She was beginning to see a future ahead.

It was a happy day for both Lana and Cheryl when the juvenile authorities made their first big concession.

Lana heard about it from the probation officer. "Your daughter will be allowed to go home with you one weekend a month."

Tears sprang to Lana's eyes. To be able to, finally, have her girl home, even for such a short time. The officer smiled gently and said, "I don't blame you for being happy. I wonder if you realize exactly what this does mean. It means that Cheryl is making progress. This is a big step forward for your girl—being allowed to go home once a month. She herself earned this privilege. We don't give it lightly."

It was a happy Lana who drove to El Retiro on a Friday after that to pick up Cheryl. On the drive home, she and Cheryl chatted gaily. To herself, Lana thought. *Thank God for this. Some day—maybe not too far away—my baby can come home with me for more than a weekend. Maybe forever.*

There was a quiet celebration at home, but you couldn't miss the joy in the faces. Lana's mother was there. And Fred came over. Fred, looking stable, serene and ready to meet all problems.

After dinner, they sat before a fire. It was a moment of relaxation and confidences. "I'm trying to talk your mother into marrying me," Fred said with the candor that Cheryl loves. Too many people have treated Cheryl as though she were a juvenile delinquent. She appreciates it when someone treats her as an adult.

"When your mother marries me," he went on, "our home will be your home. In fact, I hope we'll be able to offer you such a good, wholesome home, the authorities will let you leave the school and live with us."

SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME in her life, it seemed to Cheryl that there was a man in her mother's life (outside of her father, Steve Crane, whom she loves) to whom she was also an important personality. The hostility and insecurity she'd known began to vanish.

She and Fred chatted easily. She asked him about the creatures she loves so much, some of the horses on Fred's fourteen-acre breeding farm in Chino, a pleasant, wooded country outside of Los Angeles.

"How is my favorite, *Rowena*?" she asked. "And *Pasha*? Has he bred yet?"

Life came into Cheryl's impassive face. Before her confinement to El Retiro, Cheryl had spent many pleasant weekends at the Circle May ranch, where there are over one-hundred and sixty horses which Fred keeps for breeding purposes. Cheryl and Fred had always gotten along well. He knew how to talk to teenagers. He has two teenagers of his own by a previous marriage, who often stay at the ranch.

Gazing into the fire brought back a memory—Cheryl thought back to the weekend when she and her mother and several other guests had stayed at the ranch. In the middle of the night, there'd been a knock on her door. It was Fred.

"There's something going on in the stables that you'll want to see, Cheryl. Come on down."

Cheryl had slipped into jeans and T-shirt and sped down to the stables. Her eyes widened at the sight. A foal was being born. It was the first time she'd ever seen a foaling. The ranch foreman, who was helping the mare, let Cheryl stroke the frightened animal to comfort her. It was dawn when Cheryl looked up, her eyes shining. It had been quite the most wonderful night of her life.

TONIGHT WAS A GOOD NIGHT, also. She could see the warm looks exchanged between her mother and Fred. There was love there, and she could feel lots of it directed toward her as well. Cheryl asked Fred, "Fred, when can I come out to your ranch again?"

"We'll plan it for a weekend you can come home. There's lots going on at the ranch now. Rowena is waiting for you. So is your room. Everything is waiting for you."

Lana watched Cheryl and Fred. Cheryl looked happier, her eyes no longer haunted, her face no longer strained. This was the way she'd dreamed of her daughter looking, young and carefree, anxious to go to the ranch, close to nature and normality.

The weekend at home over, Lana drove Cheryl back over the long road that led to El Retiro. Cheryl started to hum softly. Finally she spoke, "Mother, I've had a wonderful time being home with you. And I think Fred is a darling. Some day I want to go to the ranch and go horseback riding and do lots of things around the ranch. It will be such fun. We could have such a wonderful life, couldn't we?"

"Some day it will happen. It really will, darling. Just be patient," said Lana.

The future did seem brighter. Fred was like some secure haven.

She knew now that they wouldn't have to wait any longer to marry. She would tell him that the first thing when she got home. The very first thing. END

Lana's latest picture will be By Love Possessed, *United Artists.*

The Love Story of Jackie and John

(*Continued from page 23*)

"I'll see you again, though," Jack asked, "won't I?"

"Oh . . . sure. Yes," said Jackie.

She was glad he turned around right after that, and started to say goodbye to some other people.

It was *terrible* the way he was making her blush. . . .

They walked through the soft darkness of the garden, the party—the laughter and the music—behind them. They walked slowly, both of them silent. They walked until they came to an old stone bench and Jack lay down his crutches as they sat.

"Why'd you look me up . . . after a year, a whole year?" Jackie asked, suddenly. "Why'd you invite me out tonight, here, to this party?"

"Because I liked you," Jack said. "Because I remembered you."

"That's very flattering, you know," said Jackie, "coming from a United States Senator."

"Let me ask *you* something," said Jack.

"Yes?" Jackie asked, clasping her hands.

"Why'd you want to come out here, and leave the party? That was a pretty good party in there."

Jackie looked down, at her hands.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess it's that I don't like crowds much." She looked up suddenly, concerned. "If you want to go back—" she started to say.

"No," said Jack. "We can always sit out here in the moonlight and have a nice quiet talk about . . . about Mr. Eisenhower. Or Mr. Nixon or Mr. Stevenson, and his chances in '56."

Jackie scanned his face in order to see whether he was serious or not.

He wasn't.

"*Or,*" said Jack then, "you can start now by telling me about yourself . . . I want to know about you."

"Me?" Jackie asked. "What do you want to know about *me?*"

"Everything," said Jack.

"Well," said Jackie, "I was born in New York. I went to school there. I went to Vassar for a while, too, then to the Sorbonne, then back to Vassar. I couldn't stand it when I got back the second time, from France, the way they treated us like a bunch of children. At Vassar, I mean . . . So I left."

"Uh-huh," said Jack.

"Now," continued Jackie, "I work on a newspaper; as you already know; I read lots; I devour books—mostly books dealing with the Eighteenth Century; that's my favorite, the Eighteenth Century. I used to paint, used to love it, but I wasn't much good at it, so now I just look at other people's work—I'm forever going to galleries." She paused. "I'm not a very good cook; mainly because I don't eat much myself, I guess. I like the color blue, and I don't mean baby-blue or navy-blue, but real blue, like the color of the sky on an almost-perfect day . . . And what else? I don't like jewelry. I don't like hats. I can do without fur. I speak rather fluently in Spanish, Italian and French . . . And that, I guess, is me."

"Pretty good," said Jack, "except you left out a few vital categories."

"Like?" Jackie asked.

"Like do you enjoy swimming?" asked Jack.

"Kind of," Jackie shrugged.

"Do you like to play touch football?"

"What?" asked Jackie.

"Do you know any good jokes?"

"I forget them all," she said, "the minute after I've heard them."

"Do you like clam chowder?"

"Honest answer?"

"Honest answer."

"I loathe clam chowder," Jackie said.

Jack groaned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Just that you've chucked out all your fun for this weekend," Jack said. "Here I am, about to invite you up to the Cape, to come visit my family, and now I think you're going to end up having a dull time there. Why, you don't answer yes to *any* of the presently established ground rules."

"This weekend?" Jackie asked, worried suddenly. "Ground rules?"

"Ground rules-for-a-Kennedy-weekend," Jack said, nodding. "Very famous in Massachusetts."

Then he recited them:

"First thing you go for a swim.

"Then, you sit with the family and tell at least three good jokes.

"Then, you say 'Terrific' when you taste the clam chowder at lunch—the pride and joy of all New England.

"And 'Terrific' must be your response when asked to participate in an early-afternoon game of touch football. Now, about this game—"

On and on Jack went, laying ground rule after ground rule.

And then, when he was finished, he took Jackie's hand suddenly in his, and he asked, "Will you come, this Saturday?"

"Saturday? . . . This Saturday? . . . Yes, . . . I guess," Jackie found herself saying.

"You want to know something?" Jack said, then. "You, Miss Bouvier, happen to be the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

"Really?" asked Jackie, vaguely, as she sat there, happy on one hand that this man she'd been thinking about for over a year now had asked her to spend a weekend with him, but worried on the other hand about the family she'd soon have to meet, and about what they'd think of *her.* . . .

THE KENNEDYS—all twenty-eight of them—fell in love with Jackie Bouvier that weekend in Hyannis Port. And, best of all, and most of all, Jack fell in love with her.

Back in Washington, following the weekend, he saw her almost constantly.

And, finally, one night, he asked her to marry him. . . .

The wedding took place on September 12, 1953, at St. Mary's Church in Newport, Rhode Island. The reception was held at Hammersmith Farm, an oceanside estate owned by Jackie's mother and stepfather. And all of the guests agreed it was a perfect marriage.

But, it didn't go well for the Kennedys; not at the beginning.

Deep down, Jackie had expected some sort of normality in her marriage. Not as far as her outside activities were concerned; she'd known about the social functions she'd have to attend, the handshaking sessions, the receptions, the teas—the giving up of many, practically all, of the quieter activities she had loved so much.

But she *had* expected another kind of normality. She'd wanted, most of all, to have a home, and to have her husband in it. She got the home—but her husband, Jack, the Senator, was rarely in it. In fact, he was becoming so popular with Democrats all around the country that, aside from those times when Congress was actually in session, he was rarely even in Washington.

Jackie tried to joke about this at first.

"My husband," she said once, "thinks nothing of buying a shirt in California, a toothbrush in Kansas, and a tube of toothpaste in Pennsylvania. I think it's funny, don't you?"

For a while, Jackie even tried to do the traveling bit with Jack.

She tried getting used to closing up the house at a moment's notice.

Getting used to trains, busses, planes, more planes.

She tried getting used to packing, unpacking.

Getting used to sitting alone for hour after hour in strange hotel rooms while her husband went on with his business.

She tried all this, right up until the time she became pregnant.

He'd just completed an exhausting tour when suddenly another presented itself.

"Would you mind if I left?" Jack asked Jackie.

"No," Jackie said.

Was she lying, to herself, to Jack?

She didn't know.

She *didn't* know, she told herself.

But then, a few days after Jack left—that moment on the beach—then she knew. . . .

She was at her mother's place in Rhode Island. It was late afternoon, foggy, a slight chill in the damp air. She was walking along the beach, slowly, alone.

Suddenly she stopped. She felt the pain, the unbearable pain, in her stomach. She felt the nausea, the terrible feeling of nausea, overtake her. And she felt the sweat, that came rushing to her face, despite the chill in the air.

"Oh no," she said, as the pain grew worse. "Oh *no*."

She fell.

She knew what was happening. Her baby, she knew, was dying inside her.

"Oh *no*," she said.

"*No*."

She lifted her head.

Her eyes began to shift, wildly.

She looked straight ahead, at the long stretch of lonely beach.

She looked to her right, at a silent dune.

She looked to her left, at the calm and vast expanse of ocean there.

"Jack, Jack," she began to whisper.

She dug her fingers into the sand.

"Jack," she asked, "where *are* you?"

SHE MADE UP HER MIND as she lay in the hospital room that next morning. Jack was flying back, he would be there soon; and, she made up her mind, she would tell him, right as he came through the door.

"I don't want this any more," she would say, "as soon as your term is up," she would say, "I want you to leave politics. For good.

"Our baby is gone, Jack," she would say. "I'm going to be lonelier now than I ever have been. Don't you keep leaving me, too, Jack. Not you, too. Not any more.

"Let's be," she would say, "like other people. Let's go away, Jack. Oh, to be able to go away. And breathe real air. And have no more of this, this life, this cloud we try to breathe through, to walk on. To go somewhere else where we can hold on to something. Really hold on to something.

"I heard them before, in the room next door," she would say. "The woman had her baby. Yesterday, a little girl, I think it was. And he came; her husband. I could almost smell the flowers he brought to her. He sat with her all day. All day. He didn't have to leave. And they sat together. They talked, and they laughed. And there was no place else for him to go, to rush to. They just sat together. The wife. The husband. The baby. . . .

"*Our* baby," she would say. "Oh Jack . . . I didn't care if it was a boy, or a girl. Did you, Jack? I only wanted a baby. Our little boy or girl. And now—" she would say.

"And now.

"*And now*—"

She turned her head on her pillow.

The door, she could hear, was opening.

"Jack?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

She looked at him as he walked towards her, slowly, limping on those crutches the way he did. She looked at his face. She had never seen him look so haggard before, so sad, so frightened, so worried.

"Jack—" she started to say.

"Jackie, are you all right?" he asked.

"Jack—" she started again.

But she continued looking at him, and she stopped.

"No," she thought to herself. "Not now. I won't tell you now. But someday soon. Very soon. . . ."

THE DOCTOR, a friend of the Kennedys, wasn't surprised that Jackie looked shocked. He'd had a hunch Jack hadn't told her about the operation yet. He'd thought it time somebody did.

"You see," he said, "when your husband was a kid he hurt his back playing that danged touch football they're always playing up there at Hynannis Port. Then in the war—well, you know the story, Jack on the PT boat, the Jap destroyer ramming into the boat, slicing it in half, Jack landing on his back again . . . He's been in bad shape ever since. Now, slowly, things are getting worse. There's a chance, Jackie, that if he doesn't go through with this thing he may end up a hopeless cripple . . . He doesn't want that. He wants anything but that."

"And, if he does go through with it?" Jackie asked.

The doctor paused for a moment.

"Jack's been suffering from an adrenal depletion," he said then. "Adrenalin protects the body from shock and infection. An adrenal insufficiency greatly increases the possibility of infection and hemorrhage during surgery. I've warned Jack that . . . that his chances of surviving the operation are extremely limited."

Jackie gasped.

She tried to say something.

She couldn't.

"You've been pretty tense these past couple of months, Jackie," the doctor said. "I know a miscarriage can do it to any woman. . . . But I want you to snap out of it, Jackie. For Jack's sake. That's why I'm telling you what he hasn't told you . . . I want you to cheer him up as much as you can now. He's not saying anything, but the pain, the mental anguish, together they have him going through hell . . . And I want you to relax now, to try to be your old self. For these next few days, at least, Jackie."

"Next few days?" she asked.

"Today's Monday," the doctor said. He looked over at his calendar. He nodded and circled a date: October 20th, 1954. "The operation's *Thursday*," he said.

That night they talked.

JACKIE HAD JUST TOLD JACK about her talk with the doctor that morning.

Jack shook his head.

"He shouldn't have said anything. It wasn't right. I should have told you," he said.

"*You* would have put it off, till tomorrow, till Wednesday." She took his hand. She tried to smile. "I know *you*," she said.

"I wanted to tell you my way, though," he said. "There were so many things I wanted to tell you . . . my way."

"There's nothing to tell me," she said, "except that you're going to have an operation and that everything's going to be all right."

"There were other things, though," he said.

"What things?"

"I wanted to tell you, Jackie . . . first . . . how much I love you."

"I know *that*, silly," she said.

"And I wanted to thank you, too."

"For what?"

"For what you've had to put up with these past couple of years; the way you've put up with everything," he said.

"Jack—"

"I wanted to tell you what a wonderful wife you've been, a wonderful sport . . . I know," he said, "I *know* that it's been hard on you, Jackie. I know there've been times another girl would have thrown in the towel. But—"

She forced herself to laugh a little. "But I've been a real brick about this whole thing, haven't I?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, laughing a little, too, "yes. . . .

"You know," he said then, after a moment, the laughter gone, "this has been a strange day for me. I tried to work today. But for the first time in a long time I couldn't. I sat at my desk and I started to think. Not about the operation. But I started to think about my brother. About Joe. . . .

"Have I ever talked to you much about Joe, Jackie?" he asked.

"A little, sometimes," she said.

Jack smiled, and he put his head back on his pillow.

"He was the oldest of us all," he said. "And he was the best . . . He was handsome, Joe was. And he had brains, and character, and guts . . . And we loved him. Idolized him. Thought him our own private saint, we did.

"And he used to say, when he was just a kid, I remember, he used to say that he would grow up someday to be President of the United States. 'I'll settle for nothing less,' he would say.

"He meant it, too. If he'd lived, Joe would have gone on in politics, and he would have been elected to the House and to the Senate, like I was.

". . . He never got the chance, though. The war came. He was a Navy pilot. He flew out from England. He finished one tour of duty. He was eligible to come home. But he stayed for a second tour. He wanted to be there for D-Day, he said.

"Then, after that second tour, Joe was eligible to come home again. But he heard about an operation, something to do with knocking out the German V-2s. He heard about this the night before he was to leave. His luggage was already on a transport ship, ready to leave for New York.

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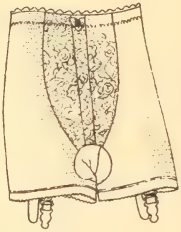
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He got them to take the luggage off. And the next day he got into his plane and set off on a mission.

"He must have been up there an hour, over France, when the plane exploded.

"Joe was killed.

"They never found a trace of his body. . . .

"Me, Jackie," he went on, after a pause, "me, I wasn't the same as I am today before Joe died. I'm like Joe today—at least I try to be. But before he died I was a shy guy, shy and quiet. Nobody in the world could ever picture me as a politician. Everybody was sure I'd end up being a teacher, or a writer.

"BUT I WENT INTO POLITICS because Joe died. He was gone and I was still here and it came very naturally to me that I would take his place . . . After a while, I got to love politics. It became my whole life—the way it would have been Joe's . . . But at the beginning I didn't do it for myself. . . .

"I come from a strange family maybe, Jackie. We're very close. And we have a hero. We loved Joe while he lived. And we honor him now that he's dead . . . And just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me, if I died, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him.

"That's the way it's got to be, Jackie." He turned to look at her again. "That's the way it's got to be."

"I know," she said.

"I may die, you know, Jackie," he said then.

"Please, Jack—" she started to say.

"And if I do," he said, "I just wanted you to hear this story, in case you wondered about me, why I spent so much time doing what I had to do . . . I know," he said, "that it's been hard on you—"

"Please, Jack—"

"I know there've been times, like when you lost the baby—"

"Jack!" She began to sob suddenly. "I don't care about me anymore. Don't you understand? I only want you, Jack. I only want you to live. I want you to *live*."

"I'll try," he said, "with every bit of strength that's left in me." He smiled again. "Don't you go worrying about that, Jackie."

He smiled.

"I'll try," he said, ". . . . for you, for me, for the family we hope to have someday, for the good life I owe you, my Jackie . . . my sweetheart. . . ."

And later, much later, when Jack was asleep, she got on her knees, and she prayed, with tears in her eyes, that the miracle would be.

. . . It was.

END

Jerry Lewis, now a writer-director-actor-producer, is in a unique position: As a member of the Screen Writers Guild he had to stop writing "The Lady's Man," when the writers called a strike. As an actor in "The Bell Boy" he voted for the Screen Actors Guild strike, even if it's against himself. Barney Balaban, head of Paramount, phoned to ask how he felt. "As a producer and director, great," said Lewis, "but as a writer and actor—not so good."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

A Last Minute Letter to Debbie

(Continued from page 31)

ears ago at a party at Ann Miller's home. was married to Vic Orsatti then, and nn's date was a tall, quiet man with sad yes behind horn-rimmed glasses, and a ny, diffident manner.

Everybody at the party was having fun xcept this man. He sat alone most of the me and I kept thinking he looked like forlorn little cocker spaniel. Later, I aw him sitting alone in the library and I tarted talking to him, not because I was nterested in him, but out of sheer sym-athy. I was to learn that Harry has an mazing talent for attracting sympathy. 's one of the things that draws people o him and makes them stick with him.

OUR PATHS DIDN'T CROSS for sev-ral months after that, and in those months any things happened to me. Vic and I were divorced and I returned to my areer. I was under contract to MGM and o-starring in a film with Gene Kelly when alph Freed, one of the people on the icture, came over to me and said, "There's guy who's dying to meet you."

I said, "No, thanks. I'm too busy to meet new man."

"But he insists upon meeting you. He's Harry Karl—says he met you once before nd would like to date you now that ou're free. He's too shy to call you un-ess he knows you'll be receptive to his all."

I recalled the shy man with the sad yes and said, "Tell you what. I want to ive some bubble gum to the children of friend of mine. If he sends me a box of 00 pieces of gum, I'll go out with him."

The next day Ralph brought me not one, ut one hundred boxes of bubble gum rom Harry. That's Harry Karl for you. When he wants to make an impression on girl he goes all out, whether it's bubble um or diamonds.

I dated him, of course. And we started o see each other from that time on until e were married one year later. Harry Karl in a courtship is something to see. He's overpoweringly attentive to the girl. was bowled over by his thoughtfulness. When I said I wanted to go here or there, Harry had the tickets. When I said I anted this or that, Harry got it. He lit ny cigarettes, poured the cream in my offee, put my wrap over my shoulders nd had his staff run errands for me. I'm woman. I was very impressed. And be-sides, those big, sad eyes used to tear at ny heart.

I understand he's that attentive to you, Debbie, and I hope that your disenchant-ment doesn't come after the wedding as mine did.

We didn't even have a home of our own when we got married. We moved into the guest house of my parents' home in the Valley. We couldn't afford a home of our own at the time; Harry had a large busi-ness debt to pay off. To help him pay off that debt, I continued working. With my movie salary and personal appearance tours, I was earning in the neighborhood of $3500 a week. This was a big help dur-ing a period in Harry's life when he needed financial help.

We were happy at this time. I was busy with my career, Harry had his own rou-tine. It was a routine, I was to discover later, that continued even when it brought me loneliness and heartache. He'd get up early in the morning, go to his office, work there till noon, then take off for one of his clubs, the Friars of Hillcrest, where he'd play cards until evening. Then he'd come home, his energies spent, silent and preoccupied. At first, I didn't mind this. I was busy with my work and I didn't realize that Harry was away quite so much of the time, nor that he was so glum around the house when he was home.

I didn't realize either, until much later, that Harry apparently was just as much in love with the glamour of my career as he was with me as a woman. For soon afterwards, something happened to open my eyes to this.

WE HAD MOVED into a home of our own in the Valley and after we were set-tled in it, I had a great desire to be just a housewife and mother. I'd been in show business ever since I was 13—I'd had an exciting career; I'd been known in pic-tures as "The Body" and had starred in many films. I had dozens of scrapbooks bulging with clippings. I wanted to say good-bye to all that now that I was mar-ried, and start to have a family.

When I mentioned this to Harry I was appalled at his lack of enthusiasm. How-ever, I was so obsessed with the idea of having a baby that I didn't let his own coolness to the idea deter me. I was the happiest girl in the world when the doctor told me that I was going to have a baby.

But Harry didn't feel that way at all. He didn't display much sympathy when I was ill, and he became bored with my morning sickness. Because I am one of those women who run into difficulties dur-ing pregnancy (eventually I was to have six miscarriages), my doctor insisted that I remain in bed. How I wished at the time that my husband would stay with me to help me pass the time. It would have made things much easier. But Harry can't seem to stand any kind of unpleasant situation around his wife. It may be due to a great sensitivity within him. I discovered during my married life with him that he loves his women to move in a perpetual cloud of glamour. He seems to be repelled when the woman is incapacitated or in need of sympathy.

He fell in love with me because I was Marie McDonald, a movie star who was glamourous on and off the screen. But watching me as I lay in bed, fighting to preserve the life of my unborn baby, ap-parently was not what he had bargained for. He seemed indifferent at a time when I needed a warm and comforting husband. I can understand what made him behave the way he did, but it didn't help matters. He began to leave earlier and earlier for his office; return later and later from his clubs.

When it finally occurred to me that he was probably avoiding me because he wanted a gay, not a bedridden wife, I de-fied my doctor's orders and got out of bed and joined Harry on a trip he was making to San Francisco.

Eventually, I lost the baby.

Harry, meanwhile, had begun to prosper. He became bored with our simple Early American house in the Valley, and wanted something more pretentious. One day he brought me to see a vast English Tudor style house on Sunset Boulevard in Bev-erly Hills and said, "This is going to be our new home."

Possessions mean different things to dif-ferent people. Harry has always been with-drawn by nature and has always had an inferiority complex. To Harry, this mag-nificent estate on five valuable acres rep-resented stature and security. It gave him a feeling of importance.

I didn't have Harry's sense of insecurity. I didn't need a mansion to make me feel accepted. After we moved in, the gloom of this big house that had more rooms than I could possibly count, oppressed me. We had to pay $5,000 a month just for servants to run this monster. We were running into debt to keep up this big place and tensions were beginning to flare up between us.

Because Harry has some wonderful traits, I still thought our marriage could be saved. And I wanted, desperately, to have a child. After several miscarriages which left me ill and depressed, I was able to convince Harry that we should adopt a baby. To my great joy we adopted not one, but two babies in quick succes-sion; Denise and Harrison, who are ten years old today and only a few months apart.

I WOULDN'T let my babies out of my sight. I'd run the nurse out of the nursery and sleep there myself, my hand in Dee-dee's, just to feel her close by and hear both my babies breathing as they slept. I didn't realize it then, but I believe that one of the reasons I clung so to my babies was because with them I found the warmth and the feeling of being needed that I didn't find with Harry.

As I became more wrapped up in the children and home, Harry became more indifferent. It was a habit of his I was to grow to understand later: domesticity in a woman bores him. Once the glamourous trappings are shed, Harry ceases to be in-terested in that woman. Even if that wom-an is his wife.

When we had first dated, my natural gaiety acted as a stimulus to him. But once we were settled in a home of our own, with two babies in the nursery, he didn't try to conceal his boredom. When he'd come home, he'd go up to his room, have dinner sent up on a tray and have it in bed, then lie in bed and watch television all night. He'd remain in bed, have his meals there and be fastened to the TV set all week end.

This kind of thing almost drove me out of my mind. The house was gloomy enough; this was an added pall. I discov-ered Harry is not able to create his own fun. There are many people like that, and this in itself is not a fault. But I think it's important for you, Debbie, to know this because you have such a gay personality. Harry will always adore you if you retain your gaiety and spirit of fun.

In order to pep up things around the house, I would ask friends over without telling Harry, and after they'd arrived, I would go up to Harry (usually still en-sconced in bed watching TV) and tell him that friends had dropped in. Then he would get up, dress and come down. I must say, however, that when he enter-tained our friends he was a very gracious host.

Many times, in order to win Harry's companionship, I would force myself to be laughing and gay and dare him to join me in a moonlight swim in the pool. I had to use my imagination all the time to draw him into each new adventure, and con-tinually keep him intrigued. I became so exhausted trying to stimulate Harry's in-terest that I finally had to give up. Besides, I had begun to assume his type of lethargy and my personality suffered. Friends no-ticed I wasn't as vivacious as I used to be. I hope you never have to go through this, Debbie, for your vivacity is one of your most delightful traits.

Not only was Harry's moody behavior reacting on my personality, I began to develop heart spasms. After several attacks I realized I could no longer live with him. In Harry's defense I must say he never intended to upset me; he is a man who means well. But his attitude of indifference and his silent moods were beginning to

hurt me. I decided to ask for a divorce.

The divorce was quick. I obtained it in Las Vegas, and once I was free I felt like my old self again. I was bursting with vitality and gaiety, and picked up my career again, this time as a night club star.

The results were astounding: I played in Las Vegas and Park Avenue to capacity audiences. Offers came from London, Paris and other European capitals, and I flew there to keep the engagements.

In Europe, I had a ball. I'd sweep on the stage wearing minks, and I'd sweep into night clubs on the arm of a man the same way. I began to date Mike Wilding, who had recently been divorced by Liz Taylor. All this hoopla got back to Hollywood. In no time at all, Harry showed up in Europe and began pursuing me madly. I led him a merry chase. Although he hadn't been overly generous to me when I was his wife, now he deluged me with jewels and furs. Harry on the pursuit is like Santa Claus in action: he can't do enough for the woman he is pursuing. He chases her and showers costly gifts on her. Sentimental gifts, as well, which are guaranteed to make her melt, like the time he sent so many roses to my dressing-room in London I could scarcely get into the room. I was touched.

I THOUGHT HE HAD CHANGED. Courting me again, he seemed so charming, thoughtful and sociable, quite different from the glum, uncommunicative man I had been married to.

We went to a justice of the peace and were married again.

But shortly after our marriage, something happened to make him revert to the old Harry. I'd suffered an injury while I was dancing on stage, and I had to go into the hospital, with a cast placed on my leg. Instead of displaying the devotion I longed for, Harry reacted as he had when we were married the first time: he tried to duck the unpleasant situation. Suddenly, he was off on a business trip to New York. Lying alone in the hospital, I had to face the realization all over again that Harry always seemed to run from a woman when she was not her glamourous self; he couldn't offer himself when she was sick or in trouble.

When I returned home, I had to rest. That meant I had to cancel my night club bookings. Again, Harry became the cold, silent husband so deadly familiar to me. Again, his retreat to his room where he would remain in bed for an entire week end, staring silently at the TV set in front of him. When the children wanted to see him, they had to go to his room and share him with the television set.

Just when things began to press in on me again, I made a happy discovery. I was pregnant again. I was determined to have this baby.

This time I followed the doctor's advice to a T. I stayed in bed—even if Harry did have to go off on his business trips or find relaxation in his clubs.

I had plenty of time to be alone and think. And I thought a lot. One day the reason for Harry's actions became alarmingly clear to me. It was like some kind of pattern: he would become greatly attracted to a glamourous woman, a woman who was beautiful, famous, at the peak of her career, desired by other men. Once some of those qualities vanished, his interest waned. This was the case with me, anyway. When he first met me, I was a star, had many beaux. After I married him, I gave up my career, settled down. He became disinterested. After I divorced him and embarked on a night club career, he became intrigued all over again, pursuing me over half the world. But now when I was ill, my career on the shelf again, I scarcely saw Harry. . . .

It was so clear. I was afraid the emotional strain might cause a miscarriage again. Months before our baby was born, I consulted a lawyer about a divorce.

When our baby, Tina Marie, was born, Harry had to be notified in Las Vegas, where he had gone to keep a date with Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Tina was such a tiny infant she had to be placed in an incubator, her existence in peril. I called Harry in Vegas to tell him about the danger his own baby faced, but apparently he was too busy in Las Vegas to come home. Tina was born in September; in January Harry saw his own baby daughter.

IT HAS BEEN THREE YEARS now that Harry and I have been divorced. Financially, he has been a good father to our three children. But how I wish he could find the time to see them more often than the two or three times a year he has visited them so far. Tina looks exactly like him, and I'd hoped that seeing his face in delightful miniature in hers might make him feel closer to her. I am sure that some day it will.

Since our divorce I have returned to my career and I am happy with my work and with my children.

Much has also happened to Harry. He has become involved in a headlined friendship with you, Debbie. I have heard that you and Harry are planning to marry soon, and I hope you will be happy. Don't let marriage shear you of your glamour, Debbie. That was a mistake I made. Perhaps you can profit by my experience when I was married to Harry, avoid repeating them, and thus have a happy and enduring marriage.

I wish you the best.

Best wishes,
Marie McDonald

Debbie has two new Columbia pictures: she stars in TRY, TRY AGAIN *and has a guest spot in* PEPE.

These Are Our Heartaches and Our Blessings

(*Continued from page 41*)

Only Kelly, their four-year-old, was her usual wide-awake and bright-eyed self.

"Okay, sweetheart," Tony said to her, yawning, "it's way past your bedtime."

"Do I *have* to go to bed?" she asked.

"Please, Kelly," Janet said, "we've had a long day of work, your Daddy and I. Daddy, especially—he's been working every night till way past midnight on his picture. And we've had a tough drive. And we're tired. So please?"

They took her into her room and tucked her in.

"Now," Janet said, lowering her head: "*Our Father. . . .*"

"*Our Father. . . .*" Kelly repeated.

"*Who art in heaven. . . .*"

"*Who art in heaven. . . .*"

"*Hallowed—*" Janet started to say.

"Daddy," Kelly said, looking up at Tony, who stood close to the little bed, his eyes closed, the picture of reverence some other time maybe, a panorama of exhaustion right now. "Daddy, but you're not in *heaven!*"

"I know," Tony nodded, opening his eyes a little. "I hear they get some sleep up there!"

"KELLY," EXPLAINED JANET. "'Our Father' in the prayer doesn't refer to Daddy. It refers to God who is the father of us all. . . ."

"Oh," said Kelly.

"Now," Janet said, "—and no more interruptions please—let's finish our prayer."

They did.

"Daddy!" Kelly called then.

"Yes?" asked Tony, his eyes snapping open again.

"Before I go to sleep, would you read me the story of Scit-Scat the Pussycat?"

"I can't," said Tony. He smiled. "That's in a book we left home. I don't remember it."

"Yes you do," Kelly said. "*I* do."

"Then why, dear," asked Janet, "don't you tell it to yourself after the lights are out?"

"Because I forget the ending," Kelly said, "and what happens to the poor little orphan pussycat."

"He gets adopted," tattled the star of *Psycho*.

"Yeah—adopted," said Tony.

"Oh, that's right," said Kelly. "But—I want to hear how *you* tell it, Daddy."

Between yawns, reluctantly, Tony told it.

"All right *now?*" Janet asked then. "Enough for one night? Are you ready *now* to go to sleep?"

"Oh yes," said Kelly, "just as soon as we finish singing."

"Singing?" Janet asked. "Tonight? Here?"

"We always sing at home," Kelly said. "And isn't this our home, too? And shouldn't people love their homes, like you told me that time, Mommy, and sing in them for happiness?"

"Mmmmmmmm," Janet said. And before she knew it, she was joining her young daughter in their current medley of nighttime hits: *I've Got A Crush On You, Matilda, My Funny Valentine, My Darling Clementine, The Girl That I Marry* and *Yes, We Have No Bananas.*

"Now—" Janet started again.

"Okay," said Kelly, "just as soon as *you* hear *my* new song. I learned it for you both special today, from Sue Ellen next door, so's we can sing it at her party next month."

Without further ado, she began:

"*Thanksgiving, Thanksgiving, Thanksgiv-ing*

"*The Pilgrims were all glad to be liv-ing*

"*They'd 'scaped from the Indians, the Apache's and Sioux's*

"*They couldn't wait to eat their turkeys 'n tell each other the nioux's. . . .*"

She stopped.

"Very nice," Tony said, beginning to clap.

"No, Daddy, there's lots more," said Kelly. "I was just taking a breath."

Desperately, Tony began to dance a groggy Charleston, on the spot, in hopes of distracting his daughter.

It half-worked.

"When's Thanksgiving?" Kelly asked.

"The last Thursday in November," said Janet.

"And why do we have it?" Kelly asked.

"To give thanks," Janet said. "To pause

and thank the Lord for all our blessings . . . In our case, we thank him for giving us you, and Jamie, and for all the other wonderful things he's given us."

"And," added Tony, "if you want to see a preview of Thanksgiving, right here, tomorrow, you just be a good girl and go to sleep now, and let me and Mommy sleep late in the morning . . . and *we'll* be the two most *thankful* people in town."

"You're funny, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Will you?" Tony asked, bending down and kissing her. "—Let us sleep late tomorrow? As a big and special favor to me? To Mommy?"

"Sure, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Sure!"

"THAT WAS SOME SONG Sue Ellen taught her," Janet laughed a little while later, as she sat fixing her hair for the night

"I'd hate to have heard the next twelve verses," Tony said, from bed.

"She *is* adorable, though, that child of ours," Janet said.

Tony nodded. "She's the end," he said.

"And she's a good child, too," Janet said proudly. "Just like Jamie is. . . . Of course, they *do* have their days. But they're certainly not like some of these other kids you keep hearing about. Always cranky. Always fussing."

"Not our dolls," agreed Tony.

Janet clipped the last of the curlers to her hair, rose and walked over to a panel on the wall. She pushed a button, which connected with the inter-com system in Jamie's room. Then she pushed another button, which connected with Kelly's room.

She listened for a moment.

The silence in both rooms was lovely.

"Sleep well," she whispered then, as she got into bed, alongside Tony. "Sleep well, darling."

Tony already was sleeping, very well.

Janet lay her head back on the pillow And she smiled as once more she listened to the silence about her—lovely, so lovely.

And then, she too slept.

At five-thirty the next morning, promptly, it began.

Pandemonium!

"It was the beginning of one of those days," Janet says, "on which Doctors Spock and Gesell. had they been around. would have run back to their offices and taken down their diplomas. . . . At five-thirty came the screaming, from Kelly's room. She's at an age in which nightmares are not uncommon. And, let me tell you. she was having one now. . . ."

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Tony asked as he and Janet rushed into her room.

Kelly bounded up from bed and threw herself in Tony's arms.

"The big fat beetle was sleeping with me, Daddy," she cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Tony continued holding her. He looked over her shoulder. "There's no big fat beetle here anymore, Kelly," he said, after a moment.

"He's *hiding* now," said Kelly, confidentially. "You just look for him, Daddy. And you'll find him."

Tony put her down and began to search the room—under the bed, under the rug, behind the curtains, the closet, the bathroom adjoining the room.

"See?" he said, when he thought he was through. "No beetle."

"Did you look in the drawers?" Kelly asked, pointing to a bureau.

Tony walked over to it. He opened one drawer, then another, then another. He had just opened the fourth and final drawer, when suddenly, something shot up and hit him in the eye.

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"Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!" he shouted.

He looked down to the floor then, and saw a green rubber frog rolling away from him.

"That's Freddie, Daddy," Kelly said. "He always jumps when you get him jiggled."

Tony looked up and over at his daughter. He tried to force a laugh. "Well," he said, "—and wasn't that funny?"

"No," Kelly said. "I'm still afraid . . . Please someone," she said, "please stay with me for a little while."

Tony and Janet went into a huddle. One of them should stay, they knew. But who?

They chose for it.

Janet lost.

Smilingly, sprintingly, Tony began to head back for the big bedroom.

HE'D ALMOST MADE IT, too, when he heard the noises, coming from the *other* room.

"Honey," he heard Janet's voice call then, "will you see what's wrong with Jamie? She's crying."

Ten minutes later, Tony stumbled back into Kelly's room. Jamie was in his arms. "She's *still* crying," he said. "What's *wrong* with her?"

"Mouf, mouf," the baby muttered, between sobs.

Janet looked into her mouth. "Poor thing," she said, "—she's teething."

"But she's teethed before," Tony said. "She's had plenty of teeth in her time."

"This one's a molar," Janet said. "Tony, just take her to her room and put some lotion on her gum. That'll soothe her, and then she'll go back to sleep."

Tony went.

"Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!" Janet heard him shout a few minutes later.

"Honey," she called, "what happened?"

"Jamie bit me," Tony called back, "that's what happened."

Janet shook her head. "Honey, *easy* when you put on the lotion," she said, "and then just put her down. And she'll go back to sleep." She crossed her fingers. "You'll see. . . ."

"Needless to say Jamie didn't go back to sleep that morning, nor did Kelly, nor Tony, nor did I," Janet says, remembering. "At about seven o'clock, when the commotion had quieted down, I decided I'd make breakfast. Things went pretty well for that next forty-five minutes or so. Oh sure, Kelly accidentally flung a spoonful of corn flakes and banana into Tony's hair. And Jamie gave her high-chair a shove at one point, while she was in it, and nearly gave us heart failure as she started to fall over. But, I mean, it was relatively quiet, breakfast was. And things stayed quiet till all the way up to about nine o'clock, believe it or not. . . ."

By nine, Tony had gone back to bed for a while. Janet was on the phone, ordering some groceries from a nearby market. The children were outside, in a sand-box, "playing."

Suddenly, again, there came a scream, long and loud.

Janet hung up the receiver and raced outside. The first thing she saw was Jamie, lying on the grass, blood trickling from her lip.

As Janet rushed over to her bawling child, she looked around for Kelly.

And there was Kelly, sitting in the sand-box, pretty as an angel, quiet as a church mouse, watching.

"Kelly," Janet called, "what happened?"

"Jamie fell against the fence there and hurt her mouth," said Kelly.

"She got out of the sand-box herself?" Janet asked, as she got on her knees and began to lift Jamie from the grass.

"Yes, Mommy," said Kelly. "And *I* didn't follow her. And *I* didn't push her."

"Are you sure?" Janet asked.

"Well," said Kelly, "maybe I was there for a minute. And maybe I touched her. . . ."

"Kelly," Janet said, "you know that Jamie doesn't like to be—"

She interrupted herself.

"Jamie!" she called then, watching the little girl who had just managed to slip from her arms. "Where are you going, Jamie?"

Jamie didn't answer. But it was obvious that she was headed for her sister.

"Ja-mie!" Janet called.

"I didn't push you on purpose, Jamie," Kelly said. "You know that."

Jamie had reached the sand-box and Kelly by this time. For one moment, she looked her big sister square in the eye. And then, the next moment, she lifted her arm, made a fist and she hauled off and slugged her one.

"Mommmmmyyyyy," Kelly began to scream now.

"My mouuuuuffffff," Jamie screamed, conscious again of her boo-boo.

"Tonnnnnyyyyy," Janet called. "Help. Tonnnnnnnyyyyyyy!"

He came running out of the house. He wore only his shorts. He rubbed his eyes. "Wh-what's wrong?" he asked.

"It's one of those days, Tony," Janet said. "the kind I bragged *we* never had . . . The children. They're cranky and fussy. We've got to keep them amused. And separately, for now. I'll take Kelly. You take Jamie . . . Come on, Kelly," she said.

"Where are you taking her?" Tony asked.

"To the grocer's, to ride ponies, to fish—I don't know," Janet said.

"And how about me?" asked Tony.

"You stay with Jamie," said Janet.

"But I'm supposed to get some sleep," Tony moaned.

"Tonight, honey," Janet said, "—if it's the last thing we ever do, tonight we'll get some sleep. . . ."

"THE REST OF THAT DAY was incredible," Janet says. "Our two good girls. What had happened to them, we wondered. There's an old Arabic saying that goes: 'Once in a while the sun slants wrong on a family and, for the day, things do not sit well with family.' That's a free translation. But you get what I mean. Because this was the day that Arabic saying was applying to us, and the sun sure was not slanting right . . . All day it went on. The children wouldn't eat their lunch. They wouldn't nap. They wouldn't play the way they were used to playing. Late in the afternoon some friends dropped by. Kelly, normally the gentlest and friendliest of girls, announced in her loudest voice, after the people had gone into the garden to see her: 'No, I won't say hello. I'll only say goodbye when you *go*!' And Jamie, normally so sweet, so careful, managed to break one lamp, one ashtray and, finally, one high-chair which, luckily, she wasn't in at the time.

"If lunch was a catastrophe, dinner was worse. I had all of their favorite foods for them that night. But did it matter? No. They nibbled like they were eating a strange Tibetan meal, and then they stopped eating, and then they complained, a lot, loudly, and the complaining went on and on and on.

"But then, suddenly—miraculously, I guess you could say—what rays of sun were left in the early-evening sky began slanting our way. Because, suddenly, the noise stopped, and the complaining, and the children began to yawn, and even to smile, and very quietly, sweetly, they indicated that they were ready to go to bed.

"We put Jamie in her crib first, kissed her and cuddled her and watched her go off to sleep.

"Then it was Kelly's turn. She was like a different child; her old self again. She got into her pajamas and she hugged us, Tony and me, hard. And then she said, 'Mommy . . . Daddy . . . I think I've been a bad girl today. But I won't be anymore . . . I've been thinking,' she said, 'about what you told me last night about Thanksgiving, next month. And when it comes I really want you to be thankful for having had me. And so I'm sorry about how I was today, and I'm sure Jamie is too. And from now on we're going to be the best little girls in the whole wide world. And we're going to have the happiest Thanksgiving, too. You wait and see.'

"It was so touching, the way she said that, that Tony and I nearly wept.

"'No, Mommy,' she said then, 'may I say my prayers with you, like always?'

"'Yes, dear,' I said.

"'And Daddy, will you tell me one quick story, like always?' she asked.

"'Yes, darling,' said Tony.

"Then, the prayers and the story over with, we kissed her, put out the light and went to the living room. There, we sat and watched some TV for an hour. And then, on tip toes, we gently stole off to our room.

"We were in bed in a jiffy. Finally, *finally*, we were in bed.

"I had turned on the inter-coms and everything was so quiet, so peaceful.

"And off we fell, to sleep, at last."

Janet began to tremble a little here.

"And then," she said, "*and then. . . .*"

IT WAS ABOUT TWO A.M. when the little voice came roaring over the intercom.

"Mommy! . . . Mommy!"

"It's Kelly," Janet said, startled, awakening.

"Probably another nightmare," Tony said.

"Oh, the poor child," said Janet.

They rushed into their daughter's room.

"Hi," Kelly greeted them, smiling, sitting up in her bed.

"Is . . . is something supposed to be wrong here?" Tony asked.

"Yes, Daddy," Kelly said. "Mommy and I forgot something."

"What?" Janet asked.

"Well, we said our prayers, like always," Kelly explained, "and you told me a story, like always, Daddy . . . But *you* Mommy, you forgot to sing with me, like always!"

"Sing?" Janet asked. "Tonight? Now?"

"We always sing at home," Kelly said, "and—"

"I know," said Janet. "I know."

She sat down on the bed alongside her daughter.

"All right, Kelly," she said, "we'll sing. But very fast this time, huh? And no lingering over the high notes?"

"All right," Kelly said.

Janet cleared her throat.

"*I've got a crush on you*—" she began.

"*Sweetie pie-yyyyyy*—" Kelly joined in

"Mommy," she said, stopping, pointing. "What's Daddy doing?"

Janet looked down.

"He's laughing," she said.

"On the floor?" Kelly asked.

"That's what they call hysterical laughter, dear," Janet said. ". . . Now come on, we've got five songs to go after this. . . ."

"All the day and nighttime—" she began again, trying hard to hold in her own laughter.

"*Hear me ca-ryyyyyy*—" Kelly joined in, shaking her head, not getting the big joke at all. . . . **END**

Janet can still be seen starring in PSYCHO, *and Tony stars next in Universal-International's* THE SIXTH MAN *and* THE GREAT IMPOSTOR; SPARTACUS.

The Love Story of Pat and Dick

(*Continued from page 21*)

Later that night, the lawyer showed up at her door.

He handed Pat a package.

"If I were rich," he said, "I'd have bought you another collie . . . But since I only had six dollars on me, this was the best I could do."

Pat opened the package.

Inside was a small woodcut, of a dog, a collie.

With it was a note which read: "May I have the pleasure of being your new friend?"

Pat knew now that this man, "this sweet, wonderful fellow," was the man for her.

As only a woman can, she got him to propose officially to her later that night. And when he did she said, breathlessly, as if surprised and delighted, "Why *yes!*"

There was only one slight hitch, the lawyer told her then. "My mother's a little worried about your having a 'Hollywood' background. It won't make any difference for us either way. But I'd like you to meet her and show her what you're really like . . . Okay?" he asked.

"Oh boy," said Pat.

HANNAH NIXON SAT ALONE with Pat in the Nixon parlor that next afternoon. They sat next to one another on a small couch. On a table in front of them were two cups of tea and an aging scrapbook.

"I know my Richard must be in love with you," said Mrs. Nixon, beginning, her voice very matter-of-fact, her eyes never once off Pat. "In the past whenever he came back from other dates he talked not of romance but about such things as what might have happened to the world if Persia had conquered the Greeks, or what might have happened if Plato had never lived . . . But after his dates with you, Miss Ryan, well, he talked only of you."

There was something about the way she'd said *you* that caused Pat to move a little, uncomfortably, in her seat.

"Now," Mrs. Nixon went on, "since you're going to marry Richard, I guess there's a lot you'll want to know about him . . . First of all, let's see; yes, there's food to be discussed. Most foods don't interest Richard, you know. But there *are* two things he likes. One is cherry pie. One is rump roast beef . . . Do you know how to prepare *them*, Miss Ryan? Pie and rump roast?"

"Yes," said Pat, "I do."

"Hmmmm," said Mrs. Nixon. "Now—about clothes. I'm afraid you're going to have to do a lot of Richard's shopping. If his brother Donald needs a new suit, Richard will buy it. But if Richard needs one, he'll get me to buy it, or do without it . . . That's a job you'll be having to take over, Miss Ryan. Will you mind *that?*"

"Oh no, not at all," said Pat.

"You'll find, too," Mrs. Nixon went on, "that Richard is a hard worker. But work for him has *not* been connected with making money. I have never heard him express a desire to be a financial success . . . Does that matter to you, Miss Ryan, if your husband is *not* a financial success?"

"It would have a few years ago, when I was younger, sillier," said Pat. "It doesn't any more."

Mrs. Nixon smiled, a tiny bit.

Then she said, "I hear you're an orphan."

"Yes," said Pat.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Nixon. "—Your mother passed on first?"

"Yes," said Pat. "When I was a young girl. Her heart gave way."

"And your father?"

"He died just as I was finishing up high school. He had silicosis. I tried to nurse him as well as I could. But—"

"BUT WHILE THEY LIVED," Pat said, "they were very happy. I'm glad for that. I thank God for that."

Again Mrs. Nixon smiled, a little.

Then she reached forward and picked up the scrapbook in front of her. She turned a few pages.

"This," she said then, pointing to a photograph, "is Richard, right after birth."

Pat grinned.

"He was adorable," she said.

"A very well-formed baby, I thought," said Mrs. Nixon. "And *this*," she said then, "is Richard at nine months, the time he said his first word.-It was 'bird.' He was referring to a white horse of ours named Bird."

"Dick's told me about him," said Pat.

"And this," she said then, "is Richard at ten, the time he said to us he wanted to be a lawyer when he grew up. We thought he would be a musician, he had such a good ear on the piano; or maybe even a preacher, he could talk so well. But he said 'lawyer' one day, and I could see he had a sense of justice about him.

"You see," she said, "we had a store at the time and we found that one of the customers had been shoplifting. Everybody thought that I should turn the woman over to the police. But Richard said 'Don't do it, Mother. If they arrest that woman, it will ruin the lives of her two children.' I followed Richard's advice. And I've never been sorry I did."

When she was through talking, she saw Pat kiss her own fingers and then bring them down, softly, onto the photograph.

"What made you do that?" Mrs. Nixon asked.

"I don't know," Pat shrugged. "I guess it's that up till now I loved the man . . . But now I love the boy that he used to be, too."

"Well—" said Hannah Nixon.

And then, for the first time that afternoon, she smiled, really smiled, a warm and deep smile.

"Well—" she said again, "that was a very nice thing for you to say.

"And I'm glad, Pat, very glad that you're the girl who's going to marry my son."

Pat and Dick Nixon were married early in 1940, in a Quaker church in Riverside, California.

When—soon after the United States entered World War II—Dick joined the Navy, Pat quit her schoolteaching job and followed her husband, happily, in her usual happy-go-lucky way, from billet to billet.

They lived in Washington for a while, then Iowa, then Philadelphia. When Dick was sent to the Pacific, Pat took an apartment in San Francisco and a job there, as a stenographer.

Finally, towards the war's end, Dick came back to the States and he and Pat took off together for Baltimore and his last Navy assignment.

In Baltimore, after a while, Pat became pregnant.

And in Baltimore, too, after a while, Dick received the telegram that was to change the course of their entire lives.

The telegram read:

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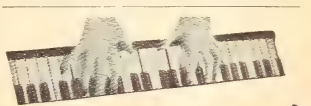
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"What do you think?" Dick asked Pat after they'd read it.

"I think it's great," she said. "It's a real big honor. You should be mighty proud."

"I probably wouldn't win," Dick said, "even if I do tell them yes."

"So what?" said Pat. "It'll probably get us back to Whittier, quicker than we'd planned . . . And if you lose, we'll get ourselves a little house there and we'll have our baby there, you'll open up a law office again, and—and meanwhile, Dick," she said, "a political campaign. I bet that'll be an awful lot of *fun*! . . . ."

It was night, in California, several months later.

DICK HAD WON THE NOMINATION a few days earlier. The campaign had officially begun.

But now, this night, Pat lay in the hospital room, about to be taken to the delivery room, where she would give birth to her first child.

"I want my husband," she said, groggily, to the nurse who stood alongside her. "Where's my husband?"

"I phoned him, dear," the nurse told her. "Now don't you worry. He'll be here. Soon. . . "

Dick rushed into the room a few minutes later.

"Darling," he said, taking Pat's hand, "I just got the call. I was at the Elks', in the middle of a speech. I wanted to get here. To hold your hand . . . To give you this."

He bent and kissed her.

"Dick," Pat asked then, "are you going to stay—while I'm inside?"

He didn't answer at first.

"Dick?" she asked.

"I shouldn't, honey," he said then. "I should get back."

She closed her eyes.

"Pat," he said. "I've started this thing. For better or for worse. There are more than four hundred people back there, in that hall, waiting to hear what I've got to tell them. If I'm going to do this thing at all, Pat, I'm—"

He stopped. And, after a moment, Pat could hear a chair being pulled up next to her bed.

She opened her eyes.

She saw that Dick was seated next to her.

"I'm sorry, honey," she heard him say. "I'll stay. Of course I'll stay here with you. Nothing's more important to me than you, Pat . . . I don't know what got into me just now."

She looked up at him. She forced a smile as best she could. "No, Dick," she said. "I'm the one who's sorry. If you've got to go back, you've got to.

"Please, Dick," she said, "go back to your speech.

"I understand," she said.

"Believe me, Dick, I *do* understand."

And as she said that, she continued to force her smile; while, under the bedsheets, she clenched her fists, tightly, partly because of the pain inside her, and partly because of another pain . . . a pain she knew would never leave her and over which, she knew, neither she nor her husband would ever again have any control. . . .

Dick Nixon won the '46 election. And he and Pat and Tricia (the first of two daughters) moved to Washington.

For the next six years, first as a Congressman's wife, then as a Senator's, Pat learned fast that a perfect politician's wife must be silent, serene, well-controlled and always smiling.

BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS, however, Pat's only concern was her usefulness towards her husband. Was what she was doing the right thing for Dick? He seemed unusually happy here in Washington. His star was rising. Was she right in there, doing a good job for Dick, helping him in the hundred little ways that she could?

Finally, one night in July of 1952, it appeared to Pat Nixon that yes, she had done a good job.

Dick stood on a platform, waving his arms, smiling at the thousands of convention delegates who had just nominated him for the next Vice-Presidency of the United States of America.

And next to him Pat stood.

Yes, it seemed to Pat, that night—everything had been worth it.

Because everything, everything in Dick's life was just perfect now. . . .

But then, another night, shortly after, things began to change. A few hours earlier, a story had broken in the newspapers and on TV. Dick Nixon had been accused of illegally accepting funds and gifts (quite a bit of money, it was reported, as well as a dog named Checkers) from several wealthy Californians. Within these few hours since the story had appeared, public reaction had become nearly hysterical. There had been cries from the Democrats, and from many Republicans, too, for General Eisenhower to throw Dick Nixon off his ticket.

PAT HAD READ THE STORIES, heard the accusations.

She'd tried to rub them from her mind.

She sat there now, this night, in her living room, with her mother-in-law, silently, still trying.

When, suddenly, she heard the cars pull up the driveway—first one, then another, then a third.

A moment later, the front doorbell rang.

Pat didn't move.

"Aren't you going to answer?" asked Dick's mother.

"No," said Pat. "Not tonight, I'm not . . . Dick's inside, writing his talk. The children are asleep . . . I'm not going to have anybody disturbed tonight."

But then, after a while, when it seemed as if the bell would never stop ringing, Pat rose, and headed for the front door.

She opened it, quickly, nervously.

"Mrs. Nixon?" a reporter called.

"Yes?" she asked.

A flashbulb popped.

She blinked.

"Yes?" she asked again.

"We'd like some shots of your husband . . . and a statement."

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's in his office. He has a speech to give on television tomorrow. He's busy."

"How about the dog then? Can we get a picture of him?"

"I'm sorry, but—"

"Aw, c'mon, Mrs. Nixon. The whole world wants to see this pooch."

"I—"

"What do you say, Mrs. Nixon."

"C'mon, Mrs. Nixon."

"It's our job, lady. We've got to get that picture."

Pat found herself nodding. "All right," she said. "All right . . . but please, be quiet as you can. The girls are sleeping. I don't want to wake them."

"Sure thing, ma'am."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Nixon."

She opened the door wider.

The newspaper people rushed past her.

"Please now—" she started to say.

But they were already far past her, on their way up the stairs. They thumped up the stairs. And they shouted to one another. They acted like kids on a lark. Pat watched them, unbelievingly.

"Mama," she heard a voice call out to her, suddenly.

She looked up, to the top of the stairs.

A door was open there. In the doorway stood her two little girls, in their pajamas, their faces covered with fear.

"Mama," asked Tricia, the older one, "is anything wrong?"

Pat stood there, staring at her girls.

"Mama!"

"I don't know, Tricia," she said, finally

"Hey," one of the reporters called out to the girls. "Is this the door to the dog's room?"

"Yes," the girl said.

The men barged into the room.

"Mama," Julie, the younger daughter, called now. "what do they want with Checkers? What do they want with my doggie?"

"Nothing, sweetheart," Pat said. "They're just going to take his picture. That's all . . . Go back to your room now. Both of you. Go back to bed now."

She watched the two girls as they stepped back and closed their door. And then she walked back into the living room and over to a window.

"What's wrong, child?" her mother-in-law asked.

"I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE," Pat said, staring out of the window.

"I know," her mother-in-law started to say. "It's hard on you all sometimes. But—"

"I just can't take it any more," Pat went on. "It's *too* hard on the girls, too hard on me. And now, Dick—it's too hard on him."

"What are you going to do?" her mother-in-law asked.

"I'm going in to Dick, and talk to him," Pat said.

"What are you going to talk about?"

"I'm going to ask him to quit, to *quit*," Pat said. "I'm going to tell him that I want to go home. With him and our daughters. Home where we belong. Not here. Not here, where they scandalize us, and hurt us so much. Not here—"

She turned from the window and she faced her mother-in-law.

"You're his wife, Pat," the woman said "You know best."

"Yes," Pat said.

She took a deep breath.

And then she began to walk towards her husband's office.

Dick looked up at her. He'd been working hard and long and his eyes were tired-looking, very tired-looking.

"Yes, Pat?"

His voice was weary.

She stood there, in the doorway. She looked at him for a long time.

And as she did, she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

She had never seen him cry before.

Not once, since that first time they'd met.

"Yes, Pat?" he asked again.

In that moment that followed, she threw aside everything she had meant to say.

"I only wanted to see how you were, Dick," she said, instead. "—And . . . to tell you . . . please . . . to go on."

Then she walked over to where he sat

And she put her arms around him.

"Go on," she said, again.

Then she, too, began to cry. . . . END

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Will Jack Lemmon Remarry Cynthia?

A Modern Screen "Back-of-the-Book" Special

On a sun bright day, a young man with a nervous grin on his boyish face led a trim young blonde girl by the hand up three short steps. He opened the door for her, and squeezed her hand tightly to reassure her that they were doing the right thing. *She* reassured *him* with a warm look. He braced his shoulders, and strode forward. In a few long moments, he was answering the question:

"Do you Jack Lemmon take Cynthia Stone to be your lawful wedded wife?"

His answer was clear and strong.

"I do."

The passersby scarcely took notice on that warm May 7th in 1950, when a happy pair of youngsters raced out into the Peoria, Illinois, sunshine to shout to the world passing by that they were, and always would be, man and wife.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lemmon," they chorused happily, "and nothing can ever change that. Nothing!"

The honeymooners made it back to New York on a cloud of joy. Their cup seemed to overrun with good fortune when Jack hit it hot on a few television shows as an actor. Cynthia encouraged him, and with his natural talents spurred on by the bride, Jack began to move up fast in the world of grease paint and make believe.

As his star began to rise, Cynthia felt a little left out of things. Conferences, rehearsals, agents' plans all seemed to eat away at their time together. But, Jack, calling on his Boston Back Bay manners, excused himself from many of the conferences that others around him had set up, and gave of himself more dutifully to Cynthia.

"We'll call him Christopher," Jack proudly announced, when a bouncing baby boy joined their household.

In December of 1956, Chris Lemmon saw his daddy leave, and his mommy cry, but, he could not understand the why of either act. A judge in Las Vegas understood it better. He had granted Cynthia Lemmon a divorce, but to him it had seemed such a shame since both parties to the divorce action had seemed so friendly and attentive to each other.

When Cynthia married actor Cliff Robertson in August of 1957, Jack practically wished on a star for her happiness. He and Cynthia had remained close even through their trials, and now, she let Jack have complete visitation rights to see Chris.

"We're still the best of friends," Jack said. "and Cliff understands."

Cliff Robertson, a thoroughly nice guy, did understand. He and Jack became fast friends. Both were on Cynthia's side.

A while later, Cynthia gave birth to a little girl, who was christened Stephanie. Cliff and Cynthia seemed closer than ever at this point. Jack practically doted on the little girl, as well as his own son, Chris.

But, soon after Stephanie's birth, Cynthia announced she was leaving Cliff. A marriage that had looked good was over. No explanations were given. She simply announced the breakup and that was that.

Perhaps it was the separations caused by Cliff's movie assignments on location. Or, perhaps, as one friend said: "She never really stopped loving Jack."

Be that as it may, in the spring of 1959, Cynthia left Cliff, and so bitter was their split that she refused him unlimited visiting rights to Stephanie, as she had granted Jack with Chris.

Jack, in the meantime, had become one of the hottest personalities in pictures. His romp with Kim Novak and Jimmy Stewart in *Bell, Book, and Candle*, followed by his daffy dame impersonation with Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*, had sent his stock soaring.

He was in great demand by every studio. But, he played it cool. He didn't want to get bogged down in a mess of second rate scripts. With all his skyrocketing, he found lots of time to visit with Cynthia, Chris, and little Stephanie.

"Cynthia and I have always been the best of friends," Jack said, but people began to notice the glow that lit up within him when he mentioned Cynthia's name.

They went out to lunch together. They talked about the children. And, Jack, good friend that he was, tried to iron out the differences between Cliff, his pal, and Cynthia, his beloved ex-wife. It was no go. Cynthia had shut Cliff out of her life.

Jack went into *The Apartment* for Billy Wilder, and it was the first time he'd ever been asked to carry the starring role in a film. Cynthia wished him the best of luck knowing full well that it was a turning point in Jack's career.

Jack, still seeing Felicia Farr, began to see more and more of Cynthia. They both rejoiced in his new success as if it were their own private party. Talk of Jack's marrying Felicia, his long time actress girl-friend, began to become less and less a topic. Instead, the wise money was beginning to re-examine Jack and his chances of winning Cynthia back again.

The tensions that had split them in 1955, when Jack was still on the borderline between supporting player and star-actor, had erased themselves by his personal success. And, he and Cynthia *had* been very much in love, had shared many laughs, and had always remained the best of friends, a feat not shared by very many ex-husbands and wives in Hollywood, or for that matter, not shared by many husbands and wives in the movie business.

Cliff came back into the fray, and tried to rewin Cynthia. Jack stepped aside, and watched as Cliff gave it his all. Cynthia said it later: "Cliff and I are just incompatible," and that seemed to answer the dream of Cliff Robertson.

Jack called Cynthia often. He wanted to find out about Chris, and baby Stephanie, whom he'd come to love as one of the family. They talked often and for long periods of time. The endearments they'd used long before with each other occasionally cropped into the conversations.

"I've got to go to New York, Cyn." Jack announced one day. "It's on business. I'm going to act in *Face Of A Hero* on Broadway."

Cynthia was happy for him. She knew Jack had always wanted to return to Broadway, ever since she'd gone through the opening night jitters with him when he'd played in *Room Service*, a revival of the famous Marx Brothers farce.

"I'll miss you, Jack," she said.

He knew he'd miss Cynthia too. They had recaptured many of the fun moments they'd known in their early courtship days. And, Jack had been happy to see the smile return to Cynthia's lovely face.

"I'll be back, Cyn," Jack said, and she knew he meant it.

Jack has indicated that he and Cynthia can make it for keeps this time. Everyone who knows and loves them watches hopefully. And, Jack and Cynthia, they just live every day one at a time. One at a time until the day they can say, once again, and for keeps, "I do."

This time, we know the "I do" will stick for good. Because, that's Lemmon's choice.

END



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I Was Too Poor To Have Dreams

(*Continued from page 34*)

their big bosoms, their curves, their slick-combed hair, their pouting months—they moved him all right. But only so far. "In the long run they're actresses or would-be actresses," he once said, "—and competitive, just like men. And who needs two of those in the same apartment for any length of time?"

HE HAD NO IDEA AT THE TIME—three years ago—that there was a girl for him, a girl named Ellie, a girl he would fall for and who would fall for him and who would change his mind about the subject of marriage, and even change him.

He had no idea of her existence three years ago.

He only knew that he was in one hell of a state.

And, sometimes, when he really pondered his fate, he would wonder how things, life, might have been for him if he weren't an actor; if Hollywood were some faraway place the ladies in the neighborhood read about, and not the place where he lived and worked . . . and he would wonder how things, life, might have been if the trouble hadn't started between his folks back in Naponee, Wisconsin, way back when he was just a kid of four; if his mother hadn't been beautiful and restless and if Mr. Ziegfeld had never told her to look him up should she ever decide to enter the glorious world of show business. . . .

"And he told me I *should*," he remembered her voice cry out that night, back in Naponee. Florenz Ziegfeld—she'd said. The greatest producer of them all. He'd been there in Atlantic City; there, at the Contest. He'd come up to her when the contest was over and he'd said, "I think, personally, Miss Graf, that *you* should have been elected Miss America. But know this," he said, "anytime you want to come work for me, you can, Miss Graf." . . . And that had been Florenz Ziegfeld speaking. *Ziegfeld!*

He remembered his mother's voice that night.

And he remembered his father's silence. And he remembered how it was that next morning, the morning after the trouble, standing there on the little platform of the Naponee railroad station, saying goodbye to his father, then getting on the train with his mother—just the two of them and those two big tan suitcases of theirs; how then, after a while, after they'd sat in their coach seats for a while and then had gone to have breakfast in the dining car and then had come back to their coach seats again, he had looked up at his mother and had seen that she was crying and he'd asked her, "Mama, where are we going?"

They were going to New York, he remembered her saying. Mama was going to have an interview with Mr. Ziegfeld, in his own private office. And then Mr. Z. was going to give her a part in one of his shows, like he'd said he would, and make her into what she'd always wanted to be—a star of the New York stage.

David remembered how his mother had cried, very softly and confused-like, for over an hour after she'd said that. . . .

His mother, strong and determined a woman as she was, had been very unhappy those next five years, he remembered. She had gotten to see Mr. Ziegfeld, all right. And he had given her a part in one of his productions, a big and fancy musical. Only it was a very small part and it was with one of the great impresario's touring shows, and not his New York company.

So, he remembered, for those next five years they'd traveled around the country, the mother (she'd divorced her husband in this time) and the son and their two big tan suitcases, from city to city, town to town, living in each place for a few weeks at a stretch and then packing, boarding a train and moving on, the mother more and more heartbroken that nothing really big was happening to her, the son more and more lost in a backstage world of bright lights, brash comedians, poker-playing musicians and self-loving and cutie-pie Follies girls.

It would be, David remembers, that they would get to a hotel in a new town and he'd walk down the street during the day while everybody else was asleep, looking for somebody to play with. He'd meet some kid, the son of the owner of the cafeteria where they ate maybe, or some kid who delivered papers to the hotel. They'd become friendly. Pals. And then, before he knew it, he would have to say goodbye and he would know that he would never see this kid again, not for as long as he lived . . . He didn't want this anymore. It hurt too much. He began to want to vomit every time he knew they were going to have to leave and he would have to say goodbye . . . So he avoided kids. He didn't look for friends anymore. This was the beginning of a lifetime occupation for David—not looking for friends. He became a brooder. He sat alone in hotel rooms. He became a boy who just existed. It was a lousy feeling—young as he was he knew this, that it was wrong, unnatural. But time passed and there was nothing he could do about it.

FINALLY, IN 1939, when David was nine, his mother left the Ziegfeld show and moved to Hollywood. Her aim was a final fling, a long shot: to try to get into pictures. She entered the movie town with high hopes and some money she'd saved. It wasn't long, however, before her hopes were gone, and her money; before she was working as a saleslady in the May Co. department store in order to make ends meet.

This was when she decided that her *son* would become an actor.

"Why?" David asked, the day she took time off from her job and started making the studio rounds with him.

"Because," she said, "you're a good-looking boy and you've got a good speaking voice and I think you'll make a fine actor . . . Besides," she added, "I don't want you ending up a short-order cook or a car-hop, God forbid."

("I've never figured," David says, smilingly, today, "why when my mother got excited she would pick on those two jobs. I think that deep-down she'd seen me sitting around those hotel rooms so long, doing nothing, she was really afraid I was going to wind up a plain ordinary bum!")

Within a few days after they'd started their tour of the moving picture studios, David landed his first role. The picture was called *Swamp Fire*. The stars were those two Tarzans of days gone by, Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe. The experience, for David, was one of mixed emotions.

On one hand he hated the work—"the director was always goading me. And I didn't like wearing powder and rouge."

But, on the other hand, David had few complaints, really. Because despite what happened Mondays through Fridays, from seven to seven, he knew that come evenings, come weekends, he could hop on a bus and go to a place called Home. It wasn't a big place, Home; only a four-room apartment, in fact; but for the first time in a long long time David Janssen had a room of his own and a mailbox with his and his mother's name on it and a storage room in the cellar with a lock on it, where they parked their two big tan suitcases. And the place was far from the railroad station. And there wasn't a cafeteria within blocks. And for the first time in a long long time young David felt something like what he knew other kids must feel like. And no, he was not complaining.

THINGS GOT EVEN BETTER after his mother re-married.

He'll never forget the night, when he was thirteen, a couple of years after the wedding, when his mother came into his room and sat alongside him on his bed. She'd just put her new baby daughter to sleep in her crib. She was smiling. "David," she said, out of the clear blue, it seemed, "would you like to give up picture work?"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that," his mother said. "I'm proud of the work you've done, Davie. Maybe a little selfishly—but I am proud. I've seen a dream of mine come true," she said. "Do you understand what I mean?"

"Sort of," said the boy.

"And now," his mother went on, "more important, I want you to have your own dreams . . . What are they, Davie?" She took his hand. "Your dreams?"

The boy thought for a while. Then he told them to her, gradually. He would like most of all, he said, to go to a school, a real school. He didn't like those one-room classrooms at the studios, he said, where most of the time he was the only student in the place—just him and a teacher. And then after school, real school, he said, he would like to go to college and study something interesting, like engineering, aviation engineering or chemical engineering, something like that. He knew, he said, that college was expensive, that things were tough and he couldn't expect his parents to pay his way. But, he said, he liked sports and maybe if he worked hard enough at them he could get an athletic scholarship to some good college, and with a scholarship, he said, well, then everything would be all wrapped up and taken care of.

When he was through, he asked his mother, "Is that an all right thing for me to want?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you mean it," he asked, "—about me being an actor? I don't *have* to be one?"

"No," she said. "You don't have to be anything you don't want to be."

She bent to kiss him.

"Goodnight, Davie," she said. "It's getting late. It's time for you to be getting some sleep."

And he noticed, as she said that, that her smile was gone and that there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She didn't answer at first.

"Mama?" he asked. "Mama? . . . Is something the matter?"

"I ONLY DID WHAT I DID," she said then, "because I, too, had a dream once. I'd been determined to make something of myself. When that failed, I wanted to make something of you . . . Now, I'm only sorry if I've hurt you in any way. I'm sorry, Davie."

He sat up, and he put his arms around his mother.

"Don't be sorry, Mama," he said.

"Please, don't be. . . ."

David entered Fairfax High in Hollywood the following week. He became,

shortly, one of the best athletes the school has ever known. By the time he was in his senior year he had copped most of the athletic prizes being handed out, as well as scholarships to two of the best colleges in the state.

And then, less than a month before graduation, it happened—

David was in a track meet, the last one of the year. He'd just won the most impressive event of them all, the pole-vault jump. The coach had given him his medal and he was walking back towards the locker room when a newspaper photographer came rushing up to him.

"That was a sweet jump, kid," the photographer said. "How about doing it once more so I can get a picture for my paper?"

"Sure thing," David said.

He turned and went back to the starting line. He looked over at the photographer, who had his camera in position. "Give him a good picture now," he said to himself. He took a deep breath, and he began to run. He ran swiftly, beautifully, surely. His eyes were on the jump point straight ahead and he didn't see the soda bottle somebody had dropped to the ground a few minutes earlier. The pain that came to his right knee was so intense when he hit it after tripping over the bottle that he passed out. The knee was busted; the damage was to be permanent. It was as if he knew it then, that moment, even in his blacked-out state.

"My scholarship . . ." those who stood around him remember him moaning. "My scholarship."

A few days later, he limped into his coach's office.

"Coach," he said, "I've been a little worried. Do you think the colleges will take me now, with my knee like this?"

"I've been worried, too, David," the coach admitted. "I've phoned both the schools. They both say that they'll let us know the score within the week."

But they never did.

It was then when David decided to start all over again and work at the only thing he knew—acting. He had no money. He had no preparation for anything else. He found himself, strangely, wanting to be an actor now. A good one. So he went back to all the old studios where he'd worked. Strangely, though, nobody seemed too overjoyed to see him.

Universal-International did put him on their payroll finally, however.

And the long grind began.

FOR SEVEN YEARS, minus two in the army, David toiled and struggled—"and nobody gave a damn." Other guys came to this town of Hollywood, he knew. Some made it big. Some didn't make it at all. But him, he just kept rolling along. He played bit parts in a couple of dozen pictures while he was at U-I. Mostly they were three and four-day deals, the kind where the director's only concern is getting you into the picture, then getting you out.

Anyway, it was steady employment, at least. Up until 1956, that is, when the blight hit Hollywood and David got canned. He'd started at one hundred dollars a week and ended at three hundred, and this had been enough to keep him in debt. How does it happen—debt—to a guy earning a few c-notes a week? In Hollywood, what with agents' fees, new cars, new clothes, entertaining, bachelor boozing—it happens. "Man," David says, "it happened to *me*."

So, came 1956 and he got the ax from U-I and, he figured, it was time for him to do or die in this business.

And, for a time, it looked like lilies would be in order.

First, there was the matter of a picture called *Lafayette Escadrille*. David's part was that of Tab Hunter's commanding officer. Played well, the part could easily have overshadowed Tab's. Unfortunately for David, he played it so well that after a few days of rushes word came down from the Warner Brothers' offices: *Cut the Janssen part. Build up Hunter's. Hunter is studio property!* Bill Wellman, director of the picture, tried to fight the edict. But it was no go. Only David went.

The next incident came when Wellman was approached by David Selznick to direct his upcoming *A Farewell To Arms*. Fine. Wellman said—but on one condition: He didn't want Rock Hudson for the lead, he wanted David Janssen. "David *w-h-o?*" Selznick asked. The deal was quickly called off.

Finally, however, in the spring of '57, things changed for David and he got his first real break—the lead in the *Richard Diamond* show. The show began as a summer replacement. But it became obvious, after the first few weeks of ratings, that it would, in quick time, become one of the top weeklies of them all.

As success stories go, it would seem right here that David Janssen was riding on Cloud Nine now, these first few months of his success.

But, to tell the truth, he wasn't.

He was making good money now, really good money; but he'd borrowed so much all along the way, that he was still in debt.

And, though he had some stature now, some reason for happiness, he discovered suddenly that aside from his mother and his sisters, Terry and Jill, there was nobody else with whom he could share it.

He had no friends.

OUTWARDLY, HE LIVED IT UP all right. He drank with the best of them. He laughed with the funniest of them. He dated the most luscious of them.

But, basically, he had no friends.

Incidents in his childhood had made him steer away from relationships. "A cynicism of mine," he says, "—inbred maybe; I don't know—caused me to approach someone else's attempt at friendship from a negative point of view." He found himself always inclined to think: "There's a reason behind it. There's a catch. What does *he* want?"

This is a Hollywood disease, easy to catch.

And you fight it, or you don't.

And David didn't.

And so, there he was at twenty-seven, with things going pretty well for him. And, there he was, with his problems, a lost and lonely kind of guy.

The three people really close to David—his mother and his sisters—would tell him that what he needed to solve these problems was, in simple English, a wife.

"Nuts," David would say. "I've got enough to worry about."

"I need something," he'd say. "But I don't need that!"

In interviews—and a whole rash of them started after the *Diamond* success—he would be asked the traditional question: "When you do get married, what are the qualities you would like your wife to have?" And David would answer, straight-faced, "First, she has to be willing to dye her hair every day, to disguise herself from creditors. . . ." And the reporter would stop writing, and laugh. And David Janssen would have gotten out of that one.

And, yet, he knew deep in his heart that something *was* missing in his life.

Not a wife, of course.

. . . Or so he thought!

He met Ellie on Hallowe'en night, at a party, in 1957.

He almost never did make that party.

He'd worked hard that week, that day. He'd been invited to the party by some girl a few days earlier. But now, this night, pooped, he'd forgotten completely



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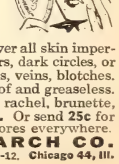
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about the invitation and had gone to bed instead.

Shortly before ten o'clock, the girl phoned him, woke him. She was sorry, she said. She couldn't make the party.

"Well," David yawned, "that's the way it goes."

But, said the girl, she had a girlfriend who was just dying to go. Would he take *her?*

David said no, he'd rather not.

The girl persisted. "Please," she said. "I promised you'd take her. She'll be furious with me if you don't. . . . And besides, Davie, she knows everybody there. And once you bring her it isn't that you'll have to stay with her all the time. . . ."

The girl went on and on.

Till finally David realized that sleep—the thing he wanted most that night—was out.

And so he said, "All right, all right."

And, groggily, he started to get out of bed. . . .

Sure enough, when they got to the party, his "date" disappeared. And David walked straight to the bar and ordered a drink.

HE WAS ON HIS SECOND DRINK, or his third, when "like they say in the song lyrics, I saw her standing there, across the crowded room."

She was tall and brown-haired and lovely-looking.

She stood alone.

She noticed David looking over at her at one point.

She smiled, and looked away.

David waited for her to look back.

She didn't.

He found himself staring at her, waiting.

He became fidgety. ("All of a sudden," he says, "I was clobbered by this shy, if you want to call it that, feeling. I felt she had to look back at me again to show she was interested.")

When she made it obvious that she *wasn't* going to look back ("I'd seen him sitting there looking at me," Ellie says. "I'd liked what I'd seen. But I didn't know what to *do*."), David put down his drink, walked over to her and asked her if she'd care to dance.

She waited, those first few minutes while they danced, for him to say something.

"Well," Ellie said, "—in case you're interested. . . . My name is Ellie. I'm from New York. I worked as a model once, then as a buyer for a department store. I came to California a few weeks ago, liked it, gave up my job—and—" she shrugged "—that's the story of my life."

She waited *then* for David to say something.

He didn't.

Ellie began to wonder: Was this one of those silent attractions? Or was the Hollywood actor just plain bored?

They continued dancing. David continued to say nothing.

They went for a drive after the party, (David's date, to no one's surprise, had gone off with someone else). He said nothing.

They parked by the water. David turned on the car radio.

They stopped for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. David was silent.

"Don't you like to talk?" Ellie asked, finally.

"Not much," David said.

"I see," said Ellie. She smiled. "Well, strange as it may sound, I just want you to know that I'm having a very nice time anyway. . . . Really!"

David looked at her.

There was something about this girl that made him more and more fidgety. ("She was so damn nice and normal, just to look at," he says, "that I figured if we started saying anything to each other, the whole thing might be spoiled.")

"What do you want to hear, anyway," he found himself asking, then, "—the story of *my* life?"

"Sure," Ellie said.

"Are you interested," David asked, half-smiling, "or are you just being polite?"

"Of course I'm interested, you dope," Ellie said. "If I weren't, if I'd just wanted to be polite, I'd have been back at my hotel room a couple of hours ago."

David continued looking at her.

Then he nodded.

"Well—" he said.

And he told her his story.

HE STARTED AT THE BEGINNING. And by the time he'd come to the end—a few hours later, "It was way past dawn," he remembers—he had talked to Ellie the way he'd never talked to anyone else before. He talked about his ups, his downs. His misses, his hits. He had even begun to have inroads in discussing his problems with someone for the first time in his life—the small problems, the medium ones, the big ones.

And when he was through discussing these things, talking, he knew only two things: (one) that it was dawn and he had to get this girl back to her hotel; (two) that he wanted to, had to, see her again that night.

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"I learned something about David that morning," Ellie has said. "He didn't ask me, 'Is it all right if I see you tonight?' He said, 'I'll *see* you tonight!'—like whatever shyness he'd felt at the beginning, poof, was gone.

"It was the same," she says, "when we got married. We'd been going together for almost a year now. And all of a sudden one afternoon he comes over to see me and talks about marrying me. But he doesn't get on his knee and say, 'Will you etcetera etcetera, my darling?' No. He says, 'Either you marry me tonight or we're never going to see one another again.'

"Very direct, my husband.

"Very, very direct."

Very directly, the other day—some two years and a few months after their wedding—we asked David to tell us something about his marriage. We were sitting in the Janssen living room. Ellie was in the den, next door, working on some project. (She sews a lot, paints and is an expert furniture repair-lady.)

"Well," said David, "it's a good marriage. A great marriage. And it's all Ellie's doing. She's got a sense of humor, which I like. She's understanding, which I like. She makes most of her own clothes, which doesn't hurt when a couple is trying to save money and get out of debt—which we have, finally. And she's a good cook. Makes the best veal scallopine in town. She learned from the chef at La Scala and— Say, she's making some tonight! You want to stay for dinner?"

Sounded fine, we said. But for now, to get back to the story—

"Has she changed you in any way these past couple of years?" we asked.

"She has," David said. "It's hard to say how. Ellie doesn't do things obviously, if you know what I mean. But take the matter of friends. I never had any before, really. And I have them now. Not many. But a few. And good ones. The Jackie Coopers. The Steve Allens. A few others. How is Ellie responsible? I don't know. People like her. They're drawn to her. Unavoidably, maybe, they're drawn to me, too, and me to them. I relax more around people now. I don't question their every move. When I do Ellie ribs the heck out of me, and that takes care of that."

He stopped, and he thought for a moment.

"And another thing," he said then, "—she's got me, or is getting me, out of my brooding habit. When things went wrong, professionally I mean, like with the *Escadrille* and *Farewell To Arms* things, I'd really feel lousy. I'd brood. Like I did a little while back, when I lost *Butterfield 8*. It looked all set. It was a big deal to play opposite Elizabeth Taylor; it was a good role, the piano player's. Pandro Berman, the producer, said he wanted me. You can't ask for better than that. And then word got out that Liz wanted Eddie Fisher for the role. I guess Liz hadn't heard that I'd been set for the part; one way or another, it doesn't matter anymore. Anyway, the opinion got to be that the picture wouldn't be made without Eddie. And so I was out.

"WELL, I BROODED ABOUT THIS, naturally. At least, I started to. But then Ellie had a talk with me. It was a very short talk, very simple. She said that lots of things happen for the best, que sera sera, and—knock wood—something better would come along for me.

"And, sure enough, a little while later, I landed this role in *Eternity* (*Hell To Eternity*), which I wouldn't have been able to take if I were working on the Taylor picture. And—knock wood—if it turns out to be as good a picture as everybody who should know says it will be, well, then with this and *Diamond* I may really be on my way."

We asked David to tell us a little more about Ellie, her qualities, the things about her he was most nuts about, the things about her that made her a woman among women.

"Well—" he started.

He paused.

He scratched his head and said, "You know, questions like this take time to answer."

So he took time.

A lot of time.

Until, suddenly, from the other end of the room we heard a click. It was Ellie, opening the door that led from the den.

She poked out her head.

"David," she said, "—is it that you can't think of *anything* else nice to say about me. . . . Hmmmmm?"

Then she winked at us and closed the door again.

"My wife?" David called out.

"Why," he said, *"why, Ellie Janssen is the most sen-sa-tion-al gal who ever lived. Yessir. And I love her madly.*

"Madly!"

"I hope I said that loud enough," he whispered to us then, laughing.

"I mean, if we still want to see that scallopine tonight. . . ." **END**

David stars in Allied Artists' DONDI *and* RING OF FIRE *for MGM.*

Liz' Journey Through Terror

(Continued from page 39)

closed his eyes, just blissfully relaxing.

And Liz turned her head and looked over at Bee Smith, the nurse, who never for a moment had her eyes off the children.

Bee, Liz thought to herself, *Bee, it's going to be so sad losing you. . . .* She still couldn't believe it, that the woman *was* going to leave them. She'd always figured that she would be with them forever. She'd come, Liz remembered, just before Michael was born. She'd taken care of Michael, then Chris, then Liza; taken care of them all, and loved them all, as if they'd been her own grandchildren. She was in her mid-sixties when she'd come, Liz remembered. And she was in her seventies now. And she'd made it clear, just before this trip, that she was getting old now and that it was time for her to go live with her own family for these years she had left, and rest. She'd tried to leave them just before the trip. But Liz had asked her, as a special favor, to stay with them, to come with them, for just a while. She and Eddie. Liz had said, would give her a bonus (they'd have given it to her anyway; they *all* knew that!) and would send her home from London by jet plane, just as soon as she'd helped them select another nurse, an English woman. Bee Smith had said no at first. But she'd changed her mind at the last minute. And now here she was, on her way to Italy first, then to England, to spend just a little while more with her beloved "grandchildren."

"It's the only thing," Liz said, suddenly, softly, still looking over at the woman, "—the only thing that puts a crimp into this trip."

"What is?" Bee Smith asked.

"You having to leave us," said Liz.

"Well," said Bee Smith, "don't you go thinking about *that* now and spoiling a good time for yourself. This boat trip's supposed to be a holiday for you. And so's Italy. And I don't want you worrying about anything till you get to England and have to start worrying about learning all those lines for your picture."

She grinned.

"Right, Mr. Fisher?" she asked.

"Right," said Eddie, his eyes still closed.

And Liz smiled a little now, too, and she reached over and took Bee Smith's hand in hers, and she squeezed and held it for a long moment. . . .

IT COULD HAVE BEEN at that same moment when the person in London sat down to write the letter.

It arrived on Monday, August 8th, at the sprawling mansion just outside London, which Liz and Eddie had rented for their six months' stay. Like all other mail that arrived for the Fishers, it was sent into London proper and to the Twentieth Century-Fox offices there. There, routinely, a girl in Publicity opened it in order to see whether it should be filed or, if important enough, sent on to Liz and Eddie in Italy.

As it turned out, the girl did neither. She brought it instead to Scotland Yard.

Within a few minutes' time, four top detectives were poring over the letter, reading its strange message over and over again:

"Watch out for your children.

"They are beautiful, but they must be mine.

"What are they worth to you?

"Ten thousand Pounds? Twelve thousand?

"You'll hear from me again.

"Pray I don't do nothing drastic.

"Pray for me.

"I am a sinner!"

When they were through going over the letter, the detectives agreed that it was the work of a first-class crackpot, nothing more.

Still, they figured, they'd look into it. And they should notify the Fishers.

And so one of them picked up a phone and asked to be connected with the S.S. Leonardo DaVinci, at sea. . . .

Eddie, who had received the call, was undecided about whether to tell Liz about the letter or not. They had received so many letters since that day they'd known they were in love, and had started going together—abusive letters, obscene letters, insulting letters. They had tried, as best they could, to ignore them. This, he knew, should be ignored too. But still. . . .

HE TOLD HER ABOUT IT. FINALLY. They were walking up on the Boat Deck, alone, late that night.

Liz listened.

"Did Scotland Yard say they'd check into it?" she asked, when Eddie was through.

"Of course," he said.

"Then what are we worried about?" Liz said. . . .

Even in Italy, at first, Liz did not realize the impact the news of that letter had had on her. There are things we hear in life, frightening sometimes, though not immediately so, that get embedded in the brain and sleep there. It takes something small, something sudden, to awaken them. This is the way it was with Liz and the letter. . . .

It was a Sunday, their first in Rome.

They were leaving the Olympic Games —Liz, Eddie, Bee Smith and the children. They'd had a ball that day, the boys especially, and they were still all talking and laughing away as they walked from the sports palace and neared their car.

"Anybody hungry?" Eddie asked at one point, as they walked. "Anybody here ready for some more of that good Roman spaghetti?"

But before anyone could answer, a pack of photographers had spotted them and swarmed around them.

The photographers began snapping away.

"Really," Liz said, after a few minutes, "we've got to go now. The children are famished. . . ."

"Just a few more . . . *Un'altro* . . . One more round," came the photographers' usual cry.

Liz smiled.

"Just one more round," she said.

IT WAS DURING THIS ROUND when the roly-poly Italian, who'd joined the gathering crowd a few minutes earlier, who'd been at the Games and who'd maybe drunk a little too much vino while watching the Games, decided to get into the act.

"*Ueeeeeeii*," he called out, "—me, too, I wanna get into the peetch'a."

He rushed forward and stood alongside Michael. He grinned and brought his hands up to his ears. "I make like the monkey, eh?" he said.

The little boy laughed.

The rest of the crowd roared.

"*Ragazzo*, boy, you look like a nice kid," the man said to Michael then. "What you think, huh, if I take you and I buy you an ice-cream, over there? Maybe the



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nice men with the camera even take the peetch'a of me buying you the ice-a-cream."

He started to take the boy's hand.

Liz saw him.

"You," she called out. "Don't you touch him. Get your hands off that child."

The crowd became silent, suddenly.

"I was going to ask the permission, *Signora*—" the man started to say.

"You get your hands *off* him," Liz cried. "*Off* him!"

The roly-poly Italian let go of Michael's hand and lowered his eyes.

"I sorry . . . *mi dispiace*," he said, as he began to walk away. . . .

"Why'd you do that?" Eddie asked, after they'd gotten into their car and had begun to drive away. "The guy was having some fun. He didn't mean any harm."

"I don't know," Liz said. She breathed in deeply. "I just don't want anybody touching my children, maybe . . . Is there anything wrong with that?"

THEN, TWO THINGS HAPPENED the day they arrived in England and the mansion near London that helped put Liz' nerves on end.

One was a story, in the newspapers, out of Australia. It concerned a twelve-year-old boy whose father, a poor man, had recently won a quarter-of-a-million dollars in a lottery there. The son had been kidnaped. They'd found him murdered, his body dumped in some woodlands.

The other, and more important and distressing to Liz at the moment, was a letter, addressed by the same person who had written the first letter. It differed from the first only in that it asked: "Are the children worth *100,000* pounds to you?" Like the first, it ended with the words: *"I am a sinner!"*

"I'm sorry," Liz said to the Scotland Yard man who'd come to see them a little while after they'd reported the letter, "—I could tell by your tone of voice, on the phone, when I called, that you don't think this is at all serious. But," she said, "to me it *is* serious."

"Mrs. Fisher," said the detective, "believe me. There's nothing to this at all. Some demented, some tortured person somewhere is having him or herself a time, that's all."

"Have you found this demented and tortured person?" Liz asked.

"No."

"Have you been trying?"

"Yes. Naturally."

"Then," Liz said, "it can't be *nothing;* not if you're trying."

"Mrs. Fisher," the detective said again, "first, understand this. We never let these things go completely, even if we're not terribly concerned. It's a policy of the Yard. We follow all these matters through . . . And second," he said, "understand this. Many such letters are received by prominent people in England every year. It's part of the irony of being a celebrity, I guess you might say.

"Now, Mrs. Fisher, if it will make you feel any better, let me assure you of this. We have a man stationed at the gate here. And we have a man on the grounds here, twenty-four hours a day. When the boys are in school, we will have a man along with them. They won't see him, they won't know he is there. But he *will* be there. . . .

"I'M SORRY about this whole thing, you know," the detective said. "It's not a jolly pleasant way for us to have to receive guests in our country, now is it?"

Then he shook hands with Eddie, who had been standing by all this while, he looked over once more at Liz, and he left. . . .

That night, some two hundred people milled around the gate of the mansion, waiting to see Elizabeth Taylor, the beautiful movie star, and her husband, Eddie Fisher, leave for a special party that was being held someplace nearby in honor of their arrival.

The crowd ooooooohed when they saw Liz at the door, as she headed for the gate and the car.

Then, just before she got into the car, the cry went up for autographs.

"Please, Miss Taylor," one young girl said. "I go to see all your flicks. Would you just sign your name to this book?"

"Of course," Liz said.

Liz signed about a dozen, quickly. There were at least a couple of dozen more to go, she knew. She looked up from the last book she'd signed. Suddenly she began to feel a little dizzy. The crowd, it seemed, was pushing closer and closer. They were getting out of hand; they were excited, and pushing. "Eddie . . ." Liz mumbled. He didn't seem to hear her. He was busy, a few yards away, signing some autographs of his own. "Eddie . . ." She closed her eyes for a moment. And then she opened them. And she looked again at the faces around her.

The dizziness was getting worse; the awful feeling in her head, through her body, more intense.

Suddenly—she didn't know why exactly—but suddenly she wanted to cry out to this mob.

"Who are you people?" she wanted to cry.

"And what do you want from me, from me?"

She looked into the face of one woman who stood not more than three feet from her. The woman was big-boned and strong-looking and smiling. Liz looked at the pencil she was waving, at the sheet of paper she held.

"Is it you?" Liz wanted to ask, suddenly. "Are you the one?"

Then she looked into another face, and another.

"Is it *you?*" she wanted to cry.

"Are *you* the one who wants to hurt my babies?"

She handed back a book she was holding.

She reached for Eddie's hand.

Her face had turned ashen pale.

"Liz," Eddie asked, "what's wrong?"

"Let's get back inside, away," she said. "I don't want to go to any party."

"Liz—" Eddie started to say.

He followed her inside. . . .

There, she shut the door, and she clung to his hand.

"Eddie," she said, "I want us to go upstairs and pack. Right now . . . I don't want to live here. I want to go to London, tonight, and move into a hotel . . . It's safe there. Do you understand what I'm talking about, Eddie? . . . It's safer!"

LIZ SEEMED BETTER, more calm, that weekend.

They'd moved from the big place and they were in London now. They spent the Saturday sleeping late, then visiting Hampton Court, showing the children the palace where Henry the Eighth had slept, and banqueted. And, on Sunday, they walked through Hyde Park for a while, in the morning, listening to some of the fancy and long-winded speeches there, and then they took a ride up to Windsor, for a long and relaxing picnic lunch, and then they came back to London and Regent Park, to see the animals, feed them, and to laugh as Eddie made faces at the lion and as the lion, sleepily, growled back at him. . .

On Monday, however, Liz' fears returned.

It was a strange day for her.

She began her picture that morning. The morning had gone fine.

But then, that afternoon, things seemed to be different. She seemed anxious to work, but unable to concentrate.

Since actual shooting on *Cleopatra* would not begin till Wednesday and today was only a rehearsal, Liz' director was not too concerned. Even the best of the pros got jittery sometimes at the beginning of a picture, he knew.

At one point, when she had flubbed the same line a few times, the director suggested to Liz that she go to her dressing room and have a spot of tea and unwind a little, for a while.

Liz nodded, and went to the dressing room.

When, a little while later, a girl came in with her tea tray, Liz hardly looked up.

"Here's scones and muffins and lots of jam and butter," the girl said. "Will there be anything else?"

"No . . . thank you," Liz said.

Liz sat for a moment, then lifted her tea.

And as she did she thought of the kidnaped Australian boy, of the letters, of other things she'd heard about kidnapings.

Suddenly, the cup slipped from her hand.

It went crashing to the floor.

Liz didn't look down.

She stared ahead, straight ahead.

"Oh, my God," she began to moan, after a while.

"Oh, my God. My God. . . ."

She looked out the window of their bedroom that night, looking at the heavy fog, as she waited for Eddie. He'd been recording all that day. Obviously, he'd been held up. She turned, once, to glance at a clock. It was nearly nine. She reached for a cigarette that lay on the night-table, next to their bed. She lit it. And then she went back to looking at the fog.

She didn't turn, at first, when she heard Eddie come in.

"Can we take the children with us, to Egypt, next week?" she asked, still looking at the fog.

"We can take Liza, sure," Eddie said.

"But not the boys?" Liz asked.

"No, I don't think so," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it wouldn't be right, I don't think," he said, "dragging them out of school like that."

"THEN I'M NOT GOING TO EGYPT," she said.

"*You're* not," he said, shocked.

"I didn't want to go in the first place," Liz said. "I didn't feel bad, not the least bit bad, when they made it clear that they didn't want a Jew invading their country, they said; not even a Hollywood Jew, they said. Well good, I said, I didn't want to go anyway . . . You remember, Eddie?"

Eddie loosened his tie.

"Do you know, Liz," he asked, "what they went through to get permission for you to get into that country. Strings were pulled. Big strings . . .

"Do you know," Eddie asked, "how this is going to stifle their plans? Two weeks of location, all set up? A couple of million bucks riding on those two weeks alone? A couple of hundred people with jobs riding on this?

"Liz," Eddie said. He sat beside her on the bed. "Is it because of the children . . . those letters? Is that why you don't want to leave all of a sudden?"

She said nothing at first.

"Liz?" he asked.

Her voice was soft when she spoke again, soft and tired-sounding. "Of course it is, Eddie," she said. "I'm so afraid. I know everybody else is taking it as if it were nothing. But Eddie, *I'm* so afraid for them."

"You shouldn't be," Eddie said. "They've got the best protection. You know that.

They've got Scotland Yard, watching them every minute. They've got Bee—she's agreed to stay longer than she'd planned, hasn't she? She's even stopped looking around for another girl for the time being, hasn't she? Just so you'll feel better . . . Why, the children, they've got—"

"I don't care what you say they've got, Eddie," Liz said, cutting in, her voice still soft. "We're not going. And I want," she said, "I want for us to tell the children that we're not, first thing at breakfast. If they've had any worries of their own about this, if they know anything about this, I want *their* minds put at rest, too . . . Michael, especially—he's old enough to hear things, to know what's going on—"

"And what are we supposed to tell him, in case he does know?" Eddie asked. "That his Mama and Eddie are afraid?"

"Yes," Liz said, "if that's the right word."

"But it's a terrible word," Eddie said.

"I don't care what kind of word it is," Liz said. "We're going to tell them."

Eddie shook his head.

"Honey," he started to say, "listen, I know how you feel—"

Liz jumped up from the bed suddenly. Suddenly her voice rose. "Don't say that," she said, "—not that. How *could* you know how I feel? I'm their mother. I have my own set of feelings for them. I'm their mother.

"And *you*—" she started to say.

She brought her hand up to her mouth and she bit it.

"And me," Eddie said, loudly now, too, "I'm their father . . . I *am* their father, Liz. They may not be of my flesh, or of my blood. But they happen to be the children I'm with every day. They happen to be my wife's children. I happen to love them . . . And I'm concerned about them, too, as much as anybody else on this earth. Anybody!"

He paused.

AND THEN, HIS VOICE SOFT once more, he said, "Look . . . Liz. When I was a boy— I haven't thought of this for years, but it comes back to me now—when I was a boy, there was this kid in our neighborhood. He was a normal enough kid, when he started out in life, I guess. But he had two very abnormal parents. They were afraid for him, afraid that he'd ever, once in his life, get hurt. And so, if he was out playing with us, a gang of boys, and a fight started, the way it often did, his mother would come streaking out of their house and grab her boy away from us. 'Stay away from that lousy mob,' she used to say, 'or you'll get *hurt!*' . . . And in school, if this kid himself did something out of line and the teacher said something nasty to him, his father would come up and holler at the teacher and ask her how she dared to criticize their son . . . For their son must *not* be hurt!

"I remember," Eddie went on, "we went to the same junior high school together, the same high school. And I remember how just after Korea the two of us were called into the Army, the same day. I'd talked to him the night before. We'd meet, we decided, on a certain corner that next morning and report in together.

"Well," Eddie said, "that next morning, I got there, to the corner. I waited. I waited half-an-hour more than I should have, and this kid, he didn't show. I couldn't figure why. I didn't learn why, in fact, till about a week after I went away. That's when I got this letter from my mother. She told me it was terrible about this kid. A few minutes before he was supposed to leave the house to meet me, she said, he began to bawl and weep and scream and kick. He was afraid to go into the Army. Every guy on earth, when the time comes, is a little afraid. But this kid, he was *this* afraid. He carried on so bad that morning that his own parents couldn't quiet him down, and they had to come from the hospital eventually and take him.

"He stayed in that hospital a few years, Liz. Now he's out. He's my age, exactly, and he sits home all day now with his mother and his father. He's a young man. He's a broken vegetable, really. He doesn't work. He doesn't go out. He just sits home.

"He's ruined, Liz—"

"It's a different thing you're talking about," she said.

"But it *isn't*," Eddie said. "It's the story of a boy and his parents and fear. It's the story of a legacy. He was taught this fear, this kid I knew . . . They gave him a lesson. And he learned it well. . . ."

Liz began to walk towards a closet, on the other side of the room.

"Where are you going?" Eddie asked.

"To take a walk," Liz said, reaching for a coat, putting it on. "To get lost, maybe, in the fog."

"Why are you going?" Eddie asked.

"Because I don't want any more talk," Liz said.

"YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND about this whole thing?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," Liz said, picking up her handbag.

"And you want me to have a talk with the children tomorrow—with Michael and Christopher?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to give them *their* first lesson in fear?"

"Yes," Liz said. She shouted it now. The tears came to her eyes and she shouted it.

Sobbing, she ran from the room.

She ran down the hallway.

"Mrs. Fisher," a voice called out. It was Bee Smith, the nurse, looking out of the door of her room. "Elizabeth!"

Liz ran past her, ignoring her, ignoring everything.

When, finally, she got to the door, she put her hand on the knob, and she started to turn it.

"*Fear*"—the word came to her mind, suddenly.

"Is that what we want for them?

"A legacy of fear?"

After a while—a long, a very long, while —Liz turned, and she began to walk back up the hallway, back towards the bedroom.

"Eddie," she whispered, when she got to the door.

He was sitting on a chair, his hands clasped tightly together.

He rose from the chair and he waited as she came to him.

"Eddie," she said . . . "Eddie" . . . as she fell into his arms, as she began to cry again, as he began to kiss her hair, and to soothe her. . . .

BACK IN HER LITTLE ROOM, meanwhile, Bee Smith smiled. She'd seen Liz walk back to her husband from that door. And this made her happy.

She guessed, from what she'd seen and heard just now, that it would be all right for her to start interviewing girls for her job again.

But tomorrow—she thought—tomorrow was probably going to be *such* a lovely day. And, she wondered, if maybe instead, it wouldn't be more pleasant to go walking with her "grandchildren", and take them to see that enormous building downtown with the big clock on it, and that pretty river called the Thames.

Well, she thought, as she sat back in her chair, she'd see about all that in the morning.

The fog was lifting now.

Everything was going to be lovely again. . . .

END

Eddie and Liz both star in BUTTERFIELD 8, *MGM; Liz stars in* TWO FOR THE SEESAW, *United Artists,* CLEOPATRA, *for 20th-Fox.*





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Conversation With A Goddess

(Continued from page 45)

column." *Hmmmmmm*, I thought—*a nice thoughtful and pretty smart little girl!*

But when I actually met Sandra, not too long after, at the home of producer Ross Hunter (who has since guided the little Dee to her biggest hits and has become her closest friend and mentor) I was surprised at how very unspoiled and refreshingly youthful she was, not at all the cagey prodigy.

AMBITIOUS, YES! The driving urge to become tops in her chosen profession marked this child even before her young mother, Mary Douvan, permitted her to wear the slightest trace of lipstick or to stay up past ten o'clock.

But with all her "dedicated" interest in her work, Sandra, at fifteen, was the widest-eyed movie fan I ever saw. You'd never suspect that she spent her days in intimate contact with big movie stars on the studio lots. Her particular "crush" was Cary Grant. She referred to "Miss" Turner (Lana) as "gorgeous" and to Jean Simmons as a "great artiste."

At this time she had an autograph book which she produced at the drop of a celebrity. She saved programs from premieres. And she wrote fan letters—most of them to Cary Grant. She was required by law to attend school on the studio lots and just like other girls, she mentioned "cramming" for her exams.

And so those brief years of typical Hollywood childhood passed quickly by. Now and then I would see Sandra at Ross Hunter's poolside or some other social affair attended by the younger set. It was noted she was "dating" Mark Damon, John Saxon, Edd Byrnes, Mark Goddard and sundry other young eligibles, but these items always sounded like ice cream soda sippings to me. Occasionally I felt her dates were studio inspired. Most of her escorts were in Universal-International, her home studio, films.

The change from childhood to girlhood came gradually. Already Sandra had scored dramatically as Lana Turner's daughter and love rival in *Imitation of Life* and in *Portrait In Black*. Her little girl figure had rounded into curves encased in beautiful clothes designed by Jean Louis who also did Lana's gowns.

Lipstick appeared on her soft curving mouth and flat shoes were replaced by high pointed heels on her smartly shod feet. No longer was the autograph book brought out.

In place of the movie *child*—suddenly there was the movie *star*.

But I had not realized how sweeping was the change until Sandra planed back from Italy, where she had been starring in *Romanoff and Juliet*, for a brief week of rest and conferences in Hollywood before returning to Europe for *Come September*.

At my invitation for this story she came to see me—and the girl who walked into the "playroom" where I have interviewed so many of the glamour girls of the screen took her official place in my book as one of them!

SANDRA LOOKED SLEEK and beautiful in a blue silk gown with matching blue shoes—her only jewelry was one ring. She said her luggage had been lost in transit and she had neither jewelry nor clothes! (A week later it was all located—so no harm done.)

But even this temporary misfortune didn't glim Sandra's glow. She was like a little magpie chatting about Italy, Paris, London (this had been her first trip to Europe). She talked "girl talk" of the loose Paris fashions which she did *not* like.

She talked of the sleeker hairdos, of the places she had been and the sights she had seen. With all her bubbling enthusiasm there was a new maturity about her and her figure was that of a model's. Which reminded me of something—

"Sandra, do you remember when I paddled you in print after that terrible experience of having to be rushed to a hospital by ambulance because of your drastic Salts dieting? You aren't doing anything *that foolish* to keep thin now, are you?"

"I promised you I wouldn't, remember? And I have kept my word," she smiled. "I have come to my senses. I eat what I need without starving myself or taking drastic elimination medicine."

"Are you sure?" I pressed on. "Ross Hunter told me you still actually do starve yourself."

She laughed, "That Ross! Unless I eat huge platefuls, Ross thinks I'm not eating anything. I don't require as much food as he believes I should eat." I looked at her slender wasp-like waist. "What's your waist measure now?" I inquired.

"Nineteen inches," she proudly replied.

"Sandra," I put in quickly, "I'm going to level with you and do an interview with some pretty hard-hitting questions—the way I do with the grown up glamour stars. I know you're wise now and mature in your thinking—and there are many things your fans would like to have you answer *straight*."

As she had listened her beautiful young "doll" face became serious. "For one thing you mean about my real father, John Zuck," she said quietly.

"Yes, exactly," I answered. "About the stories printed that when you appeared in your birthplace, Bayonne, New Jersey, that you refused to see him and did not contact him."

Indignation flashed in her eyes but her voice was soft and level as she said, "I would like to ask those fans and others who have criticized me what each one would have done in my place.

"HOW CAN I LOVE A FATHER I haven't seen since I was five years old? I have never in all those years since my mother and I left Bayonne received as much as a postcard from him. I didn't even know I had a half-brother until one of the magazines printed that I had refused to see my father and brother!"

The words were fairly tumbling from her lips beginning to tremble. "Was there anything that prevented my father from telephoning me? I was appearing for the studio in Bayonne and I was in the newspapers. He knew where I was staying and contrary to all those reports that I wouldn't see him, he never even telephoned or wrote or sent me a telegram.

"You must remember that my wonderful stepfather, Eugene Douvan, whom my mother married years ago, is the only father I have ever known. I wouldn't know John Zuck if I met him on the street!"

She caught her breath, again very much like a little girl. "I have no ill feeling or hatred toward anyone in the world," she said with sincerity. "I have never tried to defend myself against these unjust accusations—that is—until now."

I had a feeling Sandra was going to cry so I quickly said, "Thank you for trusting me, Sandra. I will try to make my readers understand your position as I understand it. I agree with you—your father should have tried to reach you some way during those years when you were growing up."

She had completely regained control of herself. "I don't want to sound like a sob story. I am grateful that my mother, Mary Douvan, made a new and happy life for me while I was still young enough to be impressionable and that as a little girl I grew up under the guidance of a kind and devoted man like Eugene Douvan.

"Thanks to my mother's courage and love—I knew a happy childhood and I shall be everlastingly grateful to her for it. The most wonderful thing I can say about my young and pretty mother is that she is my best friend and closest pal."

This, I knew for a fact. Mary Douvan, who is as dark and pretty as her daughter is fair, is one of the most popular young matrons in Hollywood. Although she has been widowed for the years since Douvan's death, and Sandra is her whole life—Mary is a far cry from the typical stage or movie "mother."

Time after time I have seen Sandra and Mary whispering, talking and even laughing together like a couple of teenagers. Although Mary advises her daughter—she does not keep her bound with cords of silver. In fact, Mary once laughed to me, "My bedroom in our new house looks more like a movie star's than Sandra's—and that's saying *plenty!*"

This new home is described by both Sandra and Mary as, "What every fan thinks a movie star's home should be—white, modern and *expensive!*"

Which brought me to another topic—the way Sandra spends money.

"Your home—your imported sports cars (for herself and Mary), your expensive clothes, that full length white mink coat you bought before leaving for Europe—Sandra, do these things mean that you are spending everything and saving nothing?"—I had warned her my questions would be blunt.

NOW SHE LAUGHED OUTRIGHT. "Even if I were foolish enough to want to spend all my money—and believe me, I'm *not*, I would not be permitted to. Under California laws I'm still a minor and required by the courts to put away 25% of my salary. This is held in trust until I am of age at twenty-one. My mother and I have decided that this is a very good thing for me to continue even after I am twenty-one. We've decided to set aside this same amount of savings whatever my salary becomes.

"By movie standards—actors in the star brackets are now getting anywhere from $250,000 to $1,000,000 for a single picture—my salary at U-I is moderate. I'm not up in the big money bracket. So when the compulsory savings, withholding tax, charity and other deductions are taken out—my take home pay isn't too big."

For a "legal minor," I'd say Sandra talked a very sensible financial line. She was smiling, however, as she went on:

"I'll confess to you that after taxes and living expenses are taken out—I feel every cent I have left is an investment in my career. And I spend it on clothes, furs and everything that will help me seem glamourous and interesting to the movie fans. I'm not apologizing that I do this."

I know that on Sandra's shopping jaunts she has spent as much as $1500 for clothes in one session (a story that shocked some people). But she actually is following the advice of her close friend, the astute and "boy wonder" producer, Ross Hunter.

Not long before talking with Sandra, I had dined with Ross at Romanoff's and he told me:

"I've told Sandra over and over like a Dutch uncle that the public wants movie actresses to be glamourous and exciting. The dullest thing in the world is this current sloppy fad—or even worse, looking and acting like that mythical girl next door! I told Sandra the worst thing she can do is to pose for 'kitchen art'—whipping up cakes she can't cook, pretending to be an expert on household tips. If the fans want household hints—get a recipe book!"

Ross *really* was on a soapbox. "One of the most terrible things that ever happened to screen stars is this fad for being 'average.' People have been kind and called me a successful producer of such movies as *Imitation Of Life, Pillow Talk, Portrait In Black.* I believe that a big part of that success is that my pictures deal with beautiful and exciting women wearing expensive clothes in costly backgrounds."

"Did you have to work hard to sell Sandra on this philosophy, Ross?" I chuckled.

"No!" he admitted with a big smile.

I repeated this conversation to Sandra and she admitted she had listened to Ross and believed what he said.

"Even so," she dimpled, "I was scared when I bought that full length white mink—and I had cause to be. Ross was just a bit"—she pinched her little finger and thumb together indicating a *smitch,* —"taken aback. He reminded me, 'It's one thing to be glamourous—but first keep out of the poorhouse!'"

Sandra was completely enjoying herself as she added, "So—before he could lecture any more—I was given a new contract by U-I with more money on a seven year deal—and each year it goes higher. Even Ross had to admit the poorhouse isn't right around the corner for me."

I LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY at this young goddess as she suddenly rose, walked to the window and looked down at the world of average people, the world in which she had decided she would never be able to live—and thought of the sadness, unhappiness and even tragedy that has stalked the paths of the women who have trod it. One has been closely associated with Sandra in movie making—Lana Turner.

"Sandra, are you too young and happy—or have you ever looked around you at the private lives of these exciting actresses you admire so much? Have you wondered if the heartaches and some of the bitter things that have happened to them are worth it? I mean, will you be willing to go through the same fate, if need be, for the same heights?"

Again I was almost bowled over by the insight of this girl who still looks and sometimes acts like a teenage novice.

She answered in that soft voice of hers with its little girl pitch, "Most of the big heartaches that come to girls and women are based in unhappiness in love. Movie actresses, particularly, seem to be unwise or unhappy in love—at least, through their first loves.

"So far—love hasn't happened to me although it has often come to girls even younger than I. I've had crushes, yes—and yens, and things like that. But I've never been seriously in love.

"Who knows what it will bring when it comes? I want to love and to be loved—and any girl who says differently isn't telling the truth."

I didn't want to interrupt her for she seemed eager to talk about this subject which fascinates women of all ages.

"I hope I won't be badly hurt by love," she went on, "but who am I to expect that heartaches will never cross my path? I can tell you this: If real love comes along, something I know in my heart is real and wonderful—I won't test it, or question it or *dodge* it because it might not last forever. I will welcome it for whatever it brings."

Recalling that some love experiences can be pretty bitter and unwonderful, I asked Sandra if she and Lana (an expert in heartache) ever had any talks on the subject during the making of two films together.

"I wouldn't presume to ask questions of Miss Turner," she answered immediately, "because she does *not* wear her heart on her sleeve. I have been working with her when she has gone through some pretty terrible troubles and worries. But, on the set, you'd never guess her unhappiness—except for an unguarded moment or two when I've caught her face when she didn't know anyone was looking.

"What I like so much about her is that she never seems to wallow in self pity. She wears *courage* like a Jean Louis gown!"

I repeated what I had previously asked, if Sandra and Lana had talked about 'the price of love' in the glamour world.

"Not exactly in the way you mean," Sandra replied. "After all—while Miss Turner does not treat me like a little girl and we are very good friends, I am only two years older than her own daughter. She'd hardly speak disillusioningly to either of us, her screen daughter or her real daughter."

"DO YOU KNOW CHERYL CRANE?" I asked.

Sandra said, "I've met her. Cheryl has come on the set when we are working and when she is with her mother, surrounded by the people her mother works with, Cheryl seems happy. You can tell just by watching them together—Lana Turner loves her daughter deeply and she is a devoted and *loving* mother"—Sandra said this as though she defied anyone to challenge her statement.

One more important question remained to be put to my young friend.

"Sandra, you are a child of divorce—of a broken home. Do you think it has had any unhappy effect on your life, any lasting hurt?"

She shook her head emphatically. "No. None at all. I know this isn't what a lot of moralists contend—but I can only speak from my own experience. I believe that real happiness can be built over the lessons we learn from *un*happiness. My mother has told me this and I have seen it with my own eyes—and heart. If we learn wisely from mistakes and unhappiness—we appreciate even more the happiness that comes into our lives." Talk about "out of the mouths of babes"--Sandra was proving with each new thing she had said to me how truly she is "grown-up."

WE HAD ENJOYED a long and to me illuminating talk. It was time for Sandra to leave. There was much for her to do before taking off again for Europe. As for me, my telephone calls had been backing up as they always do when I "close off" for an hour or so.

I gave Sandra a little hug and bade her godspeed. I wished this baby star well and hoped that life and love would be good to her.

Come to think of it—I think I shall file away this interview carefully. It may be very interesting to bring it out in say—five years—and see what the fates have brought to Sandra against these hopes of hers when she was inexperienced—but a willing *glamour* girl! **END**

Sandra stars next in COME SEPTEMBER *and* TAMMY, TELL ME TRUE, *both Universal-International.*

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Louella's Talk With Yves

(Continued from page 26)

No wonder the women in his pictures fall for him, I thought—but enough of that.

It was of Marilyn, at this time lying ill in the Westside Hospital following a collapse that had suspended her movie *The Misfits* in Reno, that I wanted to talk about—Marilyn and Yves.

"You are aware that the gossip is rampant," I said, referring to stories printed in this country and in France that Simone Signoret, last year's Academy Award winner and wife of Montand, had reached the end of her long line of patience. Paris newspapers had flatly carried the headlines: SIGNORET TO DIVORCE MONTAND OVER MONROE. And ever since Marilyn's illness, called "exhaustion," had stopped her current production, the American press was having a field day of the wildest rumors.

"Yes"—he shrugged, smiled, spread his hands in a typically French gesture. "How could I *not* know?"

He hesitated long enough to say that he would enjoy a cup of coffee with me. But he seemed as eager as I to get to the heart of this situation involving four former friends, himself and Simone, Marilyn and Arthur Miller, her playwright husband.

"LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH as best I can," Yves went on in his remarkably improved English, almost letter perfect since the last time I had talked with him.

"When I signed on for the co-starring role with Marilyn in *Let's Make Love,* it was with many misgivings. It was to be my first American picture and naturally I hoped it would be successful.

"But on every hand I was warned about how difficult Marilyn was. I was told that she was always late on the set to the point of driving her co-workers crazy. That she was nervous. Jittery. Unsure of herself.

"Believe me, this did not add to my own peace of mind. Here I was a newcomer in a strange company, I spoke little English—let us admit—I barely spoke English at all—I had my own set of jitters to contend with and before we even start the picture I am confronted with such difficulties in my vis-à-vis. Ahhhhhhh," he gave a long sigh.

"I thought to myself, *I'll take my machinegun—I won't put up with such nonsense.*

"So what happens the first day I report to the studio? A nervous little girl shows up—no, it was not our first meeting as we knew one another socially—but this child-actress-woman is someone entirely *new.*

"Great star that she is—she was trembling, ill at ease, and consuming more coffee than I have ever seen go into anyone's system. Always drinking coffee, cups and cups of coffee to steady her nerves.

"I am touched—who wouldn't be? Instead of being angry and impatient my heart goes out to her. With all of her fame—how can she be so unsure of herself, so at the mercy of other people?

"I remember during one of our first conversations I kept reassuring her not to be afraid. 'You can be on time if you want to,' I told Marilyn. 'But if you are late—don't be afraid. And don't keep drinking all that *coffee* to give you confidence.'

"As the picture progressed, I continued to feel *protective* toward Marilyn. In later conversations with my wife, I admitted I became *fond* of her. But is this falling in love?"

It had been a long uninterrupted discourse from my visitor and he looked at me now as if for a bit of understanding on my part.

Unknown to him until this moment, I had brought down from my office an interview printed in a newspaper other than my own quoting him as saying that if Marilyn had been more "sophisticated"—this embarrassing situation would never have happened. I handed it to Yves.

He took it, puzzled, read it. Then he put it down on the table between us.

"I am sorry this is printed this way," he spoke slowly and in one of the few times his ingratiating smile left his face. "It will hurt Marilyn—this printing that she is not sophisticated. I want very much that she should not be hurt."

"Have you tried to visit her since she entered the hospital?" I asked.

"No—I should like to. But what good could come of it? Just more talk, talk, *talk,*" he answered quietly. "I will send her a note."

"IS IT TRUE that she came down from Reno to see you before her illness?" I pressed on. That fact had been printed in still another story.

"Yes," he said, "but we did not meet"—and he did not amplify that statement.

I asked, "Yves—is there any *one* incident you think brought on this eruption of gossip?"

"Perhaps so," he responded. "I think all the talk started when Marilyn came to see me off at the plane, bringing some chilled champagne, when I was returning to France the first time.

"We sat in the car and drank the champagne—and some reporters heard about it. That was all that was needed! It was printed in the French newspapers and naturally—it upset my wife very much."

"Of course, I talked with her—explaining, trusting she would understand. She is a wise and seasoned woman, Simone. I felt if she knew the truth—even the gossip could not hurt her. I love my wife and did not want her to be distressed over a much magnified situation. I *did* not—and *do* not want a divorce!"

I could not restrain a little smile of amusement. Yves took it so for granted that I would understand such a completely Continental-male point of view.

Although he did not say it, his manner implied that one understood that when a man (and this one is *all* male) worked in close proximity with beautiful women, a bit of romance and gallantry might be the outcome.

I remember Marilyn telling me about Yves when I interviewed her several months ago on the set of *Let's Make Love,* a story recently printed in MODERN SCREEN.

She had said, perhaps you remember, "Yves will be the next sensational star of the screen. He is all male"—and she had laughed a little bit.

I wondered how many more of his lovely feminine co-stars had held this same thought? Most of them, I wager, with the exception of Gina Lollobrigida, whom I hear had not fallen in the slightest for Montand during the making of their European picture, *Where the Hot Wind Blows.* I'm not trying to imply that there was a feud—but just nothing romantic beyond the dictates of the script. His role was that of a gangster in Lollo's movie. I didn't mention this point.

Who is this man who, practically overnight in one delightfully charming performance, has achieved stardom on the Hollywood scene and who, with a burst of gossip, has become one of the biggest names in the entertainment field?

He was born in Italy Yves Levi, and has been every kind of a worker from a longshoreman to a song and dance man.

"When I was two years old my parents moved to France—so I really have more of a French than Italian background—and it is not surprising that I am more often referred to as French than Italian."

DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION, his real name, Levi, was a dangerous one for him. "The Nazis were convinced I was Jewish even after I explained that if I had been changing my name for them I would have changed more than one letter. "It is not Levy—but Levi. It is the same name as the first Italian consul. They let me go—but I could go nowhere without my papers during those terrible times."

His career as an entertainer did not begin to soar until after the war when as Yves Montand he began to completely charm Paris audiences and—I hear—such ladies as Edith Piaf, and became one of the most ingratiating singers since the beloved Maurice Chevalier. He did a one-man act always wearing brown slacks but even in that garb he was a charmer.

Until his marriage to the talented Simone Signoret, his name was linked with first one attractive lady and then the other with whom he worked. To which Yves says, "You cannot be associated with beautiful women in your career, day and night, without feeling something. That has always been true—and still is.

"We were sad when *Let's Make Love* ended although it had been hard work. I have just completed *Sanctuary* at the same studio. I was sorry to say au revoir to Lee Remick"—and he added with amusing promptness—"and all the others on the picture."

Within a few days he would be leaving for Europe to join Simone and get ready to start his next film, *Time On My Hands* (formerly *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .*) with Ingrid Bergman.

It had been widely circulated that Simone would be waiting for her husband in Paris—but just that day I had heard that she had taken off for the Venice Film Festival.

Yves nodded. "Yes, Simone was invited to attend and decided to accept as soon she will be busy on her new picture and she will be tied up with fittings and rehearsals. But, we shall meet in Paris." The last remark was pointedly definite.

He told me he was looking forward to working with Ingrid, "a beautiful actress."

"But a bride—and happily married," I laughed, "so don't fall in love with her."

Yves laughed too. "My time will be crowded to overflowing. There are only twelve days from the time I leave Hollywood to the time I start the picture with Miss Bergman. I shall pack my script and take off to the mountains to study and rest. I am looking forward to the rest—and quiet." This I didn't doubt!

Did he plan to come back for more American pictures—and would he care to make another with Marilyn, the "enchanting child?"

"Of course. I enjoyed working with her very much—there is no one quite like her, kind, simple, without guile for all her world fame. I hope in speaking so frankly to you, I have said nothing that could reflect anything but admiration and fondness on my part for Marilyn," he said with genuine sincerity.

On a less personal basis, Yves is also "optioned" to 20th Century-Fox, an organization he likes very much.

"As you know—and printed many

times," he said lightly, that fascinating smile returning, "there were many, many delays making *Let's Make Love* including another illness of Marilyn's—plus the actors' strike at that time.

"I WAS BESIDE MYSELF because I had signed a contract to appear in Japan and if I did not keep it, the Japanese managers were threatening to sue. Mr. Buddy Adler was then head of the studio and because it was not my fault that I could not fulfill my engagement in Japan, he offered to make my loss good to the Japanese.

"At the time I did not feel I could accept it. But as the picture dragged on, and this very fine man became my friend and was so kind to me, I went to him and said I would give an option on my services in return for taking care of the Japanese cancellation.

"The last business talk that I had with him he said, 'When we have something for you, Yves, that will be fine. But we do not want you to feel bound.' His death is not only my loss—but all of Hollywood's."

To this I said a heartfelt "Amen."

It was a working week day and our talk had extended well past the noon hour, longer than Yves or I had intended. My secretaries were holding important calls for the column upstairs and with his expected departure in twenty-four hours, there was much remaining for Yves to attend to.

I walked to the door with my charming caller to wish him godspeed. "Thank *you* for letting me explain," he said, "I like you and I trust you and I know you are a good friend of Marilyn's. The sooner the situation is clarified—the better for all. I should like very much to say goodbye to her but—" once again that expressive shrug. Then he was gone. **END**

Marilyn stars next in United Artists' THE MISFITS, *and Yves' new films are* TIME ON HER HANDS, *also U.A., and* SANCTUARY, *for 20th-Fox.*

Hayley

(*Continued from page 28*)

top British star John Mills and Mary Hayley Bell Mills had grown up in a world that was a mixture of the brightest literary and theatrical circles—and the quietness and quaintness of the old English countryside.

Her god-parents were among the most famous figures in the world.

And when "Uncle Larry" (Olivier) would visit the farm, he'd take her piggy-back riding.

And "Uncle Noel" (Coward) would send her pretty toys from all over the world.

But in the morning—way before breakfast, she'd run down to the barn, feed the baby colts, and in watching them with the mares, learn the marvels and mysteries of life.

AND HER HEART WOULD ACHE with the longing to grow up fast, so she too could have babies all her own.

Her sister Juliet, four years her senior, wasn't in that much hurry to grow up.

At sixteen, Juliet was an experienced actress: one who had been on the stage periodically since she was a baby.

And although Hayley had seen her father in movies and on the stage and thought he was "quite wonderful," she couldn't understand her sister's preoccupation with all "that make-believe stuff," or how she could have the patience to be locked up in her room with a script, when she could spend that same time riding over the countryside, or taking care of the vegetable garden, or playing with the animals.

Then—suddenly, the night before, a big change came over her.

A friend of daddy's, director J. Lee-Thompson came to spend the weekend and confer with John about the script of their new movie together, *Tiger Bay.*

They were talking about it at dinner.

"We can roll tomorrow," he said, "if we can get the proper child. But we've tested two dozen and can't find one that's just right.

"We want someone fresh and beguiling —and without precocious mannerisms . . . Someone like . . . well, someone like your little Hayley."

Hayley played with her potatoes and roast beef, and as he kept talking, her eyes grew wider and wider.

Then she went to her room and "thought and thought and thought."

At 6 A.M. she went down to the barn—"and thought some more."

By the time she went in for breakfast —she had made up her mind.

She still wanted to be "a mother" when she grew up, but she also wanted to be an actress.

She asked Daddy about it at breakfast.

"I want to be Gillie, Daddy. I know I can do it. Honest I can. If you'll let me."

"Are you sure, Hayley?" Mills asked. "It's a lot of hard work. And it means giving up your summer vacation and going to bed early every night and learning lots of lines."

"I'm sure, Daddy."

Mills was apprehensive. After breakfast he discussed it with Thompson.

"Do you want to take a chance with a completely inexperienced child?" he asked. "I never even knew Hayley wanted to act —and frankly Lee, I don't know if she *can.*"

"Well, she has the quality and the charm. I'll take the chance—if it's all right with you. After all you're the star of the picture."

After two weeks of shooting, John told his friend: "Well, I *was* the star of this picture. From here on in, I'm just a supporting player."

HE MADE THE SAME CONFESSION to his daughter:

"Hayley, when this picture is released, no one will even know I am in it. I can see the reviews now. They are going to say that you are the greatest child actress in twenty-five years."

"Oh Daddy, do you really think so?"

"I don't think so . . . I *know* so."

The picture ended almost too soon for her.

And then it was time to return to school.

"But Daddy," she said. "I want to act ever so badly. Do you think I will soon again."

"Again, Hayley, but not soon. Not until next summer."

"But next summer is so far away. I should be forgotten by then."

"I promise you will not be forgotten, once this picture is seen."

She returned to classes at the Angelo Catholic school, where her sister had attended before her.

She wished that Juliet was still there so she could share her feelings and her delicious anticipation with her.

There had only been one year in which she and Juliet had been at the school together: her first and Juliet's last—and it was the most wonderful fun of all.

She had lots of other friends—but somehow she couldn't tell them about it.

They would ask: "What did you do this summer, Hayley," and she would answer, not untruthfully, "Oh . . . I played."

She never mentioned the picture to anyone.

She concentrated on her school work, and daydreamed only a little about next summer.

And then suddenly *Tiger Bay* was ready to be premiered in London.

Mills wrote Father John, the padre of the school and made arrangements for Hayley to get off to come to London for a few days.

Mary and John opened the London flat, and made a real holiday of it. It was especially wonderful because it meant a reunion with Juliet who was then appearing on the London stage in *Five Finger Exercise.*

There was a new party dress and a dinner celebration and all the trimmings, but she still went through the evening in some kind of a daze.

The applause at the end of the picture was real enough.

So was daddy's, "You're a star, darling."

But she still couldn't believe it.

She spent another sleepless night—her first since making the *"big decision."*

And she got up at seven in the morning to wait for the paper boy.

The rest of the Mills family were sleeping soundly as she turned from one drama page to another.

HER HEART JUMPED at her reviews. The marvelous praise—the lines and lines and lines written about her.

Then her heart sank.

For in their overwhelming praise and enchantment of Hayley, John Mills was all but forgotten.

She heard stirring in the other room and hurriedly gathered up all the papers and hid them under a chair cushion.

Mills came out from his bedroom.

"Up so early, Hayley. After all that excitement I thought you'd sleep until noon."

"Oh, I wasn't very sleepy."

John looked around the room, and outside the flat.

"Hmmm . . . the papers should be here by now. Wonder what's delaying them. I'm anxious to see the notices. Aren't you?"

Hayley became terribly absorbed with some specks of dust which had gathered on the coffee table.

"Well, let's go to breakfast. Starving?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Throughout breakfast Mills got up to see if the paper boy had arrived.

"Can't understand it," he muttered. "On this of all mornings, the delivery should be so late."

Hayley became terribly absorbed with a speck at the bottom of her glass of milk.

After breakfast they returned to the living room.

Mills sat down on the big easy chair—which this morning wasn't easy to sit on at all.

He pulled up the cushion and saw all the papers piled beneath it . . . turned to the cinema pages.

"Hayley!"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Why didn't you tell me the papers had arrived and you read them."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. But I'm afraid they are all about me. And . . . and, well I didn't want your feelings to be hurt."

"*Hurt?* Hayley, I'm delighted. I told you they wouldn't know I was in the

picture. And you see—it says right here that you are the greatest child discovery in twenty-five years. I'm very, very proud of you."

When she returned to school, her secret was no secret any longer.

Word had spread like wild-fire about her performance in *Tiger Bay*, but what amazed the faculty and her school-mates was her ability to keep silent about it—and how totally unaffected she was by her success and her wide spreading fame.

Because within weeks her fame *was* spreading—far and wide.

Tiger Bay was submitted as an entry in the Berlin Film Festival and she copped *The Golden Bear Award* for the best performance of the year.

Disney saw the picture—and knew that his long long search for an actress to star in *Pollyanna* was at its end.

He discussed the possibility of placing her under a long term contract to him with John Mills.

"THIS IS WHAT HAYLEY WANTS," said Mills, "and I won't stand in her way—but her education comes first.

"We're doing our utmost to keep Hayley just the way she is. We want to be proud of her in *every* way, not just for whatever she accomplishes in her career."

Disney understood.

A compromise was made.

Hayley would do one picture for him every year while she is still a schoolgirl—and he would try to arrange the schedule to fit in with her summer vacation. The rest of the time she would remain in England. But could some arrangement be made for *Pollyanna*—which would of necessity run into the school term?

Mills contacted Father John, who immediately replied:

"We realize that Hayley is one of the exceptions of this life and we are prepared to welcome her back here whenever she can get to us."

So Hayley and Mary Mills went to Hollywood, together with ten-year-old Jonathan.

John remained in England for a movie.

Juliet went off on her own to Broadway for the New York production of *Five Finger Exercise*.

The family was separated—but only in a physical sense.

Each day Hayley wrote her father—and her sister.

Particularly her sister. And there was so much to write of the wonders of California:

"Oh my dear!" she'd exclaim. "It's simply marvelous. The hamburgers—and the roast beef which is an inch thick and not at all like the roast beef at home which is so thin." ("Oh, my dear" is an expression Hayley has picked up and sprinkles in all her correspondence.)

She'd write of the new friends she had made, and of the odd studio school—which was classes in a trailer, and of the marvelous clothes she had seen and bought.

"And, oh, my dear," she'd write, "have you heard Elvis Presley's latest recording? It is smashing."

For at thirteen, Hayley fell smashingly in love with Elvis Presley.

Boys as boys were unimportant to her. She felt herself much too young for such nonsense.

But Elvis was different.

Between scenes, she'd rush to her dressing room and play his latest recordings.

Her conversations were sprinkled with "Elvis this," and "Elvis that."

Her bitterest disappointment was that he was in Europe, and there was no chance for her to meet him and get his autograph.

Laurence Olivier ("Uncle Larry") would take her to lunch—but as much as she adored "Uncle Larry," he couldn't compare with Elvis.

He was her very own first love.

Life was quiet that first summer in Hollywood. Outside of the Disney studios, she was virtually unknown. She was taken to Disneyland, and had a perfectly marvelous time.

The only stares that greeted the "party" were aimed at her guide—a man by the name of Walt Disney.

HER ONLY PROBLEM was that she was shooting up like a reed, and there was a race against time to finish the picture before she "outgrew" the role. Within a year she had shot up to 5'3"—a good inch taller than Juliet.

"Oh, my dear!" she would write, "if I keep growing any taller, I shall be taken for your *older* sister."

When *Pollyanna* was completed the entire family with the exception of Juliet were re-united in Tobago where John was making *Swiss Family Robinson*. Tobago was like a vacation—even if there was school. In Tobago Hayley and Jonathan went to a negro school and the only other white pupil was the brother of Janet Munro who worked with John. But doing their lessons in so many different places like this was more fun than work.

If Hayley had been sensational in *Tiger Bay*, her "Pollyanna" was phenomenal. Wrote one critic:

"Young Miss Mills' contribution to its (*Pollyanna's*) unexpected delights is fresh and funny and beguiling and utterly unspoiled. Mawkish, gooey sentimentality has no place in her performance. It is mercifully free also of the "cute brat" mannerisms which have marred the work of so many screen juveniles in the past including some who have become box-office sensations. We predict Hayley will become the greatest box-office sensation of them all."

With the release of *Pollyanna* came recognition—and problems.

It was great fun to be asked for autographs—and all that—but for reasons Hayley still can't understand, people insisted upon talking to her as if she was four years old instead of a budding young lady of fourteen.

"Oooooooh you cute little thing," they'd say. "Wrinkle your ittsy bitsy little nose for us like you did in the movie."

It infuriated her—and made her just a little ill, and if she wrinkled her nose it was for reasons other than anticipated.

"Talking down" to Hayley is akin to talking down to Albert Einstein.

And yet, she can in no way be termed precocious.

Mary Mills has brought her two daughters up with rare intelligence and understanding.

She feels Hayley is still "too young" to wear make-up, and "date," but there is nothing she has "kept from her."

HAVING BEEN BROUGHT UP ON A FARM since babyhood, Hayley learned about the birds and the bees from the birds and the bees and the cows and the horses.

When she was twelve, Mrs. Mills translated this knowledge into human terms. She didn't, however, say, "You must *never* do this or that or the other thing." Instead she sensibly explained the dangers of premarital sex and left it at that—with complete confidence in both her daughters' intelligence and sense of morality.

"I wanted," she said, "my children to know about these things normally and naturally from me. I didn't want them to learn about sex behind a back fence, at school, or from uninformed companions. Too many mothers make that mistake."

When Hayley expressed a curiosity about "cocktails," Mrs. Mills let her taste one knowing full well she'd hate it—as she did. Now—even on special occasions, Hayley is barely able to take a sip of diluted wine with the family. The problem of smoking too soon was handled in the same way.

Although she has many close girlfriends both in England and now in Hollywood, Hayley's closest "friend" is, of course, her sister Juliet.

The four-year age difference between them doesn't seem to matter, nor are Hayley and Juliet jealous of each other.

"People ask me all the time," says Juliet, "or at least want to ask me, if I'm jealous of Hayley, because I've been acting all my life, and she became a big star within a year.

"Of course, I'm not. How can I be? I love my sister. Besides Hayley is a cinema star and I'm fundamentally a stage actress—so there is no competition between us."

"There never has been any really. Not because of the four-year difference in our ages—because we do not take notice of that really—but because *we're* different.

"Hayley is pixie and I've never been pixie—and she is quite good for me. She gets angry and gets into a terrible fit and it lasts just a minute. When I get angry—I brood—unless Hayley is there to snap me out of it. And we're forever playing marvelous pranks on one another. She's more my friend—than just a sister.

"We used to share the same bedroom—but now that we are both working and keeping such different hours, we have our own rooms. Except on the weekends. Then she comes into my room to spend the night—and we talk forever—about millions of things. Not too much about boys yet though. I don't want to get married for a long, long time—and Hayley hasn't discovered boys. But we talk about everything that has happened to us—and laugh and just have a marvelous time. I know we are different from most 'average' teenagers in this country because of the way we have been brought up—and our careers, and travels, but in our basic interests and habits, we're not all that different really. Except I do hope you won't have us sounding like Sandra Dee. It's not that Hayley and I don't like Sandra Dee, except that when you read about her it all comes out 'too much,' don't you think?"

THIS PAST SUMMER in Hollywood when Hayley was working on her newest picture, tentatively titled *Bluejeans And Petticoats* (in which she plays identical twins) was one of the pleasantest for all the Mills—and there were a dozen weekends for Hayley and Juliet to get together for girl-talk.

But of them all, one particularly stands out.

Hayley and Juliet were in absolute hysterics over the offer Hayley received to play *Lolita*. An offer, incidentally that was promptly rejected . . . for many reasons, not the least of them being that Hayley had to return home to school.

But in the midst of their frolicking, Hayley turned suddenly very serious.

"Juliet?" she asked in all earnestness. "What do you think it would be like to be a flop?"

Juliet thought for a while—but never having been a flop or in one, was stumped for an answer.

"Oh, I don't know, Hayley," she answered. "I really can't say. But I should imagine that it would be frightfully depressing."

"Yes. I would imagine that it would be," Hayley echoed pensively.

"Oh, Juliet, you don't think I'm just a flash-in-the-pan, do you?"

We should say not! **END**

Hayley's next starrer is Buena Vista's PETTICOATS AND BLUEJEANS.



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